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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

—

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

—

JULY

THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS
BY THE EDITOR

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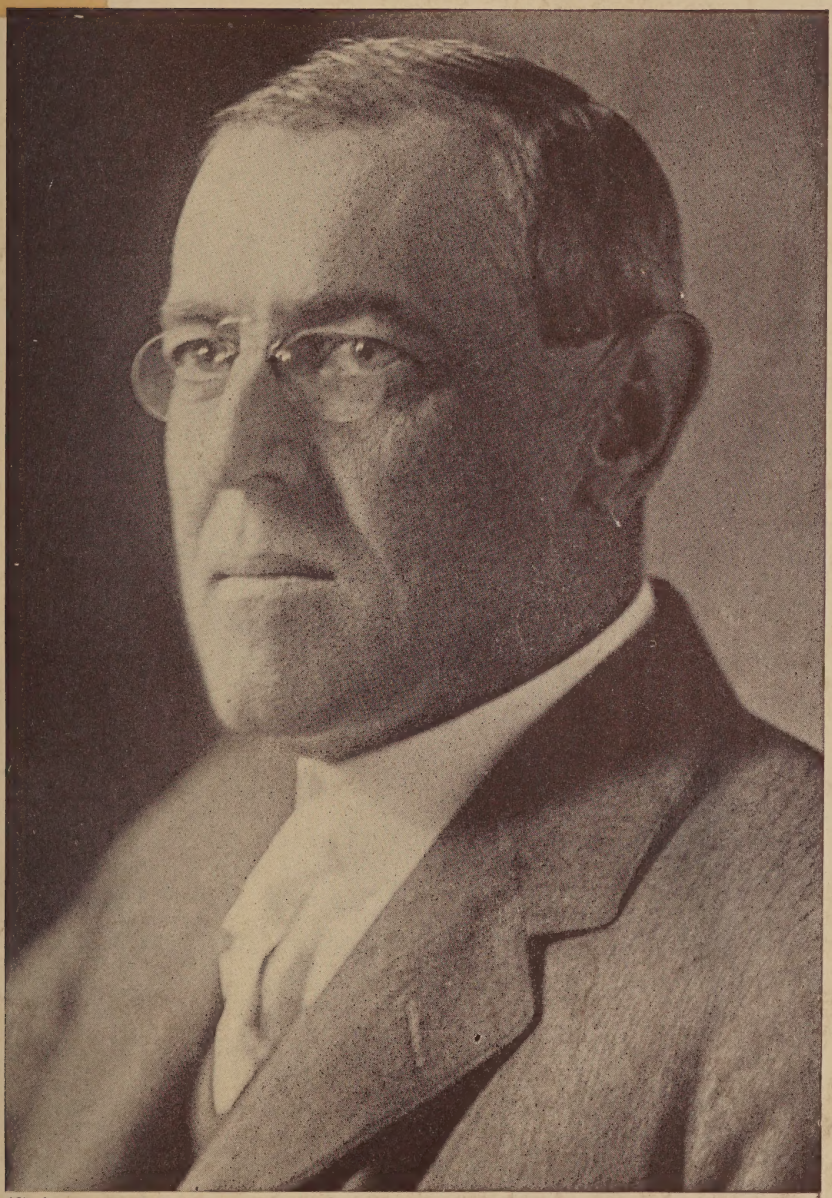

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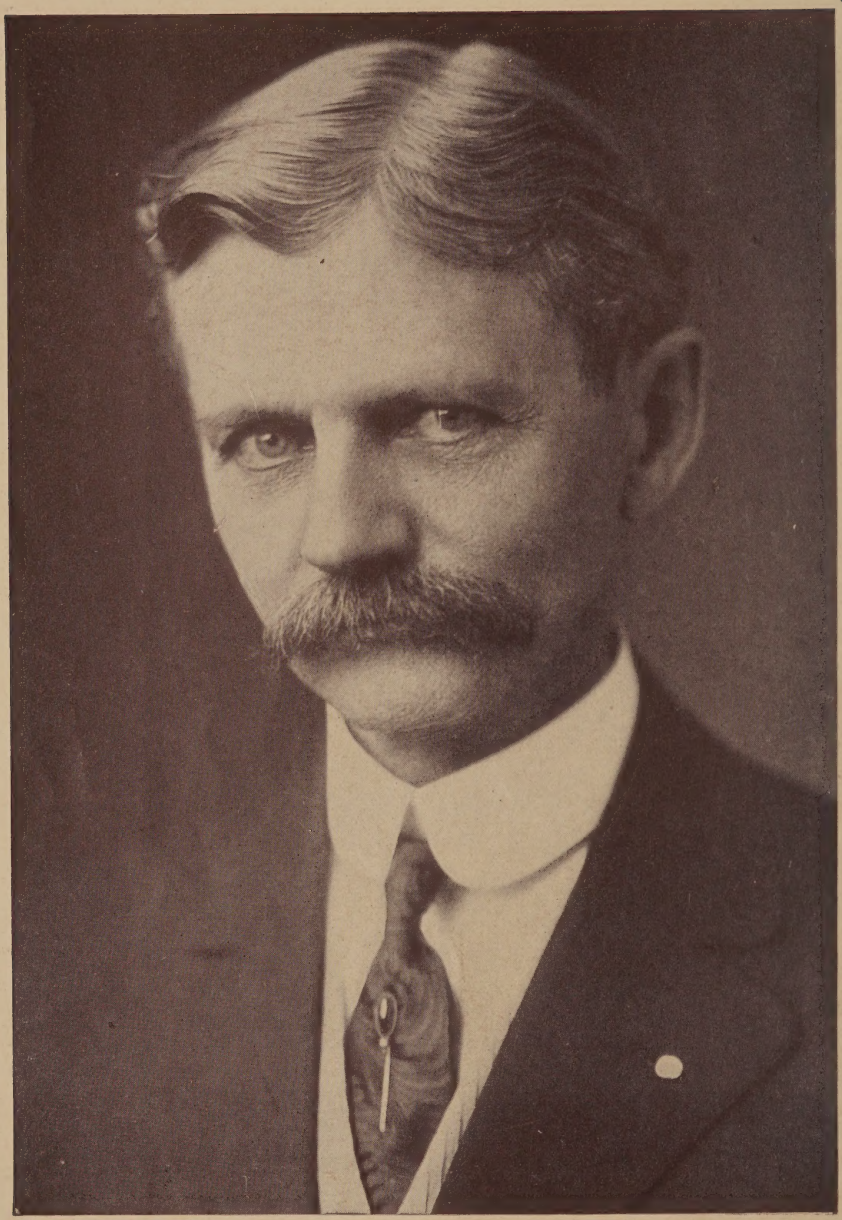

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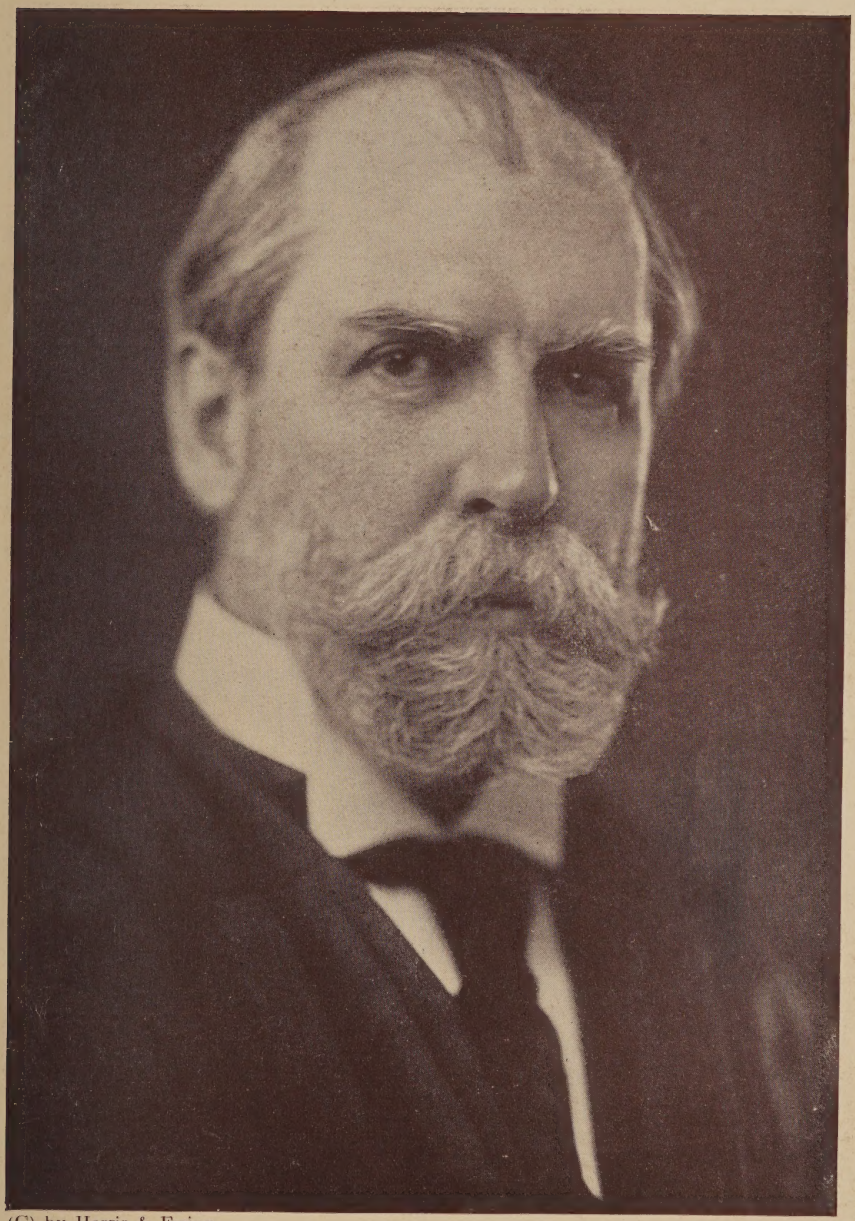

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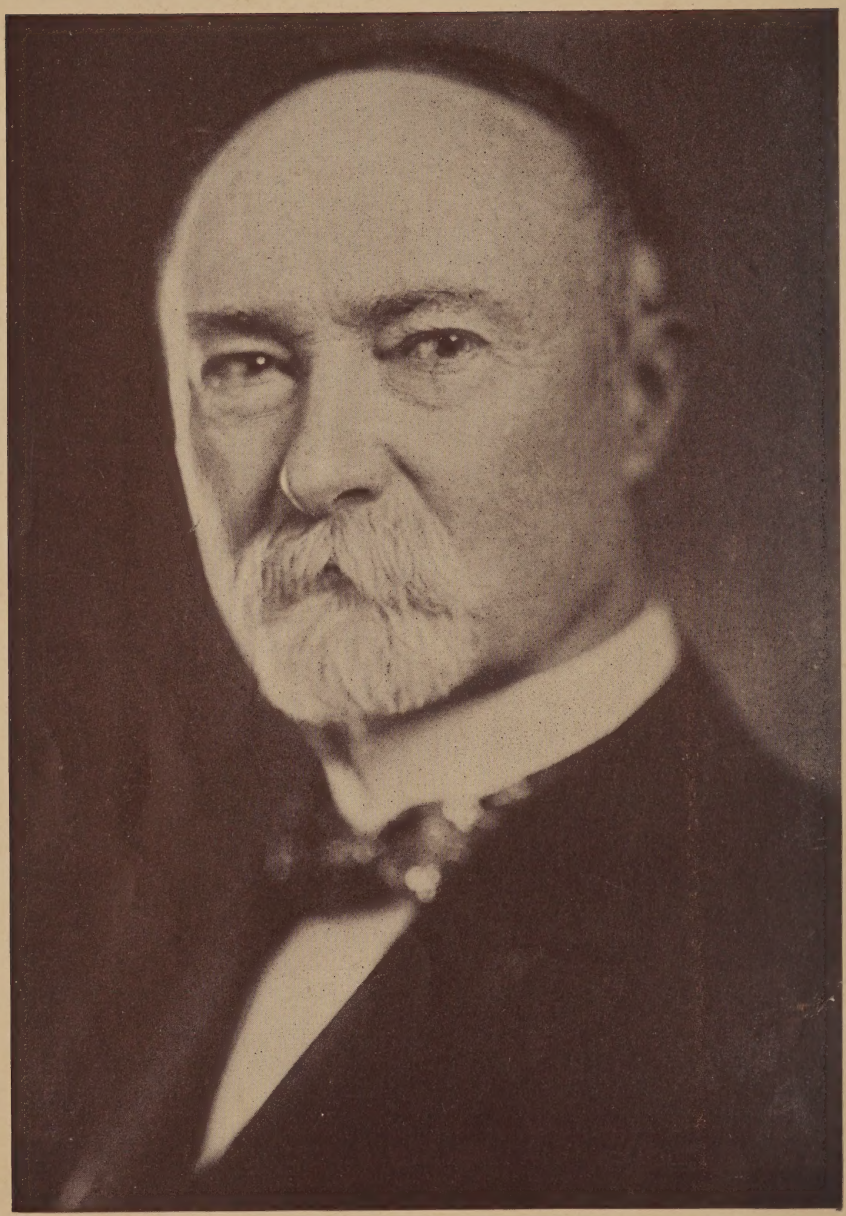

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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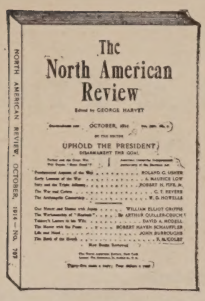
ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR



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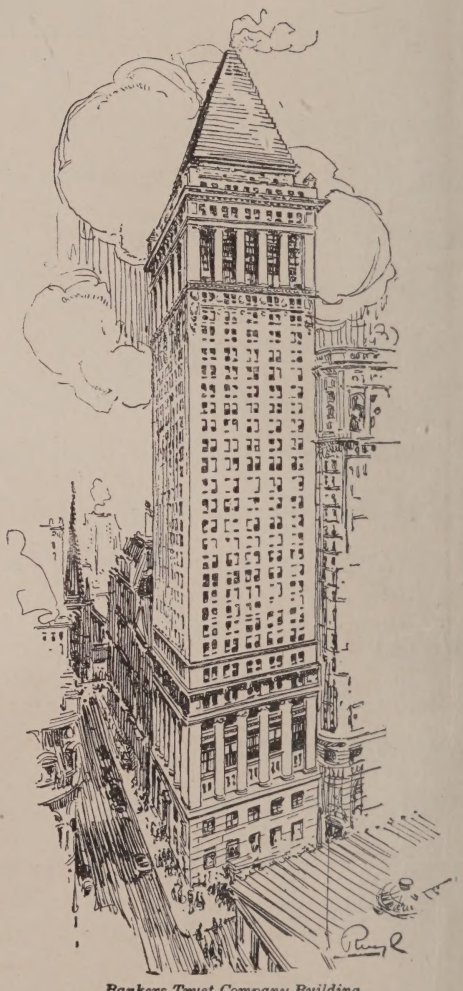

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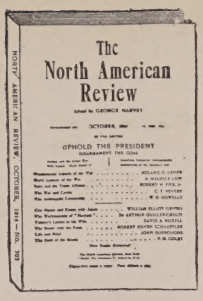

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1916

THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

THE Republican Convention was impressive rather than interesting. There was no beating of tomtoms, no clanging of rattles, no toting of banners, no persistent stamping of feet and no "We want Jimmy" or "Billy" or "Sammy" or anybody. The inevitable and irrepressible foolish woman who shrieked herself into hysterics over nothing in particular evoked only yawns. Nobody even inquired who she was or whether she was married or single or where she got the flag for the envelopment of her rotundity. The only really notable gallery person was a dear little lad in white who solemnly dropped to his knees when Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler rose to speak and wondered why they did not pray over him as they had over Mr. Hilles and Senator Harding. His extreme youth and perfect innocence, of course, constituted his excuse; and yet those in the immediate vicinity could not but realize that, by his pretty error, he was typifying the spirit of the occasion. The brilliant descriptive writers of the daily Press, headed by that incomparable driveler, William Jennings Bryan, sadly remarked the lack of enthusiasm whose synonym is noise gradually subsiding and then at intervals determinedly rekindled for record-breaking purposes.

It was not that species of gathering. A single attentive glance sufficed to convince any observer of experience that

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there was a body of nearly two thousand resolute men, drawn from the greatest citizenry of the world, intent upon performance of what they should consider to be their duty and fully alive to their obligation. We have beheld many assemblages, in great National conventions,—many of the Democratic party dominated from the South more picturesque; many of the Republican party in corrals, vernacularly speaking, horse-high and hog-tight; but never one so obviously of the sober, independent, original stock of the Republic. One could but feel that there were sons worthy of sires who held their Freeman's Oath as no less sacred than their religious faith. In these troublous days, to a lover of his country who had begun to fear that the rock might be quivering under the Nation, it was a heartening spectacle.

And the event justified the hope. It was well enough for the Temporary Chairman, speaking as a partisan, to exult over what he was pleased to call the "reconsecration" of the Republican party; but, while wishing to avoid even the seeming of skepticism, we cannot escape the recollection of terms no less solemnly uttered upon like occasions quickly proving to have been the sheerest cant. The splendid organization which, after having played the chief part in saving the Union, became sordid and greedy and made prey of the people, may or may not now be able to rededicate itself to true public service; we do not know. What we do perceive clearly is that, reconsecrated or not, it is reconstituted. Of the 986 delegates to this convention only 175 were members of the convention of 1912. It was, therefore, in substance, an assemblage of fresh representatives of a resuscitated party. And that is why it would not be guided by bosses, would not be subject to dictation, would not abide either compromise or demagogy, would not accept as a candidate any man supposed to represent any one interest or any one class and did demand and obtain the one man who personified beyond all others the Will of the People. For that reason and for that alone, barring the universally conceded excellence of the choice, we rejoice in the nomination for President of Charles Evans Hughes.

We shall not bore our readers with a recital of the various episodes in Chicago which have been depicted in minute detail and with a fair degree of accuracy by the nimble penmen of the daily Press. There was not much fun. The Republicans, as we have noted, took life most seriously and

the Progressives, as we anticipated, merely held a wake under the direction of Undertaker George W. Perkins. Senator Harding looked like McKinley and spoke blandly; Governor Whitman and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler presented the names of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Root respectively with admirable force and dignity and Senator Lodge broke all records for versatility by nominating Weeks, voting for Roosevelt, and offering the motion to make the nomination of Hughes unanimous. Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock stubbed his toe at the outset but regained his equilibrium with noteworthy alacrity and rendered no small service. Two others whose unobtrusive effectiveness should not pass unrecorded are Mr. Andrew B. Humphrey of New York and Governor R. Livingston Beekman of Rhode Island, whose entrance into the National field presages well for his political future.

But the king-pin of the whole affair was Winthrop Murray Crane. Many months ago we directed attention to the exceptional sagacity and wide vision of this extraordinary man. Of all the conspicuous members of the so-called Old Guard, now happily shorn of power, he alone read aright the signs of the times, shaped his course accordingly and emerged from a most difficult and delicate situation, mastered by himself with consummate skill, with immensely enhanced prestige and without the loss of a friend. Since William C. Whitney successfully withstood the desperate efforts of the Hill-Gorman alliance in 1892, there has been no such exhibition of courage, determination, and tact as that by Mr. Crane which in the early hours of the morning of Saturday, June 10th, made sure the calling of Mr. Hughes upon the next ballot.

That we did not misjudge Our Colonel when, last month, we pronounced as " the acme of absurdity " the fond anticipation of Administration leaders that he would strive for the perpetuation of a Government which he considered ignoble by conniving at the defeat of Mr. Hughes is evidenced by the event. His futile proposal of Senator Lodge we can only regard as a sincere, though pitiably ill-timed tribute to a lifelong friend and consequently as negligible in consideration. That he missed a rare opportunity to win public acclaim by declaring promptly for Mr. Hughes was, we have no doubt, as apparent to himself as to others, but it is only fair and reasonable to attribute his hesitancy—for that is all it was—to his sense of loyalty to those of his devoted

adherents who were suffering pangs of grievous disappointment and required time to adjust their hopes to an unchangeable condition. It is with unalloyed satisfaction that we repeat that "Theodore Roosevelt as President never did and never could render so great a service to his country as he is now rendering as a patriot" and that, with earnest prayers for his well-being, we proclaim him the First Citizen of the Republic. May he long continue, in his own spirited phrase, "like Agag" to "arch my neck and walk lightly," and may he never meet the direful fate of that unhappy monarch!

We had to laugh at the amazement of those who had forgotten that long ago, while Governor of New York, Charles Evans Hughes proved himself a man of promptness and decision. Would he resign? Would he accept? These were the questions which trembled upon the lips of the disingenuous. Quickly came the answers:

To the President: I hereby resign the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I am, sir, respectfully yours,

Charles Evans Hughes.

And the President replied with equal alacrity:

Dear Mr. Justice Hughes: I am in receipt of your letter of resignation and feel constrained to yield to your desire. I therefore accept your resignation as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States to take effect at once.

Sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson.

Certain characteristics stand revealed by these interesting communications. Mr. Hughes did not "tender his resignation." He resigned. He invited no argument. He stated a fact. His words were not those prescribed by social usage. They were official and, being addressed to a competitor whose policies he was about to assail, they bore no palaver. The President, on the other hand, was, as ever, most polite. It was not "Mr. Justice Hughes, Sir"; it was "Dear Mr. Justice Hughes"—which we think was very nice—and it was neither "Respectfully yours" nor "Yours truly," as per John L. Sullivan, but "Sincerely yours," instead of the customary and nearly invariable "Cordially and sincerely yours"—to our mind, a very fine and most delicate distinction. A careless letter writer might have expressed regret, but clearly the President could not have done

that without incurring danger of being misunderstood. The circumstance which impelled the resignation, moreover, according to the politicians of the Administration, really afforded their chief great pleasure and satisfaction,—and maybe it did; we do not know. That the President felt "constrained to yield" to Mr. Justice Hughes's "desire" does not mean to us any questioning of his right under the Constitution, but rather the unconscious effect of habit on the part of one accustomed to confer favors as from on high. They are excellent letters, well judged, admirably constructed and, as we remarked, illuminatingly characteristic.

Simultaneously with the answer to Question No. 1 was dispatched the response to No. 2, which we publish herewith for re-reading and future reference, as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND DELEGATES: I have not desired the nomination. I have wished to remain on the bench, but in this critical period of our national history I recognize that it is your right to summon and that it is my paramount duty to respond.

You speak at a time of national exigency transcending merely partisan consideration. You voice the demand for a dominant, thoroughgoing Americanism with firm protective upbuilding policies essential to your peace and security; and to that call in this crisis I cannot fail to answer with the pledge of all that is in me to the service of our country. Therefore I accept the nomination.

I stand for the firm and unflinching maintenance of all the rights of American citizens on land and sea. I neither impugn motives nor underestimate difficulties. But it is most regrettably true that in our foreign relations we have suffered incalculably from the weak and vacillating course which has been taken with regard to Mexico, a course lamentably wrong with regard to both our rights and our duties.

We interfered without consistency, and while seeking to dictate when we were not concerned we utterly failed to appreciate and discharge our plain duty to our own citizens. At the outset of the Administration the high responsibilities of our diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations were subordinated to a conception of partisan requirements and we presented to the world a humiliating spectacle of ineptitude. Belated efforts have not availed to recover the influence and prestige so unfortunately sacrificed, and brave words have been stripped of their force by indecision.

I desire to see our diplomacy restored to its best standards and to have these advanced; to have no sacrifices of national interests to partisan expediency; to have the first ability of the country always at its command, here and abroad, in diplomatic intercourse; to maintain firmly our rights under international law, insisting steadfastly

upon all our rights as neutrals, and fully performing our international obligations; and by the clear correctness and justice of our position and our manifest ability and disposition to sustain them to dignify our place among the nations.

I stand for an Americanism which knows no ulterior purpose; for a patriotism which is single and complete. Whether native or naturalized, of whatever race or creed, we have but one country and we do not for an instant tolerate any division of allegiance.

I believe in making prompt provision to assure absolutely our national security. I believe in preparedness, not only entirely adequate for our defence with respect to numbers and equipment, in both army and navy, but with all thoroughness to the end that in each branch of the service there may be the utmost efficiency under the most competent administrative heads. We are devoted to the ideals of honorable peace. We wish to promote all wise and practical measures for the just settlement of international peace. In view of our abiding ideals, there is no danger of militarism in this country. We have no policies of aggression; no lust for territory; no zeal for strife. It is in this spirit that we demand adequate provision for national defense, and we condemn the inexcusable neglect that has been shown in this matter of first national importance. We must have the strength which self-respect demands, the strength of an efficient nation ready for every emergency.

Our preparation must be industrial and economic as well as military. Our severest test will come after the war is over. We must make a fair and wise readjustment of the tariff, in accordance with sound protective principle, to insure our economic importance and to maintain American standards of living. We must conserve the best interests of labor realizing that in democracy, patriotism and national strength must be rooted in even handed justice. In preventing, as we must, unjust discrimination and monopolistic practices we must still be zealous to assure the foundations of honest business. Particularly should we seek the expansion of foreign trade.

We must not throttle enterprise here or abroad, but rather promote it and take pride in honorable achievement. We must take up the serious problems of transportation, of interstate and foreign commerce in a sensible and candid manner and provide an enduring basis for prosperity by the intelligent use of the constitutional powers of Congress so as adequately to protect the public on the one hand and on the other to conserve the essential instrumentalities of progress.

I stand for the principles of our civil service laws. In every department of government the highest efficiency must be insisted upon. For all laws and programmes are vain without efficient and impartial administration.

I cannot within the limits of this statement speak upon all the

subjects that will require attention. I can only say that I fully indorse the platform you have adopted.

I deeply appreciate the responsibility you impose. I should have been glad to have that responsibility placed upon another. But I shall undertake to meet it, grateful for the confidence you express. I sincerely trust that all former differences may be forgotten and that we may have united effort in a patriotic realization of our national need and opportunity.

I have resigned my judicial office and I am ready to devote myself unreservedly to the campaign.

CHARLES E. HUGHES.

WASHINGTON, June 10.

This was more than an acceptance of a nomination and more than a statement of accepted issues. It was a crisp and definite notification to all concerned that Mr. Hughes is an out-and-out Republican as well as an out-and-out American and that his response to a unanimous call from his party was in no degree dependent upon the favor or disfavor of any other organization or of any individual, whatever might be the consequences to himself. Then he doffed his gown, donned a sack coat, talked to the reporters, took the first train for his native State and began a campaign which promises to be vigorous and sustained, while his uncomfortably restless adversaries were still rubbing their sleepy eyes,—appearing for all the world as one just released from prison whose pent-up energies had suddenly been loosed for the service of his fellow men.

Taking into thoughtful consideration the effect of the weather and other somewhat depressing conditions, we consider that the Democratic convention should be pronounced a success. The power of habit proved to be nearly, if not quite, as strong in St. Louis as the power of silence had shown itself in Chicago. Although to the casual observer there seemed to be little call for discussion, the leaders conferred mysteriously in carefully guarded rooms quite conformably to usage and tradition and the minor satellites appeared no less burdened with responsibilities than usual. Poverty-stricken Tammany made a brave showing and the cohorts of Mr. Roger Sullivan were everywhere in evidence. All, as we anticipated, were united and all rejoicing, some for one reason and some, alas we fear, for another. Senator William Joel Stone alone was troubled in his sleep by a spectre clad in soiled judicial ermine and voiced his right-

eous indignation volubly until he was informed by Mr. Charles F. Murphy that the Democrats of New York contemplated nominating a Supreme Court Justice for Governor. Then he subsided into unwonted calm. As we foresaw, Speaker Clark was prevented from attending by pressure of official duties, but he wrote philosophically to Mr. Hearst's newspapers that "if any gentleman doubts that luck is a great factor in human affairs, let him stroll over to the White House, commune with Woodrow, and be undeceived." It was a somewhat cryptic utterance but was generally accepted as a favorable omen.

We think we said last month that the two militant Secretaries, Messrs. Daniels and Baker, would have general charge of the proceedings by unanimous consent of the President, and so it proved. The Head of the Navy was more in evidence than his colleague but was no more conspicuous, because of the excessive heat which rendered the wearing of his naval cap impracticable. Mr. Baker's advent was awaited with ill-concealed anxiety by those who hoped he would fetch an answer to the query contained in his famous telegram of February 24th, 1916, to wit:

HON. ATLEE POMERENE, UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.: Opinion here (Cleveland) is wholly with the President. He will doubtless save the honor of the country, but cannot something be done to save the party which at present is a dismal failure?

NEWTON D. BAKER.

Bulletins announcing that the War Secretary was "rushing West" with a platform for the Committee on Resolutions to draft were issued at stated intervals, but he was a long time coming because of the difficulty of framing a plank that might win Rooseveltians without shooing away the voters of the Middle West. But he finally arrived in good condition with the platform in his suit-case and the names of Temporary Chairman, Permanent Chairman, Chairman of the National Committee and Chairman of the Finance Committee in his head. A slight difficulty arose from the refusal of the doorkeepers to admit the delegates, but this was quickly resolved and in due time Disappearing Chairman William F. McCombs called the band to order and made an excellent speech whose chief distinction was an inadvertent omission, due doubtless to an oversight, of mention of the Administration or the President.

Temporary Chairman Martin H. Glynn also made a capital address far superior in both substance and form to that of Senator Harding, and Senator James was at his best. Mr. Bryan talked, too, and received an ovation from the office-holders who comprised four-fifths of the convention. But Judge Woodchuck was the prize winner. We knew he would be. He had been four years composing his speech and it showed it. But for lack of space no power could prevent us from printing this remarkable panegyric in full. As it is, our readers must content themselves with the following excerpt from the peroration:

Sons of America, keep unsullied the sacred shrine of peace, through whose portals will yet pass arm in arm the crowned head and the humble peasant in silent worship of God.

Out of the ruins and sufferings of the present conflict will arise a temple of justice whose dome will be the blue vault of heaven; its illuminants the eternal stars; its pillars the everlasting hills; its ornaments the woods and bountiful fields; its music the rippling rills, the song of birds, the laughter of happy childhood; its diapason the roar of mills and the hum of industry; its votaries the peoples of the earth; its creed, on which hangs all the law and the prophets, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Above its altars in ineffaceable color will live eternally the vision of its artificer.

Therefore, my fellow-countrymen, not I, but his deeds and achievements; not I, but the spirit and purpose of America; not I, but the prayers of just men; not I, but civilization itself, nominates to succeed himself to the Presidency of the United States, to the Presidency of a hundred million free people, bound in impregnable union, the scholar, the statesman, the financier, the emancipator, the pacificator, the moral leader of democracy, Woodrow Wilson.

If even the Honorable James E. Martine does not meet his match in Judge Woodchuck at the forthcoming primaries in New Jersey, we wholly miss our guess.

We need not recount the further proceedings. The newspapers have performed their full duty. But the simple and to our mind quite remarkable fact is that a convention, personally conducted from Washington, which opened listlessly, became thoroughly enlivened and the great body of delegates who first entered the hall dispirited and dejected finally left it full of enthusiasm and, if not of confidence, at least of as firm a determination to hold the offices as that of the Republicans to get them.

The only disquieting feature of the gathering was the

absence of Colonel Mouse. We looked all around for him—in the fireplaces, in the corners, under the tablecloth, under the bureau, everywhere in fact that we could think of, we even baited and set a trap near the door; but all to no purpose. We are convinced that Colonel Mouse was not there. In all other respects the Democratic convention shone brightly in comparison with that of the Republicans in Chicago. We are glad that, unlike Senator James A. O'Gorman, Senator Oscar W. Underwood, Speaker Champ Clark, Colonel Henry Watterson, the Honorable Samuel Untermyer, Mr. James B. Regan, and others too few to mention, we went to St. Louis.

So we enter upon a four-months' campaign which promises well for the Republic. Neither of the two candidates is a superman; neither is as yet or likely to become a popular hero; but each unquestionably personifies the best that his party has to offer—and more could not be expected. That, of course, is the vital and most gratifying fact, but in addition it should be noted that each as a candidate is positively the strongest that could have been named. It is as silly for the Democrats to insist that they wanted Hughes as it would be for the Republicans to say that they would not have preferred another—any other—to Wilson. To those temporarily benumbed supporters of the Administration who demanded the nomination of Roosevelt in order "to make an issue," which now, alas, cannot be raised between two candidates whose dissimilarities are only physical and facial, we remark blandly that if such be the case the only point to be determined is whether a majority of the voters are Democrats. But such is not the case. We doubt if there exist in America two men descended from the same stock, reared in like environments and educated by a substantially uniform process who bear slighter resemblance, one to the other, temperamentally, constitutionally or morally than Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes. Analysis of their distinguishing traits by way of contrast, which incidentally we shall adventure in due time, should prove at least interesting and, unless we err in our surmise that the ultimate issue will be Character, perhaps important.

Meanwhile, minor issues must find their places and false issues must be eliminated. Chief among the latter raised at the outset by our neighbor the *Sun* is the question of Mr.

Wilson's fidelity with respect to the single-term pledge. As to that, we modestly but firmly refer to the argument contained in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February, 1916. If more remains to be or need be said upon that subject, we frankly confess to a serious impairment of reasoning faculties. No; there is nothing in this point. Mr. Wilson receives his renomination with clean hands.

Then comes "Too proud to fight!" Cannot we forget that? Mr. Wilson used an unhappy phrase at an unfortunate time and has paid the full penalty for his heedlessness. Abroad in particular, even more generally than at home, he has reaped a harvest of jeers—in a measure and within bounds, we admit, deserved. But is it becoming in us as Americans to rejoice in or to encourage the sneering of foreigners at a mere inadvertence on the part of our own President? What Mr. Wilson meant to say was that our great Nation is above yielding to the temptation to utilize its immeasurably superior resources in dealing with weaker peoples, that we would submit to both insult and injury to the limit of human endurance before we would even seem to play the bully,—and he spoke the truth. To interpret his words as implying that either he or the Nation is pusillanimous is to do wilful wrong to our own Chief Magistrate. Everybody knows the interpretation is false. Everybody knows that, whatever may be his deficiencies in other respects, Woodrow Wilson has no lack of daring and would be the last to impugn the high spirit of his country. Again we ask, Cannot we forget or at least ignore "Too proud to fight"? If in a roystering campaign we cannot be expected to be generous or even just, we may at least refuse to sacrifice decency to meanness.

We are less concerned by the *World's* heralding of Mr. Hughes as "the Kaiser's candidate" and pronouncing his declaration that he is an out-and-out American "surprising and amazing." Even the *Times*, which is setting a hot pace for the *World* in supporting the President, has the grace to admit that "Mr. Hughes has done his part to take the hyphen out of politics" and that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes combined have put it out altogether. The *World* itself, too, as late as June 8th, when it was still hoping for Roosevelt and speaking its honest convictions, said with characteristic emphasis:

As for the pretended distrust of Hughes's Americanism, we doubt if there is a single human being outside the walls of an idiot asylum who seriously questions it. Hughes is the same kind of American that Wilson is, that Roosevelt is, that Root is, that Taft is, that every man is who has earned high place in the service of the American people. The questions that have been raised are not even plausibly hypocritical.

Further evidences of the *World's* insincerity might be adduced without number from its own pages. But it really is not worth while. Whatever measure of achievement or comfort the *World* or anybody else can derive from assailing the Americanism of Charles Evans Hughes may be accorded with perfect resignation. Whoever in or out of a lunatic asylum enjoys beating his head against a stone wall should not be denied the privilege. But the *World,* to our certain knowledge, was brought up to know and behave better.

Our other neighbor, the *Times,* for its part, continues to shout at the top of its lungs " Out, out " to the " damned spot " left on the judicial ermine by Mr. Wilson's active competitor's resignation. We have already noted the sharp rebuke administered by the *Times* to the Manchester *Union* for criticizing Mr. Hughes on this very score, but we would not nag a worthy contemporary in distress. Nor have we the heart to call its attention to the simple fact that, in logic and effect, its reprobation bears reflection far less upon the act of Mr. Hughes than upon the judgment of the President who will appoint his successor—perchance " another Brandeis." It may be remarked in passing, however, that the representatives of a large majority of the people have already passed judgment upon this question. Despite the earnest protests of our neighbor, it was not raised by any supporters of competitors for the Republican nomination, was not even referred to by the antagonistic Progressives and was abruptly swept into the dustpan at St. Louis. In any case, in the light of the *Times's* positive assurance that Mr. Hughes " will not be elected "—following closely upon its firm declaration that he would not be nominated—why bother?

But enough! We of independent—not neutral—minds have four long months in which to discuss issues and weigh candidates,—and be assured that the task will be performed with painstaking thoroughness. It goes without saying that, for our part, we shall puncture humbug and deride hypocrisy

whenever and wherever those detestable concomitants of a political campaign may appear. In return for this service to our contemporaries, may we not hope that neither of the candidates be likened to Lincoln? It does not seem as if we could bear it. Hughes is Hughes and Wilson is Wilson,—which should satisfy the partisans of each. So "why," in the words of Whistler, "lug in Velasquez?"

One word more and we have done. It is an important election, of course, involving issues of great moment to our beloved Republic and to all mankind.

But there is no crisis.

Believe us, guided by either Wilson or Hughes, the country is as safe as a clock.

THE NEW INDEPENDENCE

We have had the "New Idea," the "New Nationality," and the "New Freedom." Why not the New Independence? For in the beginning Independence was essential to Nationality and to Freedom, and was the chief political Idea. If the superstructure is to be renovated, why not the foundation? The apt warning against putting new wine into old bottles may not inappropriately be adapted to the placing of new edifices upon old foundations. Not that we, ourselves, think that the old foundation or the old superstructure, either, is obsolete or ruinous. But the latter inevitably and most welcomely grows, from year to year and from generation to generation; and it is therefore well to observe to what extent, if any, the former needs enlarging and perhaps strengthening to bear its new responsibilities.

What Independence meant in 1776 all know. It was the severance of all political ties with the Mother Country and the establishment of America as a new sovereignty among the nations of the earth, the full peer of all other nations in privileges, rights and powers. That work was done and well done, and it is in no danger of ever being undone. The danger is that men will not entirely appreciate what it meant, what it implied, and what it entailed upon succeeding generations, even this present, to improve its opportunities and to bring it to full fruition.

The New Independence, which is to be the foundation of our New Nationality and New Freedom and all the New

Ideas of a progressive nation, must first of all comprise what we may term Militant Independence. By that we do not mean militarism. We mean simply a rational national preparedness for defense adequate to the task of maintaining in any contingency the political independence which was won in 1776-83. "They have rights who dare maintain them." But only they can maintain them who have the physical power to do so. To claim rights without the power and resolution to maintain them is foolhardy. Perhaps that must be done by small nations, trusting to the broken staff of treaty and convention. How the rights of small states fare when they stand in the way of a great state's desires, let Belgium and Serbia witness.

Time was when any great degree of preparedness seemed unnecessary. Our detached and isolated position, as Washington phrased it, not only suggested aloofness from European affairs but also afforded a large degree of protection. Nevertheless, the very two statesmen of all who most were identified with the achieving of our original independence, and who most of all dwelt upon the advantages of our remote position, were zealous for the highest possible degree of military preparedness. Washington, who won our independence in the field, was never weary of reminding the nation that the surest means of preserving peace is to be prepared for war. Jefferson urged that military instruction and drill be obligatory in every school and that compulsory military service be required of every able-bodied male citizen.

The fact is that our detached and isolated position no longer exists. Invention has nullified geography, at least so far as latitude and longitude are concerned. The Atlantic Ocean is not as broad to-day as the Hudson River was a century and a third ago. America and Europe are for all practical purposes closer together than New York and New Jersey in Washington's time. An army of a fifth of a million could be transported hither from Europe with less anxiety and uncertainty of result than Washington experienced in crossing the Delaware. In such circumstances nothing can be more reasonable and more desirable than to adopt at least the prescription of Washington and Jefferson, and to assure the Militant Independence of the United States.

Commercial and Industrial Independence also cries aloud to heaven for firm establishment. We are exulting in the vast increase in our foreign trade which has come to us

through the extraordinary demands of the war. But we are dependent upon other nations for the vessels to carry our goods abroad. We insist, properly, upon the right of our citizens to travel on the high seas without molestation. But we are dependent upon other nations for the vessels in which they travel. We are seeking to increase our trade with South America, and through the Isthmian Canal which we have built at so vast a cost. But we are dependent upon other nations for the vessels in which that trade is to be carried. Is it not time that such humiliating and detrimental dependence was ended, and that our Commercial Independence was established?

Today prices of many drugs, including those most used and needed in the materia medica, have risen to almost prohibitive figures; because of the difficulty of getting supplies from Germany. To-day many of our most important industries are gravely embarrassed, and indeed some of them are closing their doors, because of the impossibility of getting the needed supplies of dyes and other materials from Germany; and the American Government has recently been placed in the attitude of a suppliant, humbly begging a European nation to grant it the boon of letting a limited invoice of dyes come hither, in order that we may continue to print our paper currency! It is time that such degrading and costly dependence was ended. It is time for the republic to be sufficient unto itself in such things, and to proclaim and to maintain its Industrial Independence.

It ought not to be necessary to demand a new Declaration of Moral and Intellectual Independence; but, judging from recent and even current indications, that is perhaps the greatest need of all. "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence" Washington warned his countrymen in his most earnest tones; but the warning has gone unheeded. Bonvouloir in 1775 boasted that he could make the Continental Congress do whatever he wished, and Vergennes and Luzerne in 1781 said that they had dictated to Congress its choice of a Foreign Secretary. Probably they were partly true and partly false in their pretensions. The boasts of aliens and hyphenates in 1916, that they have dictated the action of Congress and of nominating conventions, may be more false than true. But it is a most repugnant thing to have any such boasts made at all, and it is an ominous and revolting thing to have a great many American citizens be-

lieve that they are true. The thing ought to be so impossible, and its impossibility ought to be so obvious and notorious that any mention of it would be greeted with universal derision, contempt, and execration.

This phase of our Independence, then, urgently needs reassertion, with all possible emphasis. We say "reassertion," for while it might be called a part of the New Independence, it would, like Militant Independence, be merely a harking back to the sane and masterful principles of our first Administration. Washington read to Moustier, Genet and others lectures which they never forgot, and which caused all who had dealings with this country to "sit up and take notice." We need such spirit and such action to-day, as much as it was needed then. The "Gallican" and "Anti-Gallican" or "Anglican" faction in our politics disgraced the closing years of the eighteenth century and almost imperilled the integrity of the young republic. It is high time, it was indeed time a century ago, for such things to be ended and to be forever impossible. It is time for Moral and Intellectual Independence.

Independence Day in 1916 will be more profitable if it turns the thoughts of the nation, and its inflexible resolution, to these things, than if it is devoted to a mere rehearsing of the indictment of George III. and of what Rufus Choate called the "glittering and sounding generalities" of the Declaration of Independence. The cold, cubical, concrete fact is that they will be "glittering and sounding generalities," and nothing more unless we make of them a practical and specific application to every changing need and exigency of our national life and growth. The Independence for present consideration is not that which was declared in 1776 and was achieved in 1783, but rather that which is needed in 1916.

THE RACE NOT GOING MAD

Let us be tranquil. The human race is not all going mad. Nor are those divisions of it which enjoy the highest intellectual and social culture, and therefore, as some say, suffer the highest mental pressure and the tensest nervous strain, immediately doomed to hopeless insanity. It is true that some statistics are somewhat startling; or are made to appear so, which is a very different thing. But recollec-

tions of a few of the innumerable interpretations and demonstrations of the Number of the Apocalyptic Beast admonish us that of a truth "things are not always what they seem."

A recent report of the Board of Lunacy Control of Great Britain, for example, has created a considerable sensation and set headline-writers and paragraphers, not to mention supposedly profound students of sociology, to exploiting with woful forebodings the appalling increase of insanity in the United Kingdom. It appears that in 1859 there were 185 lunatics in every hundred thousand of the population, and that in 1915 the number had risen to 377, or had a trifle more than doubled in fifty-six years; from which it is cheerfully computed that if things keep on at that rate, the year 2350 will see the entire population on the British Isles in Bedlam.

Doubtless; though there is much virtue in an "if." It will, however, be well for the maniac to refrain from calling the lunatic mad; since in the race for Bedlam Brother Jonathan is easily outstripping Brother John. Over here it does not take anything like fifty-six years to double—statistically—the number of insane. In 1890 we had 118 insane in every hundred thousand, and in 1910 the number had risen to 204; so that if we keep on at that rate, increasing the number of insane nearly 73 per cent. in twenty years, we shall all be mad about two centuries before our British cousins.

Indeed, the United States is already, in spots—and in some pretty big spots—about as badly off in mind as the United Kingdom; and in the central spot of all it is much worse off. For while it seems rather serious for the latter country to have 377 madmen in every hundred thousand, we had in the District of Columbia twenty years ago no fewer than 649, and at the census of 1910 that number had risen to 873. Of course, there is Congress; but that does not account for it, since both Senators and Representatives are charged against their home States! Some of the chief States, too, are nearly as unbalanced, mentally, as Great Britain. Massachusetts in 1910 pleaded the possession of 344.6 insane in every hundred thousand, and New York 343.2, while California, at the other rim of the continent, had 279.8.

There is much instructive significance, however, in the comparisons, or the contrasts, among the various States. Thus in 1890 the number to the hundred thousand in New Hampshire was reported to be only 90.8, while in Vermont,

right alongside and with very similar social conditions, it was 144.7. In New York it was 224, and in the adjoining and similar State of Pennsylvania it was only 119. In Arkansas it was only 34.6, while in Kentucky it was 107.1. In Washington it was 97.6, and in Oregon 176.6, and in California 272.2. In Colorado it was 58, and in Montana 130.1. In Indiana it was 82, and in Ohio 135.1; in Wisconsin 81.7 and in Michigan 132.3; in South Dakota 70.6 and in North Dakota 109.5. It would be quite impossible to maintain the proposition that there was any difference, natural or artificial, between the members of these various pairs of States, sufficient to cause so enormous a difference between the respective mental conditions of their inhabitants. States lying side by side, with the same soil, climate and industries, inhabited by people of the same race, and with practically the same laws, customs and morals, simply cannot differ so widely in sanity.

There are similar contrasts in rates of increase of lunacy. In the twenty years from 1890 to 1910 the number to the hundred thousand in Maine rose from 92.6 to 169.5, and that in the immediately adjacent and similar State of New Hampshire from 90.8 to 211.1. That in Pennsylvania rose from 119 to 196.4, and that in Delaware from 84.3 to 218. The figures in Louisiana rose from 54.4 to 130.3, and in Georgia from 81.1 to only 120. California's made only the slightest rise, from 272.2 to 279.8, while Washington's leaped from 97.6 to 174, and Colorado's from 58 to 150.1. Michigan's rose from 132.3 to 238.4, and Wisconsin's from 81.7 to 282.2. While South Dakota's more than doubled, from 70.6 to 148, North Dakota's actually fell, from 109.5 to 108.8.

These differences cannot be real. They are merely apparent, and the appearance of them is due to a number of circumstances. One of the chief of these is, no doubt, the statutory system of caring for the insane. The figures cited are those of the number of persons living in asylums or hospitals for the insane. It is well known that some States make much more generous provisions for such unfortunates than others, and that therefore in them the insane are much more generally cared for in such institutions. As a result those States are charged with a much greater number of lunatics than are the States with less provision for them, although the actual number may be the same. If a State had no asylums whatever, but had all its insane inhabitants cared

for in their own homes, it would figure in the census statistics as having no lunatics at all. That, no doubt, is one of the reasons why the ratio of reported insane is so much higher in New England and the Middle and Middle Western States than it is in the Southern States. The difference is not in the actual number of deranged persons, but in the extent to which they are domiciled in institutions, or are kept at home.

If thus the contrasts among States are largely to be accounted for, there is an equally convincing explanation of the generally considerable increase in the number of reported insane, which does not imply so great an actual increase, if indeed any at all. That is, the great change, which is chiefly though perhaps not entirely improvement, in alienistic diagnosis. Very many persons are now declared to be insane and are committed to asylums, who a generation ago were regarded as merely "queer" or "eccentric" and remained in their homes, and perhaps pursued freely their vocations. Many others are suffering from nervous strain, from overwork, dissipation, or what not, and have voluntarily gone for a time to institutions euphemistically called neuropathic or psychopathic sanitariums, which in the census are classed as hospitals or asylums and the inmates of which are reckoned among the insane.

It is well known that striking changes in other vital statistics are susceptible of similar explanation. There were probably as many cases of appendicitis a generation or two ago as there are now, but they did not figure under that name in the reports, since that name was not then in common use. So the apparent increase in cases of paresis is largely caused by the application of that name to cases which formerly would have been called softening of the brain or something else. The changes have been in nomenclature, in diagnosis, in disposition, and not in the actual health of the people. We may rest assured, then, that there is no such ominous increase in the actual prevalence of insanity as the statistics seem to indicate, neither in Great Britain nor in the United States. Some increase there may be, due to unhealthful domestic, social and business conditions and customs, and this may be sufficient to be worthy of emphasis, for admonition against indulgence in the conditions which are at fault. The more highly organized and cultivated—not to say, sophisticated—society becomes, the more susceptible to disturbance do

psychic elements become, and the greater is the strain which the nerves and brain suffer. Yet at the same time it should be possible, not only amid but actually because of those very conditions and circumstances, to develop and increase psychical stamina and resistant powers.

The pretense that a degree of insanity is essential to intellectual genius cannot be maintained. Doubtless some geniuses have been eccentric, and a few have actually been insane; though in a far greater number of cases eccentricity has been assumed and affected by mediocrities in the hope of thus winning the reputation of genius, or has been imputed without warrant in fact, by romantic and exaggerating adulators or biographers. Moreover, for every real genius who has verged upon insanity, or has even really had marked eccentricities, there have been several equally great who have been indisputably sane, methodical, moral, and conformed to the established order of society. For every Nietzsche there are several Spencers and Huxleys. And if thus mental aberration is not necessary to the highest attainments in the individual, neither is it in the community, the State or the race. We may proceed with all possible inventions and culture and refinements of social existence, without sending the community, the State or the race to the madhouse.

OUR SHIPS AND SOME OTHERS

Again we boast. The battleship *Pennsylvania* has been put into commission. It is the most powerful fighting machine in our navy. That, however, is not enough to say of it. We are assured, with ingenious and persistent iteration, that it is the most powerful in the world. True, there are others of far greater horse-power; but the *Pennsylvania* is the most powerful. There are others of far greater speed; but the *Pennsylvania* is the most powerful. There are others which carry heavier guns; but the *Pennsylvania* is the most powerful. There are several which surpass the *Pennsylvania* in all three of these respects; but the *Pennsylvania* is the most powerful. We hope that it is true.

It is not grateful nor gracious to argue against our own, or to challenge our alleged superiority. But greatness does not consist in merely saying that we are great. We should

resent "a certain condescension in foreigners" which would patronizingly remit us and ours to inferiority; but we should also deprecate a certain bumptiousness in nationals which would laud everything that we have as the best in the world simply because it is ours. It will be well for us all to reckon ourselves "from Missouri" and to insist upon ocular demonstration of our greatness.

The *Pennsylvania* is undoubtedly a magnificent ship. We wish there were two dozen like it in the navy. But to the mere landlubber there does seem reason to ask for further proof than a mere "say so" of its superiority over the several vessels of the *Queen Elizabeth* class. It is admitted that the *Pennsylvania's* guns are of only fourteen inches caliber, against the *Queen Elizabeth's* fifteen, but it is insisted that the former are of as great range and as effective as the latter. That may be, but if so it is very surprising and puzzling to the layman. If a fourteen-inch gun is as effective as a fifteen, then is a thirteen as good as a fourteen, and a twelve as good as a thirteen, and so on down the scale? If so, we shall presently find ourselves declaring, according to one of Euclid's axioms, that a two-inch gun is as effective as one of fifteen inches.

A similar line of argument applies to the matter of speed. The 31,500 horse power of the *Pennsylvania* drives its 31,400 tons at the rate of 21 knots, while the 58,000 horse power of the *Queen Elizabeth* drives its 27,500 tons at the rate of 25 knots. We are told, it is true, that speed is not the prime consideration. Perhaps not. But it is an important consideration, and, other things being equal, it is a decisive consideration. Superiority of even a single knot would mark one vessel as superior to another if they were equal in all other respects. Superiority of four knots is far too wide a margin to be overlooked.

It is boasted that the *Pennsylvania* has oil-burning engines, which increase her radius of action 40 per cent for the same weight of fuel over coal-burning vessels. That may be quite true. But we must remember that the *Queen Elizabeth* and all the six vessels of its type also have oil-burning engines, so that we can claim nothing better than equality with them in that respect. It is said, too, that the *Pennsylvania* is the most heavily protected ship in the world, with an armor belt 13½ inches thick. But the *Queen Eliz-*

abeth and more than a dozen other British ships also have 13½-inch armor, so that in that particular, also, our best claim is nothing more than equality. The *Pennsylvania* is not "the most heavily protected," but merely one of the most heavily.

So in the last analysis this is the statement of the case: The two ships are equal in defensive armor, and in steaming radius. But the British ship steams 25 knots to the American's 21, and throws a main broadside of 17,600 pounds in 15-inch projectiles to our 16,800 pounds in 14-inch projectiles. How the *Pennsylvania* can be the more formidable, with 4.76 per cent inferiority in weight of broadside and 19 per cent inferiority in speed, is "one of those things no fellow can find out," at least without a more lucid and convincing demonstration than has yet been given.

We are not kill-joys. We would not unduly depreciate anything American. But we do not believe in living in a fool's paradise, and in deceiving ourselves into believing that our ship is the most formidable in the world when, or if, it is not; and we cannot see how it can be the most formidable in the circumstances which we have described. Twenty-one knots are not swifter than 25, and 16,800 pounds are not heavier than 17,600. That is the whole story.

What we should like to see is the building of ships for our navy which are indisputably in all essential respects at least the equals of any others in the world—in speed, in guns, in armor, and in radius of action. Why not? Our *Pennsylvania* is considerably bigger in displacement than the *Queen Elizabeth*. Why could it not have been equipped with as powerful engines, which would drive it at as high a rate of speed? And why could it not have been provided with as big guns, which would throw as heavy a broadside and throw it as far? Here we are putting into commission in 1916, and boasting of as "the last word in super-dreadnought building," a ship which is only a trifle stronger than the ships which Great Britain completed three years ago. Why, the original *Dreadnought*, commissioned away back in 1906, was as speedy as our *Pennsylvania*. Must we be content to follow along a few years behind other nations? Such a policy may suit Sir Josephus Daniels. It is not pleasing to the American people.

TRADE AND THE WAR

THE "Influence of Sea Power in History" looms large. It is not, however, invariably military power. The dreadnought, the battle cruiser, the destroyer and the submarine all play their part: but the liner, the freighter and the tramp have their parts, too; and in the present case their parts seem dominant. What is the explanation of the importunate—and also impudent—German demand in a recent note that, in return for Teutonic cessation from murder of American women and children at sea, the United States shall require the Allies to relax their blockade of German trade? The Russians, who a year ago were armed with nothing but bludgeons and knives and stones, and so had to retreat before the Teutons, are now well armed and equipped with so vast a profusion of the munitions of war that they have been able to drive the Austrian armies before them with such a storm of cannonading as not even Verdun could surpass. The reason is writ large in the current reports of the American Department of Commerce.

The first and most obvious fact is the destruction of German trade. In 1913, the year before the war, we exported to Austria-Hungary goods to the value of $23,320,696. In the ten months ending with April of last year this had fallen to $1,219,924. That was a tremendous decline. But the Allied blockade was not yet fully effective. When it was applied in all its stringency, the result was marked. In the ten months ending with April of this year our exports to Austria-Hungary were only $152,916. There was a similar process in the case of Germany, even more marked. In 1913 she took from us goods valued at $331,684,212. In the ten months of the last fiscal year she took only $28,861,187, and in the corresponding period of the present fiscal year, $283,385. These figures are eloquent of the deprivation of supplies which Germany now suffers.

The deprivation has not been total, however. Germany has secured vast volumes of imports from the United States by way of the neutral countries which border upon her. She found it easy to have goods shipped to Holland, to Denmark and to Sweden, professedly for those countries, and then have them sent across the border, or across the Baltic, to her. How great was this trade, and how much it has now been decreased by the strenuous vigilance of the Allies, a

few figures will show. Before the war, in 1913, our shipments to Denmark were only $18,687,794. Their highest figure was in 1907, when they exceeded $23,000,000. But in the first ten months of the fiscal year 1915 they leaped to $70,549,822, an increase of more than three hundred per cent. It would have been absurd to pretend that all that increased volume of goods was wanted and would be consumed in Denmark itself. The bulk of it was intended for Germany and was sent straight across the German frontier. Seeing this, the Allies established a censorship over Danish trade and in the first ten months of the present fiscal year reduced imports from America to $46,983,907. That was a great reduction from 1915, but it still left Danish-American trade twice as great as ever before.

There was a similar record in the case of Sweden. Before the war we sent thither a maximum of $12,104,366, in 1913. But in the first ten months of 1915 Sweden took from us $71,911,063; and the Baltic ferries were busy. The Allies applied the blockade, and the figures fell to $46,394,910 in 1916; still leaving a large margin to Germany's good. The case of Holland is somewhat different. In 1913 she took from us $125,909,862. But not all of that was for home use. A large proportion of it was destined for Germany, to which empire Holland is a natural gateway. So great was the trade of Holland that no attempt was made to increase it during the war. Instead, it remained for a time almost stationary, in the first ten months of 1915 amounting to $122,691,172. But the Allies took measures to exclude much of what was destined for Germany, with the result that in the ten months of the present fiscal year the sum was only $80,408,549. Germany, therefore, not only has lost practically all her direct trade with the United States, but also she has lost a large share of the indirect, by way of her neutral neighbors. There can be little doubt that this deprivation has caused much stringency in supplies, and probably much popular distress and a handicap upon military operations.

At the same time our traffic with the Allies has been increasing to an extraordinary degree. In 1913 our exports to France were $146,100,201. In the ten months of the last fiscal year they were $276,576,310, and in the corresponding part of the present year, $477,615,253. That is to say, they have considerably more than trebled. The same is true of Italy. Her figures are: 1913, $76,285,278; 1915 (10 months),

$158,153,469; 1916 (10 months), $220,605,330. So with the United Kingdom. In 1913 we sent thither $597,149,059. In the first ten months of 1915 we sent $724,941,561, and in the first ten months of the fiscal year 1916, the stupendous sum of $1,185,680,135. These figures, by the way, are an impressive reply to Germany's boast of a submarine blockade of the British Isles!

Most significant of all in some respects are the Russian figures, for the empire in both Europe and Asia. In 1913 our exports were only $26,465,214. In the ten months of 1915 they rose a little, to $35,221,431; but Russian soldiers were still without arms and ammunition. But in the first ten months of the fiscal year 1916, ending with April, Russia's receipts from America made the astounding leap to $229,442,203. No wonder that the Slavic legions were abundantly provided with all the munitions of war, for their great drive into Bukowina and Galicia, and that they were there able to employ "curtains of fire" rivalling those of the western battle front.

Thus the effect of the war upon commerce, and the effect of commerce upon the war, are equally notable. The latter may indeed prove to be by far the greater. It is scarcely supposable that the former will be permanent. Our trade with Germany has been suspended, not abolished for all time. Our trade with the Allies has been enormously increased, but the bulk of the gain is only temporary. But the effect of trade upon the war, in depriving one side of indispensable supplies and in giving the other all that it needs, may well prove decisive of the outcome of the contest. Just as it was the sea power of the North that, more even than Grant's and Sherman's armies, destroyed the Southern Confederacy, so it may well be the sea power of the Allies, in depriving Germany of needed supplies and in securing for themselves all supplies that are desired, that will prove the deciding factor in the War of the Nations.

THE CLOSING DOOR IN CHINA

The Chinese door seems to be closing. We mean the door of American opportunity. It is a circumstance which probably few have noticed, for the events of the War of the Nations overshadow everything else, and cause us to ignore

things which, without the war, would be regarded as of paramount importance. It is true that the Chinese revolution, which first gave the empire a constitution and then overthrew the empire and established a republic, occurred before the war in Europe. But since then, during the war, have occurred two more revolutions, by one of which the republic was subverted and the monarchy was restored, and by the other the monarchy was again abolished and the republic was rehabilitated. And still later has come the death of the President, who was called by exaggeration the Strong Man of China, with the succession of the Vice-President to the headship of the state.

In all these things America should have been China's next friend. As the premier republic in the world, this country should have been foremost in welcoming China into the fellowship of republics, and in encouraging her to remain constant in the republican faith. This is suggested by both ancient tradition and recent practice. The United States years ago took the beneficent lead in establishing the open door, the integrity of the empire, and equality of opportunity; in saving the empire from the Boxer outbreak; and in returning to China an unjustly exacted indemnity. Those and other like things ingratiated the United States with China, and secured for us an opportunity to enter into peculiarly intimate and mutually beneficent relations with the most populous nation in the world.

That opportunity has been neglected, if not entirely sacrificed and lost. It is lamentable that it is so, but so it is. The United States did not improve the opportunity at the outset, in the recognition of the Chinese Republic. Its nonparticipation in the Chinese loan impaired American prestige and drove the Chinese to look to other nations as better friends. When danger of monarchical restoration came upon the republic America did not go to the rescue with moral support, but left it to Great Britain, Russia and, of course, Japan, to offer admonition and advice. The chief American republic was strangely careless of the fate of the Asian republic.

Nor was our course what it should have been and might have been in the case of Japan's extraordinary demands upon China, the enforcement of which would make the whole of China dependent upon Japan if not an actual appanage of that country. It is quite true that our Administration

wrote a number of polite notes upon the subject; as upon other subjects with like lack of results. It was all very well for this country to say that it would not recognize the legality of any arrangement which violated its treaty rights in China. So it had written in other notes of holding another nation to " strict accountability."

There never yet has been secured any satisfactory assurance that Japan has abandoned her designs. On the contrary, there are strong reasons for believing that she still persists in them, and that she has received from both Great Britain and Russia a free hand to do as seems good to her in China. That her purpose is monopoly is not for a moment to be questioned. The fulfilling of her demands by China will mean the practical closing of the door of commerce and industry in our faces. In any case, the prestige of America in China has fallen to about its lowest point.

Yet we have had for the last two years an unequaled chance to win a paramount place in China. The other nations have been busy with their war. We have been free. We could have promoted our own interests in China without any embarrassment from the rivalry of others. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. We all remember how the European Powers sought to take advantage of our engagement in the war with Spain to undertake the virtual partitioning of China, on plans which would have shut us out altogether. Happily the shrewd policy of President McKinley baffled them and saved us our place in the Chinese sun. Now there was a chance for us to play a return game, by taking advantage of their absorption in the big war to confirm beyond challenge our place and power in China. But we did not do it.

It might be asked why this was and is so. Has the futility of our policy toward Mexico been reflected upon our relations elsewhere? Has our paltering course toward some of the European belligerents so affected us as to induce a like course in all other great foreign matters? It would almost seem so. It would look as though we had, in Belgium's case, become so habituated and reconciled to seeing a solemn treaty regarded as " a scrap of paper " that we are quite acquiescent in similar treatment of other international obligations, even of the Open Door in China. If so, the malign influence of Mr. Bryan has extended further than was at first supposed. It should even now, before it is too

late, be possible for the Administration to throw off that incubus and to assert a strong and aggressive, though, of course, fair and benevolent policy in China. We should not permit ourselves to be brushed aside from the Chinese problem as a negligible quantity. If the war hampers the nations which are engaged in it and prevents their active intervention in China, it certainly should not be permitted thus to affect the United States. Our hands are free, to labor diplomatically for the maintenance of the open door, integrity of territory, and equality of opportunity. We have kept them idle too strangely long. But there is still time for us to get at work. We surely should not be crowded out of China, nor have closed in our faces the door which we opened for all the world.

WASHINGTON AND ENTANGLING ALLIANCES

BY ROLAND G. USHER

PRECISELY what had Washington in mind when he incorporated in his Farewell Address the famous dictum about "entangling alliances"? Can we prove that he meant what he has been understood to mean? What circumstances led him to this conclusion; how permanent did he believe this isolation should be; how considerable a modifying influence did he assign to future exigencies? It can hardly be gainsaid that definite answers to these questions would go far to settle the doubts in the minds of many Americans concerning future foreign policy, for many feel it safer to follow what they believe to have been the counsel of Washington than to form foreign alliances in an attempt to solve present American problems.

Fortunately, the very full evidence enables us to answer definitely all questions about the Farewell Address that are of significance. Like most important State papers, it was not composed entirely by Washington but was evolved with the assistance and collaboration of Hamilton and Madison, both of whom drafted it in full. After much discussion and correspondence with them and with others, Hamilton's final draft, with many alterations and excisions by Washington himself, was utilized. So full is our information about Hamilton's thoughts and about Washington's own ideas that we can almost trace the Address in the correspondence of the two men for the preceding years.

Washington himself has left us no doubt as to the primary purpose of this document. He says explicitly in a letter written at the moment of publication: "the principal design of it is to remove doubts at the next election" as to his candidacy for the office of President. In 1796, as his advanced

age began to enfeeble his health, and the desires always strong in him for a quiet country life became more and more insistent, he felt that he could not accept a third term as President. He had, however, been so abused and vilified in the public press for several years, his character so aspersed, his motives so invariably questioned and misunderstood, that his modest and retiring nature shrank from announcing that he would not be a candidate for fear that his enemies would promptly impute to him vanity and conceit. In those days the Presidential electors were supposed to ballot in secret for candidates who had not previously announced to the people their willingness to accept election, and Washington rightly felt that, in declaring he sought no further political office, he would lay himself open to the charge of coveting what others had no intention of offering him. Such scruples seem to us, at this distance, strained and unnatural in his case, but the importance which Washington attached to them is evinced not only in his correspondence with Madison in 1792, but in the letters to Hamilton and others in the months when the Address itself was in preparation. As an expedient, he hit upon the idea of a "valedictory address," which, apparently occasioned by more general and permanent considerations, would thus make the statement of his unwillingness to become a Presidential candidate incidental to larger issues.

A second motive which played a great part in his decision was the desire to answer in some dignified and impressive manner the extraordinary campaign of vituperation which had been directed against him and his policy. For us who have been accustomed to think of the Farewell Address as delivered to a patriotic and affectionate nation, eager to receive from its most honored and revered statesman his parting words of counsel, it is a shock to learn that Washington meant it to be his justification before posterity for a policy which had been as roundly abused and more generally disapproved by contemporaries than perhaps any other ever initiated by an American statesman. Here again his own innate modesty made him hesitate to defend himself openly for fear he should reveal the depth of the wounds such hostility had caused him, and for fear lest his enemies should exult over an admission that he felt defense necessary. As he wrote Hamilton, the Address must defend him and his policy without making either him or his policy too prominent. Joined to these motives was the hope in Washington's mind

that he might still possess sufficient influence—which he seems at this time to have doubted—to restrain the people from an alliance with France which he believed imminent and both unwise and inexpedient.

In the last paragraphs of the Address itself, Washington has struck for us its keynote: "With me, a predominant motive has been to gain time to [sic] our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes."

Throughout the years of his Presidency the fact which had been borne in upon him by events had been the weak and defenseless condition of the country. An aggregation of struggling people organized into States, deeply jealous of each other, loaded with foreign and domestic debt, with a credit scarcely established, and with neither army or navy, it seemed to him that our greatest problems were domestic, and our greatest necessity, sufficient time to solve them. He was afraid that the Constitution might not work, that the strong anti-Federalist party, hostile to it, might gain the upper hand and abolish it. A leader the malcontents had found in Thomas Jefferson, and active expression of their policies had appeared in the various newspapers which Jefferson subsidized. In Virginia and in the Mississippi Valley Washington knew an anti-national movement was being nourished by the men in his own councils. The Whiskey Rebellion against the authority of the Federal Government had, to be sure, been crushed, but the probability of other resistance was great.

And this country, weak, disorganized, and divided within itself, was, he saw, entirely dependent for its prosperity upon its foreign commerce. It produced what it could not consume and what it must sell either in the West Indies or in Europe. It had been accustomed to buy in Europe, chiefly in England, most of those commodities necessary to a civilized existence. By the sale of their own produce in the West Indies, American merchants had bought sugar and molasses which they carried to England and exchanged for manufactured goods needed in America. The dependence of the new Government and its people upon Europe was dire. What we raised could be sold only to European nations or to their colonies. What it was almost imperative for us to buy had to be obtained

from them. Just at this time, too, an extremely lucrative trade with France had sprung up in American grain, the first truly American product, except tobacco, to find sale in any quantity in Europe.

In the way of this exchange, upon which the prosperity of the whole country was seen directly to depend, stood Great Britain; English manufactured goods were those most desired; the British West Indian colonies furnished the best markets for American produce. Yet the recent Revolution and the events of the subsequent years had thoroughly embittered English statesmen and led them to maintain restrictions exceedingly onerous to their former colonists. That the British statesmen had much reason for their distrust Washington was forced to admit. The Treaty of 1783 had not been executed by the Americans; the Loyalists had been maltreated and their property confiscated, despite the promises in the Treaty; nearly all the private and public debts owed by Americans in England had been repudiated during or after the war; and there was genuine doubt abroad whether the new Government under the Constitution was likely to maintain its credit and observe its promises any better than had the States and the Confederation.

Yet to the harassed President it was clear that without a navy we could not coerce Great Britain's fleet; that such access as we had to the West Indies and to Europe in general we must obtain with her consent. As Hamilton wrote to Washington in 1794: "'Tis our error to overrate ourselves and underrate Great Britain; we forget how little we can annoy; how much we may be annoyed." Washington therefore concluded that the United States must preserve peace at all costs and was urged thereto "by motives of policy, interest, and every other consideration, that ought to actuate a people situated and circumstanced as we are, already deeply in debt, and in a convalescent state from the struggle we had been engaged in ourselves."

This period of probation, when America's weakness thrust upon her a policy of circumspection and political isolation, was estimated by Washington and Hamilton at not less than twelve nor probably more than twenty years. In the Farewell Address Washington thus phrased this notion: "The period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance . . . when we may choose peace or war as our interests guided by justice shall counsel."

Shortly before he had written: "If this country is preserved in tranquillity twenty years longer, it may bid defiance in a just cause to any Power whatever; such in that time will be its population, wealth, and resources."

The idea of no entangling alliances seems to have originated in negative conclusions. It was not that Washington felt that no alliance could be beneficial. The strength of the British sea power and the probable continuance of its supremacy, the extent of American dependence upon Europe, made cordial relations with Great Britain essential, and an alliance with that country was therefore *prima facie* expedient and desirable. The closer our contact (always assuming that we retained our political independence) the more advantageous the relation would be for both countries. But he saw that this alliance was one which the state of the public mind both in England and in the United States made impossible; the Revolution almost prevented the conclusion of any favorable understanding between the Governments.

At the same time, both he and Hamilton felt—and their idea descended as a tradition—that England's own interests would compel her in the long run to sanction practically that extent of intercourse with Europe and the British dominions which was imperative for America. Nor were they blind to the fact that England's own interests were a better foundation for American privileges than any paper alliance. To develop more cordial relations, to make possible for Great Britain concessions without loss of self-respect, to facilitate, where possible by diplomatic methods, arrangements and concessions: such must be the policy of the United States. A reconquest by England Washington scouted, not only as impossible of success, but as a move which the British themselves would not attempt. The one European Power which could reach America, which in fact held America in her hands, he believed was already convinced that conquest was unwise. Eminently desirable for the rapid promotion of American commerce, an alliance with Great Britain's sea power was fortunately neither imperative for defense nor essential to ensure the continuance of that minimum of economic privilege upon which the prosperity of the country depended. In her own interests Great Britain must perforce concede in practice that minimum which we could not dispense with, and in time the growth of the United States,

might make possible the exaction of more, or an alteration of sentiment in both countries might result in an amicable adjustment.

But at all costs, Washington felt, the United States must not further antagonize the sea power and thus risk the loss of that minimum of privilege. Under the stress of war or urged by resentment and passion, Great Britain might rescind that, and from its loss calamity must ensue. A commercial crisis at that precise juncture Washington felt would overturn the Constitution and put into an overwhelming majority the anti-national forces, already hostile to his own policies and the great measures of Hamilton for the funding of the debt and the establishment of the public credit at home and abroad. Yet such an alliance the great majority of the American people, led by Jefferson, seemed firmly determined to make. France, who had aided us during the Revolution and with whom we had signed a defensive treaty, was now at war in Europe with Great Britain, Austria, and the majority of the smaller states. For America, demonstrations in favor of France were common; Jefferson and his partisans declared that the existing treaty and the honor of the nation alike counseled assistance to those who had before helped us. So great was the popular enthusiasm and so vigorous were the expressions of hostility to Great Britain, so determined were the attempts to force Washington's hand and compel an alliance with France or a war with England, that the President was hard pressed to resist.

Both he and Hamilton felt, however, that to ally with France was suicide. The prosperity of the United States depended upon an access to the West Indies and to Europe which the British fleet could interdict completely. The consequences of a restriction of privilege had already demonstrated how terrible would be the result of its complete loss. Alliance with England was out of the question, but favorable commercial terms and at least a certain tolerance were essential. Nor did there seem to be a remote possibility of assisting France while the British fleet ruled the sea. Hamilton even contended that France had aided us during the Revolution solely to advance her own interests, and that we therefore owed her no debt of gratitude. In the end, Washington issued a proclamation of neutrality; snubbed Genêt and replied in friendly but reserved tone to the fervid letters from Paris; and sent Jay to England to negotiate as favorable and

extensive a commercial treaty as could be had. The President was not optimistic as to the extent of privilege likely to be achieved, but felt with Hamilton that under the circumstances the United States must be satisfied with what could be had, and hoped that a change of conditions and perhaps of public feeling in both countries would in the future make the extension of commercial privileges possible. As he wrote to Lee, the proclamation of neutrality was intended to restrain, "as far as a proclamation would do it, our citizens from taking part in the contest."

In the Farewell Address he attempted to defend this policy by means of general propositions of advice which were really intended to convey to the men of the time some such ideas as these. Beware of alienating unnecessarily the sea power upon which you are dependent. Do not, under present circumstances, think of an alliance with France which must be based upon theory and sentiment rather than upon mutual interest. Beware of all foreign alliances which pledge the country to more assistance than it is capable of rendering or expose it to dangers which it has no means of resisting. Remember that time must elapse before the United States can become strong enough to take its place in the world and develop an independent foreign policy suited to its needs and its prospects. Until then beware of all entanglements, and even then beware of permanent alliances which the very growth of the country may itself render inexpedient in a few years. Like a weak country, a rapidly growing country must frequently revise its policies in accordance with the exigencies of times and occasions. For years to come temporary alliances will serve even extraordinary emergencies.

The following sentences include those portions of the Farewell Address which are significant in this connection, and they seem to bear, without straining or unnecessary twisting the interpretation just sketched:

> Nothing is more essential, than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular Nations [Great Britain] and passionate attachments for others [France] should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. . . . Sympathy for the favorite Nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification.

. . . And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) [the Anti-Federalists] facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity. . . . Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter. . . . Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake. . . . Real patriots [Federalists] who may resist the intrigues of the favorite [France] are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes [Jefferson et al.] usurp the applause and confidences of the people, to surrender their interests. . . .

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard, to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, *by artificial ties*, in the *ordinary* vicissitudes of her politics, or the *ordinary* combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel. . . . It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portions of the foreign world; so far, I mean as we are now at liberty to do it. . . . Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies. . . . Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest.

From the earlier portions of the Address comes corroboration of this view that the document was primarily intended as a defense of Washington's policies and opinions rather than as a permanent statement of future policy. At the same time, everyone who reads that remarkable paper must be struck by the prescience displayed by Washington in formulating his original policy upon those subjects per-

manently significant and vital to the welfare of the American people. Whatever his intentions may have been, he certainly mentioned no subject of purely transient interest and did group those permanent features of policy which the development of the country was to affirm. The necessity of union, the dangers of sectionalism, the importance of a prompt obedience to the Federal Government, the dangers of factional conflict between political parties, the encroachment of the various departments of the Government upon each other, the imperative necessity of the maintenance of public credit,—such advice was the result of particular events and controversies upon which he himself had taken the unpopular side; but later events demonstrated the far-seeing wisdom of his choice and the accuracy of his analysis of conditions. The Farewell Address did not itself create a policy for the country: it formulated definitively those policies which Washington had already decided were expedient so long as the country's economic weakness remained pronounced, so long as the European situation made any alliance suicidal except that with the sea power, and while the Revolution made impossible and undesirable any close political connection with the late mother-country.

The Address, however, stresses with persistence three points. The situation which made such policies expedient Washington believed would disappear within twenty years, and then a more definite, more permanent, and less negative policy might be formulated. He further gave personal directions to the printer that the word "political" was to be italicized in the phrases concerning relations with Europe. The distinction he wished to draw was between political and economic relations, the former of which he felt should be as slight as possible with all nations, including Great Britain, and the latter of which he was clear should be as extended as possible with all nations and in particular with Great Britain. Finally, he constantly distinguished between permanent political alliances, which he believed inexpedient for the United States because we had no interest in the "ordinary" friendships or enmities in Europe, and temporary political alliances which he felt would be under extraordinary emergencies essential. His warning against European alliances emphasized again and again all engagements which were not rooted in American interests, adding that until the country had attained greater development Amer-

ica could have no political (not economic) interests which a European alliance would be necessary to defend.

It should, therefore, be clear that Washington himself explicitly implied in the Farewell Address that the growth of the country would probably invalidate his counsel regarding entangling alliances within twenty years. Would he not be the last to hold that the American people are to-day to feel themselves bound to follow under present conditions a counsel regarding alliances explicitly based upon the fundamental problems of a small, weak, disorganized, debt-ridden country in which firm constitutional government, the public credit, and nationality, had yet to be established beyond the possibility of change?

ROLAND G. USHER.

GERMANY'S FINANCIAL POSITION

BY H. J. JENNINGS

THE ineradicable tendency in human nature to let the wish be father to the thought is seldom more noticeable than when one sits in judgment upon an enemy country's economic status. A Britisher writing of German finance, like a German writing of British finance, is disposed, through the subtle influence of patriotic prejudice, to paint his enemy's case blacker than it really is. The writer of this article is an Englishman, and in addressing a neutral audience, he has endeavored to hold the scales fairly and to avoid the exaggerations of bias. An overstated case carries within itself the elements of rejection; but if, in a judicial co-ordination of facts honestly balanced, the scale happens to kick the beam, it can only be because the facts are incapable of a more qualified interpretation. In the facts themselves as here presented there is not much that is new and nothing that can be truthfully contradicted. Taken separately, they may not justify a positive conclusion, but their combined effect makes it difficult to escape from one.

Exact information is unobtainable in some particulars owing to the rigor of the German censorship; and side by side with the suppression of disagreeable facts there are the *couleur de rose* pictures painted by the Finance Minister and the Government journals that take their cue from him. There is something suspicious in this conjunction. If the financial conditions are so good, why should it be necessary to stifle criticism? Is not the explanation to be found in an official desire for the people to believe that the sacrifices they are called upon to make are incompatible with danger to the economic structure? Dr. Helfferich's soothing syrup is evidently prepared for home consumption. Its undue proportion of glucose cloys on the palate. Even thoughtful Germans must have felt, as they read his sugary utterances,

that the ministerial comparisons of economic stability and financial staying power are much too good to be true. No stress can fairly be laid on the amused reception given to these boasts in England. It was only natural that we islanders should smile. But unless the extracts from the American press published in London are entirely misleading, expert opinion on your side seems to have had equal difficulty in swallowing Dr. Helfferich's mixture. It fails to supply the missing figures that are necessary for general enlightenment, and the gloss which it puts upon known facts seems of too obvious a kind to take in even that usually receptive person, "the man in the street."

It is sometimes possible to construe in different ways the same set of facts, according to the point of view of the commentator. There may, for instance, be two opinions about Germany's wealth, her capacity for endurance, the actual number and condition of her unemployed, the extent of the rioting against food prices, how she will face the impending heavy taxation, what the loss of her colonies signifies, how she will make good the decline in customs revenue, what is the effect of the inactivity of her passenger ships and merchantmen, where the next loan is coming from, and a number of other interesting points. All these may be so dressed up and disguised as to support, more or less, the academic theorists of the Empire, just as they may be exaggerated and colored to support the case of the Empire's enemy critics. But there are some facts that cannot be twisted out of recognition, or bent to suit the purpose of misrepresentation, favorable or otherwise. The most salient and significant of these is the heavy fall in the value of the German mark in neutral countries. Its significance lies in the fact that it is the logical outcome of the suspension of specie payments and of the wholesale manufacture of irredeemable paper money. The mark has collapsed because neutral traders no longer consider that it represents its face value. In other words, they doubt if Germany will be able to pay "twenty shillings in the pound" after the war. It is possible, of course, in such an age of miracles as this, that they may be wrong. Inconvertible legal-tender paper money is a financial expedient, the justification of which depends very largely upon ultimate developments. In some ways it resembles one of those insurrectionary movements which, if they succeed, are lauded as patriotic, but which, if they fail,

are punished as treason. A country that deals with a currency crisis by resorting to a full-steam use of the printing-press must be judged, sooner or later, not by its choice of method, but by its dexterity in avoiding the disasters which such a method invites. Much depends upon two things: the probabilities of success and the power of recuperation. A soft-money country that emerges from a costly conflict with the material spoils of victory, and that, moreover, possesses a vast natural wealth and a population with the qualities of industry and alertness, will most likely get out of its difficulties, discharge its liabilities, re-establish its credit, and build up a sound specie currency, as the North did after the War of Secession. It does not follow that the critic is blind or prejudiced if, when he applies this test to Germany, he fails to discover any evidence that she can obtain a nominal—let alone a material—success, or that she possesses the physical advantages upon which a rapid and permanent recovery can alone be based.

One has only to refer to the Reichsbank's weekly returns to see how enormously the notes in circulation exceed the gold which it is claimed is in its vaults. On this showing alone, the State could not redeem its paper in the proportion of more than four marks in twenty. But there is a reason to believe—not on hostile, but on German, evidence—that the notes of one kind and another actually issued amount to close on 12,000,000,000 marks, against which the gold is said to amount to about 2,400,000,000 marks, in which case, if specie payments were resumed, the Reichsbank could not convert more than twenty per cent. of the paper currency. Notwithstanding, or perhaps because of, the uncertainty of the political and economic outlook, new issues are forthcoming *pro re natâ,* and apparently in disregard of the authorized ratio between paper and gold. Last December, for instance, in consequence of the hoarding by the public of Imperial bank-notes, the Reichsbank was compelled to issue for circulation upwards of 600,000,000 marks in new notes to make good the growing scarcity. If the recognized proportion between notes issued and gold held in reserve had been honestly maintained, this addition to the fiduciary circulation would be equivalent to the withdrawal from the Reichsbank of over 170,000,000 marks.

There may not be any immediate danger in this so far as internal business transactions are concerned. If a piece of

paper impressed with an engraved plate has the same purchasing power as coined money, it answers all the requirements of home trade as long as its par value is maintained. It matters not what the internal currency of a country consists of—whether silver tokens, or cowrie shells, or fiat money—provided it is an effective medium of exchange and is stabilized by having a fixed standard of value. The latter proviso is important. All the difference in the world exists between paper currency that is convertible and paper currency that is not. The German people cannot demand gold in exchange for their notes; all they can do is to use them as legal tender and discharge their liabilities with them. This is, no doubt, just as useful (except for its effect on prices), since if they had the gold they could not do any more with it. But the disability attached to inconvertibility has enlarged the credit functions of German paper in a very curious way. It has multiplied its power without increasing the strength or volume of the basis on which it rests. For instance, the holder of 20,000 marks in bank-notes can buy War Loan with them; he can then borrow from a bank very nearly up to the issue price of the latter, and buy more Loan with the proceeds. He can again pawn this and buy still more Loan, and so on in an endless chain of fiat money and bonds, bonds and fiat money. The sum of these operations resembles an inverted pyramid standing on a geometrical point. Two hundred thousand marks may thus have no further foundation than the twenty thousand originally invested, and those twenty thousand can have no higher ratio to their nominal gold value than the actual gold in the Reichsbank has to the number of notes in circulation. Meanwhile, the pawned stock is classed as gold, it figures as gold in bank balance sheets, and even the Reichsbank itself treats it as a security realizable at par. This is a kind of finance for which nothing but sheer necessity can find an excuse. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the vast system of credit which for years has been the chief plank in Germany's economic platform.

It is in connection with external credit, however, that the shoe pinches. A debtor nation cannot force its inconvertible paper upon creditor nations. Payment has to be made in the money of the latter, and this money must be obtained in exchange for the currency of the former. If the debtor's credit stands high he can buy the foreign money

he wants at the normal rate of exchange; if it is low he must give more for it. The value put upon this paper by his creditors is, in certain cases, a measure of their faith, or want of faith, in his solvency. The conditions are altogether different from those of a country whose exchange is adversely affected by a genuine swing round of the balance of trade. If we study fairly the case of Germany, we can hardly escape from the conclusion that the depreciation of the mark in neutral countries is nothing more or less than the expression of a belief that after the war she will be unable to meet her obligations in full. It is therefore a practical condemnation of the manufacture and abuse of paper credit. The neutral countries do not like the look of this excessive production of inconvertible paper, and their suspicions take the shape of a refusal to exchange their own currency for it except at a rate much higher than its face value. They want half as much again in German paper, as a kind of insurance against risks; and as the mark falls it tells a tale of increasing risks and a higher premium. In some quarters it has been argued that the fall in exchange is the result of Germany's inability to manufacture goods for export on account of a shortage of labor. This does not agree with the stories of unemployment; but even if the military drain upon her industrial manhood has put an effective check on production, and the output of the manufactories has consequently shrunk to next to nothing, the adverse balance of trade thus created would not of itself be enough to account for the demoralization of the mark. The true reason for this is the one already given: that German paper is not believed to be worth what it stands for, and can be exchanged into neutral money only on terms which imply scepticism with regard to Germany's credit.

This distrust is intensified by general economic conditions, such as the revenue position and prospects, the growth of the imperial debt, the burden of heavy taxation, the paralysis of foreign trade, the price of food, and the suspension, on a large scale, of industrial activity. In order to see these in their proper light, it is desirable to recall the fact that the financial situation was causing a good deal of anxiety in Germany before the war. For some years she was carried away by a feverish spirit of trade ambition. Nearly 1,000,000,000 marks were spent on developing her colonies; strenuous efforts, aided by State subsidies, were made to capture

business all over the world; and national credit was organized on a scale commensurate with these grandiose enterprises. It became increasingly evident to the more conservative financiers of the Empire that the pace had been too hot. The commercial results could not keep up with the terrific rate of expenditure. In 1909 it became necessary to increase the revenue by imposing 500,000,000 marks of additional taxation, and still the budget did not balance. Four years later the exacting requirements under the army bills made it necessary by means of the "*Wehrbeitrag*" to tax wealth, both capital and income, and also to make a special non-recurrent appropriation of huge amounts for military preparations. There is evidence to show that the financial position was officially regarded, even then, with considerable uneasiness. A post-haste trade expansion and the creation of new battalions, if carried on simultaneously are enough to beggar the richest country; and the rumblings of discontent, in spite of repressive measures, were audible in the early part of 1914. It would not be possible perhaps to demonstrate the existence of a direct connection between this state of things and the determination to force war upon Europe a few months later, but such a connection has been alleged, and it is not improbable that disaffection and anxiety at home made a sudden attack, with the hope of getting rich indemnities, the only way of escape from threatening financial disaster. The hope of obtaining indemnities—although Dr. Helfferich still professes to count on them—has already faded into nothingness, and the clouds of oncoming bankruptcy loom, therefore, blacker than ever.

For the first eighteen months of the war no new taxation was asked for, and the war costs were raised by long-running loans and Treasury bills, together, aggregating 40,000,000,000 marks. Now, however, the area of personal pressure must begin. Dr. Helfferich has sounded the warning note that for 1916-1917 there will have to be "a colossal burden of taxation." This is rendered all the more serious because a new loan is imminent, with its additional obligations of interest.

Germany's imports of raw materials for her industries have been seriously interfered with by the blockade; her export trade outside the ring of her own allies and neighbors has practically vanished; she is therefore deriving next to no revenue from her customs, and her manufacturers

have but a very limited market for their exports. This means a huge financial loss. On the one side, there is a diminishing revenue and a greatly reduced production, and on the other, the vast and ever-growing expenditure. Chiefly because Germany has been secretly preparing for years, and had vast stores of war material ready for use, her expenditure so far has not been as great as that of the Entente Powers; but, in the words of Mercutio, "'tis enough, 'twill serve." Four war credits of 10,000,000,000 marks each have been voted by the Reichstag; there is a war debt, funded and floating, of over 40,000,000,000 marks, the interest and redemption of which requires at least 2,000,000,000 marks yearly. Such liabilities can be met only by heavily taxing a people already harassed by diminishing incomes and the higher cost of living. A decrease of thirty-three per cent. in production, which is admitted (it is probably much greater), cannot have taken place without leaving its traces upon the middle classes, and a rise of eighty-three per cent. in food prices has made conditions intolerable for the poor. Nor are the war expenditure and the necessity for loans by any means at an end. The *Berliner Post* should be an impartial authority on this subject. It says: "Without war damages, we shall have to reckon upon our increase in yearly taxation of at least 4,000,000,000 marks," and goes on to describe the prospect as "something terrifying." Germany, threatened with commercial ruin, and already discussing the necessity of abandoning her system of import duties after the war, in order to cheapen raw materials and give her industries a chance, will thus have to raise an enormous revenue from an exhausted people. And this is altogether apart from the compensation which, if the Allies are victorious, she will have to pay to France and Belgium.

The fall in German exports, the absolute idleness of the German mercantile marine, and the rumors of bank failures, are all indications of organic trouble. The loss of by far the greater part of an export trade that had grown to about 10,000,000,000 marks a year cannot be dismissed as of little consequence. It is, of course, open to anyone to say that as the imports have been so greatly diminished, there is less need of exports to pay for them. But the loss of imports, which, owing to the active assistance of neutral countries, has probably been less in volume than was supposed, is more serious in quality because it is largely concerned with raw

materials essential to German production. Bearing in mind this deprivation of raw materials, also the fact that Germany has to pay some thirty per cent. more for what imports she gets, owing to the depreciations of her currency (or else part with her gold), any false consolation that might have been sought in the disappearance of her export trade vanishes into thin air.

Further, one has only to look at the mercantile shipping question in order to get another measure of Germany's sorry plight. Two years ago her fleet of merchantmen ranked second in the world in tonnage. To-day it is useless, unable to come out of its own docks or the neutral harbors in which it is interned. Not so long ago a great German steamship company obtained State permission for the suppression of its balance sheet for 1915. It needs no supernatural penetration to discern the cause of this, particularly as the permission was said to be given "in the interests of German shipping and public order." This can only mean that the complete cessation of goods and passenger traffic since August, 1914 (officially acknowledged by the company itself nearly a year ago) has resulted in its virtual bankruptcy. Both this company and another company were lavishly subsidized by the Government in their bold bid for ocean supremacy, and in these favorable conditions they achieved financial results that filled the shareholders with confidence and hope. For the past two years the fleets have been unable to earn a pfennig, and their maintenance in port has been a heavy drain upon their owners. Nothing shows the disastrous state of Germany's sea transport business in a more vivid light than this hiding from its own shareholders of the bookkeeping secrets of one of her greatest companies. The balance sheet, if published, would be a damning advertisement of the absolute ineffectiveness of the German Navy to protect its own transoceanic business.

A sidelight is thrown upon the manufacturing conditions in Germany by the official statistics of the coal output. Notwithstanding the employment of prisoners of war as miners, the output is steadily diminishing. The production in the mines of one syndicate fell from 205,000 tons daily last summer to 180,000 tons daily the following December.

There is a strong probability—it need not be put higher than that—that Germany has already disposed of most of

her negotiable foreign securities. Dr. Helfferich has challenged a statement to this effect, and although he is a banker and a man whose word in ordinary circumstances would be taken, yet his denial, being intended for neutral consumption, is under some suspicion. It is well known that for some weeks before the war was declared, very heavy selling took place on the London Stock Exchange of foreign securities on behalf of German holders. There was a double significance in this: it showed that the fatal decision had already been arrived at in Berlin, and it also indicated a scampering anxiety to realize in view of eventualities. Since then, there has been further and persistent selling through neutral countries. The total amount of securities thus disposed of is a subject of conjecture, but whatever it may be, they are no longer available for the purpose of raising fresh war funds. Apart from her holding of foreign negotiable instruments, Germany had large commercial investments in Austria, Turkey and Italy. Those in the last-named country must be considered dormant until the close of the war, and with regard to those in the other two, it looks as if they would eventually be hardly worth the documents in which they are registered. The financial position of Austro-Hungary is even worse—much worse—than that of Germany; and Turkey, having exhausted her own resources, has to depend on Germany for the means wherewith to carry on her catspaw work. Both the Dual Kingdom and the Ottoman Empire are hopelessly bankrupt, and the £100,000,000 lent to the latter, nominally by a syndicate of German banks, does not appear to be a very promising asset. One result of the Balkan Wars was to reduce greatly Turkey's European territory, together with the revenues derivable therefrom; and no settlement has ever been arrived at for distributing the liability for interest on the foreign debt. Everything, in fact, is in confusion, and the only thing that stands out clearly is that after the war, Turkey will be without resources upon which to establish a commercial recovery, Germany will be standing on Turkey's doorstep demanding payment in cash or concessions, and the Western Powers, after the ingratitude with which Turkey has repaid their repeated help, are not likely to lend their aid for the sake of bolstering up any longer an effete and rotten barbarism.

Germany, in any case, has come appreciably nearer to the end of her realizable assets outside her own Empire. She

has, in addition, lost all her colonies but East Africa, just when one or two of them were becoming profitable and were remitting trade balances to Europe. She is thrown back on her internal wealth for the prolongation of the war. Paper, as has already been said, can be made to fulfill all the duties of a cash currency, but it cannot create a wealth that does not exist, or multiply that which does. The national income of Germany before the war has been estimated at about 42,000,000,000 marks by Dr. Helfferich, and at 30,000,000,000 marks by M. Risser. Suppose we take it at the mean figure of 36,000,000,000 marks. How has this been affected by the war? Production, it is admitted, is at least a third less, hundreds of factories are shut up, the export trade is virtually dead, interest on foreign securities is greatly diminished, all kinds of property are depreciating, home securities are depressed and in many cases pay no dividends, and the much-vaunted commercial banks have most of their capital locked up in home and foreign ventures, many of which are, at any rate, temporarily at a standstill. When the time arrives for another big German War Loan, the wizards of finance will in these conditions be at their wits' ends to known what incantations to use, what magic spells to weave, in order to squeeze real money out of the German people. The game of bluff cannot go on forever. Even Dr. Helfferich, past master though he is in the art of making the worse appear the better cause, will find his task becoming more and more difficult, and his own countrymen less and less credulous and accommodating. No one can bring into judicial and dispassionate review the financial conditions of Germany without being forced to apply to that misguided country the Hebrew sentence which Dr. Helfferich, in an outburst of rhetoric, recently applied to Great Britain: "*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin.*"

H. J. Jennings.

THE FORCES BEHIND THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

Two events drew the eyes of the whole world toward Russia in the early days of June: the tragic death of Lord Kitchener on his way thither, at the instance, we are told, of the Russian Emperor; and the brilliant victories of General Alexei Brusiloff, heralded as the beginning of the great Russian offensive.

To England's great warrior one may adapt the words of Southey concerning an earlier hero: "If the chariot and horses of fire had been vouchsafed for his translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory." Alone in England Kitchener foresaw the length and the severity of the war; he alone had the courage to ask for enormous sacrifices; he alone could have completed the great work of preparation.

As for General Brusiloff's victory, his daily average in captures, for the first weeks of June, was 7,000 Teutons with 120 officers, 20 guns, 30 machine guns and a dozen trench mortars; he had carried the forts of Dubno and Lutsk by storm, and driven the Teutons back some twenty or thirty miles. If we contrast this with the results of the German offensive before the not dissimilar fortress of Verdun, not in seven days, but in seven weeks, we shall have a fair measure of the magnitude and brilliance of General Brusiloff's achievement. And it must not be forgotten that 120,000 in two weeks is the measure, not of the Teuton losses, but of loss in prisoners alone. Adding killed and wounded, the total must be three times as great; practically the equivalent of eight army corps. But the deeper significance lies in the material taken: guns, bomb-throwers, machine-guns, trench-mortars, searchlights, gas-generators, telephones—the whole

defensive apparatus of modern trench warfare. It means this: that General Brusiloff has discovered the secret for which the Crown Prince of Germany is vainly seeking before Verdun, the secret of smashing a way through the marvellous modern system of defense. We have been told that the Teutons, calling all available forces to the Meuse and the Adige, have left only a curtain of troops opposed to the Russians. General Brusiloff has already torn a great rent in the curtain; there is no inherent military reason why he should not rip it into shreds, reversing the really brilliant achievement of General Mackensen last April and May.

General Brusiloff was one of the few men in Russia firmly convinced that the war must come, and come soon. In 1911, he was Corps Commander at Lublin, and while there laid enormous stress on aeroplane scouting, so that it was no uncommon thing to see half-a-dozen airmen soaring above the town. Then his high attainments led to his transfer to Warsaw, as the danger center, but, after a few months' service with the high command there, he was transferred, at his own request, to Vinnitza, close to the northeastern end of Galicia. The reason for this request was that he felt convinced that war was coming, and he foresaw that, just at this point, Russia could make the quickest, most effective thrust at the Teutonic forces. The war came, and within a few days, General Brusiloff and General Ruzsky were across the frontier; and, while the equally rapid advance of General Samsonoff and General Rennenkampf, in the north, met with disaster, Ruzsky and Brusiloff gained striking successes, carrying their armies forward to the passes of the Carpathians. General Brusiloff is one of the few generals of the Allies who, for a full year, was continuously on enemy soil. He never lost a battle, and, when the dire failure of ammunition forced the retirement of the Russian armies and brought about the loss of Warsaw, it is on record that not for an hour did Brusiloff lose his serenity and faith. But he is determined now to win back every foot of land then lost—and more—and the spirit of the man is expressed in his recently reported words, as he sent the correspondents to the rear: "You will learn of the Russian advances from the Austrian bulletins."

General Brusiloff is a master of military science who has learned all that can be learned from his allies and his enemies. He has taken part, many times, in the grand

manœuvers on the plains of France, where stern battle now rages; he has stood beside the German Emperor and watched the spectacular development of immense cavalry charges. And, before the war, he practised ceaselessly the handling of the largest bodies of troops, in those great Russian manœuvers into which he put much of the rigor of war. It was noted, in these contests among the Russian fields and forests, that General Brusiloff always seemed to know what his opponent had in mind to do, and took the needed measures to turn his flank—an art he has not lost in real war.

It must not be supposed that General Brusiloff's victories are a mere stroke of luck, or that he has not the determination and the material resources to carry the matter through, or that all the resources of the nation are concentrated in his hands, great general and greatly trusted though he is. The Russian drive begins at the south, simply because, with coming Spring, that was the end to melt first, to dry first, leaving open roads—roads which, by the way, up to the frontiers of Hungary, General Brusiloff has trodden already, with a victorious army. There are competent commanders along the whole Russian line: General Evert, who holds the center, did splendidly in the withdrawal from Warsaw to the present base; and, on the northern, the Riga-Dwinsk front, our old friend, General Kuropatkin, has already done excellent work, both offensive and defensive, in the last two months. Behind these three battle-commanders, General Alexeieff holds the chief command under the Emperor, and correlates their efforts and advance.

It is clear that Russia is at last bringing her immense and unspoiled resources to bear. This is only the beginning. On August 4, 1914, Herr von Jagow, the Secretary of State, a German diplomatist who can tell the truth, said to the British Ambassador at Berlin, that the Germans had violated Belgian neutrality because they had to advance into France by the easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavor to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death for them, as, if they had gone by the more southern route, they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of roads, and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition entailing great loss of time. This delay would have meant time gained by the Russians for bringing up their troops to the German frontier. Rapid-

ity of action was the great German asset, while that of Russia was an inexhaustible supply of troops. The British Ambassador replied that, if it was a matter of life and death to Germany to advance through Belgium and violate Belgium's neutrality, it was a matter of life and death for the honor of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked. But the point is that Herr von Jagow is astute enough to realize now, after two years, that Germany has played her "great asset," and lost; the violation of Belgium has availed her nothing, for she is still beating her life out against those same fortresses; but Russia is at last beginning to play her great asset, with a high hope and faith that she will win.

The strength of Russia's asset we may make evident thus: With a very homogeneous population rapidly approaching 200,000,000 and with the highest birthrate among white nations, Russia has from year to year produced about three times as many young men of military age as she was able to train, even with her vast armies. Something over a million and a quarter young men come to military age—twenty-one—each year. And this does not include the Cossacks of the South, who have their own hereditary military system and are trained in arms and horsemanship from boyhood. Of this million and a quarter of young Russians, only 450,000 are, in normal years, called to the colors for three years' military training. This means, of course, that, in time of peace, there are three of these yearly "classes" with the colors, a total of 1,350,000 men, still excluding the very effective Cossack cavalry. There were at the same time, as we have seen, twice that number of young men not drafted, or given only an outline training; and as in Russia the men to serve are chosen by lot, the additional two-thirds are just as fine military material, once they are trained. This covers the Russian youth of 21, 22 and 23: counting, trained and untrained, over 4,000,000. Then there are the reserves; first the men from 23 to 39, who have had their full three years of training. If we suppose that a full third of these succumb to death or are otherwise unfit, we have 4,500,000 fully trained first reserves, in no case over 39, or, adding men up to 42, a full 5,000,000. And there are 10,000,000 more, of the same age, partially trained, but equally good material; equal in physique, in morale, in patriotism and devotion. This gives

us a total of some 20,000,000; so that, if we take the extreme figure of 3,000,000 as representing Russia's losses in the first two years of the war, it is clear that she has still not less than 15,000,000 men to draw upon—men who make as fine soldiers as any in the world. Herr von Jagow was right: Russia's great asset is still to come. General Brusiloff will not fail for lack of men. And it must be remembered that, if the war continues for ten years more, Russia can, from her growing youth, put into the field a million and a quarter young men each year. Can her adversary do the same? This is one reason why Russia cannot be tempted, by arguments of vague sentimentalism which ignore the real moral issues, to make a premature and dangerous peace. Nor will any nation which seeks to induce her to do this secure thereby her friendship for the future.

Concerning material resources to support these vast armies, how does Russia stand? The whole world realizes now that the retreat of Russia's unbeaten armies, in the Spring and Summer of last year, was due to failure of ammunition. The Russian armies lacked cannon, machine-guns, rifles, ammunition. Against the greatest artillery attack the world has ever seen, they had only cold steel. This is the finest possible testimony to the dauntless courage of the Russian soldier—that, after three months, the army was intact, ready to occupy the strong line it has since held, and held with unshaken valor. Has she been able, in the year since Mackensen stormed the Dunayets and advanced through Galicia, to make up her deficiency?

During this year Russia has drawn enormous supplies from four separate sources: from her Allies, and, in particular, from England, through the White Sea; from Japan, along the line of the Siberian railroad; from the United States, both by the White Sea and by Vladivostok; and, finally, from her own arsenals and factories, as a result of the great movement called "the mobilization of the Russian people." To speak only of the fourth source, Russia has, in the valley of the Donets—which joins the Don and flows into the Sea of Azov, a "black country" abundantly supplied with iron and coal. This region produces 3,500,000 tons of steel annually; enough for cannon and shrapnel. Russia, like both England and France, miscalculated the length and rigor of the war, and, losing sight of the fact that ever new resources would be needed, sent her miners and

metal-workers to the front. After long months, this initial mistake has been repaired and more than repaired. The metallurgists and miners are back at work in the Donets region, with many Belgian workmen—who will not fail in zeal—to help them. Workmen have been brought from China and Manchuria to supplement these Europeans. The Putiloff works at Petrograd have been rebuilt and enlarged and are turning out large supplies. As early as October, 1915, at the time of the great Champagne initiative, Russia was manufacturing four times as many shells as six months earlier; since then, the rate of output has steadily increased. And this not at one point alone. "All Russia," said Prince Lvoff, President of the Union of Zemstvos—local self-governments—"All Russia must become a military organization"; and his words have been vigorously applied. Every form of war material is being produced in huge quantities.

Yet the imports are exceedingly significant. For example, during the first four months of 1914 the port of Vladivostok imported 40,000 pounds of copper; during the same period of 1915 the amount had risen to 10,000,000 pounds.

One item also of Russia's financial resources: The exchange of the ruble stands low—because the closing of the Bosporus has kept Russia from sending her goods to market these two years—but home resources stand high. The Bank of Russia has, we are told, nearly a billion dollars in gold reserve; and, on the other hand, the wealth in Russian savings banks increases steadily and rapidly. Before the war the deposits in these savings banks rose by some 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 rubles a year; since the war the increase has been 50,000,000 a month; the single month of October, 1915, saw 73,000,000 rubles added to the savings of the Russian people. Since the war began these savings have increased by a billion and a quarter rubles.

These are but straws in the wind, mere surface indications of the enormous resources of the largest of the white nations, which has also by far the largest continuous territory; and whose resources, therefore, to use Herr von Jagow's word, are really "inexhaustible."

It was a commonplace of the Japanese war that Russia had splendid troops, very badly officered. The morale and physique of her troops remains excellent; indeed, owing to the nation-wide suppression of alcohol, both her physical and

moral—and, as we have seen, financial—conditions are markedly better; but it can be said now with confidence that, with the exception of France, no belligerent on either side has produced so much military talent and of so high an order. We have already spoken of General Brusiloff—who holds the extraordinary record of having captured more than 500,000 enemy troops; of General Evert; of the veteran, General Kuropatkin, whose book on the Japanese war and the defects of the Russian army without doubt contributed to the removal of many of these defects; of General Michael Alexeieff, Commander in Chief under the Emperor; and it would be unjust not to mention two very remarkable men, who, under the general supervision of Grand Duke Nicholas, are fighting Russia's battles in Asia: General Baratoff, in Persia, who is now some fifty miles from Bagdad, and General Yudenitch, the conqueror of Erzerum and Trebizond.

A word, perhaps, may be said about the Grand Duke himself, who stands out as the most brilliant military figure of the whole war. We spoke, a little while ago, of General Ruzsky, who shared the first Galician offensive with General Brusiloff. This brilliant and tenacious soldier was compelled to withdraw, because of serious illness, a short time before Mackensen's great raid. He recovered, and again returned to the front, this time on the Riga-Dwinsk line; but, unhappily, a recurrence of the malady has caused his withdrawal once again. While the details are not known, it seems certain that something of the same nature befell Grand Duke Nicholas. When convalescent he was able to take up the duties of Viceroy of the Caucasus, traditionally the most honorable post in the Russian Empire, after the Emperor, and long held by the Grand Duke Michael, the Grand Old Man of Russia's imperial house, whose prestige hardly yielded to that of the Emperor himself. In large measure restored to health, Grand Duke Nicholas has been able to conceive and supervise the remarkable Eastern campaigns, choosing General Baratoff to lead the Russian forces in Persia, and General Yudenitch to conquer Turkish Armenia. Only in this section of the war-map does war retain its old-time mobility, if we except tropical Africa, where the numbers engaged are very small; and it is one of the wonders of the Grand Duke's plan, that he has been able so perfectly to co-ordinate the movements of half-a-dozen separate forces, operating hundreds of miles apart, amid huge moun-

tains and barren wildernesses, among savage and hostile tribes; this, and the complete secrecy with which the Persian venture especially was shrouded; so that, until the capture of Sultanabad and Hamadan, we had hardly any inkling that events, which will be decisive for the future history of Western Asia, were in preparation. General Baratoff and his small force—he had hardly more than a division—were sent by way of the Caspian, which is practically a Russian lake, to Teheran; where the first need was to bring the Shah definitely to the Russian side, as against the intrigues of the German Minister, Prince Henry of Reuss, who had sought to gather a Moslem force for an attack on India. It is a part of the revenge of time that Russia, whose invasion of India was a traditional nightmare of an earlier generation of Englishmen, has, in fact, saved India from invasion. General Baratoff then worked westward, across the huge mountain-barrier which separates Persia from the Tigris and Euphrates valley, and it is probable that he will very shortly join hands with General Yudenitch, the victor at Erzerum. So that the conception and co-ordination of these brilliant Asiatic operations must be added to the already notable record of Grand Duke Nicholas.

At the head of all these men and forces stands the new War Minister, General Shuvaieff, who came to the War Ministry at Petrograd almost at the same time that General Roques took office as Minister of War in Paris.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE IRISH INSURRECTION

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

To bring the recent troubles in Ireland under a just focus one must go back a little distance. That, indeed, is the golden rule in all things Irish. There is hardly a problem of all the many problems that Ireland presents today, there is hardly a characteristic of her people, hardly anything can happen within her borders, which has not to be explained, which only, indeed, becomes intelligible, in the light of Anglo-Irish history. More than in any country I know of, the past in Ireland is the present and the present is the culmination of the unhappy legacy of the past. To elucidate what is, you must start with a working consciousness of what has been; and the philosophic historian would not, I imagine, have much difficulty in tracing back the origins of that convulsive week in April, 1916, to the first beginnings of Anglo-Irish relations.

But for my present purpose it will be enough if an attempt is made, very briefly, to review the decisive movements of Irish life and thought during the past decade and a half. For Ireland they have been years, first, of an unparalleled prosperity, secondly, of the development along many varied lines of a genuinely Irish spirit, and, thirdly, until the Home Rule question became once more acute, of an almost uniform tranquillity. It was not fanciful, still less was it fantastic, to speak of " the new Ireland " ten and even five years ago as a growing reality. The two measures that had done most to alter the social and political life of Ireland since the 'eighties were the Local Government Act and the Wyndham Land Purchase Act. The first tore from the upper classes, from the landlords and gentry, from the Ascendancy Party, their exclusive control of local administration. The second expropriated landlordism, brought within sight of a decisive and more or less harmonious finish the poisonous struggle

for the land and set Ireland on the high road to becoming a nation of peasant proprietors. For seven centuries the land question had gathered to itself the fiercest animosities and passions of social, religious, political and economic antagonism. Its settlement in 1902 meant not only that Ireland was emerging from the more acute stage of agrarian unrest, but also that the fight for the soil was destined to lose most of its old class contentiousness and would soon cease to provide the motive power for political agitation. There was thus engendered a peace and a stability such as Ireland had never known, the landlords no longer living at war with tenants, but on terms of friendship with neighbors; and the former tenants, now the possessors of their holdings, no longer agitating for a reduction of rent or scheming to oust the owners of the soil, but turning their thoughts more and more steadily to the problems of practical agriculture.

But more remarkable even than this beneficent revolution was the manner in which it was brought about. It was brought about by landlords and tenants meeting at a round-table conference. And this conference and its success in settling what was by far the oldest and most contentious of Irish problems were no more than a token of a new spirit of practicality and a new sense of unity, nationality and interdependence that had been steadily permeating Irish affairs since the dying down of the passions aroused by the Parnellite split. There were still, it was true, two Irelands, or twenty. North and South, Protestant and Catholic, industry and agriculture, had not yet come together as fully and freely as they should have done. The feeling that all Irishmen were members of one nation was still faint and elusive. The memories of old struggles had not yet been wholly obliterated. The spirit of caste still obtained. The essentials of a prosperous national existence were still to be completely recognized. None the less it was safe five years ago to assert that the two previous decades had witnessed the growth of more interest among Irishmen in the practical problems of life and more co-operation among them in the solution of those problems than any previous period of Irish history.

If I had been asked, say in 1912, to summarize in general terms the chief characteristics of the "new Ireland," I should have said, first, that the Irish mind had taken a novel and most hopeful turn towards the concrete and the con-

structive; secondly, that there was a greater realization than ever before that the regeneration of the country depended ultimately on the efforts of Irishmen in Ireland; thirdly, that there never was a time when more spheres of non-political and non-sectarian endeavor were open to Irishmen of all classes, creeds and parties; fourthly, that social, religious and political barriers were gradually breaking down, and Irishmen were working round to some conception of what nationality really is; and, fifthly, that the Irish people were slowly emancipating themselves from the tyranny of leagues and committees, and were beginning to think, speak and act for themselves in a new and salutary spirit of individualism—in other words, were developing a stronger character.

For the proofs to justify this diagnosis I should have pointed to the agricultural co-operative movement initiated and still directed by Sir Horace Plunkett—a movement that now embraces 100,000 farmers; to the Recess Committee which was composed of Irishmen of all ranks and faiths and political affiliations—of men, that is to say, who previously had barely conceived the possibility of their having anything in common—and which formulated a remarkable programme of material betterment; to the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, a department which the people feel to be their own creation, which is popularly controlled, and which works with and through committees appointed by the County Councils; to the thoughts, care and money that had been lavished on the congested districts; to the many movements that were fostering an industrial revival; and above all, to the famous conference that settled the land question. I should have pointed also to much else—to the Gaelic League with its admirable propaganda for reviving the old Irish tongue, for promoting temperance, for educating the people in the broadest spirit of nationality, for building up a self-contained, all-embracing Irish Ireland; to the Sinn Féin movement which, whatever one might have thought of its political programme, did at least war on all the divisions that had kept Irishmen apart; to the stirrings of democracy in Ulster, the rise of a Labor party in Belfast, the revolt of the Young North against a barren sectarianism and against the aloofness of Protestantism from the main stream of Irish life; to the general attrition of interest in political agitation; to the advance which many Unionists, under one

name or another, had made towards understanding and sympathizing with the Nationalist position; to the facility with which Mr. Birrell passed his University Bill; to the many thousands of non-political meetings which were being held in connection with the co-operative movement and the Gaelic League; and to all the opportunities for mutual association afforded by the workings of the Department of Agriculture and, in a lesser degree, by the administration of the Local Government Act.

What it came to was that there was a slow but steady approximation of all Irishmen towards a common point. The best Irish thought was turning inwards. It was moving away from London and fastening upon Ireland herself. There was a shifting of the center of interest and energy. Men were coming to realize more and more that the upbuilding of the Irish nation depended less on the passing or the repeal of laws at Westminster or on external assistance of any kind than on work in Ireland; that it was not in the House of Commons but in Ireland that the true current of national life flowed; and that even in the absence of Home Rule, Irishmen might still accomplish something useful for their common country. I must dwell on this a little more because nobody will understand the recent outbreak in Dublin who does not clearly grasp that it was directed as much against the Nationalist Party as against Great Britain. It was one of the most marked characteristics of the "new Ireland" that it betrayed a very general disenchantment with the personnel and policy of the Nationalist Party. That was not due to any real waning of Nationalist sentiment. Nor was it due merely to the absence of a strong and commanding leader in the Party itself, or to the fact that the peasant, having satisfied his historic passion for ownership, believed that he had received from agitation all that it was capable of yielding. It was due above everything else to the folly and myopia that had insensibly separated the Party from the most vigorous thought of the country. My complaint as an Englishman and a Home Ruler against the Nationalists was not that they were Anti-British, but that they were not sufficiently pro-Irish, and had never risen above a purely political view of nationality. The new Ireland had come into existence in spite of them, without their collective assistance and often in the face of their collective hostility. Not one of the vital movements of regeneration I have touched

upon owed anything to the Party as a Party. They were the product of a spirit and an atmosphere that the official exponents of Irish Nationalism had failed or had not tried to comprehend.

The new Ireland was beginning to think and inquire; the Party insisted on manufacturing its public opinion and did what it could by gasconading resolutions and systematic thimble-rigging to stifle private thought. The Party, again, always confounded nationality with politics, and dubbed as anti-national those who did not subscribe to its own political formulae and organization. The new Ireland relegated politics to a secondary place, worked for a union of all classes, creeds and parties, and welcomed everything from whatever source that contributed to Irish well-being. The Irish Party had long acted on the principle that the salvation of Ireland was to be wrought by speeches and manoeuvres in the House of Commons; it had neglected the intellectual, moral and in large part the economic progress of the country in order to devote its exclusive power to the constitutional panacea; it had denied that Ireland could be prosperous without Home Rule, and it had opposed and condemned nearly every effort to make her prosperous as an act of treason to the national cause. The new Ireland, on the other hand, relied for the upbuilding of the country and its people upon the practical work of Irishmen in Ireland, scouted the notion that the Irish question was a question of politics merely, and insisted that the task of betterment should no longer be postponed until an Irish Parliament was able to take it in hand. There had thus been propagated a subtle but unmistakable opposition of aims and ideals between the most stalwart leaders of the people in Ireland and their Parliamentary representatives.

The political party that most clearly reflected this opposition was the Sinn Féin Party. There is no need to discuss its policy of withdrawing the Irish members from Westminster, of boycotting the agencies of British rule, and of erecting out of hand an Irish government in Dublin. The important thing about the Sinn Féiners was the spirit that animated them and the arguments they relied upon in advocating their programme. Parliamentarianism, they said, acted upon the national energies like a soporific. The people quickly came to think they had done all that could be expected of them when they had elected a certain number of

Home Rulers to act for them at Westminster. No tangible sacrifice of any kind was asked of them; all sense of personal responsibility and initiative was destroyed; and the political contribution of "the people" to the cause of Home Rule took the form of shouting and passing unbridled resolutions and waiting for results which they did next to nothing towards producing. As against this, the Sinn Féiners appealed directly to the individual citizen. Their aim was a bilingual, self-sufficing, wholly Irish Ireland, created and supported by the sacrifices, the individual exertions, and the ordered unity of the people themselves. This, too, was the aim of the Gaelic League. Indeed all the movements I have mentioned worked, consciously or otherwise, towards one comprehensive end—an Irish Ireland. Whether their immediate aim was that of strengthening the national will or awakening the national soul or of stiffening the national backbone, all proceeded upon the formula that the salvation of Ireland must be sought and achieved by Irishmen on Irish soil. All in their different ways set forth an ideal of nationality that overrode parties, creeds and sections. All inculcated self-reliance as the primal need. All discouraged that fatal Irish habit, of all the fruits of misgovernment the most poisonous and paralyzing, of throwing upon anybody and everybody but themselves the responsibility for their moral or material shortcomings. To encourage and find or force an outlet for the native instincts and genius of the people, to save them from Anglicization, and to lead them back to the well-head of the old Irish language, arts and recreations, were the objects of the Gaelic League. To make the Irish politically virile, united and constructive was the essence of Sinn Féinism. To promote Irish industries and equip the peasant for the realities of a competitive agricultural existence were the more prosaic aims of the industrial revival and of the co-operative movement. At first sight, they might not seem to have had much in common; in reality, they had everything. They all made for initiative and self-dependence, and intensified the sense of an upbuilding nationality. And they proceeded side by side with an interesting and even brilliant outburst of Irish letters, drama and art and with a rapid advance of prosperity among the newly-made peasant proprietors.

It was on this Ireland, so full of life and hope and promise, that the British Government in 1912 exploded the third

Home Rule Bill. In an instant the old enmities between North and South flared up again. It was an ingenious and complicated measure that was accepted by the Nationalists both in Parliament and in Ireland as a sufficient satisfaction of their demands, but that Ulster from the beginning would have none of. The Sinn Féiners and the Gaelic Leaguers were almost equally opposed to it because of the manifold limitations it imposed on the freedom of the Irish Parliament. Their able pens pretty well tore it to pieces as a sham and an insult; and I personally should be the last to pretend that the Government rose to the full height of their opportunity or that they drafted a Constitution for Ireland in the same lofty and spacious spirit of statesmanship that they had displayed a few years earlier in their dealings with South Africa. Still, with all its shortcomings, the Bill did set up an Irish Parliament with an executive responsible to it; and as such the Irish masses and the Irish Party acquiesced in it as an adequate settlement of their historic claim.

I need do no more than remind my readers how the grim and stubborn men of Ulster organized themselves against it under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson; how they made without the least attempt at concealment every preparation for resisting it; how they drew up a scheme of a provisional government to be established in Ulster the moment a Dublin Parliament became a reality; how they imported arms in open defiance of law and authority; and how when the Government made a move as though to restrain them it was frustrated by something that came near to being a distinct refusal of the Army to obey the civil power. That crucial moment when the Carsonites smuggled in their rifles and cartridges and when the Government flinched from the task of suppressing them and allowed an armed force to be raised and drilled and equipped with impunity, was a turning point in latter-day Irish history. The Nationalists were not slow to follow the Ulster lead and to trade on the weakness and timidity of the executive. They, too, began to arm; and in a very few months there were probably in Ireland not less than 250,000 men marching, manoeuvring, learning the elements of the military trade with weapons in their hands. It is very well worth recalling that on the Nationalist side the movement sprang up without the prompting, and indeed in distinct opposition to the wishes of the Irish Party, and that it was only by stretching his authority to the utmost that Mr.

Redmond was able to secure control of the National Volunteers, and that his success, such as it was, led almost at once to the secession of the bolder spirits and their reorganization under another name. Blood meanwhile had been shed in an attempt by the police to interfere with a Nationalist gun-running plot; Dublin was convulsed by a strike that lasted for many months, involved many riots, and cost many lives; step by step, to a gathering tumult on both sides of the Irish Channel, the Home Rule Bill drew nearer to the Statute Book and Ireland drew nearer to civil war; the last effort to reach a peaceable agreement by a round-table conference at Buckingham Palace had broken down; and all men were preparing to see one more tragic page written in red on the book of Irish history when—the great war broke out.

That measureless catastrophe shocked and sobered Ireland into an immediate truce. More than that, it gave Mr. Redmond an opportunity for rallying Nationalist Ireland to the Imperial cause. He did not hesitate a moment in saying that this was Ireland's war as much as and as well as England's and that the change in British sentiment and policy towards Ireland had thrown upon Irishmen "a great duty towards the British Empire." Undeterred by the execrations of the Nationalist extremists and by the doubts of the Ulster Unionists, who were firmly convinced that all Nationalists were "disloyal," Mr. Redmond organized a great recruiting campaign in Ireland itself. It was a bold and statesmanlike step and it would have met with better results had the British War Office given him a free hand. But the officials in Whitehall were quite sure they knew more about Ireland than Mr. Redmond. They missed accordingly nearly every opening he gave them, and implored them to grasp, for appealing to Irish sentiment. They went their own way, muddling, interfering, disregarding his advice, committing almost all the imbecilities one would expect from English officialdom in its dealings with Ireland, and committing them, of course, with the best of intentions, in a spirit of genuine gratitude for Ireland's and Mr. Redmond's attitude, and with nothing in their foolish minds except the desire to help them. If I were ever in need of any further arguments to support Home Rule or to strengthen my conviction that the English are temperamentally inhibited from doing in Ireland the right thing in the right way and at the right moment, I should point simply to the record of the War

Office in the matter of Irish recruiting during the first year of the war. But Mr. Redmond had other difficulties besides those superfluously piled in his path by British officialdom. He was in the extraordinary position of explaining to his countrymen that England's danger was not, as they had always and instinctively thought it, Ireland's opportunity, and that it was the duty of Irishmen to rush into a world-conflict that seemed absolutely remote from all Irish interests and to rush into it on the same side as and in the warmest sympathy with—England! Many Nationalists must indeed have thought that the world had turned upside down when they listened to such an appeal from their chosen leader. But Mr. Redmond was able to carry the great bulk of his people with him. He could point triumphantly to the fact that Home Rule was at length on the statute book. He could rehearse the many and sincere efforts which British statesmen in the past thirty years, under the prompting and often under the compulsion of the Nationalist Party, have made to repair the ravages of centuries. He could appeal to the old fighting spirit of the Irish people. He could make, and he did make, effective use of the object-lesson furnished to small and Catholic Ireland by small and Catholic Belguim. The right of little nations to live their own life is an issue to which Irishmen can never be indifferent; and they responded to Mr. Redmond's call I will not say enthusiastically, but certainly with a far greater readiness and self-sacrifice than any Englishmen who knew anything of Irish history could have expected. Between North and South all antagonisms were merged in a friendly rivalry to see which could do the most for the common cause. Between the English and the Irish enmity had long been dead, and in its place, on the English side at any rate, there developed a genuine warmth of affection as the valor of the new Irish regiments reburnished an ancient scroll of heroism, and when Mr. Redmond, speaking in the House of Commons, pledged anew his country's loyalty to the Allies, declared that a premature and inconclusive peace would be regarded by his people "as a gross and criminal betrayal of the living and the dead," and affirmed that, however long the war might last and whatever sacrifices it might entail, the Allies and the British Empire could count upon Ireland to the end.

But there was one group that listened to Mr. Redmond's protestations only to deride them and that thwarted to the

utmost of its ability his efforts to raise recruits. The Sinn Féiners wavered not one jot in their fixed idea that England was the enemy and that for Irishmen the only policy was to hamper her in the prosecution of the war by every means in their power. They were supported in this attitude by whatever was left of the old Fenian element, and in Dublin they received a very considerable backing from the Syndicalist leaders of the working men who had conducted the great strike of 1913, had been worsted in it, and were eager for reprisals. Time and again in Irish History a European War has been the signal for an Irish rising; and to the young and ardent generation of "Irish Irelanders" the signal was not flown in vain. Perhaps there never was a time when Ireland was fuller of keen-witted, idealistic men who were more conscious of a distinctively Irish nationality, in whom racial egotism had been more developed, or who had so thoroughly soaked their minds and beings in the tangled and mournful tale of Irish history. These were the men who had been the backbone of the Sinn Féin movement, of the Gaelic League, of the National Volunteers who were formed in reply to Sir Edward Carson's "Army," and of that section of them who broke away when Mr. Redmond insisted on their organization being brought under his official control; and they were now finding in the industrial preachers of "direct action" a new and violent ally. That these various elements meditated an outbreak from the first days of the war is unlikely, but they lost no time in showing that they were determined, if they could, to prevent Ireland from contributing to the British cause. By meetings and through their own journals, by pamphlet, leaflet and poster, by personal canvassing and parades, they carried on an incessant propaganda against recruiting. Some of their papers were suppressed, one or two of the most active and seditious agitators were arrested, but on the whole the authorities did nothing to stop their campaign. Soon the drillings and marchings were publicly resumed and still officialdom looked on. What else could it do? It had declined the challenge flung in its face by Sir Edward Carson; it had been equally supine before the menace of the National Volunteers; by what possible code of logic could it now interfere and attempt to disarm the new revolutionaries? It held its hand, hoping that the storm would never burst, and fearful of provoking an outbreak that might set all Nationalist Ireland ablaze and

undo Mr. Redmond's healing work. Mr. Redmond himself never thought the agitation dangerous and his advice had naturally the greatest weight with the Government.

But events played into the hands of the Sinn Féiners. Home Rule was on the Statute Book, but doubts began rapidly to accumulate as to whether it would ever be enforced. Those doubts were enormously strengthened when the Coalition Government was formed and Sir Edward Carson was included in it. The prolongation of the war, the tremendous exhibition of strength which Germany was displaying, the many blunders and miscalculations of British strategy, helped, too, to create uncertainty in the Irish mind as to the ultimate outcome. Besides this the hotly pressed demand for compulsory military service in Great Britain raised a fear that it would be applied to rural Ireland. Moreover the seed sown by the Carsonites and watered by the Government had brought forth its inevitable fruit. Authority and the spirit of authority had been so weakened that almost any excess seemed feasible. When armed bands could parade the streets of the Irish capital without molestation it seemed a fair inference that the executive was too nerveless to resist or punish any insult. Ireland, too, while not the scene of hostilities, had been preyed upon by many rumors of German landings, of German submarine bases, of mysterious boats and hidden petrol stores. The influence of the more vehement Irish-Americans would undoubtedly be on the side of striking a blow, and there seems little reason to question that German intrigue and German money likewise played their part. The plan apparently was for a rising to take place while German arms were being landed on the west coast of Ireland and German battle cruisers were raiding the east coast of England and German Zeppelins were still further distracting British attention. We know that the programme was attempted, that it was partly carried out and that it failed chiefly because of the vigilance of the Navy in capturing Sir Roger Casement. It never had any real chance of success, but in a time of excitement and to a mind bent on a revolutionary coup no odds are hopeless.

It was thus, as near as I can make out, that the Dublin insurrection of April 24 occurred. It was a bloody and brutal business of house-to-house fighting. Policemen and sentries on duty at Dublin Castle were shot dead without a word of warning. Wounded Irish soldiers from the front

were killed without mercy. Loyal volunteers returning from manoeuvres, unarmed officers and men of famous Irish regiments,—everybody, in fact, in khaki, whether Irish, English or Scotch,—were murdered in cold blood. It took nearly a week to smoke the rebels out and by that time 180 civilians had been killed and over 600 wounded; 124 soldiers were dead and nearly 400 injured; the finest street in Dublin was in ashes; 20 great business houses, 3 banks and dozens of offices and shops had been destroyed; and damage had been done to the extent of at least $20,000,000. In suppressing the revolt Irish regiments and Irish Volunteers played an extremely active and eager part, and their efforts were warmly seconded and applauded by the Irish citizens of Dublin. "There is no Irish rebellion," exclaimed Mr. Birrell on May 3, while Mr. Redmond spoke of the "feeling of detestation and horror" with which the Nationalist Party, and he believed, "the overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland" had heard of the outbreak. The population of Dublin, said Mr. Dillon, were "the friends and loyal allies of the Government against the insurrection." All these statements were true. In the country generally there was but a feeble response to the lead of the capital. At Drogheda, one of the most Roman Catholic and Nationalist towns in Ireland, the National Volunteers turned out to stamp down the disturbance. There were small and isolated risings here and there but they were all quickly got under. Of insurrection on a national scale there was not the slightest trace; and the chief victims in Dublin, it is worth remembering, were Irish civilians, Irish soldiers and Irish property-holders. The rebellion was the work of a faction. It enlisted hardly any sympathy at all among the mass of the people. The most foolish and least justifiable of all Irish risings was also the weakest and the least supported.

Had it occurred at a time of peace I do not suppose that the Government would have thought it worth while to inflict the death penalty on its authors and instigators. But it occurred in a time of war, when the whole Empire is fighting with its back to the wall and when an Irish rebellion might make so heavy a draft on the military energies of the nation as to prejudice very seriously the chances of success in the main theatre. Therefore the authorities were right in crushing it with an unsparing hand. Can it be maintained that the execution of those who actually signed the proclama-

tion of the Irish Republic and who actually commanded the rebels and were caught red-handed in their work of murder was not, in such an emergency and with such tremendous stakes at issue, an act of just retribution? Its justice seems to me to be beyond question. Over three hundred deaths lay at the door of those who planned the outbreak, and the fact that some of them were poets and dreamers, and youths of noble natures and shining promise does not alter the essential character of what they did. But the wisdom and the expediency of the measures taken by the Government after the rising was quelled, are more open to question. The better course would have been to have shown a magnanimous clemency, to have spared life rather than to have taken it, and to have cut down the arrests and deportations to a minimum. That course was not adopted and the danger is great that Irish sentiment, which at first was dead against the rebellion, may come round to making martyrs of the rebels.

But this amount of good at least has accrued—all parties both in England and in Ireland have been shocked by what has happened into seeking earnestly for ways to prevent its ever happening again. The Irish Government for the time being has ceased to exist; the Dublin Castle system has collapsed of its own accord; and, as I write, Mr. Lloyd George is busily negotiating with the Irish leaders for a lasting accommodation. The difficulties in his way are very great and not the least of them is that both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond are impotent beyond a certain point to bind their followers. Each is a greater power at Westminster than in Ireland and an arrangement satisfactory to them might easily be anything but satisfactory to their supporters. Ireland, indeed, is sick of politics and politicians and suspicious of any gift they bring. To set up a Home Rule Parliament at once, with Ulster excluded, is to vivisect that national sentiment of which all Irishmen are conscious. A provisional, makeshift Council, for the duration of the war, would be less spectacular, less appealing, but might, if it were wholly Irish and largely non-political, better square with the needs of the moment. The main thing is that the insurrection in Dublin has underscored once more the plainest of all the many lessons to be learned from Irish history—that Ireland will never be at peace and content until she controls her own government and her own destinies.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF YUAN SHI KAI

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

In China "man is a weed," said De Quincy. Even names swamp personality in being monosyllabic. We acknowledge gratitude to the Jesuits for Latinizing a few of them. Confucius and Mencius, at least, stand for realities. Thus the eel of memory, if not of science, may be held, for a moment, by the tail.

Yuan Shi Kai stands among the immortals, for his name is remembered. In 1884, when Li Hung Chang's personality was less slippery and more graspable to the Occidental consciousness than that associated with any other Chinese name, there emerged in Korea, then the storm center of Asiatic politics, a new planet in the system of which Li was the sun. So real a personage was this individual that even with pigtail and in petticoats, he was borne to court in a palanquin, while the other foreign envoys had to walk in the mud. This was Yuan Shi Kai. With condescension and only from a raised dais, he received the visiting representatives of sovereigns and republics. Lofty was his air, impressive were his mien and bearing and high-handed were his actions. Then, all political parties in this "little outpost state" were either pro-Japanese or pro-Chinese.

Yuan's spectacular vigor in asserting the age-old influence of Korea's former suzerain, as superior to any and all scraps of paper, provoked the Korean revolutionists, who had tasted the new Japanese wine of progress, to a *coup d'etat*. Their rocket-like government fell like a stick, within twenty-four hours, its fall hastened by Chinese interference and an armed collision between the soldiery led by Yuan and the little Japanese legation guard. Yuan had snuffed out the candle of progress. But, do revolutions ever go backward? One of many similar incidents told of Yuan, at this

time, reveals his mental processes. He would not allow the American surgeon to amputate a soldier's arm, in order to save his life; for, " what good is a one-armed soldier? " he asked. One of his useless favorites, however, he pensioned.

In the bloody battle fought in the streets of Seoul, between five thousand Chinese and one hundred and twenty Japanese, four things were demonstrated: (1) the short life of any movement, even when called national, that did not have, as in the Japan of 1868, a century of previous intellectual preparation behind it; (2) the superb marksmanship of the Sendai deer-hunters, who wore the Mikado's uniform; (3) the excellence of American surgery; and (4) the fact that, apparently, Heaven is always on the side of the heaviest battalions, whether Napoleonic or Chinese.

Diplomacy, as represented by Li Hung Chang and the Marquis Ito, at Tientsin, patched up the international rent and the soldiers of both countries were withdrawn from Korea. In Japan the men of the growing party, not perhaps to be called " war," " jingo," or " irredenta," or " big " or " little " Nippon, but rather to be labeled " make-the-glory-of-Japan-shine-beyond-the-seas," politely sucked in their breath, and swallowed their pride, in order to digest it for future strength. Their real feelings and true answer, if these had been made directly to Li, are best expressed in the words of Charles Francis Adams to Earl Russell: " It is unnecessary to remind your lordship that this means war." In ten years Li was at Shimonoséki, begging for peace after defeat and pleading for limits to humiliatation and indemnity.

Our preface is long, but Korea introduced Yuan to both China and the world. He never traveled further, in language or land, and his course in the peninsula was both prophecy and miniature of his whole career. On June 7, 1916—to use our older Western phrase—he died with his boots on and his spurs strapped. He was a military man from his youth up, without knowing or wanting to know what a real republic was, nor did he ever give welcome to new ideas, except as these were based on force, which he himself could manipulate.

Yuan was born in 1858, the year of China's war with France and England. The son of a concubine, he, in adult life, knew not what monogamy was. In youth and stalwart manhood, this apostle of the strenous life was fond of guns

and horses and made spectacular use of all those physical phenomena that so charm the small boy and the jingo in every land. Of large but never subtle brain power, and almost destitute of intuition, his mental vigor was never shown in mastery of the classics, or in minute apprehension or appreciation of the texts of Kung Fu Tsé, or Wang Yang Ming. If the philosophy of the latter is summed up in the dictum that true knowledge means action and demands that clear perception should be followed by duty (*exitus acta probat*), then Yuan was a Chinese pragmatist, excelling even the Japanese revolutionists of 1868, who were past masters of this same philosophy, which, in their tongue, is named *Oyoméi*.

Yuan passed rapidly up the ladder of office, into power, by stepping, at every opportunity, on the rungs of action. Li Hung Chang was his teacher and model. Yuan's preparedness for statesmanship consisted chiefly in storing up the fixed ammunition of Chinese rhetoric, which was almost German in its thoroughness and abundance. To his death hour, no mandarin or even emperor could excel him in official orthodoxy, in pious phrases, or even in that voluble and public confession of sin and unworthiness, which is one of the curiosities of Oriental state papers. In form, but not in essence, Yuan never rose above his Korean record and policy.

When, after having made Tientsin a modern city, he sent to the writer his photograph and sign manual, his verbal message with these amounted to this: "No flattery, only justice." Perhaps, in his dying moment, his final word to the world might be the same. He never professed to be a scholar, a man of letters, or a statesman with ideals.

Was Yuan a Mirabeau, a Cromwell, a Bismarck? Millions think him a Benedict Arnold. Historic analogies must not be pressed. External resemblances count for little; while any profound or subtle analysis of motives, except in the acknowledged form of conjecture, is worthless. Whether Imperial Resident in Korea, City Governor, Tao-Tai, of either Chili or Shantung, head of the Foreign Office, advocate and protector of the old dynasty, President of the Republic, restorer of the State religion, High Priest in the Temple of Heaven, restorer of Confucianism, or quasi-Emperor, Yuan was the same man—the re-incarnation of the typical mandarinism of Old China, never of the spirit of the New. He, the man, was ever faithful, secondarily, to master, sovereign,

party, republic, or traditional Chinese ideas, but ever and always first to Yuan Shi Kai. With all his limitations, he believed in the China of his own mind—indestructible, unsinking, eternal. In his view, the Central Empire would hold to unity, perpetuate its life, weather all storms, and return to primitive ideals, as surely as the compass after all aberrations would tremble to the pole; and this faith he held because such a China was, on the whole, best for Yuan Shi Kai. To keep secure as long as possible his harem and his herd, his flocks and his possessions, his enjoyments of body and mind, the two, Yuan and China, must need be inseparable.

Yet expose the reality as we may, who will wish to minimize the vast service of such a man to China? In purely local matters, with ages of experience behind them, the Chinese are as fit for a republic as are New Englanders. No imperial dynasty has lasted over three centuries, because the Chinese love freedom too well. There never was any permanent nobility in China, and in the ninth generation even the descendants of imperial princes become commoners. The Manchu dynasty followed in the way of all others, because its time was up. It had to go.

Yuan—called, because he had manipulated the call, to guide a republic—was a man steeped in traditions of force and craft. As unalterably minded as a mandarin of the old school, he could see no ideals, but only the material bases of things. Hence he selected from foreign importations only what would help his own notions of things. In the Republic, he was confronted with parliamentarians overweighted with theory. Moreover, the men in the North and in the South of China are, in mind, almost as two races. We must remember that it took the United States a century of struggle and four years of colossal, bloody war to fuse sectionalism and unite the nation. To conciliate or unify, Yuan knew not compromise, but only the method of the shooting squad. Of the modern world's forces, he utilized only those that had visibility, such as finance, army, navy, railways, hygiene, the medical art and efficiency in administration, and these he used well.

Yuan's statesmanship, such as it was, served as corduroy for the swamp and bridges for the rivers, which China must pass, on the long road to central strength—which, from azure-robing distance, seems so short and easy to the men of books and letters. Amid colossal obstacles, he restored the

financial credit of China and postponed that "break-up" which so many foreigners gleefully expected. He laid the foundations of a genuine army. He safeguarded, as far as he could, the country from aggression. His supreme idea for his country was freedom from alien conquest. The highest tribute to be paid to Yuan is this, that foreign Governments turned almost unanimously from trusting China to place their confidence in one man, Yuan.

In brief, while Yuan Shi Kai was the last man in China to satisfy, in his person and policy, either the unformulated cravings or the clearly seen ideals of the awakened Chinese nation, he was possibly the best one to serve as a stepping stone to higher things. That he saw the necessity of China's adopting the physical forces of the West, of modernizing her system of administration, of making herself strong to resist the ruthless inroads of foreign investors of "surplus capital," who were hand in glove with diplomatists, and that he restored the nation's financial credit, cannot be denied. That his modes of action were either frank, or noble, or commendable, cannot be affirmed.

There is hope for the Republic of China, not because, out of her communal civilization, China has yet produced a republican leader, in whom theory and experience balance, but because the Republic, in its babyhood, suffers from the accident of its birth out of due time. It lacked in intellectual ancestry and a pre-natal preparation. Its enlightened men of modern mind have been too sectional. Yet the elements of safeguarded freedom exist, and only leadership is needed.

William Elliot Griffis.

THE PEACE PROBLEM

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE

It is inevitable that in times of stress and of trouble our usual sense of the relations of things should be impaired, if not wholly lost. The mind, burdened with the griefs as well as with the pressing problems of the moment, is disposed to think of the past only as a failure and to regard the temporary wreck of its hopes and aspirations as a finality. From the depressing clutch of a vision thus distorted it is not unprofitable now and then to disengage ourselves. Sooner or later, normal conditions will return; and although certain changes, the durability of which the future alone can determine, may then have taken place, we shall find ourselves dealing, not with a new heaven and a new earth, but with the same terrestrial globe and the same firmament, and with problems which, because they inhere in human activities, are as old as man himself.

Of these problems none is more fundamental than that which I have chosen as the subject of the present paper—the peace problem. It is fundamental because it involves life itself, the very existence of peoples and of states, and the preservation of those accumulated benefits of human thought, effort and experience, which, in their aggregate, we call civilization. And for the reason that the problem bears this character, for the reason that it touches all the springs of action and is as complex as human nature itself, I shall not undertake to offer here a new and ready solution of it. While the fakir who sold pills that were said to be good for the earthquake may have excited the applause and the patronage of his hearers, it is not related that he gained their permanent gratitude. In order that we may be sure of our remedy, or in order that we may at any rate avoid the dangers of a want of vigilance and of effort, it is necessary to

know the nature of our malady and the precise forms of its manifestation. So, if we would find a remedy for war, we must understand its nature and symptoms. We must examine the conditions and impulses that produce it. To this preliminary but essential task I propose in the main to devote myself here, in the hope that its performance may contribute to the intelligent direction of our aims as well as to the cure of illusions and the prevention of mistakes.

The past three hundred years, to say nothing of earlier times, have not been wanting in plans for the preservation of peace, some of which have proceeded from men of great eminence. Sully, in his Memoirs, ascribes to Henry IV of France a "grand design" for the rearrangement of the states of Europe in such manner as to do away with jealousies and apprehensions regarding the balance of power. There were to be in all fifteen states, of which six—France, Denmark, Great Britain, Lombardy, Spain, and Sweden—were to be hereditary monarchies; five—the German Empire, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, and the Papacy—were to be elective monarchies; and four—Venice, and three others established respectively in Italy, Switzerland, and the Belgic provinces—were to be republics. For the regulation of the relations of the independent states thus formed, there was to be a general European council, modelled on the Amphictyonic, but to sit continuously and to consist of about seventy persons, of whom four were to be sent by each of the larger Powers and two by each of the lesser. There were also to be local councils, from which appeals might be taken to the general council, whose decrees were to be final. This project has often been described, not inappropriately, as a plan for the abasement of the House of Austria, and for this reason alone it could hardly be treated in its day as a practical measure.*

After more than a hundred years the scheme of federation was elaborated by the Abbé de St. Pierre, but with an animus less obviously partisan. The Christian sovereigns of Europe were to form a permanent union for the preservation of peace, and, after a certain number had entered, the rest were if necessary to be coerced into joining. Agreeing

* A comprehensive and highly philosophical discourse on the occasion and means of establishing peace and liberty of commerce by all the world may be found in "Le Nouveau Cynée" (Paris, 1623), by Emeric Crucé, a reprint of which, edited, with an English translation, by Thomas Willing Balch, Esq., was published in Philadelphia in 1909.

to be content with the territory they severally possessed or with what was to be allotted by treaty, the members of the union were to establish through their representatives a Senate, which, besides codifying the laws of commerce, was to compose differences by mediation, or, if this failed, by arbitration. No sovereign was to take up arms, or commit hostilities, except against one who had been declared an enemy of the European society. Any sovereign taking up arms before the Union had declared war, or refusing to execute a regulation of the Union or a judgment of the Senate, was to be declared such an enemy, and the Union was then to make war upon him until he should be disarmed or until the regulation or judgment should be executed, in addition to which he was to pay the cost of the war and to lose any territory taken from him before the close of hostilities. When the forces of the Union were thus employed, each State was to furnish the same number of troops, but the expenses were to be paid by the more powerful sovereigns; nor was there, in time of peace, to be an inequality of forces, except that a powerful sovereign might, with the consent of the union, employ foreign troops for his garrisons, so as to prevent seditions. When the Union declared war against a sovereign, a generalissimo was to be named by a majority vote. It was further proposed that the European Union should endeavor to bring about the formation in Asia of a permanent society like that in Europe.

The well known plan of William Penn, though far less elaborate than that of the Abbé de St. Pierre, which it antedates, lays much stress on the judicial function of the central body, and embraces the idea of the association of forces for the purpose of compelling the submission of disputes and the performance of judgments. Nor can it be denied that Penn manifested a keen sense of the delicacy of the matter with which he was dealing, when he proposed that the room in which the central body or diet was to meet should be round, and should have several avenues of entrance and of exit, in order that quarrels as to precedence might be avoided.

A century later two great philosophers, Immanuel Kant and Jeremy Bentham, one German and the other English, who were destined to leave a deep impress upon the world's thought, applied themselves to the baffling problem on lines not identical but by no means divergent. They both recom-

mended a limitation of armaments, but in the main relied upon the creation of a state of public right in the progressive development of which the desired consummation would be gradually attained. Bentham, with characteristic predilection for legal processes, particularly emphasized the importance of establishing a common judicature for the determination of international disputes, reasoning that, if such a tribunal existed, war would no longer follow from a difference of opinion, since the decision of the arbiters would "save the credit and the honor" of the contending parties. That this conception, which was by no means original with Bentham, is intrinsically valid, can hardly be questioned; for, not only has it inspired all intelligent and successful efforts to promote international arbitration, but its soundness has been exemplified in the actual settlement and termination of many grave and important controversies.

While enough has been disclosed to justify the conclusion that recent proposals for the preservation of peace by means of leagues or alliances contain little that is new, a cursory examination of the records of the past will also show that their principle has often received a practical application.

It was tried, with a considerable measure of success, in the Amphictyonic League among the states of ancient Greece. This league, whose objects were at first religious, then religious and political, and at last chiefly political, held, through its council, two meetings a year; and while the council did not perform the functions either of a national assembly or of a tribunal of arbitration, it acted as an organ of consultation, through which its constituents were enabled to act in concert for the preservation of peace. With the exception of the fact that it was a permanent body and held stated meetings, its functions were not unlike those that have been performed by the international congresses which have from time to time been held in Europe during the past three hundred years. These conferences have indeed more frequently been held for the restoration than for the preservation of peace; but, whether held before or after war, their chief object has been to establish a condition of things under which peace might be maintained. Especially has this been the case since the Congress of Westphalia, which finished its work in 1648. The international system established by this congress, in spite of the wars that super-

vened, reached its formal end only with the peace of Amiens in 1802. It was eventually replaced with a new system, created at Paris and Vienna in 1914 and 1915, the dominant thought of which was the substitution of the principle of concert for that of the balance of power, on which, in spite of all efforts, the states of Europe have tended to range themselves and are now actually aligned.

In a work recently published, under the title of *The Confederation of Europe,* by Mr. W. A. Phillips, an eminent English historian, many interesting disclosures are made concerning the attempt, during and after the Napoleonic Wars, to found, under the auspices of certain Powers, what may be termed a league to enforce peace. The leader in this movement was the Emperor Alexander I of Russia, a deeply religious man with a tendency towards mysticism, who in his youth imbibed from his tutor, a Frenchman named Frédéric César de La Harpe, an exponent of the transcendental "philosophy of humanity," the ideas of liberty and equality of the French Revolution. In weighing the aspersions sometimes cast on Alexander's character and motives, it is well to bear in mind that the efforts to discredit his proposals were by no means always disinterested; that if, as the result of assassinations and other incidents, he eventually fell under reactionary influences, he only manifested a susceptibility from which no one is wholly exempt; and that, between malevolence and an obtrusive benevolence, the methods and results do not always enable us clearly to distinguish. Nor is it out of place to say that if, in the Holy Alliance and other acts which he promoted, he evidently regarded himself as a chosen instrument of God, he merely manifested a human tendency from which even elective rulers are not invariably exempt. It is indeed strange that one who has, whether by birth or by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, been elevated to a high station, should regard Providence as having had a hand in the work, and should think no worse of Providence or of himself on that account!

As early as 1804, Alexander, in secret instructions to his confidential agent in England, M. de Novosiltzoff, which were supplementary to those given to the Russian ambassador in London, proposed the "combination of the resources and forces of Russia and Great Britain," in order to constitute "a vast mass of power," with a view "to fix the future peace of Europe on a solid and permanent basis."

Europe was to be reorganized; governments representing the wishes of the people were to be established; everywhere public institutions were to be "founded on the sacred rights of humanity," and were to breathe "the same spirit of wisdom and benevolence." Of the operation of such institutions order would be the necessary consequence. Moreover, the parties to the treaty by which the relations of the European states were to be defined were "never to begin a war until after exhausting every means of mediation by a third Power," and were also to adopt a code of international law which, if violated by any of the parties, would "bind the others to turn against the offender and make good the evil he has committed." Alexander even declared it to be desirable to arrive at an arrangement regarding Turkey "in conformity with the good of humanity and the precepts of sound policy"; and believing, as he said, that the peace of Europe could be preserved only "by means of a league, formed under the auspices of Russia and England," Powers which were interested in order and justice and would only by their union be able to maintain it, he even ventured to suggest that, with a view to further the great design, the British Government might "make some change in its maritime code," so as to conciliate the neutral Powers and do away with their distrust of British preponderance at sea.

This suggestion was not warmly received. Indeed, the Russian ambassador in London reported that England, in order to prevent the Mediterranean from becoming, according to the current phrase, a "French lake," felt it indispensable to keep Malta, the retention of which had caused the renewal of the war with France, and considered any alteration of her maritime code to be "equally out of the question." The cherished project, however, was not abandoned by its author. On the contrary, it was later symbolized by the Holy Alliance, which in terms bound the contracting parties to observe in their conduct the precepts of the Christian religion, and was essentially transfused into the Quadruple Alliance between Great Britain, Austria, Prussia and Russia, signed November 20, 1815, which, in order to "consolidate the connections which so closely united the four sovereigns for the happiness of the world," bound them (Article VI), "to renew their meetings at fixed periods," either personally or by their ministers for the purpose of "consulting upon their common interests," and of devising

measures which should "be considered the most salutary for the repose and prosperity of nations, and for the maintenance of the peace of Europe."

Pursuant to this scheme, Alexander on October 18, 1818, presented to his allies at the conference at Aix-la-Chapelle a confidential memorandum, in which he proposed that, while the Quadruple Alliance should be preserved, all the signatories of the Congress of Vienna treaty should make a declaration putting the rights of nations under a guarantee analogous to that which protected individuals. Metternich on behalf of Austria hailed the memorandum with "diplomatic unction"; Prussia, apprehensive as to her new acquisitions on the Rhine, welcomed it. Great Britain opposed it, her spokesman, Lord Castlereagh, declaring that the blessings of perpetual peace would seem too dearly bought at the price of subjugating Europe to an international police, of which the armies of Russia would form the most powerful element, and that "a universal union, committed to common action under circumstances that could not be foreseen," so far from leading to disarmament, would leave the decisive voice to "the master of the biggest battalions." He avowed the belief that, until "a system of administering Europe by a general alliance of all its states" could be "reduced to a practical form, all notions of a general and unqualified guarantee must be abandoned." In the end the parties to the Quadruple Alliance signed a protocol, to which France was invited to adhere, by which they declared that the convention of October 9, 1818, regulating the execution of the treaty of peace of November 20, 1815, was regarded as "the accomplishment of the work of peace" and the completion of the political system destined to secure its solidarity"; that their "intimate union," having "no other object than the maintenance of peace," the "guarantee" of the transactions on which it was founded, and "the strictest observance of the principles of the rights of nations," offered to Europe "the most sacred pledge of its future tranquility"; and that they must constantly labor for "the repose of the world," solemnly acknowledging that their duties to God and their people peremptorily required them to give to the world "an example of justice, of concord, and of moderation."

The union thus described reached its high-water mark at the conference of Aix-la-Chapelle, which acted, as Phillips

remarks, "not only as a European representative body, but as a sort of European supreme court, which heard appeals and received petitions of all kinds from sovereigns and their subjects alike." Great Britain finally broke away when it was proposed to extend the activities of the union to the Western hemisphere, where, as the Russian Government remarked, the revolution in the Spanish colonies fixed the attention of "two worlds" and involved the interests of the "universe" and "the future perhaps of all civilized peoples." The idea of a European league to enforce peace readily expanded in its author's mind into a world association for the same purpose. Castlereagh's successor, George Canning, was even more critical of the whole policy. Canning declared that not only had England's "dignity" been wounded, but that her "material interests" were threatened; that for "Europe" he would desire now and then to read "England"; and later he even congratulated himself that, with France "constitutionally hating England," things were "getting back to a wholesome state again, . . . every nation for itself and God for us all," and instructed the British ambassador at St. Petersburg to bid the Russian Emperor "be quiet," as the "time for Areopagus and the like of that" had "gone by." In America the prevalent attitude toward the suggested interposition of the allied Powers in the contest between Spain and her revolted colonies was unmistakably reflected in President Monroe's famous pronouncement.

I have set forth with some particularity the history of Alexander's project of union, not only because it occupies so large a place in the diplomacy of Europe during the first quarter of the last century, but also because it so clearly exemplifies, in its progress and its fate, the possible or probable obstacles with which the attempt to establish such a plan must reckon. The author's evident belief in it was its mainstay, but this naturally ceased to be effective when an ally felt that it no longer needed his support, or might promote its own interests even by antagonizing him. When the situation was thus reversed, the liberties of small states and the cause of peace and humanity were readily found outside the union rather than within it. In other words, the national interest was preferred to the common interest, and the national interest, as has often happened, was in no small part avowedly "material" or commercial.

We have seen that Castlereagh did not relish the prospect of the army of a strong military Power, even when united with the armies of other Powers, marching through the confederation for the purpose of enforcing peace. The Abbé de St. Pierre sought to avoid such an objection by proposing that the armies of great and small Powers should be numerically the same; but, considering the question purely as one of physical resistance or attack, we cannot disregard the latent strength which territory, population and resources themselves may assure. The great importance of this consideration is shown in the wars growing out of the French Revolution and the ensuing Napoleonic Wars. Austria and Prussia, alarmed at the Revolution, began a war against France, but historians are generally agreed that they would have speedily retired from the contest had not Great Britain taken part in it. British statesmen seem to have thought that internal anarchy would compel France to succumb, but the belief in her weakness did not prevent them from forming against her a coalition which, before the end of 1793, embraced all the Christian Powers of Europe, except Sweden, Denmark, Genoa, Venice, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and Switzerland. Nevertheless, the war lasted, with one brief intermission, for more than twenty years; and when France emerged from it in 1815, she retained with slight exceptions her boundaries of 1790, furnishing to the world an example of the strength of a united people and of the danger of underrating the power and resources of an adversary. The advocates of a "small international police" as an effective preventive of armed conflicts may find here material for reflection.

Lastly, it will be observed that Castlereagh objected to anything in the nature of an international administration of Europe. From the point of view of rendering predominant the power and prestige of his own Government, his position was no doubt correct; but he seems also to have admitted that such an administration would be essential to the success of the scheme. It would indeed be important both materially and morally; materially, as a means of fusing the interests of all in a common interest; morally, as a means of creating a common allegiance. It is by the combination of these two measures—the substitution of concert for unlimited competition and the fostering of the sentiment of unity—that the great empires and federations of to-day in effect

operate as peace agencies. This they do within themselves. But, as regards one another, what is their attitude? That of rivals, who may lawfully prosecute their ambitions by all possible means. Internally, the destruction of life and property for gain is forbidden; externally, it may be commanded, and this upon the theory that a number of men can, by associating themselves in a political society, place themselves above any earthly authority.

It is in this attitude of mind, which is exemplified in the recognized law of conquest, that we find the crux of the peace problem. In a letter written in 1893, Alfred Nobel, founder of the Nobel Institute at Christiania, remarked that, if all states would with solidarity agree to turn against the first aggressor, wars would become impossible. So long, however, as states retain their present conception of their duties and functions in their relations one with another, such "solidarity" of action can hardly be relied upon. Nor is the question who was the "first aggressor" so easy of determination that the parties to such an agreement would in the exercise of their independent individual judgments be likely to concur in their conclusions upon it. Ward, in his *Law of Nations,* narrates the case, in 1292, of two sailors, the one Norman, the other English, who quarreled in the port of Bayonne and began to fight with their fists. The Englishman, who is said to have been the weaker, stabbed the other with his knife; and the local magistrates having failed to take cognizance of the case, the Normans applied to their king, who told them to take their own revenge. They instantly put to sea, and, says Ward, "seizing the first English ship they could find, hung up several of the crew, and some dogs at the same time, at the masthead. The English," continues the chronicler, "retaliated without applying to their government, and things arose to that height of irregularity, that (with the same indifference on the part of their kings) the one nation made alliance with the Irish and Dutch; the other with the Flemings and Genoese. Two hundred Norman vessels scoured the English seas, and hanged all the seamen they could find. Their enemies in return fitted out a strong fleet, destroyed or took the greater part of the Normans, and giving no quarter, massacred them, to the number of fifteen thousand men. The affair then became too big for private hands, and, the Governments interposing in form, it terminated in that unfortunate war which by the loss of

Guienne entailed upon the two nations an endless train of hostilities, till it was recovered."

Take two of our own wars of the past century. Madison, in his message to Congress in 1812, said that Great Britain was at war with the United States, while the United States were at peace with Great Britain. He therefore advised that the balance be adjusted, and Congress undertook to do it. But, as the result of disclosures made ten years later from French archives, it is now perfectly well known that Madison was mistaken in his supposed facts; and Albert Gallatin, who made the first partial discovery of the truth, declared that, if the reality had been known, the United States, it was to be assumed, never would have entered upon the course that resulted in the war. In 1846 Mexico treated the entrance of United States forces into certain territory, alleged by the United States to belong to Texas, as an act of war, and as such undertook to repel it by force. If one will examine the United States Statutes at Large, he will find there the solemn declaration of Congress, conforming to the official declaration of President Polk, that war was begun by the act of Mexico. Congress therefore recognized the existence of a state of war, instead of declaring war, but there has always been a profound difference of opinion upon the question whether this view was justified.

Nearly twenty years elapsed after the outbreak of the war between France and Prussia in 1870, before the circumstances immediately affecting the precipitation of the conflict were fully and certainly established. To these examples many others might readily be added.

Another difficulty that would arise in the execution of a mere agreement among independent states, such as that above suggested, is the regulation of the right of self-defense. In speaking of this right, it is perhaps unnecessary to make allowance for a sensitiveness so extreme as that of the gentleman who, in modestly confessing that he had taken part in eighteen wars and fought twenty-seven duels, never failed to add—"but always, suh, in self-defense!" Nevertheless, the truth is that each party to a war usually regards itself as the victim of aggression, and that, while acts of aggression or of menace are seldom wholly confined to one side, it is necessary to act upon appearances. Nor should we forget that the parties to a dispute can scarcely survey their situation with the calmness of a bystander who has noth-

ing at stake. Thus, while the first actual shot in the battle of Navarino, the consequences of which proved to be so momentous, seems to have been fired by the Turks, English writers have candidly admitted that the Ottoman commander was not unjustified in believing that he was repelling an attack on the part of the allied fleet.

Finally, in spite of loose generalizations as to the annihilation of time and distance, the fact remains that the interests of independent states are many and varied, and that, dotted over the globe, there are points of vantage whose control, while supposed deeply to affect the welfare or security of certain states or groups of states, is, rationally speaking, of little or no concern to the rest of the world. In this way the interests of nations are necessarily divided. It was the recognition of this fact that enabled the European Powers several years ago successfully to localize the wars between Turkey and the Balkan States and between the Balkan States themselves, thus avoiding the operation of the alliances that later dragged into the present conflagration certain Powers which had no direct or individual interest in the quarrel out of which it grew. The first of these was that gallant nation of which Sir Edward Grey, on August 3, 1914, declared that "no Government and no country" had "less desire to be involved in war" over a dispute between Austria and Servia than "the Government and country of France," but that they were involved in it because of their "alliance with Russia." The wisdom or justification of this particular alliance it is not my purpose to discuss; but I would commend its later consequence to the consideration of persons of enlarged views or visionary tendency, who, in their passion for what they are pleased to call "world politics," would lightly throw away the freedom of a nation to determine its own fate.

In the formulation of plans for the preservation of peace, the complicated elements with which the present survey has dealt must all be taken into account. They can no more be neglected in the external than in the internal affairs of States. Mere alliances will not suffice. There must be organization of such character and extent as to gratify the desires, reconcile the ambitions, and settle the specific disputes of peoples, so that their attitude towards international order and internal order may be substantially the same.

In the cultivation of such an attitude no agency has been

more useful than international arbitration, a process which has the sanction of antiquity, and, where passions would permit it to be employed, of success. It was practiced between the independent Greek States, with an intelligence and precision rarely surpassed. Under the influence of a united Church, it was extensively applied during the Middle Ages. During the Thirty Years' War, while men, crazed by famine, waited upon the gallows and explored the cemetery, and, reduced to the stage of cannibalism, hunted down their fellows for food, it disappeared. Through the subsequent colonial and commercial wars, it remained in eclipse. It revived towards the close of the eighteenth century, when Great Britain and the United States applied it not only to questions of boundary, but also to disputes as to maritime right, such as have frequently occasioned wars. In its practical application it reached perhaps its highest point in the Geneva award, by which, in 1872, the claims growing out of the depredations of the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers were finally determined, although I would by no means fail to mention either the arbitral settlement of the Bering Sea dispute at Paris in 1893, or that of the century-old controversy as to the North Atlantic fisheries by the permanent Court at The Hague in 1910.

The treaty or convention under which this court was established was signed at The Hague in 1899 and was renewed in 1907. As is generally known, it provides for commissions of inquiry to ascertain facts and for mediation, as well as for the judicial settlement of disputes by the permanent arbitral court; and while it does not declare arbitration to be obligatory in any particular case, it excepts nothing from the process, thus adopting Bentham's view that in the decision of arbiters the credit and honor of the disputants will be preserved. In this respect it radically differs from certain later treaties, which stipulate that differences "of a legal nature, or relating to the interpretation of treaties" shall be referred to the Permanent Court at The Hague, provided they "do not affect the vital interests, the independence or the honor of the two contracting States, and do not concern the interests of third parties." The object of these treaties is said to have been to render resort to the court obligatory; but as their most important clause is that which specifies the exceptions, they recall the case of the officer who, on placing his troops in position, pointed out a way of

retreat, which, when the enemy appeared, they promptly took. In reality, the article in effect declares that nothing of a serious nature need be arbitrated. In this respect, while it may not fall below the standard of some nations, it is far behind the actual practice of others which have, during the past hundred and twenty-five years, arbitrated numerous questions that may, in the sense in which language is usually employed, be said to affect the "independence," or the "vital interests," or the "honor" of the contracting parties. The questions submitted under Article VII of the Jay Treaty were of this character. Seventy years later, when the United States first proposed to Great Britain the arbitration of the *Alabama* Claims, Earl Russell declined the proposal on the express ground that the complaints of the United States involved the "honor" of Her Majesty's Government, of which, according to the accepted phrase, he declared Her Majesty's Government to be the "sole guardian." The scope of the questions at issue had not been reduced, but had indeed been enlarged, when, in 1871, it was decided to submit the controversy to arbitration. What would indeed be thought of a code prefaced with the clause that its provisions should not be held to apply to any case which, in the opinion of either party, involved his "honor"? No doubt we should find that defendants would grow extremely sensitive on that score, but the peace and order of society would be likely to suffer.

With a view to remove the limitations imposed by the treaties above mentioned, and to set an example of confidence in amicable processes, there were concluded at Washington on August 3, 1911, two remarkable agreements, commonly known as the Taft-Knox treaties, between the United States on the one part, and France and Great Britain respectively on the other, by which an attempt was made to bring within the scope of arbitration all future differences, involving a "claim of right" and "justiciable in their nature by reason of being susceptible of decision by the application of the principles of law or equity"; and in case of dispute as to whether a difference was of this nature, this question was to be referred to a Joint High Commission of Inquiry, whose vote in favor of arbitration was to be conclusive, if concurred in by all or all but one of the members. The United States Senate amended these treaties (1) by requiring the advice and consent of the Senate for any and every submission

(2) by taking from the Joint High Commission of Inquiry the power to decide that a difference was justiciable, and (3) by declaring that the treaties did not embrace any question affecting (a) the admission of aliens into the United States or to the educational institutions of the several States, (b) national or State boundaries, or State debts, (c) the Monroe Doctrine, or (d) "other purely governmental policy." The treaties were then abandoned.

The so-called peace pacts, concluded by the United States with numerous Powers during the past three years, although often criticized as treaties of unlimited arbitration, do not as a rule stipulate for arbitration at all, but merely provide for the submission of disputes to international commissions of inquiry for investigation and report within a year. Furthermore, the report, when made, is not binding, the contracting parties expressly reserving their liberty of action in regard to it. The thought underlying these treaties is (1) that they furnish an honorable means of suspending controversy, (2) that the suspension of controversy will have a tranquilizing effect, and (3) that the report of the commission of investigation probably will point the way to a fair and equitable settlement. Their practical application, however, to flagrant and continuing violations of substantial rights as to persons, property, jurisdiction, or commerce, might become difficult unless a modus vivendi could be arranged.

For the preservation of peace all devices, such as international conferences, arbitration, mediation and good offices, are or may be useful, according to the circumstances of the case; but back of all this we must in the last analysis rely upon the cultivation of a mental attitude which will lead men to think first of amicable processes rather than of war when differences arise. To this end it will be necessary to rid the mind of exaggerated but old and generally prevalent notions as to the functions of the State, of superstitions as to "trial by battle," of the conceptions that underlie the law of conquest, and of the delusion that one's own motives are always higher, purer and more disinterested than those of other persons, to say nothing of the passion for uniformity that denies the right to be different.

JOHN BASSETT MOORE.

HAS AMERICA GONE TOO FAR IN DEMOCRACY?

BY W. R. BOYD

With a world at war, and that war supposed to be the direct outgrowth of too little democracy, it may seem that the question posed in my title is impertinent. I venture, however, to ask it. I believe we have gone too far in democracy, and that, unless we retrace some steps recently taken, we shall see fulfilled some of the prophecies made by those who distrusted popular government at the time this nation was "brought forth on this continent, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

This Government was not founded as a democracy. The democratic idea was put forward in the Constitutional Convention, discussed, and discarded because direct government had everywhere failed. Our Government was founded as a representative government. I doubt if many realize how far we have departed in the last decade from this foundational principle. Two steps have been taken, practically by common consent, which go far to undo the work of the fathers. One of these, the less serious, is the direct election of United States Senators. This would not be so disastrous in its results but for the other more radical action, which, in practice, virtually abandons representative government and substitutes pure democracy. I refer to the primary method of choosing candidates for office.

This change was unnecessary. It is true that some men did buy their way into the Senate with money. But whom did they buy? The men chosen directly from the electorate by their immediate neighbors in legislative districts—districts so small that the citizen intent upon his duties as a voter could, if he would, know all about the character of the men he was voting for. What was needed was

not a new method of electing United States Senators, but the exercise of more care on the part of the voters in choosing legislative candidates. Does anyone suppose that unfit men will not continue, now and then, to buy their way into the United States Senate? Some of the most notorious have already had no more trouble in getting the endorsement of the electorate than they had in persuading the legislature. But this departure, needless as it was, would not be so bad if candidates for the Senate could be chosen by party conventions composed of delegates selected to represent political units not larger than a county. It is the indirect step away from representative government that threatens to make public service a reproach rather than an honor. If ever there was a device of the devil in politics, it is the direct primary.

How did it come about? There had been some abuse of the caucus and convention system. It was charged that corrupt influences controlled nominations by means of the packed caucus. In some instances, they did. Under the spur of bitter factional contests, many things were done at once disgusting and disgraceful. But all the evils incident to the caucus system could have been remedied by a simple statute legalizing the caucus and laying down rules for its conduct. There was no need to abandon the basic principles of representative government. Even the caucus system as it existed could have been rendered much less harmful by a strict attention to civic duty on the part of the people. How many precincts could have been controlled through a packed caucus, if the decent voters of every precinct had made it a point to attend the caucus? But such a thing as attempting to remedy a political defect by devotion to the ordinary duties of citizenship does not appeal to the average American. He wants a legislative remedy, a new law, a cure-all that will enforce itself. And so these negligent citizens who never went to a caucus in their lives, and who often had to be dragged to the polls by party workers, began to clamor for primary law, led on by politicians who hoped to profit by such enactment. They raised the cry of "Back to the People! Let the People rule"—those same People who went to the theatre or to the club on caucus nights. They reversed completely the scriptural dictum: "Behold, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." They said: "We have been unfaithful over a few things; make us ruler over many things. We have been care-

less and incompetent in choosing men to represent us within a small unit where we knew everybody. Behold, we will be faithful and competent in selecting men from a field so large that we can know only a few. The boss shall be dethroned. The places that knew him shall know him no more forever. The man shall not seek the office; the office shall seek the man." And the law came, came in every State in the Union.

What has been the result? Has the boss been dethroned? Does the office seek the man? Have the people greater power over nominations than they had under the old system? Has the personnel of office-holders improved? Not one of these questions can be answered in the affirmative. The boss is as powerful as ever. The office could not seek the man if it tried. The only thing left to the people is to choose—and, as I shall seek to show later, blindly—from the list presented on the primary ballot. Such a thing as drafting a man at an especially important hour for a mighty task is absolutely impossible. Never in the history of America was the personnel of public life so weak and incompetent as it is to-day. A few months ago, one of the foremost newspapers in America, in an article entitled "The Most Shameful Legislative Body in the World," made this assertion: "With a few honorable exceptions, the United States Senate is a composition of ignorance, selfishness, avarice, political greed, stupidity, blatancy, flamboyance and asininity, to be equaled only by the same composition found in the House of Representatives of the United States Congress." This is a terrible arraignment, and, in my opinion, too radical; but the most terrible thing about it is that there is some justification for it. The original advocates of the primary, who were honest, went upon the theory that every voter is deeply interested in public affairs, and that, if given direct responsibility, he would carefully weigh the qualifications of all the candidates, and that only fit men would have a chance. Now, disagreeable as the truth is, the average voter is not deeply interested in public affairs. The average voter knows little and cares less about things political, unless some personal or financial interest is directly involved. In the second place, even the most intelligent voter is helpless when it comes to choosing a host of candidates through the medium of the primary ballot. It is, for the most part, a list of unknown names. Often the most intelligent voter knows nothing about ninety-

five per cent of them, and as a rule he votes for the first name on the list under the several headings. When the Iowa primary law was first enacted, it provided that the names of the candidates for the several offices to be nominated should be arranged on the ballot in alphabetical order. What was the result? Why, A beat B, and B beat C when there was no A, and so on throughout the length of the ballot. Finally they changed the law, and arranged it so that every candidate has his name first on the list in a proportionate number of counties. That helps the men whose names begin with X, Y, or Z. But what a commentary it is on the worth of the law as a measure of reform, and on the intelligence of the average voter!

The primary law has been in operation long enough to demonstrate beyond dispute that it has the following effects —all detrimental to the public good:

First: It bars from State and national offices every man of small means who is not backed by some one who has money.

Second: It puts a premium on the sensationalist and the demagogue.

Third: It destroys absolutely the effectiveness of the minority party as a restraining force on the majority party.

Fourth: It weakens party ties and makes for personal politics.

Fifth: It makes tenure insecure even for the most competent.

In order to win at a primary, a man must impress himself on a sufficient number of voters to make them think of him when they go into the booth at the primary election. Consider for a moment what it costs to cover the ninety-nine counties of a State like Iowa in any effective way so that a man comparatively unknown can so impress himself upon the voters. He cannot meet more than a small number of them. He must impress them, if they are to be impressed, through newspaper advertisements and circulars. An allotment of $500.00 a county for such a purpose would not be unreasonable. If the ambitious politician is seeking free advertising, of course he can get it by doing something outlandish; and it has been proved over and over again that to do this is one of the surest ways of winning a place on the ticket, even for the office of a Senator in Congress.

As for the destruction of the effectiveness of the minority

party, that is plain to everyone who knows the practice under the old system and the practice of today. Formerly it was the custom for the minority party to hold its convention after that of the majority party. If the majority party, drunk with over-confidence and power, nominated a weak and incompetent candidate for any office, the minority party took advantage of it and compelled its strongest men to enter the lists; and it has not infrequently happened that by so doing the party hopelessly in the minority has been triumphant. But under the primary system, the minority party is not able to keep its notoriety seekers off the primary ballot; so that if a "yellow dog" is nominated by the majority party, the chances are that a canine equally yellow will be nominated by the minority; and the poor voter is left with the choice between two "yellow dogs."

The weakening of party ties may seem to some a thing to be desired rather than deplored. "Man, not party," is a rather popular slogan. But this notion proceeds from superficial thinking. In this country we must have government by and through parties, or we shall have chaos. Nothing lasting can be predicated upon any individual. Human life is too brief, too uncertain. The conservative force of organization is absolutely essential to progress and order. A party has principles, traditions and a history that hold individuals in check and make for stability. Individuals pass away, but the party remains. The great statesmen of every country, in every age, have been partisans, not blindly so, but rational party men, leading their parties.

There are those, perhaps, who hold that short tenure for office-holders is a good thing. There could be no greater error than this. A statesman is not made in a day. Statecraft is an art as difficult to master as the most learned profession If we are going to be able to hold our own among the nations of the earth and develop our own possibilities, we must have not only a few but many men who will serve as Congressmen and Senators,—not for one or two terms, but for many. Under the primary, the greatest and the wisest of them can be and are nagged out of public life. They will not submit to it. Many who would make capable public officials will not even start. It is repugnant to many men of the finest ability to use the methods which must be used to win at a primary election. These methods, briefly summarized, are the same that one would have to use if he

were introducing a new brand of shaving soap or trying to put a new type of safety razor on the market.

It is not stating it too strongly to say that the primary law has failed utterly. It has multiplied many times the cost of holding elections. It has cheapened our public life. It has tied the hands of the minority party. It has driven out of the public service our highest type of statesmanship. Those who advocated it unselfishly, believing that it was a measure of reform, have, for the most part, seen the error of their judgment and repudiated it. Not long since, I spent a day with a former governor of a neighboring State. He is a Lincoln-like character,—honest to the core. Speaking of his experience with the primary law, he said: "I summoned a special session of the legislature when I was governor, and asked them to enact a primary law, believing in it with all my heart. I have seen it work. I have seen a man, not on the border line of insanity, but *actually insane,* receive 25,000 votes for Justice of the Supreme Court of my State; and, so help me God, if I were governor to-day I would call another special session of the legislature, put on sackcloth and ashes, acknowledge my mistake, and beg the legislature to repeal that law."

For one thing we may be thankful—we have escaped any widespread adoption of the initiative, referendum and recall. The fact of the matter is that there are only two things which the average voter can do intelligently. First: he can, after thorough discussion in press and forum, pass upon general principles. When it comes to the specific application of these principles, he has neither the time, the opportunity, nor the inclination to inform himself so that he can intelligently pass judgment. If such an obligation is forced upon him, he can do but one of two things—neglect it utterly, or exercise his duty blindly, not knowing what the effect will be. Second: he can choose, from among his own circle of acquaintanceship, men whom he is willing to have represent him in deliberative bodies which shall nominate executive and legislative officers. This is representative government —the kind contemplated by the men who formulated the Constitution.

During the last ten years we have gone far afield in the direction of pure democracy, and away from representative government. Shall we get back? I do not know. Not, I fear, until things grow even worse than they are now, or until

some great disaster, like the light that flashed upon Saul on his way to Damascus, brings about a sudden conversion. It is expecting too much to look forward to a repeal of the primary system by its beneficiaries. There are any number of men in State legislatures and in Congress who would never have imagined, even in their own minds, that they could get seats in these bodies under the old system. The country will have to initiate this reform; and we may have to be shocked into it.

What this country needs above all else is not more laws, but a new birth of citizenship: a deep consciousness that true reform must proceed from the inside out, not from the outside in. Since 1898, America has enjoyed the greatest era of material prosperity ever vouchsafed to any people. Life has been made soft and easy for many of us. Automobiles fly back and forth over our highways like shuttles in a loom. Places of amusement entertain thousands, where dozens were entertained a decade ago. Most of our wants are supplied almost automatically. We push one button and we get this, another and we get that. We drop a coin in the slot and get almost anything we wish. Effort, ingenuity, self-denial, much that puts iron into the blood and makes us value and appreciate our blessings, is lacking. We live, as it were, in a land of dreams, smug, conceited, fearing nothing. The generation that actually did something for the country is fast passing away. There remains to-day only a thin blue line of those who were willing to give the "last full measure of devotion." As for the rest of us, we have done little or nothing for our country: it has done everything for us. Instead of acknowledging our obligations, we take all that has been done as a matter of course and call for more. We need, in this new birth of citizenship, to drop provincialism and view things in terms of the nation. Shame upon the men in this Mississippi Valley from which I write who grudge measures for national defense because, forsooth, the shells of a hostile fleet or an invading army are not likely to fall upon the fields and cities of the Middle West!—for I have heard men actually say: "Why should we fret? They couldn't reach us here." The time has gone by when any portion of America can be a law unto itself. As for the nation at large, the period of its "splendid isolation" is forever past. Whether we wish it or not, we must face world problems from this day forth. We need statesmen of

the highest type, as we never needed them before—men able to see the world as a unit. How many such have we in public life today?

Years ago, when I was a boy, I read an article in a magazine not so widely read now as then—more's the pity—by Archdeacon Farrar, on "The Duty of the Church in America." Its closing paragraph made a deep impression on me then. Its stately lines of prophecy and warning have been ringing in my ears of late. As nearly as I can remember, this is what he said:

> If America shall keep herself true to the principles upon which she was founded and to the awful virtues of the Pilgrim sires, she will continue to be the enlightener of the nations, the beautiful pioneer in the vanguard of the progress of the world. But if she spread a table to fortune and enthrone Mammon above her altars; if her politics become corrupt, her press debased, and her religion a mere twilight of willful and self-induced delusion, then she, in her turn, shall fall, like Lucifer, son of the morning; and the double oceans which wash her illimitable shores shall only splash to future empires a more sad, a more desolate, and a more unending dirge.

W. R. Boyd.

THE RAILWAYS, TRAIN EMPLOYEES AND THE PUBLIC

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE railway problem of the United States, which already was complex and difficult, has been rendered doubly so by demands which the locomotive engineers, firemen, conductors and other trainmen have made upon the railways. These demands are unprecedented in at least two important respects: they are the first ever presented by all of the members of the four brotherhoods of train service employees to all of the railways; and the expense of complying with them would exceed that which would have resulted from granting any other demands ever presented at one time by organized labor to the railways or any other body of employers.

Ten years have elapsed since the passage of the Hepburn railroad rate act. The policy of effective national regulation of railroads which that act inaugurated, and the gigantic movement now being carried on by the four railway brotherhoods, have a vital relationship. Before effective regulation the railway managements could reduce working hours or increase wages without consulting the public, for they did not have to consult it in making rates. By assuming control of rates the public has assumed control of the wages the railways can pay. The demands of the train service employees, therefore, raise a public question of national importance. It is a public question because the public must bear, in the form of rates, part or all of any addition which may be made to railway expenses. It is a public question because the public, by the force of its opinion and through some body representing it, should determine what concessions, if any, shall be made to the employees. It is a public question because if a strike of all the train service employees shall

occur, the public will suffer in numerous ways and to an extent that few realize.

It was predicted long ago that government regulation of railway income would make necessary government regulation of railway expenses. The repeated movements of the employees for more favorable conditions of work and higher wages, culminating in the present agitation, demand the fulfillment of this prophecy.

A remarkable feature of the pending controversy is that there is wide disagreement between the parties as to what it involves. The spokesmen of the employees say it involves the establishment of an eight-hour day. They assert that the train service employees work such long hours that in a few years they are worn out, and that this is inimical to the social welfare. They grow so weary, it is said, that they become unable to perform their duties, and this increases accidents. It is contended that if the railways would run their freight trains faster, the employees would be able to do as much work in eight hours as they now do in ten, thus preventing the reduction of working hours from causing an increase of expenses, and benefitting shippers, whose goods would be transported more expeditiously.

The officers of the railroads controvert the statement that the employees are seeking an eight-hour day, and every argument based on it. They assert that the demands do not provide for an eight-hour day, and that assurances that they do are a subterfuge to gain public sympathy for a plan which would result merely in another large increase in wages. This, they contend, is unwarranted, and would be unjust to the other eighty-two per cent. of railway employees, to the holders of railway securities, and to the public.

Before we can weigh the merits of these opposing contentions, it is necessary to get an understanding of certain of the rather dry and technical facts as to the existing bases of work and wages on railways. The working day of most employees is ten hours. Those in train service are paid not only according to the hours they work, but according to the miles their trains run. In passenger service, the basis is now much less than even eight hours a day. For example, for engineers and firemen in the western part of the country it is one hundred miles, or six hours and forty minutes, and in eastern territory one hundred miles, or five hours. On parts of some roads in the Southeast and Southwest certain

employees in freight service, especially engineers and conductors, also have had the basis reduced below ten hours; but on about nine-tenths of the total mileage the basis in freight service is still ten hours or one hundred miles. If an employee works more than the regular hours, or runs more than the regular miles, he is paid extra at the regular hourly or mileage rate. For example, on a road where the basis in freight service is ten hours or one hundred miles, if he runs one hundred and fifteen miles in nine hours he gets fifteen per cent. more than a regular day's wage for his extra fifteen miles; and if he runs only ninety miles in eleven hours he gets ten per cent. extra for his extra hour. Employees on the regular payroll usually are guaranteed a specified number of days' work each month—usually twenty-five. If they work more it is because they choose to; if less, it is because they voluntarily "lay off." The companies are required to pay a day's wage if an employee is called for duty, no matter how short a time he works; and he may not be used in any class of service but that to which he belongs.

The proposals of the train service employees contemplate important changes both in their regular rates of pay per hour and in their rates of pay for overtime. The proposals relating to the regular hourly rates are: "In all road service one hundred miles or less, eight hours or less (instead of ten), will constitute a day, except in passenger service. "Eight hours or less will constitute a day in all yard and switching service." "No one shall receive less for eight hours or one hundred miles than he now receives for a minimum day or one hundred miles for the class of engine used or for service performed." The proposal relating to overtime is that "all overtime be computed on the minute basis and paid for as time and one-half times the pro rata rate."

This plan clearly provides for an eight-hour day in yard service. The work and wages of employees in this service being on a strictly hourly basis, the granting of the demands would result in the establishment of three shifts of men a day in yards. Yard employees would be given the same wages for eight hours they now receive for ten; and because of the larger number employed the total payroll in this service would be increased at least twenty-five per cent.

The case of the employees in "road service" is different. An eight-hour day in any other industry means that all employees work eight hours, no more, no less. The plan

of the train service employees provides that "in all road service *one hundred miles or less,* eight hours *or less,* will constitute a day, *except in passenger service.*" To make this sentence define a real eight-hour day it would be necessary to strike out all the italicized words. Passenger service is excepted because those in it already work less than eight hours. The words "one hundred miles" are inserted because the freight employees wish to retain the mileage, as well as the hourly, basis in order that all who run more than one hundred miles in eight hours or less shall get extra pay for the extra miles. The use of "or less" after "miles" and "hours" is designed to insure a day's wage to an employee if he is called for duty, no matter how few miles he runs or hours he works. The plan provides for eight hours as a *maximum,* but not as a *minimum,* basis. Under it all of the passenger and many of the freight employees would work less, but none would work more, than eight hours for a day's wage.

The proposals contemplate an "eight-hour day" differing from that in any other industry in another respect. It is possible for other concerns to divide all employees into shifts, and to keep those in a shift going the same hours. On a railway all trains cannot be started at the same time. The distances between terminals vary, and, therefore, if all trains were run at the same speeds the time required to move them between different terminals would vary. Different trains running between the same terminals render different kinds of service, and therefore require different times to cover the same distances. Owing to these conditions, the number of hours consumed by different trains in making their daily runs varies widely. The employees make allowance for only one of these conditions. This is the difference in the distances between terminals. Their attitude has been clearly stated by W. G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, who has said: "If all terminals were one hundred miles apart we would be in position to demand an absolute eight-hour day. But we recognize that the divisions vary in length, many exceeding one hundred miles. As a concession to the railroads we have agreed to the twelve and a half mile basis in lieu of the absolute eight-hour day." The employees say the purpose of their demand for time and one-half for overtime—"punitive overtime," as it is called—is to keep the companies from working them more

than eight hours. But Mr. Lee, in the statement from which I have just quoted, added: "On long divisions it (the basis proposed by the employees) permits them (the managements) to ignore the eight-hour day and escape the overtime by simply making an average speed of trains equal to or exceeding twelve and a half miles per hour."

This concedes that the plan of the brotherhoods does not provide for a real eight-hour day for any of the employees affected. There is only one way to establish such a day in train service. This is to abandon the mileage basis of wages, and so to rearrange terminals and the speeds and running distances of trains, as to render it practicable to cause all crews, passenger and freight, to work eight hours, and to be relieved when they have done so. The employees propose nothing of the kind. They demand the retention of the mileage basis of wages; they demand that passenger service employees be allowed to continue to work less than eight hours; and they propose a scheme under which the railways may keep freight employees on duty unlimited hours and escape paying overtime, if trains are run at not less than twelve and a half miles an hour. Of course, increasing the speed of trains from ten to twelve and a half miles an hour would increase the hourly wage of the employees on them twenty-five per cent.

To arguments such as the foregoing the spokesmen of the brotherhoods reply, that while the railways could keep employees in freight service on duty more than eight hours, they seldom would do so. The provision that unless they ran the trains twelve and a half miles an hour they would have to pay overtime at 150 per cent. of the regular hourly wage after eight hours would, it is contended, stimulate the managements to run the trains faster. The railways now run all their passenger trains more than twelve and a half miles an hour; and they run some freight trains faster than this. The argument of the employees implies that they could and should run all of them at least this fast. Why is this not done now? The spokesmen of the employees say it is because the managements cause many trains to be "overloaded"; and their solution of the problem of increasing speeds and thereby reducing the hours of employees, without increasing expenses, is to reduce the load per train.

This is exceedingly superficial and erroneous reasoning, which ignores vitally pertinent facts and conditions of rail-

way operation and fundamental principles of railway economics. It is not a fact, as the argument assumes, that the long and heavy trains consume the most time between terminals. The trains on which the employees work the longest are the way freights; and the reason why their movement is slow is that they stop so many times and do so much switching en route. Most of them are lightly loaded; and to reduce their loads to increase their speeds would be absurd. The only way to reduce the time that these trains and their crews are on the road would be by reducing the distances between their terminals. But the plan of the employees provides that the wages of these, as well as of other men in train service, shall be kept on a basis of one hundred miles a day; and the only effect of its application to way freight service would be to increase the wages paid to those in that service. Their wages already are the highest in freight train service, having been made so expressly because their work is arduous and their hours long. In October, 1913, a typical month, the average hours and earnings of regularly employed engineers and firemen in way freight service on Western railways were: Engineers, hours, 282; wages, $168.11; firemen, hours, 275; wages, $107. This was at the rate of $2,017 per year for engineers, and $1,284 per year for firemen. Conductors receive about fifteen per cent. less than engineers, and "other trainmen" about the same as firemen. The employees could not have controlled the hours they worked per day; but they could have "laid off" more days if they had wanted to; and it is doubtful if a working month of two hundred and nine hours, consisting of nineteen days of eleven hours each, is any more exhausting than one of twenty-six days of only eight hours each. The employees worked so many hours in the month because they wanted the large earnings they made by so doing.

The only freight trains whose speed might be increased by reducing their loads are part of those in through service. This service includes at least three-fourths of all freight trains and handles a relatively larger part of the traffic. Many through freight trains are now run twelve and a half miles an hour or faster. The spokesmen of the employees contend that this shows that all through freight trains could be run as fast. But, as already indicated, the railways handle a great variety of commodities. Some, such as live stock, dressed meats and fruits and vegetables, being per-

ishable, require fast movement, and are valuable enough to bear high rates. Others, while not so perishable, such as drygoods, are so valuable that shippers can better afford to pay relatively high rates for having them transported rapidly than to have them moved slowly. Others, such as lumber and coal, being non-perishable, do not require rapid movement, and, as they are of small value, cannot bear high rates. The railways have so classified their service as to adapt it to the requirements of these various classes of commodities. They transport goods which are valuable, or valuable and perishable, in through trains at high speeds. But the speed a train can make depends on its length and weight. Therefore, these trains are relatively short and light. They handle the cheaper and bulkier commodities in long, heavy trains; but such trains necessarily move slowly.

The spokesmen of the employees recognize the fact that the speed of trains handling cheap and bulky commodities cannot be materially increased without reducing their loads, and argue that this should be done to enable the employees to "do ten hours' work in eight hours." But this would not enable the employees to "do ten hours' work in eight hours." It would reduce the traffic handled by each train and crew; and men are not employed to run trains but to move the traffic the trains haul. If the traffic handled in a day per train and crew were reduced it would be necessary to provide more trains and crews. If more trains were run it would be necessary to provide more locomotives, main tracks, passing tracks, yard and other facilities. Thus there would result a heavy increase of operating expenses, of investment in facilities and of fixed charges. If trains hauling lumber and coal are to be made as short and run as fast as those hauling drygoods, fruit and vegetables, the cost per ton mile of handling the former commodities will become approximately as great as that of handling the latter, and the rates on them will have to be made approximately as high. The average rate per ton per mile on live stock in this country in 1914 was 12.6 mills and on dressed meats 9.7 mills. On lumber it is was only 6.98 mills, on anthracite coal 6 mills and on bituminous coal 4.57 mills.* Is it desirable so to change methods of operation as to render it necessary perhaps to double the rates on cheap, bulky commodities constituting 75 per cent. of the total tonnage? Not only is it not desirable, but such commodities could not bear such increases in rates.

The methods by which increases have been made in the average freight train load have contributed more toward the economy with which the railways of the United States are operated than all other methods. Probably it would cost less to maintain the present loading and speeds of trains and pay the crews time-and-a-half for overtime after eight hours than to reduce the loads and increase the speeds enough to avoid overtime. Since the plan of the employees does not provide for "an absolute eight-hour day," the managements would adopt that method of carrying it out which would cause the smallest increase in expenses. If they maintained the present loads and speeds the employees in through freight service, like those in way freight service, would simply secure an increase in wages while continuing to work the same hours. The average number of hours worked by engineers and firemen in through freight service on the Western lines in October, 1913, and the average amounts earned were: Engineers, hours, 248.6; earnings, $164.93; firemen, hours, 242; earnings, $105.59. This was at the rate of $1,979 per year for engineers and $1,267 per year for firemen.

The public would not receive any of the benefits which it is claimed would be incidental to the establishment of an eight-hour day in train service; and the only advantage derived by a large majority of the employees concerned would be an increase in wages. How much would this amount to? The wages of all employees in train service are about $400,000,000 a year, and the railways estimate that the increase would be 25 per cent., or $100,000,000. The way the employees' plan would work out in road service, assuming that the present loads and speeds of trains were maintained, may be shown by some simple illustrations. Suppose an engineer who now makes his run in ten hours and is paid $5.60, or 56 cents an hour: under the proposed plan he would get $5.60 for eight hours, or 70 cents an hour, and overtime at $1.05 an hour for two hours. His total compensation would, therefore, be $7.70 if he worked ten hours, an increase of 37½ per cent. Suppose his train was delayed and the run took twelve hours. On the existing basis of wages he would receive $5.60 for ten hours and overtime for the extra two hours at the same rate, making his overtime $1.12 and his total pay $6.72. Under the proposed arrangement he would receive $5.60 for eight hours, or 70 cents an hour, an increase of 25 per cent. per hour, and overtime on

a time-and-a-half basis, amounting to $1.05 per hour, an increase in the overtime rate per hour of 87½ per cent. As he would receive overtime for four hours instead of two, his total pay for overtime would be $4.20, an increase in it of almost 300 per cent., making his total day's wage $9.80, an increase of 45 per cent.

Of course, there would be corresponding increases in the wages of all other members of the train crew. On the other hand, when trains ran twelve miles and a half an hour, that is to say, one hundred miles in eight hours—as is often the case and would continue to be—the employees' plan would cause no increase in wages. As previously shown, there would be an increase on the pay-roll in yard service of at least twenty-five per cent. On the whole, the estimate that the adoption of the employees' plan would increase the wages of all employees in train service an average of twenty-five per cent. probably is not unreasonable.

Should this increase in wages be granted? Recent years have been a period of advancing wages on railways. The employees in train service are not only the highest paid workingmen in America, but they have profited disproportionately by recent advances in wages. The following table gives the average wages of engineers, firemen, conductors and other trainmen, and the average of all these classes combined, in 1898, 1906 and 1914:

Annual Wages of Trainmen in 1898, 1906 and 1914, and Percentages of Increase.

			Per Cent.		1906-1914 Per Cent.	1898-1914 Per Cent.
	1898	1906	Increase	1914	Increase	Increase
Engineers	$1,167.87	$1,246.14	6.7	$1,771.81	42.2	51.6
Firemen	647.38	705.95	9.0	1,037.47	46.8	60.2
Conductors ..	979.18	1,079.24	10.2	1,533.62	42.1	56.6
Other trainmen	591.28	687.60	16.3	1,023.21	48.8	73.0
All train service employees	793.29	868.94	9.5	1,253.37	44.2	57.9

The following table gives the average wages of the remaining eighty-two per cent. of railway employees in the same years, and also separately those of train despatchers

and telegraph operators, station agents and section foremen:

Annual Wages of All Employees Except Train Service Employees and of Telegraph Operators and Despatchers, Station Agents and Section Foremen, in 1898, 1906 and 1914, and Percentages of Increase.

	1898	1906	Per Cent. Increase	1914	1906-1914 Per Cent. Increase	1898-1914 Per Cent. Increase
All other railway employees	$489.42	$510.13	4.2	$686.68	34.6	40.3
Telegraph operators and despatchers	634.08	685.22	8.1	904.42	31.9	42.6
Station agents ..	576.31	646.00	12.1	821.89	27.2	42.6
Section foremen.	559.73	581.26	3.9	767.36	32.0	37.1

The increase in the average wage of all train service employees in the eight years 1906-1914 was 44 per cent.; and in sixteen years, 58 per cent. The increases in the average wage of the other 82 per cent. of employees in the same periods were 35 per cent. and 40 per cent. The average wage of the 309,000 train service employees in 1914 was $1,253; of the other 1,381,000 employees, $687. The contrast between the wages of the train service employees and those of train despatchers and telegraph operators, station agents and section foremen, is especially striking. The working day of despatchers and operators is limited to nine hours by federal law; but that of station agents and section foremen is ten hours, and they must hold themselves in readiness for duty at any time. The work of all these classes requires more intelligence and skill than that of firemen or brakemen, and certainly as much as that of engineers and conductors. Yet the firemen and brakemen are paid higher than despatchers and operators, station agents or section foremen; and the average conductor receives almost as much, and the average engineer more than as much, as the average station agent and the average section foreman together.

The train service employees justify their high wages, which are mainly a result of labor union activity, on the ground that their calling is hazardous. But while their wages have been advancing the hazards to which they are exposed

have been declining. In 1905 there were 1,990 employees in train service killed, or one in every 133. In 1915 there were only 884 killed, or one in every 340.

The demands of the train service employees cannot, in view of the foregoing facts, be fairly granted unless proportionate concessions are also to be made to other railway employees. But the railways cannot grant the demands of the train service employees, much less a 25 per cent. advance in wages to all their employees, which would amount to $320,000,000 a year, with their present freight and passenger rates. As the writer showed in an article in this Review for November, 1915, past increases in wages and taxes, unaccompanied by advances in rates, caused the net operating income of the railways to shrink from 5 1-3 per cent. on their property investment in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1906, to 3.99 per cent. in the fiscal year 1914. The results in the year ended June 30, 1915, were yet worse. In October, 1915, the railway mileage in the hands of receivers reached 42,000, breaking all records, and in 1915 the new mileage built was the least since the Civil War. During recent months there have been increases in gross and net earnings. But the net operating income earned during the last six months of 1915 was only 3.09 per cent. on property investment; and in the fiscal year ending on June 30, 1916, it probably will not much exceed 5 per cent.

Most people are disposed to regard sympathetically all movements of workingmen to improve their condition, on the assumption that any advantage labor may gain will be secured at the expense of capital. No such assumption can be made in this instance. The proposed increase in wages would necessarily result in advances in rates; and most or all of it would, therefore, be borne, not by rich capitalists, but by the one hundred million people of the United States. The people pay directly all passenger fares, and they pay indirectly, as part of the prices of the goods they consume, practically all freight rates. Now, as already shown, the average wage of the train service employees is $1,253 a year. That of other railway employees is only $687. The average earnings of the 6,615,046 employees in the manufacturing industry in the United States in 1909 were only $518. The average monthly wage of a farm hand who boards himself, according to the Department of Agriculture, is $30; and it is extremely doubtful if the average income of farmers, aside

from that part derived from their investment in their property, would approach the wages of the train service employees. Probably eighty per cent of all the people of this country have smaller incomes than the men in railway train service; and it is impossible to find, under present conditions, any justification for a large advance in the income of this relatively well-paid class mainly at the expense of that much larger part of the public which is nowhere near as well off.

While this seems clear, the train service employees, according to their leaders, are strongly averse to submitting their demands to arbitration.

The situation presented is remarkable. On one side are the railways, with 630,000 stockholders, an army of bondholders and almost a million and a half of employees who are not directly involved. The largest amount of dividends ever paid to the stockholders in a year was $340,000,000; but if they, through the managements, should combine to make the slightest increase in rates without the previous consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railways and their officers would be subject to the pains and penalties of both the act to regulate commerce and the Sherman anti-trust law. If they should combine to stop operation to enforce a demand for higher rates, they might be prosecuted under the Sherman law and forfeit their charters.

On the other side are 309,000 employees, or 18 per cent. of the total number, receiving almost $400,000,000 a year in wages, or 28 per cent. of the total paid. They have combined to demand $100,000,000 a year more; and their leaders intimate, and even threaten, that they will not arbitrate, but will strike and paralyze the transportation, the commerce and the industry of the country unless their demands are granted. Their combination has been formed publicly, is going forward publicly to accomplish its purposes, and under existing laws may adopt any means it pleases to effect them, without interference from any public authority!

The situation demonstrates strikingly the existence of a fatal defect in our policy of regulation. All questions affecting railway investment and expenses are questions indirectly involving rates. This is especially true of wage questions, for 45 cents out of every dollar collected in rates are paid out in wages. But while the Government has made arbitration of differences between the shipping and traveling public

and the railways compulsory, and has established the Interstate Commerce Commission as a permanent rate arbitration board, it has not, by making arbitration of labor disputes compulsory, provided for the maintenance of transportation; and by relegating the arbitration of such disputes to inexpert bodies improvised for each occasion, it has failed to provide either for the scientific regulation of wages or for the maintenance of any fair relationship between wages and rates.

The train service employees, by carrying on a national movement for increases in their wages, have made the question of railway wages and their arbitration one of immediate national importance and one, therefore, with which the national Government should promptly deal. There is as much reason why wages should be arbitrated as why rates should be. In fact, there is more, for no dispute over rates could lead to a complete interruption of transportation service, while the very wage dispute now pending may do this. Now, no calamity worse than a general interruption of railway service could befall the country except a great war. It would throw practically all railway employees out of work. It would inflict enormous losses on investors. It would shut down every industrial plant, for it would render it impossible to get raw materials in or finished products out. It would close every mine, for mines cannot be operated unless their products are promptly taken away. It would bring quick starvation to the people of our cities; for they are dependent on the railways for their food supplies from day to day. In 1912 a strike of the engineers and firemen of the Eastern railroads was threatened. The distinguished citizens composing the arbitration board which settled the controversy were so impressed with the dire results which would have followed a strike affecting only the eastern part of the country that they made a report advocating with great force compulsory arbitration of railway labor disputes. How much more terrible would be a strike which would stop railway transportation throughout the United States!

Whether the demands of the train service employees are justifiable is a question as susceptible of intelligent and fair determination as any of those innumerable questions arising between individuals and classes which are constantly submitted to the arbitrament of courts, commissions and other similar bodies. The railways stand willing to accept arbitra-

tion, and the employees should not be allowed to refuse it. Neither the railways nor the employees are satisfied with the results gained under the Newlands-Erdman conciliation and arbitration law. The only Government body permanently possessed of information which will help in settling wage disputes fairly, which is composed of men who are always familiar with the situation of the railways as a whole, and which regulates throughout the country the rates from which wages are paid, is the Interstate Commerce Commission. The logic of the situation and the interests and rights of the employees, the railways and the public demand legislation providing for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, including the one pending, that may lead to interruptions of railway service, and delegating the duty of arbitration to the body which regulates the rates of railways and other phases of their business—the Interstate Commerce Commission.

SAMUEL O. DUNN.

EPHEMERIS

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

Above the river in a summer swoon
Hangs the still air, and in the warm embrace
Of afternoon
We too lie dumbly, full of soft delight.
The grass is sweet to smell:
We suck the white
Fresh ends of it, and the green pleasant place
Where we are lapped seems with that faint taste sweeter
Than any poppied isle in remote seas
To some divinely drowsy lotus-eater.
Long, long
We lie, and have no care for any human thing,
Save for the snatch of song
Where, bathing gaily, tawny-bodied boys
Upfling
The water round them; or from a child at play
Floats the shrill ripple of laughter far away.
And then sharp stillness, pointed by the stir
Of little winds among the boughs, wherethrough
The deep sky shines impenetrably blue.
Wrapped in that golden haze we weave at will
The scents and airs of summer's subtle loom;
Regretting but the moments as they pass,
The perished bloom
Of the wan day, that like the wind is gone;
And in the growing hush we watch her die;
And watch, beneath the same impersonal sky,
The wimpled river flowing grayly on.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

GIOVANNI PASCOLI

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

THE recent literary history of Italy goes some way towards confirming the notion that an excessive personalism, an excessive lyricism, may be the literary aftermath of war. Alfred de Musset, at the outset of his *Confession d'un enfant du siècle,* trying to explain the malady of his generation, a malady of disillusionment and ultra-romanticism, lays it first of all to the Napoleonic wars. The children of his generation, he says, born of anxious, sometimes sorrow-stricken mothers, and brought up in the absence of their soldier fathers, although they developed slowly, with inadequate bodies and strained nerves, yet knew all the while that they were living in a world where glory was the rule. But when they arrived at manhood, the wars over, they found themselves forced to live in a world emptied of glory. Brought up on emotion, bred to the habit of intensity, now that external objects were no longer engrossing enough to engage them, they turned inward upon their own life, and the French Romantic Movement was one of the results.

So the long heroic period of Italian history, the years of her self-sacrificing struggle for independence, has been succeeded by an era of literary production in which her classic tradition has suffered a like interruption. Mr. Santayana has said recently that "great works of art appear only in ages of moral unity or immediately after," and certainly, during her years of striving, Italy had her unifying great poet in Carducci. His verse was as objective, as heroic, as impersonal, as war itself. He shared the deep passion of his day, but spent it upon objects outside his own life,—upon patriotism, nature, art, the past. His great period extended for nearly a score of years after the wars were ended, but then began to grow up and to sing the generation that had

been nurtured in war and had grown up to peace. The change is striking. Carducci's own immediate successor, not only to the laureateship of Italian poetry but more literally to his professor's chair at Bologna, was a man who, if he loved all that Carducci loved, loved also all that he hated—sentiment, the romantic spirit, Christianity. Withal he was one of the most purely personal poets who ever wrote. Much more so even than Musset, since to write of love, as the French poet did, is to be, while personal, universal; but Pascoli, whose love affairs were few or none, and pale, tells again and again with the utmost detail a story which is exclusively and peculiarly his own.

To Benedetto Croce, the great Italian critic, it seems that through all the work of the three chief figures in Italian literature of the last thirty years, D'Annunzio, Fogazzaro and Pascoli, "there blows a breath of insincerity." For Pascoli, at least, this appears unjust, unless Croce means that form of unconscious insincerity which is sentimentality. For Pascoli was not consciously insincere (as it would not be hard to prove that D'Annunzio, for example, is); but a tragedy darkened his life and he never recovered from it, never tried to, and he never ceased striving for the complete artistic expression of it. Yet, appalling as that tragedy was, a lifetime of emotion spent upon it was too much. It would be too much for any event of purely personal significance; in the end there would always seem a disproportion between the emotion and its object, and such disproportion is what we must suppose sentimentality to be. But let us examine the source of Pascoli's melancholy. It is real enough to make any criticism seem unkind. And indeed it is not easy, even for the critic, to avoid Pascoli's sentimental note in speaking of his life.

Pascoli was born, of honorable burgher stock, in 1855, the fourth of ten children. His childhood, spent in and near the little village of San Mauro, in the province of Forlì, was warmed by a domestic life which must have been sweet, to have left such a fragrant memory all his days. But clouds soon began to drift across the quiet sky. When Pascoli was seven, quite old enough to feel the darkness and strangeness of the event, a little sister died, under a year old. When he was ten, another died at the age of five. Two years later, in the summer of 1867, fell the heartbreaking blow from which the affectionate little household never recovered. On the

10th of August of that year, Ruggiero, the head and father of the family, as he was driving homeward from a neighboring village, was set upon and murdered in the public highway. The spirited gray mare, which had been harnessed into his cart in the morning, came home with slow steps at evening, dragging the reins, with her master's broken body across her back.

The event always wore for the poet an historic, an epic aspect. All the details of it, such as grief loves to feed upon, appear and reappear in his pages until we feel that there are few occurrences in our own lives that we know as well as we do this childhood sorrow of a man we never saw. The fullest narration he gives us is in a poem entitled *A Memory*, which serves not only as a piece of biography, but as an illustration of the defects of Pascoli's method, which we are to consider later. It describes that sorrowful day in the family annals as a child's letter might; it is as vivid, and almost as shockingly naïve:

A pair of cooing turtle-doves close by
Were brooding in the straw. My mother said:
"Come early home." "Thou knowest I shall fly!"
"Don't drive too fast, the mare is scarcely broken."
"She minds me well enough. "Good-bye." "Good-bye."
"Alone? Why not take Jen?" "Oh, I expect
To meet that gentleman from Rome." "That's true.
We'll go to meet thee towards San Mauro. Look
For us beside the wayside cross." "I'll see you!"

Then Margherita, the big sister, said:
"Father?" "What fearest thou?" "We heard to-day
Of bandits killing folk along the roads."
My father bent towards her with a smile,
Shaking wise head. My mother looked at her
With those dear mother eyes, as if to say:
"How canst thou think such thoughts?" The swallows came
And went, joyous about their happy nests.

My father stroked the mare, which rubbed her head
Against him trustfully. The traces, girths,
He felt with care, then picking up the reins,
Tranquil and grave, he turned to say good-bye,
My mother near, her youngest by the hand.
His foot was on the step. The youngest one
Caught at his whip, and cried "Papa! Papa!"

He felt the whip caught in a tiny clutch,
As in a strand of looped convolvulus.
A wee, young hand was clasping it, a hand
So young it could not close around anything.
The baby 'twas, who twisted round the whip
Her small pink fingers, crying: "No, no, no!"

My father took her on his shoulder, hoarse
With weeping, kissed and kissed again her eyes
Drenched with strange grief. "Thou wilt not that I go?"
"No, no!" "Why not? I'll bring thee pretty things."
"No, no!" He put her down. Her fingers stretched
Still for the whip, one hand upon his knee.

No sound that sunny morning save her cries.
The mare's sharp hoofs no longer scraped the flags,
She turned her slender head towards the child.
Poor baby, she was not yet two years old,
She still slept in her cradle, and her cries
Were just a baby's still. My father said:
"Nay, I'll not go." And the doves cooed close by.

Jen, at a sign, then led away the mare,
(She sharply neighed as she was led away)
And left her waiting at the other door.
My father kissed the child, said, "See, I go not.
Come in, I change my mind, and stay with thee.
For surety, for a pledge, keep thou my whip."

She quivered like a ruffling bird, then still,
She clasped the bamboo whip between her hands,
And waited. She waits still. For nevermore
Returned the father, nevermore was seen
Within his house. That night they carried him
Away, they stretched him on a marble bed.

His head was gashed, one hand was stained with blood.
They said, ah yes, they said that he was strong,
That but for this he had lived many years.
Maria, sister, that pledge left with thee,
That something of our father that was left,
The whip in thy small hand—where is it now?

The destruction of the wage-earner reduced the family income; but they had a house and garden in the village of San Mauro, and a pension from the Prince of Torlonia, whose steward Ruggiero had been. But death and sorrow

had not done with them yet. In the year after Ruggiero's death, the eldest child, Margherita, died of typhoid at sixteen, and within a month the mother followed her, worn out with grieving. Three years later Luigi, Giovanni's next oldest brother, died of meningitis, and shortly after that Giovanni's early sweetheart, a weaver girl, died of consumption. Five years later his oldest brother, Giacomo, the only married one, died, and his two small children after him, leaving Giovanni the head of a family which now consisted of his brothers Raffaello and Giuseppe, his sisters Ida and Maria, and the widowed sister-in-law. He was only twenty-one, when he had acquired this extraordinary familiarity with death. The effect of it was to give him to an unusual degree a sense of the equality of the two words, of death and of life. Like the little girl in Wordsworth's poem, he counted the living and the dead as members of one family, sharers of one interest and affection, and for the rest of his life the larger census of those near to him must be taken in the tomb. "Sad and only house of my kinsfolk," he calls it. Yet with this vivid sense of death as the reverse face of life, and of its equality with it, he held no religious faith. To Christianity he was indeed sympathetic, he called it "the poetry of the universe," and even liked to keep a candle lighted before the Virgin's picture above his hearth. But he did not so much believe in as enjoy the Christian religion. His attitude was rather indulgent than devout. If his dead spoke to him, they spoke from no mansion in the skies, but directly from the tomb, as in the poem *All-Souls' Day,* where they complain of the cruel winter that shakes their house, of their loneliness now that their living children are far, of anxiety for the two young sisters. Always they are near by, melancholy, sweet and sacred companions, idealized by long absence, but still full of the cares and loves that absorbed them living.

But to return to the outward events of Pascoli's life: In 1873, when he was eighteen, he won a scholarship at the University of Bologna, which two years later he forfeited by an escapade that led to his allying himself for the next five years with the *Internazionale,* an anarchist association which flourished in ever-turbulent Bologna. We read of a newspaper called the *Hammer,* which was edited in a tailor's kitchen (where penniless Giovanni could at least keep warm); it was suppressed almost as often as it appeared, and if Giovanni's more discreet brother Raffaello had not shared

his poor lodging and a crust, Giovanni must have starved. As it was, he roused the suspicions of the authorities sufficiently to cause his arrest, and his subjection, after the quaint Italian fashion, to nearly three months of "preventive imprisonment." This proved both preventive and curative, and he emerged to set himself steadily to one near duty—that of completing his education, securing a position, and finally establishing a home to which to bring his sisters. They were then at school at the convent at Sogliano, but after four years he received the appointment which enabled him to realize his dream, and fulfil, as he deemed, his obligations to the dead. There in the Lunigiana, his sisters joined him, and there was begun the long idyllic story of a fraternal and sisterly devotion which is pictured in many of his poems, and which has already become a legend in literary Italy. The small united group had to suffer frequent transplantations at first, to suit the exigencies of the Italian governmental system of professorial appointment. Three years at Massa were followed by eight at Leghorn, which saw the beginning of literary production in both Italian and Latin. It was then that he began to compete annually for the Amsterdam prize in Latin poetry. One supposes that his competitors in this neglected literary activity may have been few, but whoever they were, they found in Pascoli a formidable rival; year after year, with discouraging regularity, he won at least honorable mention, and captured the gold medal fourteen times in a score of years. The medals brought him better than honors. In 1895, his sister Ida married, leaving him alone with Maria, who had been the importunate baby of the morning of their father's dying day, and for their life together, which Pascoli perhaps foresaw was to last as long as he should live, he desired a house of his own. He would gladly have bought back the house where they had dwelt at San Mauro as children, and from whose garden he had borne away a slip of lemon verbena which had survived all their peregrinations; but the owner held out too high a price, so another house was found far up the valley of the Serchio, at Castelvecchio di Barga. Pascoli melted up the gold medals from Amsterdam, and bought it. Here he settled happily with Maria, and here they lived a life that was all poetry, written and unwritten. They had a dog, named Gulì, which appears frequently in verse, and a garden, and a balcony; there was always a welcome for the visitor, a favorite dish of

fritta mista for Puccini, a special bed-chamber for D'Annunzio, and the lemon verbena of their childhood had its last replanting. Their stay suffered the long interruption of seven years at Messina, but they joyfully returned upon their summons back to Pisa, and when in 1905 Carducci retired from his post at Bologna, not naming his choice for successor, Pascoli was the students' choice,—either Pascoli or D'Annunzio. As in those days, at least, the choice of D'Annunzio was an unthinkable one, the Minister offered the post to Pascoli.

Pascoli's teaching of literature does not seem to have been so satisfactory as his earlier work in language and grammar. This may have been because he already bore within him the seeds of the cruel disease of which he was to die. Years before, in one of those albums which aim to dissect character according to preferences in the matter of colors, tunes, heroines of fiction, and manner of death, in answer to the query: "What do you consider the greatest misfortune?" Pascoli had written: "To die too soon." This greatest misfortune befell him. He died in 1912 at the age of fifty-seven, in a feverish activity of unfinished work, begging the doctors for two more years, and mourned by the entire peninsula. He was buried at Castelvecchio, and there in the much sung little house and garden lives Maria to this day.

Out of the life with his sisters, especially that with Maria alone, in the little house bought with gold, grew Pascoli's most characteristic volumes—*Myricae* ("Herbs"), the *Songs of Castelvecchio,* and the first and second series of *Poemetti.* It was a modest life, close to the ground. They dwelt in a little village, in a little garden without a servant. The primary activities of living went on under their eyes. A nest of wild bees in the room he chose for his study Pascoli did not permit to be disturbed, hoping, by watching theirs, to mend his own habits of work. He breaks off one poem to go and knead the bread. It was a very real life, and a life of very little things. Indeed, Pascoli is the poet of very little things: the broom in the corner has its song, and the kneading-board, and the pan bubbling with fat upon the stove. The flowers and herbs in the garden, the birds called each by name, the dog, the church bell across the valley, clothing boiling in the huge copper kettle or spread to dry upon the grass, clouds, rain, sun, winds, a few faintly

sketched village characters, his sister, his memories—these, used again and again, always with simplicity, sweetness, and frank enjoyment, are Pascoli's poetic subjects. A world of small, vivid, present actualities, a child's world. And presented, as we realize on reflection, with almost a child's want of discrimination. Dogs, flowers and human beings are in the same plane. The likeness is not accidental; for when in 1907, completing a study he had published in part ten years earlier, he issued his literary manifesto, stated his poetic platform, its core and center was precisely the statement that the poet's world is the child's world.

So the poet who was said by Stevenson to have died young in all of us is a little child, a *fanciullino,* as Pascoli calls him. And what things interest him? Not romantic love, certainly, nor his own psychology, nor philosophy. It is external objects that attract him, especially the near and the little; and these, according to Pascoli, are the subject-matter of your true poet. Homer, says Pascoli, was such a poet. We are to think of him as an old blind man whom a little child led by the hand. The child tells him what it sees, and he sings of it. "It is not love," says Pascoli, in a long passage in which he describes the *fanciullino,* "it is not women, however fair and goddess-like, that interest little children, but bronze shields and war-chariots and distant journeys and storms at sea. So such things were recounted to Homer by his *fanciullino,* and he made his report in his own infantile speech. He returned from villages perhaps no more distant than the hamlet which lies up nearest the shepherds on the mountainside; but he talked of it to other children who had never been there at all. He talked at length, with enthusiasm, telling the particulars one after another, omitting nothing. For to him everything that he had seen appeared new and beautiful, and it seemed to him must appear to his auditors beautiful and new. He was always engraving upon his discourse a mark to know each thing by. He would say that the ships were black, that they had their prows painted, . . . that the sea was of diverse colors, was always in motion, was salty, was foamy. So as not to be misunderstood, he would repeat the same thought under another form, and say, 'very little, by no means much.' . . . He can never be too clear: 'The chicks were eight, nine with the mother, who had made the chicks.' . . . For the blind man's *fanciullino* did not seek to do himself honor, but only

to be understood; he never exaggerated, because the facts which he recounted seemed to him wonderful enough just as they were."

His Homeric *fanciullino* had a profound influence upon Pascoli's language. For if one sets out to present as many objects as a child sees, one must have names for them, and Pascoli found Italian poetry still bound under the classical tradition of a " poetic " vocabulary. Specific words, names of things familiar to prose, were excluded. There had been some argument on this before Pascoli. D'Amicis had recommended, in a volume on language (*L'idioma gentile*), that young poets study the special vocabularies of the carpenter's shop and the smithy, of the garden and the dairy and the kitchen; and Croce had attacked this theory very bitterly, asking if it were intended that young Italians should become cooks in order to become poets. But few English readers will disagree with Pascoli's desire to extend the vocabulary of poetry. Indeed, one of the great difficulties at first for the English reader of Italian verse (with the bright exception of Dante) is its too generalized vocabulary. Even such personal lyrists as Petrarch and Leopardi, although they deal minutely with their own psychology, generalize external objects to excess. Once, it is true, Leopardi does specify roses and violets as combined in the nosegay of his village beauty, and Pascoli maliciously inquires whether we are to suppose Leopardi believed them to be in blossom at the same season.

Now Pascoli was not a stranger to anything that bloomed or sang near his study. From his books might be compiled a manual of the flora and fauna of the Lunigiana. His bird names defy the Italian Unabridged, perhaps even the Italian bird books. As a reviewer said of the late Madison Cawein, he " wrote with exactness of dittany and the yellow puckworth [or their Italian equivalents] of mallow, ironweed, bluet and jewel-weed, the cohosh, oxalis and Indian pipe." To be sure, he overdid his search for the *mot juste;* he ransacked the dialects of all the localities where he lived, borrowed from the queer Americanized Italian of returned emigrants, and invented onomatopoetic vocabularies for the birds and the frogs, for pots and pans and brooms, for the bicycle-bell and the church-bell, and was driven at last to insert glossaries in his volumes of verse. But English readers, since the Romantic Movement banished our own classical

canon, are not to be abashed by the homely, and it is hard for us to sympathize with Croce's rather savage criticism of Pascoli's use in poetry of the Bolognese dialect form of his own name Giovanni—Zvanì. It occurs in the poem entitled *The Voice,* wherein he tells how his mother's remembered voice at critical moments has recalled him to duty by speaking in his ear his pet-name, "Zvanì." What, says Croce, use a trivial dialect word to represent the high speech of the dead? He thinks it almost irreverent, certainly in bad taste. Yet Dante does not disdain to repeat fragments of baby-talk in the august circles of the Inferno; and if our dead came back to us speaking only the stately idiom of Heaven, would they not more embarrass us than comfort?

Such, then, is Pascoli's theory of poetry, and at first thought it is a seductive one. The *fanciullino* describes what it sees—describes the beautiful externals of the world and the minute things of the hearthside, and we remember and are glad. But on second thought we remember how many things we are interested in that our *fanciullino* knows nothing of. Love and philosophy do interest us; are we to hear nothing of them in our poetry? No, says Pascoli, love is not poetic, but dramatic, and he cites as an example Roland, who in *Roland Enamoured* is merely dramatic, not poetic as he was in the old French epic. Very true. But the difference lies less in the subject-matter than in the manner of presenting it. Thuroldus the minstrel was in earnest, Boiardo in the same degree was not. And we may argue that the analogy with Homer breaks down at the same point. He sang of a world that was comparatively new to everybody, to auditors who had not yet seen it reflected in literature. He had the delight of giving things their first literary shape. To name them in poetry for the first time was in some measure to create them. He and his hearers were all young together, as young as the *fanciullino.* But for a modern poet to strive to denude himself of all we have since acquired of sophistication and sublety, to try consciously to be as naïve as Homer, is to adopt so limited a point of view as to make himself almost a *poseur.* Is this what Croce meant, perhaps, by the breath of insincerity? At any rate, it partly explains that form of insincerity, sentimentality, for whose presence we were prepared. For if we rule out from the realm of poetry passion and thought, we must throw an undue weight of feeling into the more purely idyllic aspects of human life

—family affection, childhood, the sweet minutiæ of country life. More emotion will find its way into such things than they will hold. It is clear that if we are to have poetry written exclusively by the *fanciullino,* it must be small in scope. Very beautiful in kind, no doubt; it might have included the *Faerie Queene,* "Tiger, tiger, burning bright!" *Snow-Bound, The Lake Isle of Innisfree;* but the *fanciullino* could never have written the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, Adonaïs, The Hound of Heaven,* or *The Blot in the Scutcheon.* Matthew Arnold, Milton, Austin Dobson, to name but three, could hardly have written at all if they had had to listen to their *fanciullino,* for it is much to be doubted whether they had one. The *fanciullino* could not write dramatic poetry, nor meditative poetry, nor love poetry; he could not even write lyric poetry, because for this it is not enough to be personal: one must be personal about one's emotions, and Pascoli is content to remember incidents without telling, as Petrarch did, how they made him feel. "All recollection," he says in one of his prefaces, "is poetry. Poetry is only recollection." But in such a poem as *A Memory,* it is more than recollection, it is "total recall." For the *fanciullino* is no artist; his memory is no more selective than a child's. Even in *A Memory* the translator would prefer to suppress certain lines as being too strained, too sentimental. What is an English translator to make of a line of blank verse which runs: "No, no! Papa! No, no! Papa! No, no!" Or take this poem, *The Elder Sister,* written of Margherita, who died at sixteen:

She rocked to sleep the baby brother,
  She mended what the rest had torn;
She knew not, little maiden-mother,
  How we are born.

She'd sit and careful stitches set,
  In her small corner, busy, wise,
For babies Mother was to get
  From the skies.

But now the sparrows chirp their lay
  Around a little cross near by,
For well she learned, poor child, one day
  How we die.

Allowing for the drawbacks of translation, is not this perfect in construction, as well as poetic in feeling? But the

fanciullino has no feeling for construction, he does not know how much is enough, so he goes on writing until his little poem runs to three times this length.

If, then, the *fanciullino* be too literal to write acceptably of his own life, too young for philosophy or love, what kind of poetry can he write? What kind can be written on Pascoli's theory? The epic, perhaps,—though not such epics as *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy;* but certainly the nature poem and the idyl; for these, the *fanciullino's* eye for little things, his very literalness, are qualities and not defects. And for these, Pascoli's gifts were of the first order—the fidelity of his memory, his minute powers of observation, more than all, perhaps, his feeling for place. This, we have been told recently by an English poet, is deeply characteristic of English poets. One of their great accomplishments, according to Mr. John Masefield, has been their consecration of place; "they made places interesting simply by mentioning them." This has not been a quality of Italian poets. Their poetry has never had a strongly native hue. They seem not to feel the poetry of Italy as Englishmen feel the poetry of England, and when they do, it is of some part that is a little strange to them; the Piedmontese will thrill to the beauty of Naples, a Central Italian pay a compliment to Venice. But Pascoli has a truly English love for his own corner, his own Romagna, his own village, which he succeeds in communicating to us. The poetic *carte du tendre* must hereafter have marked upon it San Mauro, Castelvecchio, the church of San Niccolò, the village of San Pietro in Campo. When Pascoli says "halfway between San Mauro and Savignano," he evokes at once the glare of long white road, the procession of small shapely hills to one side and the rows of mulberries looped with grape-vines stretching away to the other, with far ahead a tiny walled city of rose-tinged gray fitting a hill-top like a coronet, that the traveler to Italy remembers with love.

Pascoli's most delightful and most successful work is to be found in the idyls of the volumes called *Poemetti,* in which he treats his material in a manner somewhat more impersonal and objectified than in *Myricae* and the *Songs of Castelvecchio.* It is the poets in this world who have chiefly taught us our expectations; and if life does not often meet them, we do not therefore bear any grudge against the poets; rather we love to be so deceived, and are grateful to each new

one who gives us fresh expectation, who encourages us to feel intensely, to believe that life is to be felt intensely about. The sight of one who seems to find contentment in small, old-fashioned things casts a glamour over our own quiet common-place, and colors it with romance. This is a thing Pascoli can preëminently do for us,—above all by idealizing country life; and in this series of little pictures of the daily life of a single family of *contadini,* he found the happiest use for the talents of his *fanciullino.* These poems are a kind of modern Italian Georgics, dealing under the same skies and against the same landscape with the descendents of those who ploughed or kept bees in the Virgilian poems. His family of peasants are hardly more characterized than the speakers of an eclogue, but as we see the little group about their daily tasks, Pascoli's exquisite details, delicate and clear as a Japanese print, reveal to us anew the beauty of patriarchal life, the vivid sense of reality and stability which inheres in a life that must be built up afresh out of its elements every morning—water drawn, fires laid, meals made ready—and the poetry in each one of these activities that minister so directly to living. From this series of minute idyls, which picture everything from the gathering of olives to the boiling of linen, I choose one called *In the House.* This kind of poetry suffers most, unfortunately, from translation, since it depends most on atmosphere and vocabulary, least on form and idea, and it is perhaps to do Pascoli a dis-service to try to render these idyls at all. But in them speaks the *fanciullino* at his best, and they are a perfect illustration of the author's poetic theory:

As white-armed Rosa set the shutters wide,
A lark's song hailed her, distant and enskied.

The church-bell clanged near by to greet the dawn;
The dog rose, shook the dew off with a yawn;

A hen was clucking. Now the church-bell's tongue
Fell silent, and was heard the chaffinch-song,

And through the fields, still tinged with violet,
The screech of pruning-knife to grindstone set.

All shutters open now, the rustling broom
Passed sharply, swiftly, up and down the room.

Smoke from the chimney hung on the still air.
A clatter sounded 'mongst the kitchenware.

The gold-haired girl was weaving; shuttle flew,
And warping-rope and combing-carder too.

The maiden sang, and as she sang there came,
Twixt song and clack of carder, her own name,—

"Rosina," someone called. She rose and went
Into the kitchen, on swift errand bent.

"Daughter," her mother said, "now sift the meal,
(While I these tufts and heads of succory peel,

And fry a sprig of garlic chopped up small),
And make polenta—good for the rich, poor, all!

Your father'll not be home till curfew-bell.
You know, with grain, to hurry's always well.

Too soon is sometimes bad, late always is.
Already now the tired cicada sees

The end of Summer. On this heavy air
The first storm broods. The ducks begin to fare

To southward, with swift whir of wings
Above the house; the cricket sadly sings."

Rosa obeyed the wonted fond command.
Under the kettle, with her strong white hand,

She laid the wood (the water hums and sings);
The sieve between her hands as if on wings

Flew scattering the meal swift to and fro;
The meal fell softly in a golden snow.

And when she's drifted all in, bit by bit,
She mixed and stirred and slapped and kneaded it.

Then kneeling in the firelight's bright glow,
Softly detaching from the pan the dough

With a slim poplar-stick, she turned it out,
And wrapped it firmly in a clean white clout.

The mother poured a silent rivulet
Of oil into a pan, the pan then set

Upon the coals; when it began to boil
Quick on the herbs she poured the fragrant oil,

Then dish and all, polenta too, Rose took
And carried to her father by the brook.

It is not impossible that there are poets who can address only our *fanciullino*. Perhaps Pascoli was one of them. We have no quarrel with this, since the idyllic is so beautiful and precious a kind of poetry; what we challenge is his erecting his own limitations into a theory, his saying that such, and such only, is poetry. But if he made the naïve mistake of building a rule and canon out of that kind of poetry which he chanced to be able to write, we may leave it to the historians of criticism to deal with his theories, while lovers of poetry will neglect them for his poems.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS.

A NOTE ON ROSSETTI

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

Since Leonardo da Vinci and Blake, was there any painter except Rossetti who was so immensely gifted, and in such various ways?

I think that, in a certain sense, his imagination often worked under a single and a double inspiration. His genius was composed of so many contrasting elements that it may be said that a song and a picture were conceived by some sudden instinct; that, with his unflagging energy, he rarely knew in what direction his very impulses were leading him, where his sense of abstract beauty was driving him, as he passed from *La Bocca Bocciata* to *Dante's Dream.* He had in him a sense of rhythm so supreme that the cadences of a line of his verse has the same sweep of the hand as in a painted fan. With no passion for music as music, he gives one as actual a sense of it in a stanza of *The Bride's Prelude* as in the fixed eyes of one of his portraits of women.

I am not certain if Pater said quite the final thing when he wrote: "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music." It was Leonardo da Vinci who said, in a more deeply imaginative way: "Music cannot be called other than the sister of painting." It may be imagined that music and harmony are co-existent: that they are "dancers in the eternal rhythm." Yet I cannot conceive, save rarely (as, for instance, in Giorgione), that any painter ever seriously thought of any connection between these two arts. Yet the legend is that, to the sound of flutes and the presence of mimes, Leonardo wove, year after year, the web of his magical *Gioconda.*

It was one of Rossetti's glories to paint luxuriously luxurious women, surrounded by every form of luxury. And some of them are set to pose in Eastern garments, with caskets in their hands and flames about them, looking out with unsearchable eyes. His colors, before they began to have, like his forms, an exaggeration, a blurred vision which gave him the need of repainting, of depriving his figures of life, were as if charmed into their own places; they took on at times some strange and stealthy and startling ardors of paint, with a subtle fury. By his fiery imagination, his restless energy, he created a world: curious, astonishing, at first sight; strange, morbid, and subtly beautiful. Everything he made was chiefly for his own pleasure; he had a contempt for the outside world, and his life was so given up to beauty, in the search for it and in the finding of it, that one can but say not only that his life was passion consumed by passion, as his nerves became more and more his tyrants (tyrants, indeed, these were, more formidable and more alluring and more tempting than even the nerves confess), but also that, in the words of Pater: "To him life is a crisis at every moment."

There was in him, as in many artists, the lust of the eyes. And as others feasted their lust on elemental things, as in Turner's *Rain, Steam and Speed,* as in Whistler's *Valparaiso,* as in the *Olympia* of Manet, as in a *Décor de Ballet* of Degas, so did Rossetti upon other regions than theirs. He had neither the evasive and instinctive genius of Whistler, nor Turner's tremendous sweep of vision, nor the creative and fiercely imaginative genius of Manet. But he had his own way of feasting on forms and visions more sensuous, more nervously passionate, more occult, perhaps, than theirs. Yet, as his intentions overpowered him, as he becomes the slave and no longer the master of his dreams, his pictures become no longer symbolic. They become idols. Venus, growing more and more Asiatic as the moon's crescent begins to glitter above her head, and her name changes from Aphrodite into Astarte, loses all the freshness of the waves from which she was born, and her own sorcery hardens into a wooden image painted for savage worship. Dreams are no longer content to be turned into waking realities, taking the color of the daylight, that they may be visible to our eyes, but they remain lunar, spectral, an unintelligible menace.

II

In the fire and imagination of Rossetti's genius there is intensity—of will, of conception, of spiritual intoxication, "of large draughts of intellectual day," and of "thirsts of love." There is a glamor and an enchantment that bring into modern verse a certain all but unheard-of sense of strangeness; as, for instance, where his verse is most tragic and narcotic, hallucinated and sinuously subtle. In his gnomic *Soothsay* he shows that no enchanter can ever be quite certain of his spells:

> Strive that thy works prove equal: lest
> That work which thou hast done the best
> Should come to be to thee at length
> (Even as to envy seems the strength
> Of others) hateful and abhorred,—
> Thine own above thyself made lord,—
> Of self-rebuke the bitterest.

It is equally certain that he rarely dared to let himself "do naught" for fear "of the soul's utter depths unsealed." And he said, with real subtlety, on his revision of one of his sonnets: "Solemn poetry belongs to the class of phrase absolutely forbidden, I think, *in* poetry. It is intellectually incestuous—poetry seeking to beget its emotional offspring on its own identity."

That Rossetti, whose face indicated voluptuousness brooding thoughtfully over destiny, was intensely sensitive, is true; and this made him a sort of medium to forces seen and unseen. So he fascinated women; so did the supernatural fascinate him. Next after Coleridge, his vision, lifted into its highest ecstasies, possessed and was possessed by the supernatural. It may begin in *Sister Helen* and end in *The King's Tragedy*. Between these comes *Rose Mary* (written in 1871), in which an occult imagination has created (in a medium unlike that of Coleridge), as an exorcist, a region where the supernatural element is constantly fused with inevitable realties; where one sees in the soul that was lost to bring it back

> A cloud where fiends had come to dwell,—
> A mask that hung from the gate of Hell.

And in the tragic woof of this conception there is that kind of wizardry in which, as it seems to me, Rossetti reclothes

himself in the enchanter's robes of Coleridge. For, even in these two stanzas, one finds how the spirit of the first poet is translated into the spirit of the later poet:

> A snake's small eye blinks dull and sly,
> And the lady's eyes they shrank in her head,
> Each shrank up to a serpent's eye.
>
> It seemed a snake with a golden sheath
> Crept near, as a slow flame flickereth,
> And stung her daughter's heart to death.

Sister Helen (in a sense, his highest creation) is an arduous sensuous tragedy, where the soul and the senses of this creature endure "the terrible Love turned to Hate, perhaps the deadliest of all passion-woven complexities," visualized, by pure magic, on a small space of the earth, that lies between Hell and Heaven. And all this is only a part of that sense of suspense that comes over one's senses, as omen follows on omen, as Helen's pulses beat more wildly until they and she expire. And she, turned witch for a reason, transformed into a breathing and destroying angel, of no perdition, is driven by an absolute sense of vengeance to destroy her lover's life. She is simply possessed by the one fixed idea: she is one who has loved and hated too much to care even for her life's survival: she who can cry:

> He sees me in earth, in moon and sky.

She is one who knows that "Hate, born of Love, is blind as he," that she has not one drop of living love for the man whose soul is to pass before her eyes. Yet her one heart-rending cry before she sighs out the last, is:

> Fire shall forgive me as I forgive!

With this her strength leaves her; all that remains is death:

> A soul that's lost as mine is lost!

A Last Confession, the only poem that Rossetti wrote in blank verse, is more than a soul's tragedy: it is the tragedy of ruined hopes; of love's deceptions; a confession in which the imagination is not everything, so colored is it, so filled with fire and shadow. It is in one nervous crisis that he utters implacable words against woman: out of his heart's despair, out of the heart's despair of all of us who have known "the hatred of man for woman, the hatred of woman for man":

You have not known
The dreadful soul of woman, who one day
Forgets the old and takes the new to heart,
Forgets what man remembers, and therewith
Forgets the man.

Yet he has heard souls shriek in Latin; has heard the bell "strike the hour in hell"; has always before him the vision of the girl he has slain, who menaces him, always in his sight, in his hearing, in the laugh of the brown-shouldered harlot,—her coarse empty laughter, as he saw her lean out of the tavern window thick with vine. So, with one touch of vain hope—"we may have sweetness yet"—he turns back on himself, on his moment's madness, when fire was blood, and says, as one eternally hopeless, seeing her unwind her thick wet hair:

For now she draws it out
Slowly, and only smiles as yet; look, Father,
She scarcely smiles; but I shall hear her laugh
Soon, when she shows the crimson steel to God.

As for the flesh, when he touches it in his verses, it is intimate with the soul and the body, as clean and natural as sex; as he himself said: "with that beauty of natural universal function" which one finds in *Nuptial Sleep;* and "here all the passionate and just delights of the body are declared—somewhat figuratively, but unmistakably—to be as naught if not ennobled by the concurrence of the soul at all times." In *Eden Bower* there is also a "central universal meaning": a song that whirls on the wings of scented whirlwinds, as abnormal passions turn, in Lillith and the Snake, malignant. Again, take *Jenny,* so Pagan in spirit, so modern in treatment, where a mere sensual courtesan's form of life is explained to her (with what wonderful insight!) by the "Romeo of a night," with, certainly, a half cynical revulsion of feeling; and as certainly woven out of an eternal problem. And it is in such lines as these that he troubles many rhythms that had become stagnant:

Some things which are not yet enrolled
In market-lists are bought and sold
Even till the early Sunday light
When Saturday night is market-night
Everywhere, be it dry or wet,
And market-night in the Haymarket.

Certainly it is in *Nuptial Sleep* that Rossetti has said, in his own fashion, what Blake had said before him in these lines:

> What is it men in women do require?
> The lineaments of gratified desire.
> What is it women do in men require?
> The lineaments of gratified desire.

But the less famous sonnet, *After the French Liberation of Italy,* is one in which the image of a woman is used literally —used for Italian reasons—in the form of a harlot; the most explicit sonnet ever written in regard to the question of the sexual relationship.

No modern poet ever had anything like the same grasp upon whatever is essential in poetry that Rossetti had; for all that he wrote or said about Art has in it an absolute rightness of judgment; and with these, as absolutely, an intellectual sanity. Here is one principle of artistic creation stated with instantaneous certainty: "Conception, *fundamental brain work,* that is what makes the difference in all art. Work your metal as much as you like, but first take care that the gold was worth working." But it is, strangely enough, that at the beginning of a review of Hake's *Parables and Tales* he says the final, the inevitable words on creation, and on what lies in the artist's mind before the act of creation: "The first and highest is that where the work has been all mentally 'cartooned,' as it were, beforehand by a process intensely conscious, but patient and silent—an occult evolution of life: then follows the glory of wielding words, and we see the hand of Dante, as the hand of Michelangelo—or almost as that quickening hand which Michelangelo has dared to embody—sweep from left to right, fiery and final."

That the spirit is greater than the flesh, that the spirit can never be reached by killing the flesh, is no new discovery; it is the wise interpretation by a modern critic of the original meaning. And it certainly typifies the creative work of Blake and of Rossetti; and of these alone. Yet while Rossetti's grip on the flesh is sensuous and luxurious, Blake's is imaginative and unsensuous. Yet in both how eagerly the soul struggles to escape the thraldom of the body!—Blake in his writhing convulsed figures in Dantesque agonies; Rossetti in his women's haunting, half-mystical eyes, thrilled (as the full red lips are) by the main desire of

the one desire: to be loved, as only absolute beauty is loved.

To him *The House of Life* (really, in his imagination, The House of Love: as there is no mystic to whom love has not seemed to be the essence or ultimate expression of the soul) was symbolic, as are our bodies. Instinctively drawn to faces (chiefly women's faces), he narrowed his ideals, such as they were, into this one form of intensity: his obsession for beauty, which included his obsession for women. And as he said of beauty, "I draw it in as simply as my breath," so did his thirst for these two increase with the increase of years.

Again, his seclusion was simply for lack of enough sympathy: he wanted in life more, I think, than did most men of such genius as he had. For what sense of peace can one restless soul give to another?

Yes, as Watts-Dunton said in his fundamental criticism of Rossetti: "He was the slave of his imagination—an imagination of a power and dominance such as I have never seen equaled. Of his vividness, no artistic expression of his can give any notion. He had not the smallest command over it."

The tremulous flame of his soul was disturbed by a mere breath, a sound, a shock on his nerves; more than anything else by suspense—on his own account and on others'; and simply for the reason that his sensitiveness was so intense that it interpenetrated his work with his life. And he was one of those rare artists to whom these verses might be applied:

> Henceforth for each of us remains the world.
> The gates have closed behind us, we are hurled
> From the fixed paradise of our content
> Into an outer world of banishment,
> And, in this anger of the garden's Lord,
> His serene angel with the fiery sword
> Has yet more pitilessly cast us forth,
> You by the gate that looks upon the North,
> And I by the gate looking on the South.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A PILGRIMAGE TO QUIETUDE

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Among the quiet hills and the peace-haunted valleys of northern Connecticut the world is not what Pater called "importunately visible." That cathedral of which he loved to speak, "where the soul seemed to be taking refuge," you may dream into existence for yourself in the dim coolness of a pine wood upon a slope high above the valley, which is, you would swear, a week's journey from paved streets and the dusty tread of crowds. Upon the mysteries of this forest sanctuary the outer world intrudes not even a little way; and here, if you choose,—here, in this enfolding quiet that is as near to the music of silence as you will ever come,—you can transform the murmuring stillness that is diffused through the violet and silver dusk into the low voices of monks or priests reciting their evening office . . . you fancy you could almost make out the words if you listened closely enough—"*Tu autem in nobis es, Domine, et nomen sanctum tuum invocatum est super nos.*"

In this place full of peace and dreams, you may recall that an unremembered Platonist has told us that the hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live: and here, in this lovely world of sweet solitudes and hushed airs and rich emerald distances, where the clamorous din of contending voices and conflicting aims is almost softened into gentleness—here, marvellously enough, you may, if you will, sup full of beauty. For among these summer hills a certain large-visioned and munificent idealist is pleased yearly to call into being, for the delight of his friends and neighbors of the countryside and for the greater glory of art, a festival of music-making, to which certain not wholly unregenerate denizens of the outer world are privileged to come. But this music-loving

Mæcenas of the New England hills is so modest and self-effacing in the pursuit of his unique beneficence that you might read exhaustively through the printed programme of the Festival without once coming upon his name. You will learn only of the memorable proceedings of "The Litchfield County Choral Union," and of certain activities of distinguished composers, singers, orchestras, conductors, pianists, and violinists at their meetings in the simple concert-hall (they are content to call it merely "The Music Shed") at Norfolk, in that border country of Connecticut where the Berkshires, in their gracious abundance, overflow out of Massachusetts.

It was to attend these noteworthy proceedings that a privileged though unworthy alien from the outer turbulence undertook a pilgrimage to those haunts of quietude, made lyric for a time by the beneficently magic wand of Mæcenas —who shall, in the course of this brief chronicle, be legendary no more; for he is, as a multiude of grateful music-lovers are well aware, none other than Carl Stoeckel,— enlightened enthusiast, patron, and connoisseur. There was to be much and consequential music-making at this 1916 Festival; but chiefly and engagingly, for the pilgrim, there was to be the first performance anywhere (important *premières* are a treasured specialty at these meetings) of a new composition by one of the greatest masters of music now living: Charles Martin Loeffler, whose earlier symphonic works—*La Mort de Tintagiles, La Bonne Chanson, A Pagan Poem*—with his incomparable songs and chamber-music, have won for him a fame of rare and enviable quality.

There was a beguiling fitness in the circumstance that this symphony of Loeffler's was suspected to be, in part, a fulfillment of the advice of Jefferies to all sick children of the world: "Let us leave this beating and turning over of empty straw; let us return to the streams and the hills; let us ponder by night in view of the stars." The composer has asked us to see with him, in this tone-poem, a wearied and contemplative wanderer, wrought upon, you fancy, by

> . . . the fretful stir
> Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,

following the eternal dream: a wanderer passing through a land (he tells us) "of ever-changing enchantments, where clouds moved like a procession of nuns over the hills, or de-

scended upon a lake, changing it into a mysterious gray sea. From far away (he continues) came a curious tolling of village church bells. On the slope above, a shepherd piped to his flocks. At last the pilgrim stood before the cathedral of a Benedictine Monastery, contemplating its beauty—even the grotesque beauty of the gargoyles, placed on the house of worship to ward off evil spirits. In the church, with its rose-window still aglow with the last evening light, the office of compline—known to the Benedictine monks as *Hora Mystica*—was tendered to God, and peace descended into the soul of the pilgrim."

Here, then, was to be a translation into music of the meditations and the moods of one who, having (as the Upanishads say) crossed over all the sorrows of the heart: having wandered and dreamed upon the hills and in the fields and valleys, had now turned his heart inward toward the silence of that holy of holies where, " with half-parted lips, the Infinite murmurs its ancient story," and where there is a light that shines, as Shankara tells us, like a light within a vase.

And as it had been foreshadowed, so it proved to be. The music was evocative, transforming. As we listened, the long June twilight falling slowly through the lilac-scented stillness outside became, for us, one with the enchantment that entered the soul of the pilgrim who spoke to us from the music. Through the open doors and windows the encircling hills, a deepening purple against the luminous amber of the sunset sky; the hushed valley with its distant shining stream; the tremulous stillness of the fields: these things were touched with magic, caught up and merged, by the witchery of the tone-poet, into the pictures unfolded in his music—became one with the communicated vision of the rhapsodist. You forgot that shepherds no longer pipe to their flocks upon the New England hills—if indeed they ever did: under the poet's spell, the liquid silver of the thrush's song, that rose and sank through the amethyst dusk, became that lonely fluting upon the hills. And when the passionate brooding and aspiration of the Adagio—music that was as a cry straight from the heart—led us at last, amid the chiming of the monastery bells, into the enwrapping holiness of the cathedral, with the chanting monks kneeling under the fading jeweled light. . . . "*Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle* . . ." then you might

well have been minded of the reflection of Jeremy Taylor: "If a man were but of a day's life, it is well if he lasts till evensong, and then says his compline an hour before the time."

So, at the end, you were left, through the miraculous agency of a great and transfiguring art, with a blend of reality and dream,—a reality of haunted richness and glamorous beauty, a dream half vision and half reverie; and it is likely that, forever after, you will think of the immemorial holiness and quiet of an old cathedral in terms of the holiness and quiet of a summer night among dim hills, where the songs of thrushes and of shepherd's pipings are blended in a fantasy of melancholy sweetness, and the chants of worshiping monks are wrought out of the immortal ritual of the heart's peace.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE ART OF WRITING[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Once upon a time that virtuoso of colored and flashing prose, James Huneker, wrote a tragic story about a man of letters who was obsessed by an unattainable ideal of style. In Mr. Huneker's ironic and acrid tale (it is one of those masterly studies of the æsthetic soul called *Melomaniacs*), the man, of course, dies unsatisfied—for, in a day of best-sellers and machine-made prose, he had dreamed of "long, sweeping phrases, drumming with melody, cadences like the humming of slow uplifting walls of water tumbling on sullen strands." He had fallen in love with the English language, and sat adoringly at the feet of each of its gods in turn. He sought to distill into his prose the virtues of Milton and De Quincey, Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, Burke and Charles Lamb, Sterne and Pater and Stevenson. Inevitably, he died defeated, a frustrate voluptuary of letters, leaving unfinished his formidable master-work: a bulky mass of manuscript, the pages of which were virginal of ink save for a single sentence of elaborate and chiselled beauty.

If Mr. Huneker's insatiate *prosateur* had lived, he might not have consummated his masterpiece; but he might easily have forestalled Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A., Fellow of Jesus College and King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, urbane and gifted essayist, and (incredible though it be) a pedagogue who is at once an illuminating teacher and an essential artist. That is to say, he might have achieved Sir Arthur's treatise, *On*

[1] *On the Art of Writing.* By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1916.

the Art of Writing. For Sir Arthur, like Mr. Huneker's tragical hero, is also, palpably and without shame, in love with the English language. It is a delightful anomaly: for not only is Sir Arthur in love with the language, but he is—as too few in America are aware—an accomplished practitioner of that art of which he is so obviously and flagrantly enamored; and who ever heard of such a man writing a treatise on English composition? We repeat, and you will agree, that here is an anomaly.

Surely there were disaffecting experiences for many of us who, in our callow yearning for advice and illumination, confided in sundry Guides to Good Writing. There were, to be sure, the Supermen: those masters of style who had, in expansive moments of counsel, spoken to us out of their wisdom. You could read Cicero on Style, or Quintilian on Style, or Goethe, or Newman, or Pater, or Flaubert, or Stevenson on Style—or, if you were born only a little while ago, you could read Mr. Galsworthy on Style. But all this was chiefly valuable for those who had themselves attained to some degree of mastery: here, for the most part, were road-maps to Parnassus that were useful only after you had got half-way up. So, in a moment of desperation, you turned (let us say) to that excellent treatise, *The King's English,* by Messrs. H. W. and F. G. Fowler. Perusing hopefully those sagacious and instructive pages, you came suddenly upon this rule: "*Prefer the Saxon word to the Romance.*" Whereupon there flowed out of your memory lines from certain great passages in English prose which you had innocently supposed to be models of high and unimpeachable respectability. There was Sir Thomas Browne, for example, with his famous mortuary meditation: ". . . and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests; what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relicks?" And Newman: ". . . . then will it be conceivable that the vigorous and fertile intellect should renounce its own double, its instrument of expression and the channel of its speculations and emotions." Or, thinking of your contemporaries, you remembered this passage out of Yeats: "Some believed that he found his eternal abode among the demons, and some that he dwelt henceforth with the dark and dreadful goddesses, who sit all night among the pools in the forest watching the constellations rising and setting in those desolate mirrors." Sir Thomas

Browne, Newman, Yeats—against H. W. and F. G. Fowler, authors of *The King's English:* which were right? You could not, of course, be sure; but you recklessly cast your vote with the majority, and gave over reading H. W. and F. G. Fowler.

But perhaps, you thought, there were more trustworthy counsellors; and it may be that you chose as your next preceptor Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, and his *English Composition.* But here were difficulty and doubt of a new kind. If our teachers persist in exhibiting themselves as among the worst of their Awful Warnings, we are likely to remember what Mark Twain said about the diminishing attractiveness of performing dancers who have lost their legs: that "these parties cease to draw." And that, alas, you must have felt to be applicable to Professor Wendell and his more discerning readers, when you found in his treatise such writing of his own as this: "Perhaps the cleverest variation of all is that by which such treason to a friend as makes Proteus odious is made, simply by attributing it to Helena, a woman, a very venial matter." Now it is certainly one of the loveliest of truths that a woman is indeed "a very venial matter"; but who could be sure that this is what Professor Wendell meant to tell us? So, concluding regretfully that the youngest of Harvard freshmen might have edited *Engglish Composition* to its advantage, you sorrowfully renounced it.

Had it been possible, you would have found a safe harbor in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. But alas, in those days, *On the Art of Writing* was still a thing of the far future. We continue to be born too soon. But here and now, for those students and enamored practitioners of their language who have not yet found out that none of us writes as he would: that none of us ever will—for such undismayed adventurers in the great art of English prose, there could scarcely be a happier and more profitable event than an encounter with Sir Arthur's book (which treats not only of the art of prose, but of the art of verse as well). Here is no mere assemblage of academic platitudes and half-truths, no futile primer of the obvious; here is no pretentious and slovenly analogue of that astonishing product of American culture to which we have referred. Here is a book, intended for students (it is, in fact, a compilation of college lectures), which rebukes and heartens you by its vision, its ripeness, its large tolerance,

its pervasive charm, its impeccable taste. It is written out of an exquisite and vivid consciousness of all that is soundest, noblest, and most excellent in literary art. Conceived and conducted by one who is himself a fastidious artist in the medium which he discusses, these expositions give you at every turn the point of view of the initiate—the man who has admirably done the trick himself. That is their distinction.

Sir Arthur's gallantry and independence are to be saluted. Suppose, for example, that you have been told by your mentors in rhetoric and composition that you must not use words that are foreign to the vocabulary of traveling-salesmen, débutantes, and captains of industry. Go to! says Sir Arthur, in effect: if you contrive to send your reader to the dictionary, hopefully assume that he will some day be grateful to you for expanding his capacity for expression, and that he will cease to exact of you that you take his ignorance as your standard. Indeed, Sir Arthur encourages you by his own example, boldly bringing into action such dreadnoughts of low visibility as *palmary, pullulate, discinct, culmen, and suppediate*—each and all of which we beg to recommend as desirable adjuncts to the most airtight of vocabularies.

We have no intention of proffering in tabloid form Sir Arthur's advice as to the composition of good English. We shall content ourselves with warning you that, slyly concealed among his precepts, is what the statesmen of Capitol Hill know as a "joker"; for, after telling you that writing, to be good, must be "appropriate," "perspicuous," and "accurate," and after showing you how you may develop these meritorious traits, he adds, with disarming candor, that your writing must also be "persuasive." When you ask how, if he pleases, you are to succeed in being "persuasive," what does he answer? Why, that persuasiveness "cannot be achieved without a sense of beauty"! But if, persisting, you desire to know how you may acquire this excellent and indispensable "sense of beauty,"—assuming that you do not already possess it,—we fear you will have to look elsewhere for your answer than in Sir Arthur's treatise *On the Art of Writing*.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

WITH AMERICANS OF PAST AND PRESENT DAYS. By J. J. Jusserand, Ambassador of France to the United States. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.

The title of M. Jusserand's book, in connection with the name of the author, is sufficient to arouse in American readers a warmer interest than is usually accorded to a collection of historical sketches and occasional addresses. The work itself, however, far surpasses such expectations as might arise merely from friendly feeling or from a natural curiosity to know what a distinguished Frenchman has to say about the relations of France with America. M. Jusserand has gathered in this volume "a few studies on some of the men or events of most interest from the point of view of Franco-American relations"—to which he has added three addresses, "just as they were delivered." The studies are severally entitled "Rochambeau and the French in America," "Major L'Enfant and the Federal City," "Washington and the French," and "Abraham Lincoln." The addresses, which occupy a relatively small space in the volume, comprise the speeches made by the American Secretary of State and the French Ambassador on the occasion of the presentation of the Franklin Medal by the United States to France, a commemorative address upon Horace Howard Furness, delivered in the name of the American Philosophical Society, and an address entitled "From War to Peace," delivered before the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes. Obviously these themes possess intrinsic interest, and as treated by a writer so sincere and so accomplished as M. Jusserand, they would naturally lend themselves to a highly acceptable expression of international good will. But there is so much more in these essays and addresses than historical learning, or amenity, or eloquence, that it is difficult to convey a just impression of the really great quality of the whole book without belying its modest scale and aim and the exquisitely simple style in which it is written.

In composing the historic pieces, M. Jusserand has made extensive and discriminating use of original documents: the discourse on "Rochambeau and the French in America" is based, indeed, upon a study of documents as yet unpublished—notes, letters, journals,

sketches, " which have come down to us in large quantities and from all manner of men." There are journals and memoirs of army chiefs like Rochambeau or chiefs of staff like Chastellux, narratives of a regimental chaplain, like Abbé Robin, of " a sceptical rake like the Duke de Lauzun, the new Don Juan, whose battle stories alternate with his love reminiscences," journals of officers of various ranks, like Count de Deux-Ponts, Prince de Broglie; Count de Ségur, son of the marshal; Mathieu-Dumas, future Minister of War to the future King of Naples, Joseph Bonaparte; the Swedish Count Axel de Fersen, one of Rochambeau's aides, who was to organize the French royal family's flight to Varennes; among many others, too, the journal of " a modest quartermaster like Blanchard, who gives a note quite apart, observes what others do not observe, and whose tone, as that of a subordinate, is in contrast with the superb ways of the ' seigneurs ' his companions." Through his entire familiarity with these abundant and little known records, M. Jusserand has been able to give to his narrative an effect of reality and immediacy that is as remarkable as its unaffected charm. For the reader the time-gap disappears and 1781 becomes as exciting a year as is 1916.

But there is in these historic pieces a convincing quality deeper and subtler than anything that could result merely from the deft and judicious use of colorful materials. The author is not merely a historian: he is what very few historians are—a thorough humanist. In a lesser way this quality manifests itself, most persuasively, in the delightful intimations of character which are strewn through the narrative, or rather imbedded in it, so that they form integral parts of it. It is not merely that one comes upon pleasant revelations as to Washington's very English pronunciation of French or Lafayette's quaint use of English: it is that the personalities of the chivalrous veterans and ingenuous young soldiers who figure in the story become endeared to one through many little touches of nature. The men of 1781 are brought near to the reader, and they captivate him with their spirit. M. Jusserand writes as one would talk to friends about friends still living—so little is there of academic stiffness in his style. And he makes one feel that those of whom he writes are men and brothers.

A broader humanity is evinced throughout the whole book—a humanity that includes patriotism, love of liberty, love of the ideal. It is this which enables the author not only to give us a new appreciation of Washington as a man, but to reveal him, in a clearer light than we usually see by, as a world figure. It is this that enables him to interpret so acceptably, with many side-lights from French opinion, the character of Abraham Lincoln. Very characteristic of the tone of the whole book is the clear demonstration, in the first essay, of the fact that French assistance to the American revolutionists was inspired not by hatred of England but by love of liberty. In brief, M. Jusserand brings Revolutionary times close to us by subtly em-

phasizing the ties of common humanity and the persistence of ideal hopes. He makes us yearn a little, too, for those earlier times, with their *naïveté* and their idealism, when we think of what is going on in Europe in this year of terror.

Can it be that anything survives of that provincial prejudice against the French which Washington had to overcome before at last he could write in his private journal with full conviction these three words: "our generous allies"? Is there a trace remaining in America of that view, originally expressed in the *Spectator*, which represented Frenchmen as "mere ludicrous puppets"? Hardly—after one hundred and fifty years, and in the light of the present war! But, more than most books could do, this volume of M. Jusserand will help to strengthen a respect that is already deep and sincere and a friendship that is already cordial. It will do this through its unobtrusive and quickening appeal to sentiments of amity that are founded in common ideals.

NATIONALITY IN MODERN HISTORY. By J. Holland Rose. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

Whoever has striven to learn the ultimate causes of the European conflict, feeling, as so many of us do, the necessity of rationalizing in some way an event that seems appallingly irrational and chaotic, will have found it hard to get much beyond the simple word "nationality." Not in the necessary operation of economic laws, nor in the decree of a militaristic Fate, nor in a sudden fit of insanity on the part of a single nation or group of men, does the true explanation lie. The war resolves itself into a question of "national aspirations," with which is associated the question of the moral responsibility of the State. But what does "nationality" mean? And is it in itself a force for good or for evil? These questions haunt us as we read books about war and diplomacy, so plentiful nowadays. What the average thoughtful reader needs is just such a study of nationality in the light of history as Professor Rose has given us in his recently published book—a little volume which deals satisfactorily with abstractions and affords a real historic perspective within the brief space of two hundred pages. One could hardly choose a better guide than Professor Rose—a historian less doctrinaire, or truer to the facts, or more capable of seeing things in their wholeness.

By showing how nationality grew up and what it has accomplished in the world, Professor Rose gives us a really profitable conception of what it is. In the ancient world there was no really national State, although there were city-states and empires. The Europe of the Roman Empire was split up into tribal areas by barbarian invasions. The attempt of the rulers of the Holy Roman Empire to achieve unity failed, and "civilization was lost in a medley of little domains." By slow degrees these sorted themselves out, un-

til by the year 1600 the outlines of large States were clearly defined. In obedience to a powerful force these larger groups solidified and became the great organic States of the modern world. This force is nationality. Briefly, but with satisfying development of the essential thoughts, the author traces the rise of national feeling and of the national idea—not as yet clearly conceived: he points out the part played by wars against a common foe in strengthening the sentiment of unity, and shows how nationality found expression in certain personalities, through literature or otherwise, as in Dante, in Chaucer and Wycliffe, in Jeanne d'Arc. In France the later development of nationality, as Professor Rose makes plain, was prepared for by the achievement of union under absolute monarchy. Then came the struggle for liberty and with it the sense of nationality. Not only the new conception of liberty but the new idea of the nation, the author instructively points out, is to be found in Rousseau. Nationality conferred new energy upon France; but the Revolutionary impulse erred by excess and paved the way for Bonapartism. In Germany, curiously enough, we find in the pre-national period a development of international or cosmpolitan ideals, as illustrated in the thought of Kant. But these ideals were connected with a condition of political weakness and inefficiency. It was only under the influence of political forces making for union, of new philosophical and literary teachings, such as are found in the writings of Schiller and in the later doctrines of Fichte, of the national education that was carried on in the new universities, that the energy of the German people was really released.

Up to this point, nationality is seen to be in no small degree an affair of thought—an education of the national consciousness. This, however, is not always nor necessarily true. In contrast with the cases of Germany and of France, is set that of Spain—a very different phenomenon. The Spanish national rising of 1808 was, indeed, a genuine expression of nationality; it led the more phlegmatic peoples of the North into the crusade that finally overthrew the might of Napoleon. But it was an expression of nationality in a relatively crude form. The impulse that led to national resistance was simply that of outraged pride and dignity, unconnected with the deeper convictions of the mind. "An explosion of terrific force took place, but thereafter everything tended to settle down in nearly the same condition as before."

Plainly, intellectual leadership is necessary for the healthful development of nationality. In Italy such leadership was found. It is in the words of Mazzini that we find the most explicit and acceptable declaration of the creed of nationality: "The map of Europe will be remade. The countries of the peoples will arise, defined by the voice of the free, upon the ruins of the countries of kings and privileged castes. Between these countries there will be harmony and brotherhood. . . . Then each of you . . . may hope by your per-

sonal efforts to benefit the whole of Humanity.'' In this utterance of Mazzini's the force of nationalism seems to blend with the ideal of internationalism. This utterance, indeed, may be regarded as the high water mark of the enlightened spirit of nationality.

By comparison, the modern German form of nationalism seems crude and depraved, while the Slavs have not yet reached a degree of national development capable of carrying the ideal still further or of applying it more effectively. The study of Slavic efforts, indeed, adds nothing to our conception of nationality except that these struggles, in their very incompleteness and their comparative failure, confirm those conclusions which are reached by examining the history of other peoples.

What, then, is nationality? The author has indicated his leading conception by a quotation from Renan which he has prefixed to his volume: '' *Avoir fait de grandes choses ensemble, vouloir en faire encore, viola la condition essentielle pour être un peuple.*'' Nationality, it would seem is an affair of the will. Decidedly it is not primarily a matter of race or of language or of geography: still less is it due to periodic visitings of the world spirit—the fatal doctrine of Hegel. Abstract definitions can hardly prove fruitful, but certain practical conclusions at which the author arrives are in a high degree productive of enlightenment. Obviously, nationality is a mighty power, by no means to be ignored, nor to be deprecated in the interests of a lifeless cosmopolitanism. It has '' endowed the European peoples with a vitality and force which resembles, say, the incoming of steam power into industry.'' In its highest form it is '' a spiritual conception, inconquerable, indestructible.'' The instinct of nationality, to be sure, is capable of abuse, and the present European war is in a sense its *reductio ad absurdum.* Yet this instinct is amenable to guidance, and when properly guided may be a force for good of incalculable potency. Between nationalism and internationalism there is no necessary conflict; the former may support and blend with the latter. '' After the attainment of civic freedom and national solidarity, the national instinct, which strengthens with opposition and weakens after due satisfaction, ought to merge in the wider and nobler sentiment of human brotherhood, in the attainment of which it is only a preparatory phase.'' There is hope, then, of a definite improvement in man's estate after the close of the present war, if only in the final settlement nationality is recognized as the unexhausted and truly evolutionary force that it really is.

THE DIPLOMATIC BACKGROUND OF THE WAR. By Charles Seymour, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1916.

The increasing number of books about the war makes careful selection among them a necessary measure of self-protection for the reader. In particular has the writing of discussions about the diplo-

matic antecedents of the conflict been overdone. Out of many articles and treatises on the subject has come much information, indeed, but little real enlightenment. The fact is that the time for writing more or less superficial or opinioned accounts of national policies and characteristics, more or less impassioned denunciations of national characters and traits, more or less journalistic traceries of diplomatic intrigues or estimates of public men, has pretty well passed. There is good hope that the second crop of war books may prove far better than the first. It is surprising, however, that at the present stage of events a book so sound and historically so mature as Professor Seymour's *The Diplomatic Background of the War*, could be produced. The reader who has learned to shrink at the sight of the word " diplomacy " upon a title page may be reassured with respect to this volume. What Professor Seymour has written is not a history of recent diplomacy—from which conclusions of value might or might not be deducible—but an account of diplomacy in modern history.

The European War was preceded by a diplomatic struggle scarcely less bitter than the war itself. Back of this conflict lies a formative period in which the main interests—the real and not the imaginary interests—of the Powers, are gradually defined, and the influences that have divided Europe into two hostile groups of nations may be seen interacting. To obtain a clear view in outline of the whole period from 1870 to 1914, is to gain an insight that would be sought in vain through a more partial study, however thorough. This clear general view, supplemented by adequate details, Professor Seymour most acceptably supplies. As treated by him the story of European international relations during the last forty-five years proves to be unexpectedly coherent, relatively simple. The main features stand out plainly. Bismarck's foreign policy and the formation of the Triple Alliance, with, eventually, the Dual Alliance between France and Russia as a weak offset; the leading motives of German and English foreign policy; the " diplomatic revolution " which led to the formation of the Triple Entente and to the conflict of alliances; the developments of the Near Eastern Question, which resulted in the Balkan wars and ultimately precipitated the crisis—in dealing with all these topics, Professor Seymour makes essential truths appear, and he manages with uncommon success to avoid the fault of amplifying either too much or too little.

Manifestly a historic study that is essentially so clear and so well proportioned as this of Professor Seymour's should lead the reader into cool and sane ways of thinking. Such is the case. The account of international struggles which is given in this book " holds together " so well, is so intelligible and so reasonable, that it seems to exclude prejudice or bitter feeling. And there is also in the author's remarks a quality of tolerance and good sense that deserves to be especially noticed.

THE EUROPEAN ANARCHY. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

After nearly two years of painfully confused thought in regard to the causes of the war and of bitter controversy about the motives of the nations engaged in it, the idea that is beginning to be uppermost in the minds of many thoughtful persons is simply this: that not the insatiable greed nor the hypocritical selfishness of any one nation is responsible for the disaster, but the whole European system—the medieval conception of international relations which still prevails. We are still living, if not in the dark ages, in the age of Machiavelli—an age dominated by belief in necessary state selfishness and characterized by a self-perpetuating mutual suspicion between the nations of Europe. This idea is beginning to detach itself from the partial notions that have formed, so to speak, its matrix—from Utopian schemes of universal peace, from denials of the principle of nationality, from denunciations of secret diplomacy, from demonstrations of the economic interdependence of all nations.

The old order needs changing; for under it even the best and most chivalrous of nations can be but a knight-errant in a world of violence. It cannot, indeed, change all at once. But one may rationally hope that the conclusion of the present war may bring its passing appreciably nearer. According to what seems the soundest view, the first step would be the formation of a league of nations for the enforcement of international law and order, with a reservation of force for the coercion of the law-breakers. "Let the law-breaker be defined," writes Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson in his recently published book, *The European Anarchy*, "as the one who appeals to force instead of appealing to law and right by machinery duly provided for that purpose, and the aggressor is immediately under the ban of the civilized world, and met by an overwhelming force to coerce him into order." And, indeed, would Germany have entered upon the present world-conflict, for the beginning of which so many hold her responsible, if she had had any solid ground for faith in international justice, or even if she had known in advance the tremendous power that would be brought against her?

In order to effect the desired change, not merely new machinery is needed but a new point of view, a reform in the general way of thinking about international questions. When a patriotic Englishman can write with the moderation, and also with the freedom from visionary idealism, which is manifested in this book of Mr. Dickinson's, it seems that the change is nearer the possibility of realization than might be supposed. "I do not palliate the responsibility of Germany for the outbreak of the war," declares the author, "but that responsibility is imbedded in and conditioned by a responsibility deeper and more general—the responsibility of all the Powers alike for the European anarchy." The same spirit

of fairness is expressed in what Mr. Dickinson writes of the Kaiser: "According to Baron Beyens, on hearing the news of the murder of the Archduke the Kaiser changed color, and exclaimed: 'All the effort of my life for twenty-five years must be begun over again!' A tragic cry which indicates what I personally believe to be the case, that it has been the constant effort of the Kaiser to keep the peace in Europe, and that he foresaw now that he would no longer be able to resist war."

That view of European affairs which seems destined to prevail when passions have subsided and truth separates itself from doctrine, is expressed by Mr. Dickinson with a philosophic clearness, an intensity, and a restraint that should make his book a real force.

PRESENT-DAY CHINA. By Gardner L. Harding. New York: The Century Company, 1916.

Mr. Harding's little book stands quite apart from much that has been written about China in that it is neither a conventional study of events nor merely a series of more or less vivid impressions of Chinese life and character. In order to understand the awakened China of today, it is necessary first to know something of the people—not in generalities, but in specific human terms—and then to understand what the spirit of nationality is, and what its power may be not merely among the inhabitants of America and Europe but among the remoter dwellers in Asia. Mr. Harding possesses both kinds of comprehension. As one who has lived long in China and who has studied to attain a genuine understanding of the Chinese people, he has gathered plenty of significant observations. Through his grasp of the Chinese situation as a whole—and more particularly through his sympathetic understanding of the national spirit—he is able to interpret his observations convincingly.

The reader of Mr. Harding's book will be likely to revise the view, if he has entertained it, that the Chinese are foredoomed to vegetate for an indefinite period under an absolute and unprogressive monarchy. "The Chinese worship of monarchical institutions, for all the centuries, . . . is largely an illusion for foreign consumption. The Chinese have not even had a nobility, and their local government, which has been until recently the only government the people have felt, has been essentially democratic, even communistic in character." The awakening of the people, though slow and partial, has been real. Then, too, there have been concrete signs of national progress. The peril of bankruptcy, for example, has passed, and the "game of paying off old debts with new loans is almost over." The reader cannot but respond to the author's well-supported and not too sanguine conviction that the potentiality of China as a nation is immense. The significance of this hopeful view is seen when it is

pointed out, in a manner that leaves little room for doubt, that the upbuilding of China is vital to the peace of the world.

This interesting discourse of Mr. Harding's, readable as narrative, entertaining in its incidental pictures of life and in the glimpses it gives of notable persons, puts vitality into one's conception of China, and it clearly embodies a definite and ethical idea of world-policy.

My Home in the Field of Honor. By Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1916.

If the vivid account which Mme. Huard has written of her experiences in the battlefield of northern France during the great retreat were pure fiction, one would nevertheless read it with intense interest. All the fictional elements are here: plot, in the broader sense; suspense, character, depth of feeling, and, of course, a scene and a series of incidents that the imagination could hardly create. The author tells in the simplest and most concrete terms of how the news of approaching war was received in Paris, of the matter-of-fact way in which men responded to the call to arms, of how her home—the chateau of Villiers, sixty miles northwest of Paris—was transformed from the scene of a pleasant house-party into an improvised military hospital. In short, she gives an extraordinarily clear realization of just how the outbreak of the war affected the everyday life, the thought and feeling, of sensitive, highly civilized men and women: she makes us understand how great was the change and yet how far it was from being cataclysmic. Then she tells us of the streams of refugees, coming from villages ever nearer her own home, and then of her own hurried and eventful flight southward before the Germany army. Finally she gives us a no less graphic account of her return over the battlefield to her home, now wrecked and defiled. The author has made use of an uncommon literary gift to write a story of actual experiences that brings before us the fearfulness of war without any effect of melodrama or superfluity of horror, and that expresses real emotion with sincerity and with artistic restraint. When one remembers that the narrative is not fiction, but simple truth, one gasps. The effort to realize what has taken place in Europe is difficult and painful, but it is good for one's soul. In this story of Mme. Huard's, so vigorously and so acceptably told, there is much actuality, much humanity, much of the real French spirit.

Poems of War and Peace. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1916.

The poems of Robert Underwood Johnson are eloquent and vigorous expressions of thoughts upon subjects that have in almost

every instance a strong and general human appeal and in most cases a concrete bigness. The poems are in the major and not in the minor key. What Mr. Johnson has to say in verse about such subjects as "Embattled France," "The Peace Palace at the Hague," or "Shakespeare" or "Rheims" or "The President" is well worth saying, and it is often said with surprising felicity. This poetry makes a direct and honest appeal to the mind and heart —not to the nerves—and aims at spiritual things through plain thoughts. Correspondingly, the ring of the verse is Elizabethan or traditionally American rather than ultra-modern. The varied but not too ingenious use of rhyme, the straightforward but not monotonous melody of the lines, are restful. Even in the poems on slighter and more personal themes there is much more than mere anxious analysis of mood or highly decorative expression of sentiment. On the whole, the intellectual and metrical soundness of these poems makes them welcome to all lovers of sincere poetic art.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE NEW SIDE OF WAR

SIR,—In the June number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there appeared an interesting article on "The Bright Side of War." The writer presents her original claim in the opening lines, saying:

> In these days of widespread anxiety concerning moral issues, we are not likely to undervalue the crimes and horrors of the present war; but we seem to have fallen into the mistake of underestimating the pleasant side of it.

The argument which follows contains many truths, which all fair readers may easily admit, but the conclusions are invariably based upon an hypothesis which is stated in the words of Nelson at Copenhagen: "But mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands."

If this state of exultation filled the breasts of all soldiers in our modern wars, there would be no answer to Mrs. Portor's claim; indeed, unanimous agreement would be only just when she asserts:

> By this (the bright side of war) I mean frankly the actual happiness that comes with war to the legions of soldiers themselves, in such measure as I believe is but rarely or never meted out to men in times of peace.

Is it possible today for careful, thinking, knowing folk to consent to this certainly startling plea? If this much is admitted, civilization, as it has developed for many significant centuries, must be written down as based upon a mistaken foundation. But is it true, *today*, that war offers to men the sort of "happiness" that cannot be found through peace? An examination of the historic records does not seem to sanction the claim. In ancient Greece it was quite possible for heroic souls to see their equally heroic gods and goddesses hovering in mid-air and aiding, with their supermundane powers, their favorites on either side. All of us can still feel the martial glow of fervor and fire as Hector and Achilles stride splendidly to mortal combat and personally exult and destroy; but much water has run under the bridges of time since Greece had her golden day and Rome ruled the world. The slow, steadfast work of the patient, purposeful centuries has built up new conceptions of war—and new conceptions of peace.

Mrs. Portor writes:

> We have not yet in this present conflict been touched upon the lips; but we are sentimentalists, taking in the conflict through the eye and ear, like those who, whether by circumstances or temperament or both, have rather looked on at life than been of it; or those who, never having willingly risked their lives, cannot endure the sight of others doing so; who would stop all happiness of heroism because they cannot bear to see blood. It is the sentimentality of the emotional play-goer and novel-reader; and few of us are free from the taint of it.

Now in summing up the final values of war, as it unfolds before our eyes in these latter days, are we not compelled to think in terms of 1916 and not after the fashion of less complex times than ours? Must we not take into full account first the *new* side of war and then the *new* side of peace before we can justly decide that to oppose war, or to accentuate its terrors, is in any sense a proof of unworthy sentimentalism?

Let us look at the new side of war. What is it? Where, in the conflicts of the past few years, can we discover even a faint trace of the possibilities for personal exaltation which were easily attained in the oldtime battles, when men met men and "fought it out" in good, lusty, human fashion until the weaker was vanquished and the hero was crowned?

Modern warfare spells—munitions, first, last and always, munitions. On land the personal attacks are preceded by violent bombardments from the enemy—the enemy who is yards, or it may be, miles away! At sea, the dreadnoughts throw their tons of metal from the far-distant offing, and the greatest menace to the foe lurks with the torpedoes from the dark, the mines in hidden waves, or the bombs dropped from the open skies. There is not even a sign of the man-to-man struggle of the old heroic hours. Then again:

Where two or three are gathered together in the name of Honor, asking to be allowed to give their lives nobly, it is not unlikely that Life will grant their request.

None will deny this vital truth, but when two or three thousands are gathered together in the name of Destruction, and very few, if any, have a chance to die nobly, it is most likely that Death in its most horrid guise will take its grim toll. This is the thing which made as brave a man as General Sherman define war as he did over half a century ago; and this is the grave problem which today is facing the modern mind.

The old idea of war as wholesome combat has disappeared completely. We of the present hour are confronted with the dark visage of a new and grewsome monster whose jaws are big and strong enough to crunch out all semblance of our hard-won civilization.

It is Joy, after all, that is the greatest of all true teachers; for it is through human joys that humankind has worked its toilsome way out from the deeps of savagery and sorrow into the light of civilization and comfort. War is the last link with savagery, and until war has gone out into the darkness with want and hunger and sickness unwatched and untended, we cannot fully claim that civilization is achieved.

This, then, is The New Idea of War. Life is more precious in 1916 than it has ever been before; Joy is more easily accessible; comfort is more speedily assured, and with living a daily opportunity for mental and spiritual expressions—when there is peace—it is an excusable thing to arraign the horrors of strife, since all strife is the kill-joy of progress.

But, even in the face of these conclusions, it may be frankly admitted that:

To the fit and the strong of spirit, there is a personal happiness to be found in worthy conflict as nowhere else. In biography, in history, this "happiness" stands out indisputable.

But it still remains to ask, "Is the present conflict worthy?" This is the crucial test. As careful an authority as Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson tells us gravely today these thought-compelling things:

But, while power may be sought for its own sake, it is commonly sought by modern States as a means to wealth. It is the pursuit of markets and concessions and outlets for capital that lies behind the colonial policy that leads to wars.

States compete for the right to exploit the weak, and in this competition, Governments are prompted or controlled by financial interests. . . The Powers combine for a moment to suppress the common victim, the next thing they are at one another's throat *over the spoil*." (The italics are mine.)

Where is "the bright side" to this kind of war—in the twentieth century?

To claim then that there is still a bright side to war is just, perhaps; it is also perhaps true—but only as it is true that Mrs. Browning and Robert Louis Stevenson were brave and virile spirits in spite of their ailing flesh. When Columbus came to America he found here the Indian "braves" whose boast was proudly kept, that none could see them flinch even when horrid torture did its worst upon their quivering flesh. Of such high elements is our human stuff composed—and there are none to deny its heroism—but "prevention" is the last word in all modern methods; cure is now only the secondary expedient in disease. Thus war, with all its long list of "glories," with all its brilliant pageantries, and all its brave heroics, is the potential mother of misery, and, if indeed it still must live, let us solemnly face its terrors, but let us admit their truth. Let us soberly take up arms and suffer and bleed and die, if needs must be, but let us not—in the name of humankind—minimize for one moment the thing that all modern warfare must of necessity mean.

ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

THE CONSTITUTION VERSUS TARIFF COMMISSIONS

SIR,—There are three real obstacles intervening between the present status and the establishment of an effective tariff commission in the United States. They may be indicated as follows:

1. Article 1, Section VII, of the Constitution of the United States, first paragraph, says: "All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate may propose or concur with the amendments as on other bills."

2. Article 1, Section V, of the Constitution of the United States, second paragraph, says: "Each house may determine the rule of its proceedings," etc.

3. The fact that under the power granted by the people in the last quoted portion of the Constitution, the Senate and the House have appointed committees which, under their rules, have exclusive jurisdiction of the tariff and all collateral matters.

No two points are better settled than that the House of Representatives has jurisdiction, in the first instance, of all revenue bills, and that both Houses have full power, direct from the people, to settle the rules of their proceedings.

It would be useless to go into the long history of the struggle between the committees in the House of Representatives and the various attempts made by strong men in the membership of the two houses to enlarge or narrow the jurisdiction of committees. The Committee on Ways and Means

is one of the oldest in the House, and the Senate Finance Committee likewise is of great antiquity—as antiquity is measured in America. Neither exercises now the power that it once did, relatively speaking, as the growth of House and Senate business has led at times to subdivision of the committee work, in which process important functions have been set aside from the Committee on Ways and Means and the Finance Committee and given over to other committees. But they still remain in control of all revenue legislation.

The House and the Senate might give to any other committees jurisdiction of revenue legislation, but neither the House nor the Senate can get rid of that portion of the Constitution giving the House original jurisdiction of revenue matters. Only the people, through the Legislature, can do that, and until and unless it is done, we can not have in this country an effective tariff commission, apart from politics.

We have now two tariff commissions, operating under the law and the Constitution, with ample machinery, for gathering facts at home and abroad, and with ample power to spend any amount of money necessary to make investigations. They are in politics, of necessity, because their members are politicians. Whether they have wrought well or ill depends upon how the observer is affiliated politically. One observer will affirm that the Dingley, McKinley and Payne-Aldrich tariffs were perfection itself. Another will hold for the Wilson or the Underwood-Simmons tariff. All those tariffs were the products of the investigations and the recommendations of the two Constitutional and legal tariff commissions which we now have. Those two tariff commissions are: 1. The House Committee on Ways and Means. 2. The Senate Committee on Finance. Names do not matter. They are tariff commissions in fact.

Aside from the two legal and Constitutional tariff commissions now in being, we have what amounts to three others, or at least three agencies of Government so equipped and operated that they could be tariff commissions or are very willing to be made into such, if Congress will grant them money and delegate to them, or to any one of them, such powers as the Congress can delegate. They are: 1. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce. This commission has power to gather, through the bureau named, every fact and figure necessary to the work of a tariff commission. 2. Various bureaus of the Department of State having jurisdiction of diplomatic and consular correspondence, other than on administrative affairs. These bureaus could gather the information needed as to foreign trade conditions and applicable to the investigation of the tariff. 3. The newly constituted Federal Trade Commission, the duties of which overlap those of the Department of Labor and Commerce at many points.

None of the three agencies mentioned could do more than gather information and make recommendations based thereon to the Congress, for its guidance in regard to tariff matters. And no tariff commission that can be created by the Congress and approved by the President, can do any more than that, because the Constitution imposes upon the House of Representatives the duty, which none of its members can escape without being open to impeachment, of retaining original jurisdiction of tariff matters.

Personally, I should be very much pleased if there could be established a tariff commission of high minded patriots, who would devise and put into effect a tariff act based upon scientific lines, without fear or favor, and con-

ceived with the idea of securing enough revenue to pay the expenses of Government economically administered, and in such a fashion as to assure a reasonable share of prosperity to the country and not duplicate the work, duties, and expense of the two Congressional committees and three other agencies named. It must be apparent, however, that the distinguished and wise gentlemen who are working so hard to attain to such a consummation are walking all around the curbing of the well at the bottom of which the truth is reposing. That well is the Constitution of the United States. Until and unless it is amended, I repeat, no effective tariff commission can be established in the United States, apart from politics. Perhaps not then.

N. B.—If every citizen would carry in his pocket a copy of the Constitution, consult it freely and memorize its important paragraphs, he would be able to confound many men who are wise in appearance, because no one has the disposition to quote article, section and paragraph of that great state paper with which all our laws must square and by which all of our activities must be governed.

GEORGE GILBERT.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

THE MUSICAL "FUTURISTS"

SIR,—Mr. Gilman's ascription of "ribaldry" to the pseudo-art of the musical fakirs—Ornstein, Stravinsky, *et al.*, in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is wholly undeserving, and would be thought very flattering indeed by the perpetrators themselves and their equally guilty accomplices. Can one in very truth, in all these impotent strivings and feeble half-attempts at articulate expression, discern anything of meaning at all? For my part I fail to see in nine-tenths of all this musical rubbish that is put forth to-day and foisted upon us, aught that is worthy of receiving even passing mention or notice by the reviewer of musical events. With an honorable exception here and there, it is all hollow, empty pretense and sham—inconsequential to the last degree and utterly beneath contempt.

Messrs. Ornstein, Stravinsky, etc., to whom Mr. Gilman so scathingly refers, are hardly to be taken as seriously as all that. He is crediting them with really too much marked achievement—positive accomplishment—in charging them, as he does, with desecrating the Temple of Music. Their musical scrawlings are of too infantile an order to do more serious damage and harm to the edifice up to the present time than merely deface its exterior: these are disfiguring marks that there will be no serious difficulty in effacing by a generous application of soap and water.

MORRIS WALDMAN.

NEW YORK CITY.

[Mr. Waldman takes us too seriously. Our remark about the "ribaldries" of Messrs. Ornstein and Stravinsky was "writ sarcastic" (a dangerous practice) and was intended to voice the horror of the aesthetic Bourbons at the proceedings of these musical rebels, rather than to express our own more tolerant and enlightened views. For though the doings of the musical Futurists are far from engendering in us a joy too great to be borne, we should not dream of seriously charging these gentlemen with defacing the august walls of the Temple of Music. It is a vast and hospitable temple, and what seem to one generation to be mere

gamineries scrawled upon its walls, may prove to be of precious significance and beauty to a generation yet unborn. Nor are Mr. Ornstein and Mr. Stravinsky lightly to be damned together. They are alike only in their disrespect for aesthetic traditions; in the character of their musical speech they are incomparable.—L. G.]

COMPETITORS IN AMERICANISM

SIR,—In a recent REVIEW, Mr. James P. McGee goes out of his way to attack Americans of British birth as a danger to the country because they are slow to become naturalized. So far as I have observed and read, the great danger to the country arises not from those citizens who are most deliberate in transferring their allegiance, but from those who are in such a hurry to get their snouts in the public trough that they rush to be naturalized the day after they land.

Mr. McGee tells us that he has five children who were born in this country. It is quite certain that they are classed and class themselves as Irish-Americans, and this will be so for we don't know how many generations to come. I have seven children and they are just as American as the *Mayflower* descendants. There is the difference between some immigrants and others. I am content to leave the question of their relative danger to be settled by Americans.

IWAS YORKSHIRE.

BOSTON, MASS.

[We disagree with our slightly choleric friend. As to the question of "relative danger" between American residents of foreign birth who are slow in becoming naturalized, and those who are prompt in so doing, we think the latter are decidedy less "dangerous." If you intend to become an American citizen, why delay?—EDITOR.]

THE GERMAN THREAT AGAINST EGYPT

SIR,—In a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW you publish an article, "The Problem at Suez," which, I believe, omits to state the fundamental factor among the causes that might impel the Germans to turn their attention toward Egypt. The author, Mr. Charles Johnston, in his concluding paragraph says: "The Teutonic threat against Egypt involves an expedition . . . which, even if ideally successful, would be wholly futile for the real purpose Germany has in view: the breaking of the chain of steel which is throttling her to death." That the Germans would be enabled to break "the chain of steel" by the capture of the Suez Canal may be a possible reason which might induce them to make a second attack, but a far more powerful reason which is likely to enter into their calculations is the psychological effect an invasion of Egypt would have not only upon the natives, whose fickleness is proverbial, but also upon the European nations, which would be profoundly influenced by a successful campaign carried out under German auspices against the Suez Canal. The "chain of steel" might, to be sure, not be severed; but at least the fickle ties of affection for British rule would be stretched to the breaking point.

VERNAM HULL.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"FRIGHTFULNESS AS CHRISTIANITY"

SIR,—I have read and reread with much interest Mr. Swift's article in a recent number of the REVIEW, "Frightfulness as Christianity." It has cleared up in my mind several perplexing questions *re* the constant appeal by the German people to God. I find it was a God of their own making. I believe this article is so important that it should be printed in all languages and distributed to all civilized peoples, lest civilization perish from off the earth.

LEONIDAS H. CRESS.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

SIR,—I want to thank you for the article entitled "Frightfulness as Christianity." I had the pleasure of pursuing post-graduate work in the University of Berlin and living at the hub of German thought. Hence I know from personal contact that Mr. Swift's point of view respecting German psychology and theology is absolutely correct. That essay is a masterpiece and is worth the price of the REVIEW. I only wish that it might be reprinted in pamphlet form and placed in the hands of every American citizen.

RICHARD R. BLEWS.

EVANSVILLE, WIS.

WHY GERMANY SHOULD NOT BE VICTORIOUS

SIR,—During the past year THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has had such liberal articles on the War that I am presuming to ask you, though I feel you are in sympathy with the Allies, to write a very few lines setting forth your reasons why it would be disastrous to civilization if Germany should be victorious. Repeatedly one hears the cry that such would be the outcome. Having known in an intimate way several English and German families it does not seem to the writer that all the Barnes Newcomes have been either exterminated or transported to Germany, nor that only Colonel Newcomes are left in England; and having read with considerable care Andrew D. White's Autobiography, it does not appear to me that city government, schools or universities would be placed in jeopardy if forced to come under Germany's control or influence.

L. EARLE.

CHICO, CALIFORNIA.

[To avoid repetition, we would suggest perusal of the article by Morrison I. Swift published in the April number of this REVIEW.—EDITOR.]

MR. KENNAN MISUNDERSTOOD

SIR,—In the closing paragraph of my letter on "The Psychology of Mr. Roosevelt," published in the REVIEW for May, I made a reference to a statement of Professor Ripley with regard to alleged "orders from Washington" received by "the Commission." I have just been informed by Mr. Ripley that the "Commission" he had in mind was the United States Industrial Commission of 1901. I supposed that he meant the Interstate Commerce Commission, for the reason that he referred in the same paragraph to testimony taken by the latter Commission in February, 1907. As the witness of whom he speaks seems to have been examined May 22, 1901, the

orders to "apply the soft pedal" could not have been given by President Roosevelt, as he did not become President until September of that year. I was misled by Professor Ripley's use of the indefinite word "commission" in the same paragraph that referred to the testimony taken by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1907.

GEORGE KENNAN.

NEW YORK CITY.

PATRIOTISM ABOVE PARTY

SIR,—I have read with interest your articles in recent issues of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

It seems to me this is a time for patriotism irrespective of party.

We want universal service, and I shall vote for that man who will get it for us irrespective of party. I also favor Dr. Humphreys's stand on military instruction.

I note your attitude on Secretary Daniels, and feel that if we fight hard we shall get what we want.

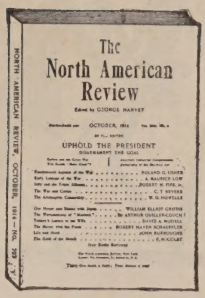
HENRY TORRANCE.

TENAFLY, N. J.

1916

August

ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR



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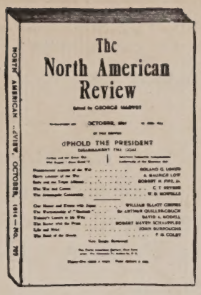

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MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. CARTER, U.S.A.,
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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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POLITICAL PLEDGES

BY THE EDITOR

MAUD is dead. Born in Petersburg, Indiana, in the year of Our Lord 1874, she survived all of her contemporaries by dieting chiefly on hope, but now she has passed to the bourne whence no traveler returns except by way of reincarnation. Some say she was chloroformed, but we prefer to believe that she died of a broken heart. In any case, her end was peaceful. It is well. But never shall we see her like again. Carefully reared as the most promising member of the household of Mr. William R. Berridge, her early years were devoid of noteworthy incident, but in 1896 the world was electrified by the announcement that she would accompany William Jennings Bryan to Washington as a participant in his prospective inauguration.

Fate intervening, however, she remained at home comforted by the assurance that her health should be preserved until the people should rule. Disappointed in 1900, she bore up with the cheerfulness of noble resignation until 1908, when again suitable accommodations for a sojourn to the National capital in the ensuing March were reserved. But when the time came, Mr. Bryan failed to call for her, as had been arranged, and she remained at home in cloistered aloofness, speaking little but thinking much, as well became one playing the part of the Colonel Mouse of that day and generation.

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It was she, we are told, who finally persuaded her idol to accept the position of Secretary of State as a stepping stone to the Presidency. Not until the great severance came under the roof of the White House and the simultaneous blessings of the Almighty did she lose heart, but that untoward episode was her last straw. She pined away and died, and Mr. Berridge cut deep into her tombstone these words: "Here lies MAUD, aetat 42, the Most Faithful Mule (except John W. Kern) in All Indiana. *Requiescat in pace!*" And when Mr. Bryan beheld the *pace* he lifted up his voice and wept.

The reader now knows why the Democratic platform of 1916 differs from that of 1912. Mr. Bryan's mentor and confidential adviser had passed away and with her the source of his inspiration. So President Wilson was left free, if not particularly easy, to compound his own principles for the allurement of the electorate. And thus, by a quite natural though somewhat circuitous route, we arrive at the Issues of the Campaign as officially declared and defined.

Time was when party platforms were considered and discussed with great seriousness. The custom of submitting a declaration of alleged principles originated in the convention which renominated Martin Van Buren in 1840, when it was resolved, that "the Federal Government is one of limited powers"; that it had no right to inaugurate "a general system of internal improvements," such as National highways; that it must not "foster one branch of industry," even the manufacture of dyestuffs; that it should provide "ample protection of person and property from foreign aggression" on the seas, in Mexico or elsewhere; that the States are "the sole and proper judges of their own affairs," etc., etc.,—just such a compendium of Democratic doctrines, in a word, as would now, if anything could, delight the heart of Colonel Henry Watterson. There was no lack of explicitness in the declaration, but after all it was only a statement of admirable theories rather than an aggregation of positive pledges, as of the present day. As a politician, President Van Buren may have been no cleverer than President Wilson, but assuredly he was more cautious. We doubt greatly, for example, if he would now have exulted at "our keeping of pledges," in recollection of the firm assertion in 1912 that "our pledges are made to be kept while in office" and of the candidate's repeated averments that "we say

what we mean and mean what we say." To " challenge " an adversary may be well enough while presumably in a fighting mood, but to invite critical examination by impartial minds of a record far from invulnerable is quite another matter. We cheerlessly recall a few of the Pledges of 1912.

We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government under the constitution has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of government honestly and economically administered.

In theory, the Democratic party repudiated this " fundamental principle " when at St. Louis it merely reaffirmed " our belief in the doctrine of providing sufficient revenue for the operation of the Government " and, in practice, it accepted the protective system when, in Congress, it put protective duties upon dyestuffs. Of the Underwood tariff, which was " unreservedly endorsed " at St. Louis as " truly exemplifying that doctrine " of tariff for revenue, Speaker Clark frankly remarked in the House, " I can take this tariff schedule and so arrange it that the American people will not have to pay any more than they are now paying and get twice as much out of this tariff system as we are getting now." And of the proposed Tariff Commission, Leader Claude Kitchin plaintively observed, " It is only within the past two months that the Democratic party (meaning President Wilson) has been in favor of such a Commission." The " right and power " to impose protective duties, denied in 1912, is now conceded and exercised; the time-honored " tariff-for-revenue-only " is abandoned; and the Pledge of 1912 is broken, for the quite obvious purpose of depriving the opposition of an issue.

We favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranted by us until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers.

Proposal rejected by Democratic votes.

The law pertaining to the civil service should be honestly and rightly enforced, to the end that merit and ability shall be the standard of appointment and promotion, rather than service rendered to a political party.

Witness the revocation of "all executive orders heretofore made placing the positions of deputy marshals and deputy internal-revenue collectors in the classified service," the substitution of incompetent political hacks for trained men in the diplomatic service and the famous Burleson raids upon the post-offices.

We recognize the urgent need of reform in the administration of civil and criminal law in the United States, and we recommend the enactment of such legislation and the promotion of such measures as will rid the present legal system of delays, expense and uncertainties incident to the system as now administered.

Nothing done.

We demand for the people of Alaska the full enjoyment of the rights and privileges of a territorial form of government, and we believe that the officials appointed to administer the government of all our territories and the District of Columbia, should be qualified by previous bona fide residence.

Alaska forgotten. Governors appointed: The Philippines, Burton Harrison of New York, who had never seen the Philippines; Porto Rico, Arthur Yager of Kentucky, who had never seen Porto Rico.

We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal.

Exemption beaten at the behest of the President—a proper act, but a broken pledge.

We believe in fostering, by constitutional regulation of commerce, the growth of a merchant marine, which shall develop and strengthen the commercial ties which bind us to our sister republics of the South, but without imposing additional burdens upon the people and without bounties or subsidies from the public treasury.

Now pending: The Wilson-McAdoo bill providing for government ownership and virtual subsidies and "imposing additional burdens upon the people" to the extent of $50,000,000.

We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican congresses, which have kept taxes high, and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a Democratic government, and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people.

No " useless offices " abolished; many created. Appropriations by the present Congress, nearly $1,700,000,000, the largest by far in the history of the country, comprising, in addition to provision for the army and navy, $20,000,000 for a nitrate plant, $51,000,000 for " flood control," $85,000,000 for " good roads," $43,000,000 for rivers and harbors and $50,000,000 for a dubious investment in rural-credits,—four-fifths of all for the benefit of a section.

We approve the measure reported by the Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives for the creation of a council of national defense, which will determine a definite naval programme with a view to increased efficiency and economy.

Not yet, despite the obvious and greater need.

We favor a single presidential term, and to that end we urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for re-election and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

Here we draw a veil.

The constitutional rights of American citizens should protect them on our borders and go with them throughout the world, and every American citizen residing or having property in any foreign country is entitled to and must be given the full protection of the United States Government, both for himself and his property.

One hundred and twelve American citizens murdered on a single ship at sea in literal compliance with official forewarning,—with no sign of either apology or disavowal from the assassin Government fifteen months after the perpetration of the crime. Hundreds of American lives and hundreds of millions of American property destroyed in Mexico, —and " protection " not only not afforded, but officially refused time and time again. " Every American citizen residing or having property in any foreign country is entitled to and must be given the full protection of the United States Government, both for himself and his property." The ghastly irony of it all! And the brazen humbug of pretense of " Pledges made to be kept when in office as well as relied upon during the campaign! " No wonder Maud died.

Notwithstanding the brazen effrontery of the Democratic party's claim of fidelity to its promises, it would be quite unfair in the circumstances to stress the betrayal as an indictment of the President. The Baltimore platform was

Bryan's own. Mr. Wilson had no hand in its construction and was powerless, after he was nominated, to effect amendment or change. His expressed approval of it, though explicit enough, we have always regarded as more or less perfunctory and in no sense as binding upon him in every specific part. The like ordinarily would apply to the present Republican candidate, but we fear that Mr. Hughes is barred from exemption by his quickness of comprehension no less than by his constitutional inability to endorse a pronouncement which in the slightest degree conflicts with his convictions. We may then with full propriety and without compunction hold the two candidates to a strict accountability for their respective party declarations.

The differences with respect to domestic issues are less marked than ever before in our political history. The Republicans inevitably and justifiably, as it happens, pronounce "severest condemnation of the wasteful appropriations of this Administration," but in the light of the record of their own party as the most extravagant ever known their righteous indignation is far from convincing. On the other hand, the Democrats, for reasons that are distressingly apparent, prudently withhold their time-honored shibboleth of economy. Both somewhat demagogically declare for progressive labor legislation; both relegate equal suffrage to the States; both advocate development of the merchant marine, the one by subsidies, the other through government ownership; neither proposes changes in the anti-trust laws nor suggests that the railroads be exempted from their operation; both coo beguilingly to "business" and hold forth helping hands to "agriculture"; in a word, the Republican party is more radical and the Democratic party more conservative than usual, with the result that they reach substantially common ground.

The similarity is enhanced strikingly by Mr. Wilson's renunciation of the historic Democratic doctrine of a tariff for revenue only and his admission of the "right and power" under the Constitution, hitherto denied, to impose duties for protective purposes. The two pronuncements are:

REPUBLICANS	DEMOCRATS
The Republican party stands now, as always, in the fullest sense for the policy of tariff protection to American industries and American	We reaffirm our belief in the doctrine of a tariff for the purpose of providing sufficient revenue for the operation of the Government

labor and does not regard an anti-dumping provision as an adequate substitute. Such protection should be reasonable in amount, but sufficient to protect adequately American industry and American labor and be so adjusted as to prevent undue exactions by monopolies or trusts. It should, moreover, give special attention to securing the industrial independence of the United States as in the case of dyestuffs.

The Underwood Tariff Act is a complete failure in every respect. Under its administration imports have enormously increased in spite of the fact that intercourse with foreign countries has been largely cut off by reason of the war, while the revenues of which we stand in such dire need have been greatly reduced.

It has not in the least reduced the cost of living, which has constantly advanced from the date of its enactment. The welfare of our people demands its repeal and the substitution of a measure which in peace as well as in war will produce ample revenue and give reasonable protection to all forms of American production in mine, forest, field and factory.

We favor the creation of a Tariff Commission with complete power to gather and compile information for the use of Congress in all matters relating to the tariff.

economically administered, and unreservedly indorse the Underwood Law as truly exemplifying that doctrine.

We recognize that tariff rates are necessarily subject to change to meet changing conditions in the world's production and trade. * * * Two years of a war which has directly involved most of the chief industrial nations of the world, and which has indirectly affected the life and industry of all nations, are bringing about economic changes more varied and far-reaching than the world has ever before experienced.

In order to ascertain just what these changes may be the Democratic Congress is providing for a non-partisan Tariff Commission to make impartial and thorough study of every economic fact that may throw light either upon our past or upon our future fiscal policy with regard to the imposition of taxes on imports or with regard to the changed and changing conditions under which our trade is carried on.

We cordially indorse this timely proposal and declare ourselves in sympathy with the principle and purpose of shaping legislation within that field in accordance with clearly established facts, rather than in accordance with the demands of selfish interests or upon information provided largely, if not exclusively, by them.

The Democratic pill is sugar-coated but unmistakable. The " fundamental principle " of 1892 and 1912 is abandoned; not now, as in 1876 and 1880, shall " all custom-house taxation be for revenue only "; never again, as in 1908, shall a Republican promise to revise the tariff be heralded as " tardy recognition of the Democratic position on this question "; no longer, as in 1904, is protection " robbery of the many to enrich the few "; principle has succumbed to expediency and faith is swallowed by apprehension. Jackson, Van Buren, Tilden, Cleveland, Morrison, Hurd, Wells,

Mills and the other Wilson may turn in their graves and Watterson, Clark, Kitchin and even Bryan may toss in their beds; but the chief tenet of Democracy is sunk as deep as the *Lusitania,* and disavowal in the one case is no whit more likely than in the other. Mr. Wilson has seen a great light upon the eve of election and has put upon Protection for Protection's sake his indelible stamp of approval of "this timely proposal." The Tariff is no longer an issue. The difference is in fact one of degree only and in method of frank avowal on the one hand as against furtiveness on the other.

We surmised in April that Preparedness might appear in the campaign as a bone of contention, but there is little room for choice between the two declarations, to wit:

REPUBLICANS	DEMOCRATS
In order to maintain our peace and make certain the security of our people within our own borders the country must have not only adequate, but thorough and complete national defense, ready for any emergency. We must have a sufficient and effective regular army and a provision for ample reserves, already drilled and disciplined, who can be called at once to the colors when the hour of danger comes.	The people of the United States love peace. * * * but they should render themselves secure against the hazard of interference from any quarter and should be able to protect their rights upon the seas in any part of the world.
We must have a navy so strong and so well proportioned and equipped, so thoroughly ready and prepared, that no enemy can gain command of the sea and effect a landing in force on either our Western or our Eastern Coast. To secure these results we must have a coherent and continuous policy of national defense, which even in these perilous days the Democratic party has utterly failed to develop, but which we promise to give to the country.	We therefore foster the maintenance of an army fully adequate to the requirements of safety and to the protection of the nation's rights, the full development of modern methods of sea coast defense and the maintenance of an adequate reserve of citizens trained to arms and prepared to safeguard the people and territory of the United States against any danger of hostile action which may unexpectedly arise; and a fixed policy for the continuous development of a navy worthy to support the great naval traditions of this nation and fully equal to the international tasks which the United States hopes and expects to take a part in performing.

Neither statement is satisfying. "Ample reserves" sounds well, but no better than "adequate reserves,"—and they are equally vague. The real question is that of the effectiveness of the National Guard as a large secondary force

and neither party faces it squarely,—the Democrats because they had committed themselves for vote-getting purposes and the Republicans because, for the same reason, they lacked the courage to speak up. So there is no issue on paper with respect to the future of Preparedness unless it be found in past delinquencies, in the holding of the War portfolio by a pronounced pacifist and in the apparent certainty, which we have seen cited somewhere, to the effect that "A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels."

The pronouncements upon the predominant question of Americanism read as follows:

REPUBLICANS

We believe in American policies at home and abroad. We declare that we believe in and will enforce the protection of every American citizen in all the rights secured to him by the Constitution, treaties and the law of nations, at home and abroad, by land and sea. These rights, which in violation of the specific promise of their party made at Baltimore in 1912 the Democratic President and the Democratic Congress have failed to defend, we will unflinchingly maintain.

We appeal to all Americans, whether naturalized or native born, to prove to the world that we are Americans in thought and in deed, with one loyalty, one hope, one aspiration. We call on all Americans to be true to the spirit of America, to the great traditions of their common country and, above all things, to keep the faith.

DEMOCRATS

The Democratic party * * * summons all men, of whatever origin or creed, who would count themselves Americans to join in making clear to all the world the unity and consequent power of America.

Whoever, actuated by the purpose to promote the interest of a foreign Power, in disregard of our own country's welfare, or to injure this Government in its foreign relations, or cripple or destroy its industries at home, and whoever, by arousing prejudices of a racial, religious or other nature, creates discord and strife among our people so as to obstruct the wholesome process of unification, is faithless to the trust which the privileges of citizenship repose in him and is disloyal to his country.

We again declare the policy that the sacred rights of American citizenship must be preserved at home and abroad.

Herein the Republican party has a tremendous advantage and makes most effective appeal. No number of fair-seeming words or of belligerent but unsupported Notes can offset or palliate the humiliating failure of the Wilson Administration to safeguard the lives and properties of its nationals. Whether the Republican party—under Taft, let us say—would have done better in the trying circumstances can only be surmised, but it is quite impossible to imagine anybody doing worse. In his most presumptuous—or should we say most fighting—mood, Mr. Wilson never penned words so wholly nerveful as "We *again declare* the policy that the

sacred rights of American citizenship must be preserved at home and *abroad.*"

Nor, frankly, can we recall anything more fatuous, though seemingly adroit, than the following:

> We condemn all alliances and combinations of individuals in this country, of whatever nationality or descent, who agree and conspire together for the purpose of embarrassing or weakening our Government or of improperly influencing or coercing our public representatives in dealing or negotiating with any foreign Power. We charge that such conspiracies among a limited number exist and have been instigated for the purpose of advancing the interests of foreign countries to the prejudice and detriment of our country. We condemn any political party which, in view of the activity of such conspirators, surrenders its integrity or modifies its policy.

Since we can hardly assume that President Wilson would accuse his own personally conducted party of surrendering its integrity or modifying its policy at the behest of marplots, it follows necessarily that he is driving at the Republicans and Progressives or at their candidate. He refers, of course, to sympathizers with Germany—not, mind you, to the great body of German-born citizens whose votes, we suspect, would be quite as acceptable to him as to Mr. Hughes—but to a "limited number" of conspirators of whose activities he has been officially apprised. Speaking more explicitly on Flag Day, he said:

> There is disloyalty active in the United States, and it must be absolutely crushed. It proceeds from a minority, a very small minority, but a very active and subtle minority. It works underground, but it also shows its ugly head where we can see it; and there are those at this moment who are trying to levy a species of political blackmail, saying, "Do what we wish in the interest of foreign sentiment or we will wreak our vengeance at the polls." That is the sort of thing against which the American nation will turn with a might and triumph of sentiment which will teach these gentlemen once for all that loyalty to this flag is the first test of tolerance in the United States.

Now if it be a fact—and surely no President would make so grave an accusation unless sure of his ground—that disloyalty is not only "active in the United States" but even "shows its ugly head" where he can "see it"; if, in other words, as is plainly implied, the country is infested with traitors whose whereabouts are known or discoverable, whose business is it to run them to earth and either drive them out

of the country or put them in jail? Surely the obligation does not rest upon Mr. Hughes who has neither the information nor the authority. And surely not upon a political party out of power which is neither required nor able to enforce the laws. Where then lies the duty? The accusation is of conspiracy "instigated for the purpose of advancing the interests of foreign countries to the prejudice and detriment of our own country." Whether or not such an act falls technically within the Constitutional definition of treason as "adhering to their (the United States's) enemies, giving them aid and comfort," it comes perilously near it and, in any case, it constitutes a crime punishable under laws which either exist already or could be obtained in a day's time.

There was no difficulty in sending Huerta to prison to die, though for what offense nobody knows. Why are the officers of justice impotent in the present instance? The Constitution fixes the responsibility and confers the authority upon the President himself. If he possesses the information, why does he not act instead of meaninglessly warning political opponents against "surrendering their integrity" and "modifying their policy"? We can understand why the adversaries of a candidate for re-election might call him to task for failure to heed his oath to enforce the laws, but self-accusation on the part of a President himself is, we venture to assert, no less unprecedented than it is amazing. The most charitable conclusion is that the charge itself either lacks foundation or could not be sustained or is mere political buncombe of the cuttle-fish variety.

So much for the platforms except as they apply to Mexico, which calls for fuller consideration in a separate chapter.

We find, therefore, no reason for changing our opinion that the ultimate issue will be one of sincerity based upon character.

HUGHES or WILSON? That's all.

UNPREPAREDNESS DEMONSTRATED

MILITARY unpreparedness is now tangibly demonstrated. Some details of the matter of the forwarding of the National Guard to the Mexican frontier may still be controversial. Of some essential features of the case there is no room for question, and these are sufficient to show the urgent need of

a far higher degree of efficiency and a far greater degree of preparation than now exist.

The chief counts in the indictment are three. One is that of equipment. It is indisputable that some levies of the National Guard were held at their home camps for some time because supplies of clothing, etc., were not forthcoming from Washington; in at least one case for so long a time that the State authorities seriously considered providing the supplies themselves. It is also indisputable that some of the troops were landed in the semi-tropical climate of Texas in mid-summer with nothing but heavy winter clothing. Compare this with the German system, under which there has always been for every reservist, whether he was at home in Germany or had emigrated to the United States or to South America, on file in the arsenals a complete outfit of clothing and all other needed articles, made from measure to fit him perfectly, and tagged with his name. Millions of men, called to the colors, could thus be perfectly equipped without an hour's delay. We need not demand quite such a system as that of Germany in insisting that our own readiness should be more complete than it has on this occasion appeared to be.

The second point was that of transportation. Men were packed into antiquated wooden day coaches, so old and dilapidated that there seemed some justification for the suggestion that they were the same in which troops had been shipped to the front in 1861! There was much delay in providing even such accommodations, troops being kept waiting for hours before they were entrained, and then kept lying in train yards, or shunted to and fro on sidings for hours more. Now it is all very well to say that it is a part of the soldier's duty to endure discomforts and hardships. But there are enough of these that are inevitable without adding others that are unnecessary and avoidable. Such treatment of the troops in the process of mobilization did much more than cause discomfort. It caused delay, which might have been costly if not disastrous, and it impaired the efficiency of the troops after they had reached their destination. Instead of being landed in Texas in good condition, "fit as a fiddle," they were landed there jaded and worn and needing some time to recover from the hardships and privations of the passage.

The third point was that of food. Both on the journey and after reaching their destination many of the troops suf-

fered the pangs of hunger. We heard indisputably authentic stories of some being twenty-four hours without food, and even with an insufficient supply of drinking water. Also on some occasions the hungry men took matters into their own hands and forcibly raided eating houses. This latter was, of course, a reprehensible thing to do. Soldiers should preserve the peace, not break it. But starving men are not always squeamish over the law of *meum et tuum*. If the men were culpable for stealing the food, those who drove them through famine to desperation were not blameless. Nor can we accept as convincing the statement that the sufficient regulation rations were supplied to the men, but they, being greenhorns in the service, were wasteful of it and did not make it last as they should have done. To say that is simply to shift the burden of unpreparedness. If it be true the commissary department may be absolved from blame. But what is to be said of those responsible for the training and discipline and instruction of the men—in brief, for their preparedness? Surely men who had been enlisted for some time, most of them for years, in the National Guard, should have been taught how to conserve their supplies. If they were not, one of the essentials of preparedness was lacking.

There can be no exculpation on the ground of excessive demand. The number of troops mobilized was small, so small as to be trifling in comparison with the multitudes transported in the great European armies. Ours were numbered by tens of thousands; theirs by hundreds of thousands and even by millions. What should we have done if we had been called upon to equip and transport the million men who Mr. Bryan said would spring to arms in a day at the President's call? Nor can we accept the plea of distance, which of course could have nothing to do with the matter of equipment or accommodations, but with only that of time in transportation. Great Britain has transported more troops from India, from Canada, from Australia and from New Zealand, to France, than we have sent across the country to Texas. Russia has probably sent as many, all the way across Asia to the Pacific Ocean and thence through the Indian Ocean and the Suez Canal and Mediterranean.

Least of all is there validity in the plea of unexpected emergency. The fact is that we had abundant warning. For three years we had been confronting a Mexican problem

which involved potential intervention. For months actual military operations had been in progress and the probability of vastly greater operations had been recognized. The whole nation had been expecting just what did actually happen—the sending of our whole available army and a large contingent of the National Guard to the border, if not into Mexico itself. And after those months of warning and of knowledge, we were unprepared.

It is not pleasant to say these things. But it is immeasurably less pleasant to have such things happen. Indeed this deplorable and costly lack of readiness is largely to be charged to the failure of men to speak out plainly about our slipshod and happy-go-lucky way of doing things. We have cast unmeasured scorn upon the Third Empire in France, which boasted that the army was ready " to the last shoe button " only to find that a whole army had been provided with shoes all for the right foot. Was it better to ship an army to the tropics with nothing but Arctic clothing?

This is the third lesson within the memory of living men. The first was in 1861, when it took two years to " lick into shape " the army which was to win the war—to develop Gettysburg from Bull Run. The second was in 1898, the memories of which, at Chickamauga and Key West and elsewhere are still as ghastly as they are green. Surely this third lesson should be sufficient to teach us that we are after all " as common mortals." This may be, as our Fourth of July orators were recently saying, the greatest country on the surface of the globe, and we may be the greatest people. We are glad to believe that it is so. But it cannot be made so simply by our much boasting of it. The country must be great through the superior development, conservation and utilization of its resources, and the people must be great through the possession and exercise of the essential qualities of greatness. There is after all nothing in the country or in us that exempts America from the universal laws of nature and of nations. We cannot win battles without armies, any more than anyone else. Neither can we, any more than anyone else, have efficient armies without adequate preparation.

A TREATY IN CHANCERY

Our Nicaraguan treaty seems to be in chancery. After years of delay it has at last been ratified, and the ratifica-

tions have been exchanged. There would in ordinary circumstances, therefore, be nothing more to do but to proclaim it in force, and to act upon it as a part of the supreme law of the land. But the circumstances are not ordinary. They are extraordinary, if not unique. An international court is, we are told, about to intervene; if it has not already done so. It will deny the right of Nicaragua to make the treaty, on the ground that it would be injurious to the interests of other states which are not parties to it. Nicaragua will thus be confronted with the alternative of either repudiating the treaty which she has already made, or of placing herself in contempt of court and thus incurring a grave penalty. The United States, too, will be confronted with a similar alternative. It must, apparently, either repudiate the treaty or discredit and repudiate the decree of a court to which it is, indeed, not technically subject, but which it is morally bound in the strongest way to respect and to sustain.

These are the circumstances: Costa Rica and Salvador protest against the treaty, as inimical to their interests and as traversing their sovereign rights. The grievance of the former is an old one, with which we have hitherto several times been concerned. It pertains to the San Juan River, which forms a part of the boundary between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and which also forms an important part of the potential canal route across that isthmus. Away back in the early canal negotiations, before the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, Costa Rica insisted that half of that river, and therefore half of the proposed route, belonged to her, and that therefore she must be reckoned with, equally with Nicaragua. As a rule the United States dodged that issue and made its bargains with Nicaragua alone, leaving that country to fight the matter out with Costa Rica as best she could. More than once actual war was thus provoked between those two republics. Finally a treaty was made known as the Canaz-Jarez treaty, recognizing the rights of Costa Rica and binding Nicaragua not to make any canal grants across her territory without consulting Costa Rica and securing her assent. The validity of that treaty has been formally recognized by the United States. Yet we have made with Nicaragua a treaty by which such a canal grant is at least potentially made, and Nicaragua has made it with us without ever consulting Costa Rica or securing her assent. Costa Rica therefore quite logically claims that in so doing Nicaragua is

violating the Canaz-Jarez treaty, and it is said that the court will sustain her in that claim.

The protest of Salvador is based upon other grounds. The treaty between Nicaragua and the United States grants to this country certain Nicaraguan lands in and about the Bay of Fonseca, for coaling and naval stations. That will be an immensely useful and valuable grant. But it so happens that Salvador and Honduras also front, as well as Nicaragua, upon the Bay of Fonseca, and our possession of a station there would therefore control their access to the Pacific Ocean through its waters. In the absence of any treaty upon the subject, Salvador holds that in equity Nicaragua ought not to make such a cession without the assent of the other two Powers, and without satisfactory arrangements for the protection of their interests. That contention also seems logical, and again it is said that it is, or will be, sustained by the court.

But what is this court, which thus assumes to exercise jurisdiction over our treaties? That is the most interesting feature in the whole case, and the one which most emphasizes our moral obligations toward it. The tribunal in question is the Central American Court of Justice, in some respects the most advanced international tribunal in the world. It is constituted by the five Central American states, one of its five judges being from each of them, and to it the five states have bound themselves "to submit all controversies or questions which may arise among them, of whatsoever nature and no matter what their origin may be, in case the respective Departments of Foreign Affairs should not have been able to reach an understanding." That is to say, it is designed to be for Central America all that the tribunal at The Hague is designed to be—but never yet has been—to all the world. Of its jurisdiction over the present case there can be no question. Nor can there be any question that Nicaragua is bound to obey its decrees.

The United States, however, is not one of the constituents of the court and does not recognize its jurisdiction. But does it not? Or should it not? It is true that the United States was not one of the signatories of the treaty establishing that court, and is not mentioned in the treaty as a Power subject to its jurisdiction. Nevertheless, that treaty was made at Washington, at a conference of the Central American republics held there at our instance and invitation. The

United States was represented in the conference, though in only an advisory capacity. It exercised a marked moral supervision over all the proceedings, and nothing was done in them that it did not approve. The United States is, therefore, as much interested, morally, in the court, and is as much bound to honor its decisions and to support its authority and integrity, as any of the Central American states themselves. We simply cannot afford to disregard, or to countenance Nicaragua in disregarding, a decree of that court, even though its purpose be the annulling of a treaty which we have made and which we very greatly desire to have fulfilled.

Yet we cannot well afford to let this treaty lapse, for some of its provisions are of vital importance to our peace and comfort. What, then, is the answer to the question? What is the solution of the problem? It is not difficult to find. President Wilson suggested it in advance of the rising of the problem, when he expressed the wish that we might make with every other Central American state a treaty similar to that with Nicaragua. That would mean, of course, recognition of the interests of Salvador, Costa Rica and Honduras in the provisions of the Nicaraguan treaty. It would perhaps mean some compensation to them, or at least some assurances concerning our intentions toward them. To that recognition they are entitled. It would be stultifying to deny it. To such assurances they are also entitled. As to compensation, pecuniary or otherwise, that is a question requiring careful consideration. We should not advocate paying subsidies, bonuses or what not unnecessarily. But it would be far better, even pecuniarily more economical, to make a liberal payment to each of those countries, than to incur the suspicion and ill-will of them and a feeling that we are trying to overreach them, to discredit their international court, and to back one in an unjust attitude toward others.

To enforce the Nicaraguan treaty in the face of protests and a judicial decision against it would be to discredit the whole group of beneficent treaties among the Central American states, of which we were the moral sponsor; it would be to set back relations among those states, from the present enlightened and auspicious ground, to the very worst of the old-time status; and it would be to incur for ourselves their suspicion, distrust and animosity. Such a misfortune can be averted, and the high designs of the Central American

treaties and of our own treaty with Nicaragua can be promoted and their fulfilment assured, by judicious and equitable diplomacy. The Nicaraguan treaty should not be abandoned, but it should be duplicated *mutatis mutandis*, between the United States and each of the other four Central American states. That would rescue the Nicaraguan treaty from chancery, and it would secure for it, and for all details of our transactions with our neighbors, the approval and ratification of the international court of justice.

THE PRESIDENT AND "THE PORK BARREL."

"Pork" we have always with us. Periodically there comes up in Congress a Bill for Loot. Generally it is ostensibly for river and harbor improvement. Sometimes it is for public buildings. Now and then it is not a whole bill but a mere "rider" on another measure. Always the object is the same. It is to "fix the fences" of members of Congress by spending large amounts of public money in their districts. Many constituencies estimate the worth of their Representatives by the amount of the appropriations which are thus secured. It is a common thing in "campaign literature" and campaign speeches to have a candidate for re-election say, in substance:

"I have been your Representative for six years. In that time I have secured appropriations aggregating one million dollars to be spent in this district. I got $60,000 for a postoffice at Squedunk, $50,000 for a Federal Building at Wayback, $40,000 each for postoffices at Lonelyville and Skunk's Misery, and $600,000 for the dredging of Catfish Creek. It is my purpose, if re-elected, to secure ample appropriations for the draining of Tadpole Swamp, and for the erection of public buildings at Podunk, Huckleberry Crossroads and Happy Hooligan."

Whereupon the free and enlightened electors of the Nineteenth New Jersey District say with one accord, "That's the kind of a man to have at Washington. 'Rah for Stiggins and an appropriation!"

Now, the general principle of public works is good, and some of the details of most of these bills are good. Paradoxically speaking, the good parts of them are their worst parts. That is to say, there are items for buildings or improvements

which are not only desirable but actually indispensable and imperative. These are conjoined with the most unblushing "steals," for the cunning reason that all must stand or fall together, and nobody will incur the odium of voting against these good proposals and therefore they will have to vote for the bad ones, too; and the President will not veto appropriations which he knows to be absolutely necessary, and therefore he will have to approve the graft as well. Sometimes, indeed, the advocates of good causes actively support bad ones, because they need the support of the grafters who are interested in them to secure the passage of their own praiseworthy items. The whole thing is a mixture of "log-rolling" and blackmail. "You vote for my appropriation," says Smith to Jones, "and I'll vote for yours." Again, "If you don't vote for digging out Catfish Creek and pumping water into it so as to make it navigable," says Tubbs to Nubbs, "I'll oppose your item for making the East River deep enough for warships to get to and from the Navy Yard."

So the bill goes through, with all its contained "pork," and is laid before the President. He must either sign it as a whole or veto it as a whole. He knows that the Navy Yard channel urgently needs deepening. He knows that some public buildings provided for are imperatively necessary. But to secure those appropriations he must also approve the Catfish Creek and Wayback postoffice graft. What is he to do? Defeat measures which are necessary for the public good? Or permit unblushing thefts of public funds? The dilemma is one which for decency's sake should never be presented to any President. He should never be called upon to make such a choice. Whichever way he decides, he is sure to incur reproach.

This grave embarrassment of the President, and this outrage upon the public welfare, could easily be averted. That could be done by the simple and reasonable expedient of investing the President of the United States with the same power and discretion which Governors of most of the States have long enjoyed, to-wit, the authority to exercise discrimination in dealing with appropriation bills, so as to approve some items while disapproving others. In about three-fourths of the States the Governors have that power, and they exercise it, to the great advantage of the public treasury. Thus the Constitution of the State of New York pro-

vides that "If any bill presented to the Governor contains several items of appropriations of money, he may object to one or more of such items, while approving the other portion of the bill." The constitutions of thirty-four of the States contain similar provisions.

Such a provision does not always prevent "grabs" and "pork." It does prevent "log-rolling" through the mixture of good and bad items in a single bill. It compels every proposed appropriation to stand or fall according to its own merits, and it fixes unerringly the responsibility for each. Moreover, it relieves the Executive of a responsibility which never should be imposed upon him, and it does place upon him a responsibility which he ought to bear. No Executive can complain at being required to decide whether or not to approve a certain appropriation, when it stands alone, upon its own merits.

The whole, saith Euclid, is greater than any of its parts. Why should not the President of the United States have at least as much authority in Federal affairs as the Governor of one of the States has in State affairs? Why not put into the Constitution of the United States a provision for discrimination among items of appropriation, similar to that which is in most of the State constitutions? It would be interesting to see how the champions of "pork" in Congress would regard such a proposal.

THE PASSING OF THE TURK

"It is Kismet." The Arab has risen against the Turk. The holy cities of Islam have been wrested by Moslems from Ottoman control. The spiritual leadership of the Mohammedan world has passed away from the banks of the Bosporus. Kismet has overcome the descendants of the Black Khan. That may not be, to all observers, the chief surprise of the war; or any surprise at all. There can be little doubt that to Germany, and particularly to the German Emperor personally, it is the culmination of one of the chief disappointments of the war. To the world at large it is a circumstance as important as it is interesting.

The full purport of the Arab revolt is to be appreciated only through a brief review of its antecedents. Years ago, as if in preparation for the present war, the German Em-

peror made extraordinary overtures and approaches to Turkey. He repudiated Bismarck's famous dictum, that the whole Balkan Peninsula was not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier. He hob-nobbed with the Sultan. He refused to join the other Powers in protecting Christian peoples from Mohammedan oppression and in compelling the Porte to fulfill its treaty engagements. He posed as the friend of the Sultan and as his protector and champion against the hostility of Russia and the other European Powers. Also, not content with mere words, he secured exclusive concessions, by virtue of which Germany was to have something like a monopoly of Turkish commerce, and was to traverse the Turkish Empire in Asia with a vast system of German railroads; one running through Anatolia and Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf, and another branching from this down through Palestine and Arabia, through the Hedjaz and Yemen, to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb.

The strategy was obvious, and masterly. It was twofold. In time of peace the railroads and commercial concessions would make the Ottoman Empire little more than a colony, or a protectorate of Germany. German influence would be paramount. German profits from the exportation of the country would be enormous. Germany, moreover, would be in possession of the two great land trade routes to the East, running trains directly from Berlin to the shores of the Persian Gulf, and to the shores of the Gulf of Aden. Russia's Central Asia route would be out-rivalled by a shorter one to the Arabian Gulf, and the Suez Canal and Red Sea route would be paralleled by rail at least as far as Aden, if not to Muscat. For the attainment of such ends alone the scheme was well worth while.

But there were other ends, even more important. In case of the war which even then was forecast the advantages to Germany would be incalculable. The strategic value of the Asian railroads would be enormous. German armies could command the Arabian shore of the Red Sea and hold the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, barring the Suez route between Europe and Asia. A German army could be placed at the head of the Persian Gulf. But it might not be necessary to send German armies thither. A German-Turkish alliance would range the whole Mohammedan world upon the Kaiser's side. A Mohammedan uprising in India and Egypt would paralyze Great Britain; a similar movement in Cen-

tral Asia would embarrass Russia; and France would be left without any efficient ally. The Teutonic power in Europe plus the Mohammedan power in Asia and Africa, would dominate the entire Eastern Hemisphere. Such were the visions of years ago, which possessed the Kaiser's mind; though whether he imparted them fully to his prospective ally at Constantinople, may be a matter of doubt.

Early in the present war vigorous and confident efforts were made to fulfill the grandiose design. Turkey was brought into the war as Germany's ally. German emissaries were sent to all Mohammedan countries, to incite a Jehad, or Holy War. They were busy at Delhi, at Cairo, and at Cabul. Entreaty, temptation and command were freely employed to dragoon the entire Mohammedan world into an uprising against the Allies. The religious obligation of obeying the Sultan, as the Caliph of Islam, was urged. The bait of independence of British rule was dangled before Indian and Egyptian eyes. If reports are to be credited, most fantastic means were employed to seduce the popular mind. Portraits of the German Emperor in Turkish garb, with turban and scimeter, were everywhere distributed, with the caption "Wilhelm Pasha, Caliph of Germany"; and it was unblushingly affirmed that he and all Germany had embraced the Mohammedan faith and were waging this war for its extension throughout the world.

Never was there a more audacious scheme. Never was one more futile. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," said Glendower. "But will they come when you do call for them!" demanded Hotspur. The Moslem tribes and nations were bidden to a Holy War. But with one accord they were deaf unto the call. Egypt remained loyal. The Afghan Ameer made it the part of life-saving discretion for the German agents to retire swiftly from Cabul. Bokhara and Turkestan adhered to the Russian crown. In India, where Germany's supreme hopes were based, prince vied with prince in offering treasure and levies to the Kaiser, but it was not the Deutsches Kaiser, but the Kaiser-I-Hind. The sentiment of the hundred million Mohammedans in India was voiced by Aga Khan, when he said: "Germany and Austria have been no disinterested friends of Islam. While the one took Bosnia, the other has long been plotting to become the Suzerain of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. If Germany succeeds, which Heaven forbid! Turkey will become only a vas-

sal of Germany, and the Kaiser's Resident will be the real ruler of Turkey and will control the Holy Cities. . ."

The disappointment of the German scheme has not, however, been merely negative, in the refusal of Islam to rise in Jehad. It has become also positive and aggressive, in the actual revolt of Arabia against Turkey and her Teutonic allies. The Yemen has long been disaffected. Indeed, that cradle of the Arab race has never been fully submissive to Turkish rule, regarding the Tribe of Othman as immeasurably inferior to the stock from which the Prophet himself sprang, and it has been little more than nominally a part of the Turkish Empire. But now not merely the Yemen, but the Hedjaz, too, has revolted and renounced all allegiance to the Turkish Sultan. It is in the Hedjaz that Mecca and Medinah, and their port of Jeddah, are situated, the Holy Cities of the Moslem world.

This is in fulfillment of prophecy. Said Aga Khan, in the address already quoted: "Turkey was the trustee of Islam, and the whole world was content to let her hold our Holy Cities in her keeping. Now that she has so disastrously showed herself a tool in German hands, she has not only ruined herself, but has lost her position of trustee of Islam; and evil will overtake her." That was said long ago, before there was a symptom of the Arab revolt. Now it is fulfilled.

It will be recalled that early in the war the British-Indian Government pledged itself to keep the Holy Cities of Arabia, and also the Moslem shrines in Mesopotamia and elsewhere, "immune from attacks or molestation by British naval or military forces, so long as there was no interference with pilgrims from India to the places and shrines in question." Evidently the Sheriff of Mecca and the Arabian chieftains and people generally trust that assurance, and have resolved to look to Great Britain for protection rather than to Germany. The significance of it upon the progress of the war will not be inconsiderable, while the effect of it upon the readjustment of affairs at the end of the war cannot fail to be very great. Whatever may be the political fate of the Turkish Empire, it may be regarded as certain that its spiritual hegemony of the Mohammedan world is gone forever.

The first clash between the Christian Powers of Europe and the Mohammedans of Asia arose over the control by the latter of Jerusalem and the other Holy Places of Christendom; though that was before the rise of the Ottoman Tribe,

and it was with the Seljuks that the Crusaders battled. It is an interesting coincidence that this latest clash involves the control of the Holy Places of the Mohammedans, and that it is likely to result in a permanent transfer of that control from the hands of the Turks to the hands of the Arabs. "It is Kismet"; and it is peculiarly fitting that it should be so. For while the doctrine of Kismet is characteristic of the entire Mohammedan faith, it is the Ottoman Turks alone who have exaggerated it into an excuse for political inefficiency and decadence. Islam will doubtless continue to exist, but the Ottoman Sultan will not be its Caliph. It will not be surprising to see the seat of supreme authority shifted from the shore of the Bosporus to the shore of the Red Sea, and to see the birthplace of Mohammedanism become once more its capital.

IGNOMINIOUS NEUTRALITY

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

The agitation for an embargo on the exportation of munitions of war from the United States is obviously partisan in character, in order to offset the advantage obtained by England and her allies through the control of the seas. It should also be apparent that it would be unneutral on the part of the United States to modify its attitude so completely in the midst of this war. It cannot, indeed, pretend to adopt its attitude to the varying fortunes of war. Nevertheless, the question of the sale of munitions of war by neutral persons to belligerents is of very great interest in the larger questions it raises concerning the nature and obligations of neutrality.

It should be remembered that the United States once complained that "England was the arsenal of the Confederates, from whence they drew their munitions of war, their arms, and their supplies." While it was admitted that neutrals might properly trade in military supplies in the ordinary course of commerce, it was "asserted with confidence that a neutral ought not to permit a belligerent to use the neutral soil as the main, if not the only base of its military supplies, during a long bloody contest, as the soil of Great Britain was used by the insurgents." (Geneva Arbitration).

It will be recalled that during the Franco-Prussian war, Prussia also complained through its Minister to the Court of St. James, Count von Bernstorff, "because the English Government authorized the wholesale forwarding of arms to France, and thus practised a neutrality, not of a benevolent character, but of a character prejudicial to the interests of Germany, although Germany waged a war for a cause which England herself should consider as just."

We now have another Count von Bernstorff, son of the Prussian Minister who presented this complaint to England, in the midst of a war of tremendous significance, presenting

a similiar argument on behalf of Germany, though, curiously enough, there is no attempt to persuade the United States of the justice of Germany's cause.

The essence of this argument is to the effect that " the United States is building up a powerful arms industry in the broadest sense "; that " this industry is actually delivering goods only to the enemies of Germany "; that " if it is the will of the American people that there shall be a true neutrality, the United States will find means of preventing this one-sided supplying of arms."

In view of the clear and entirely convincing manner in which the United States has demonstrated the technical right of neutral merchants to sell munitions of war to belligerents, notably in Secretary Lansing's forceful reply of August 12, 1915, to representations of the Austro-Hungarian Government on this subject, there would seem to be no further need of argument. The technical rights of neutral merchants to engage in this commerce are not questioned, as admitted by Germany in the statement that " The German Government have not in consequence made any charge of a formal breach of neutrality."

The serious question raised is of much wider import. As Germany well says: " It is necessary to take into consideration not only the formal aspect of the case, but also the spirit in which the neutrality is carried out." We are bound to re-examine in a critical spirit the whole problem of neutrality, its fundamental basis, its exact nature, its alleged rights and obligations.

The supplying of munitions of war on a large scale to belligerents vividly suggests some of the extraordinary inconsistencies, the preposterous anomalies involved in any attempt to remain strictly neutral in a great world-war.

Among these anomalies is the fact that while it is generally conceded that a neutral nation may permit private trade in munitions, it is not permissable to sell ships of war. The distinction between arms and ships, the one for ultimate use, the other for proximate use in warfare, is somewhat too refined for ordinary commonsense forms of reasoning, or for what has been well termed " the rough jurisprudence of nations." So likewise is the distinction which permits the exportation of military aeroplanes, or submarines in parts, though forbidding the sale of vessels ultimately destined for warlike use.

Another extraordinary phase of this question is the difficulty of defining munitions of war. As a matter of fact they are not merely arms and ammunition, ships and cannon. As Lorimer truly says: "they are what war demands, whether it is shot and shell, shoes and stockings. . . All objects are munitions of war if a belligerent is in want of them; and no objects are munitions of war unless, or until, he is in want of them. Salt beef and saltpeter are precisely on the same footing in this respect; and steel bayonets may be a superfluity where steel pens are a desideratum."

If provisions are more urgently required than arms to enable a belligerent to hold out and finally win, a neutral nation must naturally render a greater service by permitting such peaceful traffic than by the sale of ships and guns. The logic of such a situation would impose either a complete prohibition of trade between neutrals and belligerents, or no restrictions whatever.

Consider the matter of enlistment. A neutral nation is bound not to allow belligerents to open recruiting agencies on its territory, but it is not bound to prevent its citizens from giving their services in various capacities to the belligerents. A neutral citizen may contract to provide arms and ammunitions, but may not contract to give his own services as a soldier, or engage the services of others.

Take again the question of loans, the supplying of the "sinews of war." They may be made publicly by belligerents on neutral soil; but public subscriptions and collections in their behalf are unneutral! Though a public loan may enable a hard-pressed belligerent to continue the war to a successful conclusion, it is quite an innocent commercial transaction, while the subscription is an unneutral service!

In all these ways it is permissible for neutral countries to serve as the base of supplies, the "arsenal," the treasure house of money and men, without being technically what Hübner calls either "a party or a judge" in respect to the belligerents.

But there are other anomalous aspects of this weird thing called neutrality. If a neutral nation may permit all these acts, it is still liable to serious interference on the part of belligerents. For example, neutral merchants may engage with impunity in the trade of munitions with a belligerent if their nation is contiguous to his territory, but such trade may be effectively prevented, the contraband confiscated, the

vessel itself condemned, if found on the high seas. Moreover, while theoretically the neutral nation may claim the right to trade freely with the belligerents, it must be prepared to acquiesce in the right of belligerents to institute complete blockades of ports, coasts, or, as would now appear to be the case, the blockade of an entire nation, the establishment of a stupendous siege.

When one considers dispassionately all these anomalies, these incongruities, these absurdities, even, of neutrality, he is constrained to challenge the very basis and nature of that abnormal institution, and to ask whether in a war of far-reaching effects and significance it is possible for any self-respecting nation to maintain a perfect neutrality or remain truly neutral.

The definition of neutrality as "a continuance of a state of peace" between neutrals and belligerents is obviously untrue in the light of the many restrictions which neutrals are bound to permit and the trying obligations they are bound to fulfill.

Neutrality is by no means a normal state of affairs. It is essentially an abnormal relation based on a hideously abnormal state of affairs. War is the negation of law: *inter arma silent leges*. Litigation by force of arms, international disorder, the general disorganization of the community—all this of necessity places belligerents and neutrals in an entirely abnormal situation. As Lorimer soundly observes: "It is necessity alone which can justify either war or neutrality, and necessity is not a source of normal rights and duties."

War and neutrality being essentially abnormal in character, the next fact to be observed is the inevitability of a clash between the interests of belligerents and neutrals. When nations are impelled to stake everything on the battlefield, to make the uttermost sacrifice, they must perforce look upon the interests of indifferent neutrals as of relative unimportance. Prudence, the military exigencies of the situation, as well as a decent consideration for others and for the rights of humanity, will naturally restrain belligerents from interfering as far as possible with neutral nations. But the brute fact still remains that the interests of neutrals, when they clash with the pressing necessities of belligerents in the throes of a tragic struggle, sink into relative insignificance.

It is for these reasons that it is a thankless task to attempt

to define the positive rights of neutrals: they are largely negative in character, varying with the nature of the contest. They are in the main such as the belligerents may choose to concede according to the issues at stake. This is why such a question as the lawful use of submarines is necessarily surrounded with so much uncertainty. This is why it was found necessary to organize the Armed Neutralities of 1780 and 1800 in defence of the alleged rights of neutrals.

The United States had ample opportunity during the Napoleonic wars to learn that the role of a neutral is exceedingly difficult. It will be recalled how England and Napoleon deliberately waged war on each other through neutrals; how skillfully Napoleon maneuvred the United States into war with Great Britain, when, as a matter of fact, we might with as much reason and better justification have gone to war with her enemies.

And now history is repeating itself in a most remarkable manner. The United States finds itself directly and seriously affected by a war of greater magnitude and significance. Its interests are being interfered with by both sides, while one of the belligerents, in imitation of Napoleon's tactics, is avowedly employing drastic measures of retaliation affecting neutral interests in the hope that pressure may be brought to bear on the other belligerent to modify its methods of warfare. The United States is thus again made to realize that neutrals must in some instances either endure considerable interference with their interests or else fight. The maintenance of neutrality under such conditions becomes increasingly difficult or well-nigh impossible.

Thus far we have been mainly considering the rights of neutrals; it is necessary also to bear in mind their obligations.

The general obligation of a neutral is usually defined as non-participation in the contest. It must not allow its territory to be used as a base of operations—the improper use of wireless, for example—nor permit any kind of act which would indicate partiality. A fictitious impartiality which, under the guise of affording equal opportunities to all, really affords special facilities for the only side able to avail itself of the chance, as, for example, the use of French territorial waters by the Russian fleet during the Russo-Japanese war, is obviously not neutrality. The "benevolent" neutrality such as Prussia claimed from England in the Franco-Prus-

sian war, though countenanced in principle by Grotius, is plainly a euphonism for unneutral neutrality.

Anything which renders a neutral nation of special service to a belligerent, particularly as a base of supplies, as an "arsenal"—to employ the term used by the United States in the Geneva Arbitration—is calculated to make it hated by the other belligerent. In other words, that nation which desires to remain neutral may find not only that its alleged rights are seriously violated, but that it is placed under an obligation of impossible vigilance to avoid appearing either as the "benevolent" neutral or the open partisan.

There are those who virtually ask, as does Germany in respect to the sale of munitions, that a neutral nation should alter its procedure and laws so as to redress the balance upset by the varying fortunes of war. This is asking the impossible. It was for this reason that the preamble of the Hague Convention of 1907 concerning the rights and duties of neutral Powers in naval war contained the provision that: "these rules should not in principle be altered, in the course of the war, by a neutral Power, except in a case where experience has shown the necessity for such change for the protection of the rights of that Power."

Taking into account the basis and the nature of neutrality, and the extraordinary difficulties in the way of its effective maintenance, it would appear that the nation which desires to insist on a free exercise of neutral privileges virtually finds itself reduced to the following alternatives.

1. Having no concern with regard to the outcome of the war, it would trade indifferently with both sides, thus aiding them to prolong the fight at its own profit. It cannot serve effectively to help end the contest. As Lorimer pertinently remarks it "cannot strike up the swords of the combatants by putting swords into their hands, money into their pockets, or food into their bellies."

2. By reason of the ability of one belligerent to control the seas, the neutral nation must find itself reduced to the role of supplying only one of the belligerents. Whatever it supplies, whether guns, food, or money, if greatly needed by the belligerent, will necessarily be of the nature of munitions of war. Under such circumstances it will not be strange if the other belligerent quotes reproachfully the words of Demosthenes: "That person whoever he be, who prepares and provides the means of my destruction, he makes war upon me, though he

have never cast a javelin or drawn a bow against me."

3. If the neutral nation finds that its interests and sympathies are on the side of the belligerent which through the fortunes of war has lost control of the seas, it may find itself in the extraordinary situation of becoming the main support of the very side it desires to see defeated.

4. If, however, its interests and sympathies are with the belligerent which controls the seas, the neutral nation may prefer to permit that side to place restrictions of perhaps a severe and unprecedented character even, on its commercial intercourse with the other belligerent. In this case, if it tolerates, under the thin guise of a benevolent neutrality, technical violations of neutral privileges, it lays itself open to bitter and vigorous protests by the other belligerent against its patent failure to preserve strictly the impartial attitude of a true neutral.

Such, in brief, are the embarrassing alternatives which confront a nation in its efforts to preserve neutrality in the face of a world-wide war vitally affecting its own interests as well as those of the belligerents.

It would seem clear, therefore, in whatever light one regards neutrality, whether from the point of view of the rights of neutrals or of the obligations of neutrals, that during a war of great proportions and significance a neutral nation must necessarily find itself in a most trying position. It cannot possibly escape some of the direct, as well as the incidental hardships of war. When the family of nations is thrown into chaos, all its members must suffer in varying degree.

Under such circumstances, it must again be emphasized, a neutral nation may find itself goaded by its immediate or ultimate best interests to take up arms. It must make certain, however, that it fights for interests of general and fundamental importance, not for technical rights of a temporary, or possibly, doubtful significance. As a responsible member of the family of nations the neutral must be sure it does not follow a policy of unenlightened self-interest or shirk its duty to seek international justice and order. It cannot do this merely by a passive attitude of neutrality. It "cannot strike up the swords of the combatants by putting swords into their hands."

It would seem clear that under modern conditions of easy intercommunication, of the intimate interdependence of

nations, no great nation can affect a selfish indifference to the interests of other nations, whether in times of peace or times of war. The breakdown of international order must vitally affect every nation. The existence of international injustice, threats of aggression, lust for territory, ambitions to restrict the freedom of others, contempt for the basic principles of international law: all this must arouse any self-respecting nation from a state of callous indifference. The issues of a great war are of too deep significance for the cause of international order and world-peace to permit of real neutrality. As Westlake so forcefully points out:

> There is no general duty of maintaining the condition of neutrality. On the contrary, the general duty of every member of society is to promote justice within it, and peace only on the footing of justice, such being the peace which alone is of much value or likely to be durable . . . We may sum up by saying that neutrality is not morally justifiable unless intervention in the war is unlikely to promote justice, or could do so only at a ruinous cost to the neutral.

Lorimer, the great Scotch publicist, also deserves to be quoted in this same sense.

> When a question has arisen between two States, and, above all, when that question has led to war, the object of international law is, not to ignore the war, but to remove the cause which has led to it; and this involves giving to the question, not the cheapest and speediest, but the most exhaustive, and, as such, the most permanent solution. There may be cases in which that object may be, or may seem to be, attainable by neutrality or by intervention, indifferently; and in such cases an option between these two courses will, no doubt, be jurally open to the State which is unable to decide between them. But such cases must always be rare; and the acknowledged interdependence of states in our own time tends to render them rarer and rarer . . .

After emphasizing the undoubted tendency of all schemes for international organization and the maintenance of world-peace toward intervention, Lorimer goes on to say:

> 'Charity begins at home,' and the real interests of his own country must always be the first consideration of the statesman; but to identify a policy of neutrality with the interests of international peace is one of the strangest hallucinations that ever took possession of clear-headed men.

Holding views of this character, it is not strange that Lorimer should find only two grounds of justification for a

nation's remaining neutral: (1) "Involuntary ignorance, or intellectual and consequent moral inability to participate in belligerency"; (2) "Impotence or physical inability to participate in war."

It would seem as if Lorimer's statements were somewhat too sweeping, and fail to take into account localized wars between remote nations not intimately connected with other members of the family of nations, Bolivia and Peru, for example. The neutrality of Sweden in such a case would be fully justified. But on the whole it still remains true that there is an increasing realization of the interdependence of nations which renders their misfortunes and struggles of deep concern to each other. A remarkable manifestation of this tendency is the proposed League to Enforce Peace. Viewed either as a kind of international executive or as a disguised form of alliance, this League is a bold enunciation of the duty of intervention to preserve peace. It is a frank abandonment of the idea of neutrality. It is an admission of the truth of Westlake's assertion that there is no duty of neutrality. It is a recognition of the fact that neutrality is usually humiliating and ignominious.

By way of summary then, the preceding considerations concerning the larger aspects of neutrality raised by the question of the sale of munitions of war by a neutral would seem to warrant the following conclusions.

I. Neutrality, like war itself, is entirely abnormal. It is based on necessity, which, as Lorimer points out, "is not a source of normal rights and duties."

II. Belligerent interests take precedence over neutral interests. If a nation tries to remain neutral it finds it must suffer many restrictions and infringements of the rights of peace.

III. It is impossible for a neutral in the varying fortunes of a war to remain the friend of both belligerents. It cannot alter its course according to the course of the contest. It cannot preserve a perfect neutrality. It cannot observe a "benevolent" neutrality and remain truly neutral.

IV. If a neutral nation does not wish to remain in a humiliating position it must be prepared to fight in behalf of its own best interests.

V. If a neutral nation chooses to fight, it must be certain that it fights on the side of international order and justice.

VI. It is the positive duty of a nation as a member of the

family of nations to actively assist in the maintenance of international order and justice. A neutral nation must necessarily become both a judge and a party in a world-war. Its own best interests require that it should make certain that such a war ends to the advantage of the whole world. Mediation, abstention from intervention, indifferent neutrality, are of slight value or of no value at all. The self-respecting nation, capable of vision and of sacrifice, and willing to play its part as a world-Power, will not shrink from the cost and the dangers of intervention. Ignominious neutrality will be treated with just contempt as the refuge of a timid, selfish people, faithless to their duty as responsible members of the great community of nations.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SWORD

BY CANON SAMUEL McCOMB

Of all the ironies which have been produced by the present world-conflict, none, perhaps, is more singular than the spectacle of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Lowes Dickinson championing the cause of Christianity against its official interpreters and the vast mass of its adherents. These distinguished persons assure us that for some two thousand years Christendom has been hopelessly out of harmony with the ideals of its Founder in acting on the assumption that war, under certain circumstances and in a world such as we actually find this world to be, is not only justifiable but even morally obligatory.

Mr. Dickinson observes, with charming simplicity, that Jesus surely meant what He said when He praised the virtues of peace, and refused the aid of the sword. It would be a mistake, of course, to take Mr. Shaw too seriously, but in his entertaining if somewhat flippant skit which prefaces the last published volume of his plays he appears now and then to take himself seriously, and to imagine that he has really studied the New Testament, and now tells to the world for the first time its genuine meaning, freed from the glosses of priest and scribe. In the course of some one hundred and forty pages he has covered the whole field of Christian Origins and the meaning of Christian Theology, to which a Strauss, a Holtzmann, a Hatch, and a Lightfoot did not think it too much to devote a life-time. It need hardly be said that in the course of Mr. Shaw's investigations he has made many startling discoveries — discoveries which modern scholarship must gaze at with something of the wonder with which the uninitiated read the stories recorded in the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society. Here is one which I wish to take as the starting point of this paper: *Barabbas is the typical militarist; Jesus is the Founder of*

pacificism: Christendom has chosen Barabbas, though it formally owns the name of Christ and takes His cross as a standard.

There is no more confusing issue today than the relation of the Christian religion to the problem of war,—none in which more counsel is darkened by words without knowledge. At first sight the teaching of Christ seems plain and unmistakable. Do we not call Him "The Prince of Peace"? Has He not invoked a special benediction upon the peacemakers, and the meek, and the persecuted for righteousness' sake? Is not non-resistance to evil one of His fundamental ideas? When Peter drew his sword in his Master's defense in the Garden, was he not rebuked with the words, "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword"? Is not "Peace" one of the characteristic signs of the working of the new spirit in the hearts of men? Lastly, is not the Kingdom which Jesus ushered in, a Kingdom of Peace? Does it not follow as the night the day that all Christian men must be pacificists or else cease to be Christian? So it would seem; and yet here is the amazing but indisputable fact of history that, with barely an exception, all Christian teachers from the second century till the present time, from Justin Martyr to James Martineau, decline to draw the inference. Here is something to give us pause and to challenge the generally accepted view. We turn back to the Gospels to discover that the pacificist has told us only half the story. What does Christ mean when He says, "Think not that I am come to send peace upon earth. I am come not to send peace, but a sword." What are we to make of these hard words?—"I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled." How are we to interpret this militant saying?—"He that hath none, let him sell his cloak and buy a sword." What kind of peace is it that this Man loves who yet with violence drives the traders out of the temple, overthrows the tables of the money changers, and holds by force of arms the precincts of the Holy Place against its legal guardians? Be it noted that all the words are equally authentic, the non-pacificist as well as the pacificist. That Jesus meant what He said is indeed most true; but the question is, What did He mean?

Now when paradoxical sayings fall from the lips of a

serious thinker we must get behind them, if possible, to the personality from whom they come; we must discover, if we can, what light the course of his life, the response to his environment, throws upon his actions. Apply this principle to the question before us. What does Jesus mean by "Peace"? There are many who ascribe to Him the philosophy of Mr. Chadband: "Oh, my friends, what is peace? Is it war? No, it is not war." But Christ does not teach that mere absence of wounds and pain and agony and death is a good, much less the highest good. The lust of gain meets with as sharp condemnation from Him as the lust of cruelty: the overmastering desire of pleasure and selfish ease is, in His view, as ruinous to the soul as thirst for conquest and military domination. In a word, the peace which Jesus wishes for the world is not the cheap peace which we are told ought to be bought at any cost, even at the cost of the idealism of the nations. The term "peace," therefore, is ambiguous. In itself it has no moral or spiritual quality whatever. Before we can attribute such a quality to it we must inquire on what foundation it rests, and what are the ends which it subserves. For example, I cannot doubt that were Christ once more among us in the flesh, He would strip a large element in the Peace Movement of our time of its humanitarian mask and reveal its hidden motives of commercial greed and enlightened self-interest; He would proclaim that peace for the sake of a pseudo-cosmopolitanism is as the devil robed in the garment of light; He would approve the feeling that lies behind Mrs. Browning's lines:

> I love no peace which is not fellowship,
> And which includes not mercy. I would have
> Rather the raking of the guns across
> The world . . .
> Such things are better than a Peace that sits
> Beside a hearth in self-commended mood,
> And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
> Are howling out of doors . . .
> What! your peace admits
> Of outside anguish while it keeps at home?
> I loathe to take its name upon my tongue.
> 'Tis nowise peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom,—
> 'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong.

The truth is that the attempt to make Jesus the champion of a pacificism which, in the words of John Stuart Mill, pro-

ceeds "from the degraded feeling that thinks nothing worth a war," is doomed to failure.

The traditional portrait of Jesus as the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with griefs, the meek sufferer bowing to the insults and wrongs which man heaped upon Him, the mild and gentle teacher who yielded humbly to the forces of evil and taught His followers to do the same—such a view of His personality is extremely one-sided and has tended to create a false conception which modern learning is doing its best to dissipate. As a recent investigator has said, "The heroic recedes from our modern world view, our Christianity, and our conception of the person of Jesus. Wherefore men have humanised and humbled Him. Renan has stripped off His halo and reduced Him to a sentimental figure, coward spirits like Schopenhauer have dared to appeal to Him for their enervating philosophy. . . . We must go back to the point where we can feel again the heroic in Jesus." The thing that impresses the historian is not His pacific virtues: it is His combativeness, His stern challenge to the ruling powers of the world. He is the champion of the spirit daring evil to do its worst, provoking it to pour out the vials of its hate and wrath.

Had He been a pacificist after the mind of Mr. Bryan and the Peace Movement, He would have carefully avoided the borders of Judaea, would have withdrawn into the interior of Galilee, where He would have lived safely among a friendly populace, and would have died in old age—and Christianity would have died with Him. For now we know from the deeper study of the Gospels that there was no historical necessity for His tragic end. In common with all devout men in His time and place, He conceived that the Kingdom of God was at hand, and this Kingdom meant, according to ancient prophecy, the reign of peace and blessedness. But the Kingdom could come only through agony and suffering. It must be preceded by Armageddon, in which all the forces of wrong should make their last desperate attack upon the powers of God and should be finally overthrown, yet not without intense suffering of the innocent even unto bloodshed and death. It is this very Kingdom with all its antecedent horrors that Jesus proclaims, and not only proclaims but seeks to hasten by His ministry of preaching and healing. One of the main functions of His calling was to arouse men to repentance and a new life, that

they might, as it were, bring the Kingdom down to earth by violence. Jesus, therefore, is willing to risk a world catastrophe for the sake of an ultimate good, the Kingdom of Peace. Therefore, to Him the worst evil that can befall man is not pain nor distress, nor even death. The evil greater than which there is none is a state of permanent injustice. That this world should be the scene of oppression and wrong, of the triumph of brute force, is to Him intolerable. Hence His journey from the north country to Jerusalem to fling down His last challenge to the men who reign there, to summon them to accept His message and recognize Him for what He is, the true spiritual Leader of His people. We know the result: He was put out of the way as an anarchist and a blasphemer. But again it must be said, He need not have died—on pacificist principles.

We live in a different world from that which the Master knew. The eschatological ideas of His age are for us but curiosities. It follows that, as the background against which He worked and taught falls away, it is necessary for us to re-interpret His words in accordance with the spirit that moved Him. For us the hand on the dial of the world-clock does not point to the final hour. Long vistas of time stretch in front of us, and we have learned not to be

> Impatient of the stars that keep their course,
> And make no pathway for the coming Judge.

Christianity is, as Christ Himself taught, a leaven that has yet to leaven the whole lump of mankind. The leaven needs time, for it has obstacles to overcome. The leaven which Christ put in the center of human life is the leaven of love, of brotherhood, of self-sacrifice; in a word, of the enthusiasm of humanity. Forgiveness of injuries, and the love of enemies, are the rules of the Kingdom. The weapons with which the battles of Christ are to be fought are not weapons of flesh, but the spirit, mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. Hence, all war is alien to the genius of the Gospel, and the spirit of the Nazarene is slowly but surely destroying the roots from which war springs. The natural order and the spiritual order stand over against each other as real and ideal. In the ideal order war is impossible, for the law that rules is the law of self sacrifice; "He that would be greatest of all, let him be the servant of all." But this ideal order is as yet future; it is only potentially present.

Still further, if it is not to remain a mere ideal but to actualize itself in time, there must be built up a material framework within which it may develop. In other words, the State is a necessity to the very existence of Christianity, and more than once in history has the State preserved Christianity from extinction by warding off its enemies with a sword.

We live in a world full of clashing interests, at the mercy of instincts not yet moralized and Christianized, and here war is not only possible but inevitable. Now the fundamental blunder of the average peace advocate is that he tends to apply directly and at once an ideal to a world that is preeminently unideal, to efface at one blow the deep-rooted tendencies of national history and to taste prematurely the joys of the millennial era. To say that this procedure is dangerous is to put the matter mildly. Just as weakness may have even worse results than wickedness, so pacificism is an even greater menace to the holiest treasure of culture and civilization than Prussianism itself. A man does not need to be very highly evolved in order to reject the ideal of the Pagan masquerading in the guise of a Christian with an iron cross; but pacificism appeals to some of the finest and noblest instincts of our nature, and backs up its appeal by identifying itself with Christianity. Herein lies its subtle power for mischief. It injects a doubt into the heart of every man who would draw his sword in defense of liberty or of law, and thus it paralyzes the arm uplifted to smite the oppressor.

The Apostle Paul, who was the most idealistic of men, was at the same time a master of commonsense, and he teaches obedience to the magistrate as one who "beareth not the sword in vain." But if the State has a right to use physical force for the maintenance of internal order, who can deny that it also has the right to use physical force in order to guard itself against violence from without? We can imagine a community internally governed by regard for the common good, in which each citizen would serve his own interests by first of all serving the interests of the community, by losing his life in the larger life of the whole. But suppose an enemy should arise armed with the philosophy of the superman, for whom the Christian ideal would be the quintessence of weakness: How could the Christian State maintain itself against the non-Christian?

Surely it is clear that the soldier's vocation is not an evil in itself, but may become an evil. As Augustine says, "Not the profession of a soldier, but his evil disposition, makes him an enemy to the common good." The soldier may cast aside every thought of himself and die in defense of the right in the spirit of a martyr. The civilian at home may crush with ruthless strength his commercial rival, or may attack his ecclesiastical opponents with weapons perfectly peaceful yet thoroughly carnal.

The real distinction, therefore, is not, as the pacifist would have it, between the method of moral suasion and the method of physical force, but between the motive of aggressive and selfish ambition, and the motive of devotion to an ideal that goes beyond all selfish interest. It is curiously suggestive to find that the militarist and the pacificist, though formally antagonistic, have really a kind of tacit concordat. By their methods of making war as obnoxious as possible, the champions of the doctrine that Might is Right give a most powerful argument to the man who, rather than suffer the heavy hand of Might, prefers to let Right go by the board. And so the other way about, the pacificist plays into the hands of the militarist by offering him a defenseless world and unimpeded scope for the full display of his anti-human energies.

Surely there is a pacifism which is at once truly rational and truly Christian. Socrates, that "Christian before Christ," was a pacificist even to the point of maintaining that it were better for the just man to allow himself to be slain than to slay the unjust; yet on three famous occasions this pacificist appeared in shining armor in defense of home and kindred, and used his weapons with such skill and vehemence as to call forth the admiration of the beholders. So a believer in a religion of peace dare not turn a deaf ear to the call of his people for his courage and self-devotion, but must go forth not only to die, but, if possible, to make others die. Yet the fact remains that war is an evil, and would be quite impossible in a world governed by Christian principles.

A rational pacificism would, therefore, strike at the causes of the war spirit within each nation. It would give no quarter to jingoism, to an over-strained patriotism fed upon ignorance and contempt of other peoples, to the spirit that surrounds the profession of arms with all the pomp and

circumstances of a superior caste. It would search out diligently the economical and political forces that generate national hatreds and conflicts. It would insist on each Government acting justly toward each other. It would not rest until the diplomacy that has in its hand the issues of life and death for countless men should be made amenable to the public conscience and its decrees open to revision, ere the signal for slaughter be given. In a word, it would apply the democratic principle of Christianity in the sphere of international relations, and it would perceive the vision of a world-wide propaganda for justice, for the realization of a larger good which includes the welfare of others as well as of self.

But work of this sort is slow and does not yield much grist for the mill of the second-rate politician; yet without this mighty hope we must despair of this world and its affairs. But hope that is seen is not hope. War must pass; so it is decreed by the Spirit of Humanity. But the hour for its passing has not yet struck. To act as if it had is to live in a land of dreams destined to be dispelled by a rude onset of reality, the horrid spectacle of a world in arms. And what will the dreamer do *in the day of visitation, in the desolation that shall come from far?*

SAMUEL MCCOMB.

PUBLIC OPINION AND DEFENSE

BY MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U. S. A.

THE activities of societies for the prevention of international disputes and the practical fact of ever increasing armament afford indisputable evidence that upon no other subject are men further from agreement than that of the necessity for war. If there be a middle ground between the extremes of opinion in this matter, it will constitute a genuine claim to the world's gratitude if America shall mark the course and lead the way.

In the present state of the public mind, arising from a knowledge of the horrors of modern war, as depicted in current illustrations and news from the far-flung battle lines in Europe, there is danger of drawing general conclusions from isolated examples and of attempting to apply them to our country. There is no occasion for hysteria, inasmuch as our military problems have long been known and discussed with frankness and persistency. We have been slowly approaching a crisis which it was perfectly apparent would arrive whenever we attempted to detach from the mobile army garrisons and the coast fortifications within the United States the troops agreed upon as necessary for the defense of the Panama Canal, Hawaii, the Philippines and Alaska. Since the war with Spain we have simply drifted from one obligation to another endeavoring to solve each problem at the suggestion of expediency rather than the dictation of policy.

An educated public opinion is the best guarantee of wise, continuing and certain action, but it requires much study and reflection to arrive at a comprehensive knowledge of any policy of national dimensions.

It is now forty years since Congress undertook to formulate a military policy by means of a long series of hearings of distinguished officers of the Civil War. The result of an immense labor was the simple announcement that: "Our

army is viewed as a nucleus wherein is to be acquired and preserved military knowledge and from which should radiate the elements of instruction and discipline, thus to form in time of war a competent force endowed with talent to direct it as a whole, and provided with agencies capable of grasping the responsibility, organization and distribution of numerous supplies necessary to the conduct of successful military operations."

With such a limitation the regular army fulfills its mission perfectly, but during the period which has elapsed since Congress accepted this elementary policy the world has undergone many political and territorial readjustments. Within our own territory during the same period we have experienced an industrial and agricultural development at such high pressure that an empire of mountain and prairie has been changed from hunting grounds of wild Indians to prosperous States. The war with Spain came and left in its wake new and untried problems, involving military occupation of the distant Philippine Islands. Hawaii, in its relation to world strategy, has increased enormously in importance since the completion of the Panama Canal. Alaska, too, takes on new value when strategical questions involving the Pacific are under consideration. With the completion of the Panama Canal the integrity of the Monroe Doctrine has become even more essential to our national self-interests, and the nation stands squarely for its maintenance by force of arms if need be.

All these things relate to military policy, but must be normally solved as subordinate questions of civil policy. This nation is not prepared now, and, under our form of government, never can be prepared, to announce beforehand what its action will be upon all world questions. We have given abundant evidence of our desire to avoid entanglements in the affairs of other nations and to arbitrate as far as may be possible all questions which do not compromise the nation's honor. It is morally certain that not only our altruistic ideas of fair play but the actual delimitations of our existing treaties of arbitration will prevent all preparations for war during the period provided for preliminary consideration of matters in dispute. Nations, signatories to such treaties with us, whose armies and reserves are always organized, have, therefore, a manifest advantage in case of the failure of diplomatic adjustment of questions at issue.

A well-balanced distribution of the influence of nations, in the future as in the past, depends upon the ability of each to guard its own interests. A nation blessed with boundless resources and with the energy necessary to develop them has all the crude elements of military strength. Given unlimited time without interference, the multiplication of battleships and the creation of armies may follow along normal lines.

Such a business-like proceeding, however, is not apt to obtain with a virile and energetic opponent to dispute its progress. Modern wars do not allow much time for preparation before the first blow is struck, and it is the first battle which counts most when the appeal to arms has been made. The prestige of a proud nation may be sadly lowered by lack of foresight and preparedness, and patriotism and material interest alike suggest the propriety of giving the highest moral support to those who undertake to fit the nation in time of peace for the shocking realities of war.

It is clearly a national duty to provide for the contingencies of war before the occasion for the use of armies shall arise; but Congress should not lightly be charged with neglect nor held up to scorn for failure to adopt every suggestion as to military and naval preparedness, for experienced legislators well know that policies change with chameleon-like rapidity, and that continuing and large appropriations must be explained and defended by practical facts and not with flights of oratory.

There is a fellowship and a freemasonry in politics difficult for the layman to understand, but directly traceable to pressure of constituents in behalf of local interests. Many worthy causes are sacrificed as hostages to political expediency even when great principles are at stake.

Under the pressure of grave emergencies, no other nation has been more prodigal than America in giving of its wealth for military and naval purposes. In normal times, however, there is no more thankless task than that of endeavoring to prove to one's fellow citizens that we should not only preserve the excellent features of past military systems, but also bend our efforts to avoid the repetition of past humiliating experiences.

It is a wise business safeguard to take account of stock occasionally, and examine into current methods to determine if an establishment is on a proper basis as compared

with competitors. These same principles apply forcefully to military preparation. Success in war depends upon military preparedness, which, in turn, is based upon organized military resources. Loyal men, physically fit and trained, properly provided with war materials and sustained by the moral support of the nation, constitute the only guarantee of victory and an avoidance of national humiliation.

If we would avoid the waste inseparable from going to war without due preparation, we must be ready with a complete system for passing from a peace to a war establishment. Thus only may we avoid a repetition of the humiliation of having masses of patriotic young men in unsanitary camps, qualifying for the pension roll through lack of previous training in all that makes the soldier fit and worthy of the name. If Americans are ever called upon to fight for national existence against a combination of foreign foes, it is possible that volunteers would exceed the available guns, but there is nothing in our past history to justify the claim. The bounty and draft records sadly discount the orators on this subject. The right of a rich man to buy the services of a poor man as his substitute in war ought to be branded as one of the shameless practices of the Civil War to be forever banished by a Government which has as its cornerstone the political equality of men. The records show conclusively that the theory that every citizen of the Republic stands ready to march to its defense is wholly fallacious. Even if true, there would still remain the lamentable fact that mere readiness does not carry with it actual fitness.

It is unhappily true that in none of our wars has the Government been able to count upon the active political support, or even the good will, of all the nation. As to physical support, we have the deadly statistics of the Civil War, when the very life of the Union was at stake. Of the 2,778,304 men and boys who enlisted in the Union army, only 46,626 were over 24 years of age, and of the total enlisted, 2,159,798 were 21 years of age and under. There were five times as many boys of 16 years of age and under as there were men of 25 years of age and over. Similar conditions have existed in all our wars, and this explains why pensions continue through so many years after the close of every conflict. The evil will never be corrected until a system is adopted which will call upon well-developed men, as well as boys, for service in war.

There are many well-meaning people who contend that there should be no more wars and that military preparation begets a belligerent spirit. To formulate the incontrovertible but historical facts necessary to disprove the specious arguments of these advocates of peace at any price, would require an expenditure of time and mental effort which may be more profitably devoted to considering facts as we find them.

American pluck and luck have carried the nation through several conflicts and always with the same results, an immediate tightening of the purse-strings regarding all expenditures for military preparation. This unwise policy has met with approval in the past because there has never been serious public disapproval of it.

The formulation of policies to fit the problems resulting from the war with Spain was rendered extremely difficult because of the great diversity of opinion as to the wisdom of retaining colonial possessions, and both Congress and the executive departments have been compelled to adjust important affairs as dictated by the expediency of the moment. As other and equally grave problems have arisen, they have perforce received similar treatment and, in consequence, the army is now in a state of attenuation in relation to its widespread duties, indicating that the limit of elasticity has been reached.

It should not be assumed that the army has not been kept up to the highest possible state of discipline and efficiency consistent with its strength. Since the war with Spain nearly everything connected with arms and equipment has been changed in the effort to improve our army, whose morale, intelligence and battle training compare favorably with any troops. All these things are beyond question and are admitted by world critics.

Innumerable articles have been published from within and from without the army in the effort to secure the adoption of this or that measure of relief. Several years ago the proposition to create a Council of Defense was brought forward as a panacea for all our evils, inasmuch as one of the main functions of the council would be to formulate policies. The composition of the council included the President, several cabinet officers, chairmen of Senate and House Committees, military and naval officers. Nearly every one of these officials is burdened beyond his reasonable capacity with

work requiring study and executive action. The prospect of their attendance at meetings and their active personal consideration of important measures would be very remote.

The existing methods of providing for the organization and support of the numerous instrumentalities of government, including the army, have resulted from more than a century of legislative experience. The well-developed and understood method of accomplishing modifications of our military system, as an outcome of this long experience, contemplates that detailed bills embracing the necessary legislation shall be prepared at the War Department, and transmitted to Congress by the Secretary of War, with the approval of the President, for appropriate action. Comprehensive measures other than those recommended by the Secretary of War are seldom reported out of committee. Should a change of our military system be deemed necessary or a new military policy of any character be desired, there is no reason to suppose that a Council of Defense could obtain results superior to those worked out by the General Staff Corps and presented in the usual way direct to Congress. If Congress in its representation of the people deems action timely and wise, it will come; if they do not approve of immediate action, the recommendation of a Council of Defense would not alter matters.

While certain principles of the art of war remain unchanged from generation to generation, the material used by modern armies has become extremely complicated, so that we require many highly trained technical corps, in order that we may not lose any of the advantage which may be derived from the scientific application of modern inventions to the complex machinery of a great army. It is the special care of the regular army that the interests of the nation shall not suffer from any neglect to avail ourselves of every modern invention applicable to military purposes. This frequently involves sending to the scrap-heap implements and material only recently made the basis of self-congratulation because of their perfection as elements of defense.

It is not the character of our army or of the implements of war with which we are provided which have been giving us such grave concern, but the absence of a satisfactory system for maintaining in peace a trained force of citizens available in sufficient numbers to meet the emergencies of modern war.

It is a fact, too obvious to require argument, that nearly every proposition looking to the inauguration of a military peace establishment to meet the exigencies of war that has been submitted to Congress, has been based on what would probably obtain favorable action by that body rather than on conviction as to the needs of the case. A most glaring instance of this occurred subsequent to the war with Spain when the necessity for an increase of the regular army became urgent. The preparation of the measure for the reorganization of the army, which became a law February 2, 1901, was intrusted to the writer, who, a quarter of a century before, had had the privilege of serving under that rare student, General Emory Upton. When it was made known that the proposed bill contained provisions for the establishment of a General Staff Corps, instructions were received to leave out those provisions and every feature liable to cause argument and delay the passage of a measure having as its main feature a considerable increase of the army, urgently needed at the time to release volunteers whose terms of enlistment were about to expire.

A commission, comprised mainly of ex-officers of the Union and Confederate armies, which investigated conditions arising in the war with Spain, had found and reported upon certain specific defects of our military system, but it seemed nobody's business to initiate the necessary corrections.

In an article by the writer entitled "Will America Profit by Her Recent Military Lessons?" which appeared in May, 1902, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the most important paragraph indicated as follows the reform demanded in our military system:

> The one crying need of the army during the first half century has been the want of a General Staff Corps, or body of officers whose business it is to do the preliminary planning for the army and to make of its various elements a more harmonious working machine. In this connection, a "Chief of Staff" must be substituted for the "Commanding General of the Army," or the General Staff will fall short of its full value. There is no place under our constitution for a "commander-in-chief" and a "commanding general"; and when this is recognized by appropriate legislation, the unbusiness-like methods and constant friction will disappear, to the great benefit of the country and army.

The war with Spain had placed the nation in a position

where it could no longer afford to neglect questions of such grave import to its future welfare, but an easy triumph and the sudden spreading of our wings as a "world-power" tended to a complacency fatal to the correction of many serious defects.

Our nation has no policy of territorial aggrandizement and does not cherish animosity towards any other nation. We have recently undertaken a solution of the question of national defense, but as yet the means provided do not assure a trained force sufficiently potential and immediately available for the exigencies of war as now comprehended in the operations of modern armies.

William Harding Carter.

THE GENIUS OF ENGLAND

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

The English are not only, as has often been observed, the most individual of people, but England is also the most individual of nations. That is the natural result of the peculiar position of England as a citadel in the sea. At the outset, the strong and adventurous alone might dare to approach the forbidding shores of this island, to seize and to hold it. A process of selection was thus exercised on all would-be invaders. Only the men of vigorous and original individuality could be tempted to this hazardous enterprise across the waves, only such men could overcome the risks of this dangerous coast and achieve success in their daring task.

When once the island was peopled by a strong race its qualities as a citadel could be utilized. For a thousand years there has been no great hostile invasion of England. The various bands of daring adventurers who seized the land, once firmly welded together, have been free to develop their native characteristics as individualistic sea-faring adventurers, and on that basis to elaborate their culture and display their special genius.

Many of the most marked and the most discrepant traits of the Englishman are accounted for when we bear in mind that he is thus the outcome of a special, perhaps unique, process of selection. That process has made him adventurer and pirate, dreamer and poet, passionately devoted to freedom, independent to the verge of eccentricity, resourceful and versatile, not only a stern moralist peculiarly apt for piety but an aggressive colonizer and a hard-headed, practical man of business. It is necessary to emphasize this factor in the causation of the Englishman because it seems usually to be overlooked.

At the same time we need by no means neglect the influ-

ence of race in the making of the English. The races that have their part in the British nation are so various, and the persistence of their characteristics are so visible even to-day, that the crudest theorist in England finds himself invoking the racial factor to explain any puzzling trait in his fellow countrymen.

Roughly speaking, the earlier invasions were of dark peoples and the later invasions of fair peoples. The result has been that, notwithstanding the high degree of amalgamation which has been taking place from the first, the west side of Britain holds a population which is largely of dark pigmentation, while the population of the east side is almost throughout of light pigmentation. These external differences in appearance are associated with equally marked internal differences in temperament. Thus the whole country constitutes a kind of electric battery with an eastern pole and a western pole, whereby a continuous circulation of energy takes place, the two unlike elements forever stimulating, reinforcing, and moderating each other. So are formed vital currents which have often produced friction, and yet largely served to generate the vigor of the English people.

When we come to analyze more specifically the racial elements which make up the two poles of this battery, and to consider what special qualities they may have contributed, apart from the selective process of the sea, to the constitution of the English nation, we are somewhat in doubt as to the earliest recognizable element. We may be certain that it was largely dark, we may assume that it had its chief home in the Mediterranean, and we may choose to call it Iberian, bearing in mind always the influence of the selectional process which has to some extent modified the original character of all the invaders of Britain. This element, combined with more rugged elements of obscure origin, has become closely united with the second main body of invaders, the Goidels followed by the Brythons and both Celts, these uniting with the earlier elements to constitute together what we now commonly call the " Celtic " population of Britain. It is evident, however, that the stocks of earlier arrival than the Goidels and Brythons must count for much; for they imparted to the Celtic blood not only its dark complexion and its robust constitution, but also its stubborn tenacity, its obstinate independence,—unchangeable even beneath the mask of a gracious suavity,—for these are qualities altogether unlike

those of the Gallic Celts whom Strabo has described so well, receptive, versatile, and unstable. The Belgae, however, the modern Walloons of Southern Belgium, form the natural links between the Celts of France and of Britain. When one is among the people of Liége and the neighborhood one has more the sense of being among people with the special air and carriage of the English than in perhaps any other region of the opposite coast.

The well combined product of these early waves of invasion—all later admixtures in the West being subordinate—which we are pleased to call "Celtic" constitutes a permanent and clearly marked element in the collective whole of "England." These people possess a natural distinction, an inborn refinement, quite independent of material civilization—the Irish, even of high social class, as Fynes Moryson bore witness, sometimes dispensed with clothing as late as the seventeenth century—which often stamped their features and is marked in their gracious carriage and courteous speech. This is found in every division of the Celtic race in Britain, however variously modified, alike in Ireland and the Scotch Highlands, in Wales and in Cornwall. It seems to testify to the undoubted fact that these people have behind them a much more ancient culture than the later English. They are of alert intelligence and quick wit, democratic in their instincts, ready of response to the appeal of the ideal, impassioned orators, imaginative in vision and impetuous in action, yet with a certain coolness, sometimes even hardness of temperament, which often seems to preserve them from their own excessiveness, and enables them indeed to mock at the excessiveness of others, for they seem too emotional themselves to overrate the value of emotion. The vivacity of their nerves makes them not only dreamers and idealists but apt also for action, and even too readily fighters. In all these respects the Celtic side of Britain has an individuality of its own which distinguishes it from the Eastern side in which the elements brought by later waves of invasion remain predominant.

The "Anglo-Saxon" wave furnished what is usually considered to be the Germanic element in the English. Strictly speaking, this came, according to the best modern opinions, from the south of Denmark and the adjoining region still further south and to the west. It was made up of two or three tribes, the Angles, who seem to have come

from Angel in Schleswig, and the Jutes, probably from Jutland, and the Saxons, from the region immediately to the south of Denmark, not identical with modern Saxony, so that we must not too hastily assume that it is from a sense of blood-relationship that even in the Great War of today there has been more good feeling between the English and the Saxons than with any of the other German peoples to whom the English have been opposed. On the whole this invasion was that of a Low German population, with Scandinavian affinities. The Frisians who occupied, and still occupy, the north west corner of Continental Europe, seem to have been almost identical with the Saxons, and the language which they speak in Dutch Friesland is nearer to English than any other tongue. The Englishman of to-day can easily understand Frisian, even fragments of Flemish, but the High German tongue has left no marks on England. The High Germans, indeed, were too far east to be attracted to England. They were a vigorous, war-like, migratory race, but the great sweeps of their migrations usually curved in a southerly or southwesterly direction, traversing Italy and Spain and even Eastern France, but not expanding further towards the west. Of the tribes invading England, the Jutes had various customs of their own which they brought with them to Kent, but the Angles and the Saxons seem much more closely related, in the opinion of some authorities even identical, and it has been argued that the term "Anglo-Saxon" may simply mean "English Saxons."

This Anglo-Saxon invasion was an eruption of savage warriors into a peaceful and civilized population. For we must remember that for centuries the Romans had been in possession, and though we cannot say that the Roman armies made any recognizable contribution to the composition of the British population—for they had long ceased to be recruited mainly in Rome—yet Roman civilization, Roman organization, Roman luxury had permeated Britain. These invaders from Denmark had hitherto come into but slight contact with Roman influences which had no meaning for them. When they had hewed their way through with fire and the sword, they allowed the beautiful refinements of the Roman villas to fall into decay, until concealed by the grass-land under which we find them to-day, and built their own wooden settlements outside. This wave of invasion thus marked a great gulf in the culture of Britain, and that accounts for

the contrast between East and West which all the leveling influence of a thousand years have not effaced to-day.

The Anglo-Saxons extinguished civilization in Britain, although they brought with them a culture of their own which has sometimes been underrated. They constituted, moreover, an element which was destined to be of high value in the final development of the English nation. It is true that early historians have sometimes unduly magnified the part of the Anglo-Saxons in England; they have failed to realize the immense importance alike of the earlier and the later invasions; an England that was all Anglo-Saxon could scarcely have hoped for a larger career in the world than Saxony or Friesland, or so large a career as Scandinavian Denmark. But all the Germanic tribes have possessed, as Ferrero has pointed out, the precious aptitude to act as a cement to other racial stocks, binding together elements which have sometimes been of higher qualities than themselves. They were probably not democratic in the communal or clannish way of the early British, or the individualistic way of the later invaders; like all the Germans, they cultivated caste distinctions, the violation of which was punishable by death. This caste feeling still flourished even when the Anglo-Saxon was overlaid by new waves of invasion. It has so come about that the Anglo-Saxons constitute the solid, persistent plebeian element of the English population; this is expressed even in physical type, and the heavy peasant of a Saxon focus like Surrey and Sussex shows nothing of the distinction of the Highlander or the Cornishman, while these predominantly Saxon regions have produced the minimum proportion of English genius. The Anglo-Saxon has ever possessed a sturdy obstinacy, an independent commonsense, well typified by the South Saxon peasant, William Cobbett. Though " terrible for bravery and agility " the Saxons were fundamentally conservative from the first, the least apt to wander of all Germanic tribes, and in the great Germanic migrations of the early centuries after Christ, Saxons and Frisians and Angles still clung to their old ground on the bank of the Elbe. It is, perhaps, not an accident after all, that England has been named from the Anglo-Saxon. He has not been her brain, but he has perhaps been her backbone, even in an almost literal sense, for the most unmixed Anglo-Saxons run right down the center of the land, between the earlier British whom they rolled back to the coast, and the

later North-men who have encroached on the Eastern shores. Without the Anglo-Saxon England would be impotent; in every conflict of war, in every task of peace, he has been the weapon and the implement.

Before the English people became finally blended and tempered, it seems to have been the fate of each successive invasion to pass through a phase of enervation in this soft mild atmosphere and thus to yield to the onset of the next wave. This happened to the Anglo-Saxons, they lost their sea-power, without being able to transmute it into an effective land power. So they were often helpless before the new generation of Scandinavian pirates who carried out the same methods in an even more vigorous and relentless way. They were not only highly selected invaders,—for they came from far to attack a firmly settled land, and only the stoutest could hope for success,—but they belonged at the outset to the most individualized of the invaders of these islands. In complexion they were the fairest of all, and in character the most enterprising, the most self-reliant, in their extreme types the most gloomy and the most eccentric. They have left today their distinguishable mark all around the northern coast and the outlying islands. In place-names and family-names, in color of skin and eyes and hair, in traits of speech and character, the Danes thus remain in Norfolk and in Lincolnshire and in Durham and in Cumberland and in Furness, thickly on the coast and islands of Scotland, and sprinkled on the shores of Ireland. It can scarcely be a mere coincidence that it is in the Danish regions of England that I have most frequently met that John Bull who is supposed to be the typical Englishman. He is fair and high-colored, large of stature, of fleshy texture and rounded outlines, with not seldom the anxious mark on his face of his own physical weight, a little irritable, if not suspicious and defiant, though tender and emotional beneath, and sometimes he may be merely bucolic and sometimes he has the high intelligence and character, the gravity and firm decision of the finest Englishman, but always there is a certain personal consciousness, a burden of responsibility, whether the burden of his own health or the burden of ruling a province. So the Scandinavian influence in England has not been merely local, it has penetrated the national character. There has been no English King with a finer political genius than the Dane Canute, and the spirit of the North-man, with his grave sense of responsi-

bility, primarily to himself rather than to others,—the sense of Shakespeare's injunction, "To thine own self be true," and the spirit of Ibsen's hero, who felt that he was most strong when most alone,—seems specially associated with the Danish element in the English. Even the plastic force of the Scandinavian tongue has had its marked influence on the structure of the English language, in its simple, concise, direct force, if not in the delicious ripple, as of a wavelet of the sea, which sorts so well with Scandinavian speech and is so remote from the speech of Germanic tongues.

The last great invasion was that of the Normans. It was the most fatefully decisive of all and set the final seal on the genius of England. The Norman was ultimately of the same stock as the North-men of the preceding wave of invasion. It was that fact which gave so much significance to the Norman Conquest of England. Of all the Norman conquests in Europe, as Freeman pointed out, that of England alone proved permanently effective, and the reason was that only in England were they on a soil over which their own seed had already been plentifully sprinkled. Here alone their potent genius could work on congenial elements and achieve permanent results. Yet the Normans' task of invasion was harder than any that went before, needing all the energies of the great general and consummate administrator who achieved it.

Every fresh invader of England had added to the strength of England. After the Norman Conquest, no further conquest seems to have been found possible. England had become what later the French Ambassador to Charles II found it to be, "one vast citadel." The Great Armada, which the world-empire of Spain sent against England, merely served to strew the coast with wrecks, as the Duke of Würtemburg noted twenty years later; the great expedition of Napoleon never even left the would-be invader's harbors; and the attempts of the Germans today to attack England have only been rendered possible by the cultivation of extreme rapidity in flight. The Normans, it must be remembered, were the most vigorous race of their time. Concentrated centripetal force in combination with explosive centrifugal force —the aptitude to acquire and the aptitude to expand—in them reached maximum intensity. They represented the finest flower of strong northern individuality developed in the favorable soil of the orderly Latin civilization of France.

They were, as they remain in France today, narrowly acquisitive, but at the same time they shrank before no extravagance. In all things excessive, as their own ancient chronicler noted, they infused something of that excessiveness into the composite English blood. Yet they were no longer pirates. They were trained in warfare and government; they knew how to found principalities and kingdoms even in the far Mediterranean. They cultivated the arts with daring and brilliant success, and they had a passion for law, even to the extent of contentiousness. Their primitive energy of ruthlessness had become transformed into a genius for organization and an instinct for just, if severe, administration. "A beast, but a just beast," was the schoolboy's verdict on Archbishop Temple as schoolmaster; it has, rightly or wrongly, often been the verdict of the subject races in the East who have come upon this old Norman trait in their English rulers. Justice has been the chief secret of the mystery, as it has seemed to some, of the stability of English government at home and abroad, although it has often been but slowly and painfully achieved. It has indeed been said, truly or not, that justice is as peculiarly the trait of the English as reason is of the French or pity of the Russians.

The extent and the significance of the Norman invasion of England has sometimes been underestimated. When we enter the little church of Dives, in Normandy, from which William sailed, and read the list of his companions there inscribed, it may seem to us that we are only in the presence of a select body of great paladins whose influence on the national composition and character could scarcely have been great. The evidence of place-names and the more dubious evidence of family names in England seems to tell a different story. The wave of Norman migration, moreover, continued for a century after the Conqueror's arrival. The Norman and other French elements which thus came over were necessarily less highly selected than the Conqueror's companions, but must have mightily reinforced their influence. The main evidence for the strength of Norman influence in England is written in the course of English history. However well compact the varied elements of the English people may be, and, in so far as they are not compact, however well they may supplement each other, it is throughout the Norman spirit which has dominated England and largely directed English

policy in the world. It is the Norman aristocratic dominance, Norman orderliness, Norman administrative energy, which have formulated the English oligarchic constitution and controlled the growth of English dominion in every quarter of the globe.

With the Norman invasion the elements of the English character were all brought together. Nothing further was needed but their permeation and elaboration, their slow development to self-consciousness. There have been minor infusions of new blood since, but these have merely served to reinforce elements already existing. Though small in amount, these later migrations have been precious in quality, for they have been attracted by that spirit of freedom and toleration in England which has offered a home to the finest-spirited refugees from neighboring lands. Thus it was that England accepted the Germans and Dutch, liberated the Jews, admitted numerous groups of artisans from Flanders who brought both their skill in handicraft and their sturdy independence to enrich the land of their adoption, and welcomed the French Huguenots, who, in the congenial English soil, were free so to develop their high intelligence and lofty character as to take rank among the most typical representatives of the English genius.

The genius of England, the special mark of the higher cultural activities of the nation, has been conditioned in part by the nature of the selectional process through which the country has been populated in successive waves of invasion, and in part by the varying character of the peoples thus introduced.

The result has been that, notwithstanding a slow process of mixture, the east coast of the British Islands has in every field of activity represented one aspect of the English spirit, while the west coast has represented a different and even opposed aspect of that same spirit. The purer representatives on each side have in this way contributed to the vitality of the English genius by opposing and supplementing each other, while the close connection between the two coasts has rendered possible racial blendings which have produced complete and typical representatives of that genius. There are numerous focal spots of genius in the British Islands, each with its own slightly varying characteristics, which we may, perhaps, trace back to the mediæval days when the composite character of the race and its attitude of jealous civil

individualism caused Isle of Wight people to describe Hampshire people as "foreigners," and English towns to display as much hostility to other English towns as though, it has been said, they were in Normandy or Flanders. Such minor variations cannot, however, obscure the wider outlines of the picture presented by English genius.

This complementary opposition, and this racial blending to produce in one individual the union of the two opposites, is seen through the whole of English genius. It is a fascinating task to attempt to trace it out in different fields and to note the varying balance of genius in each field taken separately, for, as we might expect, the method of expression most successfully attained is not the same on both sides.[1]

There are indeed some forms of human activity for which there can scarcely fail to be some degree of aptitude in every region and every race. That is, for instance, the case in politics. Leaders in politics have arisen in all parts of the British Islands. At the same time they have always, to a remarkable extent, retained the impress of their race. This remains as true as ever, and among the British political leaders of today it is easy to observe how each expresses his own racial tendencies and his own personal heredity. In no field, indeed, is race seen to predominate over environment more clearly than in political genius. That is sometimes, indeed, a factor in political success. Parnell, with his haughty Anglo-Saxon reserve and shyness, his methodical subterranean tenacity, could win from his Irish Nationalist followers a loyalty they could scarcely have yielded to any purely Celtic leader. Disraeli, with his hard brilliance and dazzling Oriental imagination, an adventurer escaped from the Arabian Nights, still attracts, from the most conservative section of Anglo-Saxon England, a degree of sentimental affection never vouchsafed to Salisbury, the genuine and admirable personification of conservative England, and Lloyd George, the complete Celtic Welshman, and as such a natural object of suspicion and hostility to the Anglo-Saxon, is yet able to exert a magic influence over the Anglo-Saxon mind. The really dominating figures in the history of English politics can scarcely be said, however, to belong either to the extreme east or the extreme west. They are intermediate, a mixed

[1] It may be mentioned that I have dealt in detail with the distribution of English genius in my *Study of British Genius*.

race, or else originating in such a district as East Anglia, where the eastern spirit has been specially permeated by modifying influences. Gladstone was of such mixed stocks, as was before him a yet greater Englishman, Oliver Cromwell, and the Pitts, ancestrally spread over various parts of the British Isles, were connected, one may surmise, with the most aboriginal elements of the English people, while the peculiarly typical figure of John Hampden was ancestrally rooted in the Buckinghamshire hills and forests, which have never been thoroughly Anglo-Saxonized. Religion also, like politics, is universal in its appeal, and all parts of the British Islands have produced men of religion, who have displayed one or other of the special characteristics—militant aggressiveness or practical benevolence or orderly ecclesiasticism—which belong to British religion.

In another kind of aptitude, which we might expect to find evenly distributed in a marine citadel, there has been a remarkable tendency to division of labor. Great soldiers belong to the west and great sailors to the east. It is significant that Wellington, the representative English general, came from Ireland, and Nelson, the representative British admiral, from Norfolk. Ireland, Wales and the Welsh Marshes, the Scotch Highlands, Cornwall, with the whole southwestern peninsula (though this last region has been also a region of great sailors), have given England the largest proportion of her soldiers and her generals, and all these regions are largely Celtic. The whole eastern and southern coasts have produced great sailors, especially those parts of it where the population is fairest, so that distinguished sailors have been, in a large proportion, blue-eyed. This is a differentiation which seems more marked during recent centuries than it was at the outset of English history, before national feeling had unified Great Britain. It is possible that the military aptitude which through Plantagenet and even Tudor times we seem to find widely diffused in England has become largely transmuted into legal and administrative aptitude. Distinguished lawyers have often come from the northern part of east England, and great administrators from the neighboring regions of East Anglia, to which both of the two chief builders of modern Egypt ancestrally belong, Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener, though the latter was more immediately connected with Ireland.

It is when we turn to the arts that we may read in most precise detail the racial characteristics of English genius. Thus, in dramatic aptitude, we find in the British Islands, as in Europe generally, that the fair, blue-eyed population very rarely achieve success. Ireland, Wales, and the English southwestern peninsula, have furnished England with actors and actresses; perhaps not one of high eminence has been derived elsewhere. Blue eyes, except in combination with dark hair (which is a Celtic characteristic), one scarcely sees among them. The slow reserved phlegmatic temperament of the Anglo-Saxon is rebellious to dramatic expression. The Celtic qualities, on the other hand, of vivacity, mental alertness, receptivity, and obvious charm, naturally lend themselves to the players' art. They are also qualities that we commonly consider feminine, and it may not be an accident that when we put aside the stage, on which the actress may even outshine the actor, feminine ability, in a numerical estimation of British genius, occupies a relatively larger place in Ireland than in any other region of the British Islands.

The racial opposition of east and west in the British Islands is admirably revealed in English painting. It may indeed be said that nothing shows so infallibly as English painting how profound, and how delicate, yet how unconscious, are the roots of heredity in the English character. The people of the west, as we know, are idealistic, visionary, imaginative; they possess the sense of magic; they worship their own dreams. The people of the east, as we also know, are born naturalists; they are enamored of reality; they find beauty not in their own visions, but by patiently watching the actual world; they worship Nature. Every English painter has been true to one or other of these deep impulses, however ignorant of it he may have been; it is not easy to find any exception. Reynolds belongs to the west as inevitably as Gainsborough belongs to the east. We could not imagine Richard Wilson in Norfolk or Crome in Wales. Burne-Jones is as emphatically Welsh, the man of the *Mabinogion,* as Constable expresses the whole soul of Suffolk. Throughout we see this radical opposition of temperament between the men of the dark west and of the fair east or north, the men who follow the vision within and the men who brood over the vision of Nature. There is, indeed, one great English painter, perhaps the supreme English painter,

whom we cannot clearly place in the one class or in the other, for he seems to belong to both. In Turner we see the faithful realist forever ruthlessly on the track of Nature to catch every subtlest variation of her mood; we also see the extravagant idealist embodying the inner vision of a loveliness never before made visible on the earth; we see them both, moreover, at the same moment. If we investigate Turner's ancestry, we find, as we might expect, that, while on his father's side he belonged to the west, he seems on his mother's side, so far as any evidence exists, to belong to the east. Herein is manifested that vital conflict between contradictory elements which, in the white heat of their fusion, have produced the finest achievements of the English genius.

It is in literature that we may most reasonably expect to read the spirit of a people, and to discern clearly every shade of its racial admixture. In this field the evidence is inexhaustible; the most delicate variations in racial quality, and the strongest contrasts are instinctively expressed by the man who possesses the art to write out of his own nature. The very medium which English writers have been compelled to use, the English language, is a reflexion of the compounded, varied, and tempered nature of the British people, and has thus powerfully aided English literary expression. At the outset, the west, with its more ancient and refined culture, takes precedence of the east. The Welsh *Mabinogion* and the Irish hero tales, with their beautifully embroidered imaginative extravagance, remain today far more attractive than the baldly crude narratives of *Beowulf* or *Havelok,* however sincere their simple and intense humanity. For an adequately artistic embodiment, on the primitive heroic basis, of this eastern spirit, we must go to Normandy, to the *Chanson de Roland,* unless, indeed, the final embodiment of that song which Taillefer sang at Hastings took place—as some authorities have supposed—in England. The east, or we may rather say the north, became splendidly fused with the west in the earliest of great English prose books, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur.* Here we see the Anglo-Saxon mind working on the Celto-Welsh stories, so that their variegated tapestry, by force of the emotional human intensity and ethical fervor thus infused, throbs with a poignant inner life. The whole course of English literature is thus typified at the outset in these two tendencies, and in the possibility

of their union in a higher manifestation of radiant beauty and thrilling force.

Such blending on the grand scale is necessarily rare. The contrasting opposites are more easily met. Crabbe in Suffolk represents the concentrated and unmixed Anglo-Saxon spirit as certainly as Coleridge and Keats reveal the English southwestern peninsula still touched by ancient Celtic glamour. Sir Thomas Browne belonged, like Crabbe, to East Anglia, but in him we hear insistently the magic note of the west, the same note that we hear in Traherne, for Browne was attached by ancestry to the half Welsh county of Cheshire. Everywhere we see that what is in the blood will come out in the spirit and that the subtlest variations of a man's outlook on the world were determined long centuries before he was born.

It would be surprising if Shakespeare, the supreme glory of English literature, were an exception to the rule that English art is the exact reflection of the complex racial elements that make up the English people and the English spirit. In Shakespeare the west and the east, the Celt and the Anglo-Saxon, were fused together with unique and scarcely analysable felicity. Warwickshire is not only, as has often been pointed out, the heart of England, it also represents anthropologicaly an infolding of the darker people of the west among the fairer Angles, and in thus an admirable center for a slow and complete process of racial mixture. In surveying Shakespeare's work we may indeed be inclined to think that its Celtic qualities outweigh the Anglo-Saxon. All this vivacity and quick wit, this vivid perception of the sensory aspects of the world, this gay extravagance, this art of weaving a brilliant and variegated tapestry of words, all this is Celtic. Here we are in the world of Cuchullian and the *Mabinogion*. Yet even when Shakespeare is most Celtic he is still also Anglo-Saxon. From this point of view Mercutio and Falstaff are technically interesting, for here we see the Celtic spirit with delightful effect playing through solid fleshy energetic Anglo-Saxon figures. But such figures are merely the by-play of Shakespeare's composite genius. The Anglo-Saxon in him is really fundamental; he is Norse, even Norman, in his oligarchic sympathies, in his fundamental instinct for personal independence and personal responsibility, in the profound melancholy from which his gaiety exhales. In his most visionary outlook he is still on

the solid ground of human emotion at its most poignant degree of concentrated intensity. It is from the sharp conflict, the explosive union, of these two elements of the west and of the east, that the flaming splendor of *Lear* proceeds. We may even say that the Anglo-Saxon spirit is the primary element in Shakespeare's character, for we seem to find it almost unmixed in the youthful *Venus and Adonis,* even in the Sonnets, while the Celtic spirit was never more prominent than at the end of his life in *The Tempest.* It is by the vital opposition of these two conflicting elements in the English nation, by the magnificent effect which their fusion may yield, that Shakespeare is in the end so absolutely and completely English. No Englishman of real life ever fully embodied the characteristics of Shakespeare; yet Shakespeare is all England.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

A MEMORY OF MEXICO

BY BURGES JOHNSON

The elusive scent of boxwood can transport me in spirit over some hundreds of miles of distance and thirty years of time; the heart-lifting thump of a bass drum is a magician's incantation, for it has power to turn me into a tousled boy with dragging shoestrings to prove his unpreparedness, trotting beside a circus band. But greater in magic power than either of these is a dry cold twilight morning before day has fully broken, silent and clear aired. The stillness of it, or the clear coolness, or the fresh verdury smell, seize upon my heart and soul and whirl them away. Then upon my bodily eyes crowd these jostling houses with iron bound streets pushing between, and back fly heart and soul to the body that claims them. So swift has been the journey that I can scarcely be sure they went and came again. Yet sometimes the magic of a twilight morning has such power that my spirit goes forth deliberately, fully equipped, and wanders at will in a certain far-off land of memory, seeking out treasured scenes and situations and finding them real and true. As a dream fades with full waking, so fades the recollection of these Aladdin's journeys. Yet there are glimpses of that vague and distant land which I would snatch and hold.

Nearly always I may see it most clearly in the dusk before sunrise. The billowing plain is covered with a carpet of dull brown, figured with dots of duller green—and at the edge of the world in every direction are ragged purple mountains, strangely shaped and broken. Ah, the color of it all as the sun stirs, and the clearness,—every cactus finger that points from the earth on a neighboring billow crest is a sharp penciling upon the background of distant purple mountain sides. The vast silences are broken only by sounds that seem to accentuate silence,—a rattling pebble, a crack-

ling of dry stalks, a faint hoot that might be the far off shout of a man or the snort of a steer, and at wide intervals a long drawn-out quavering cry answered by another, so faint as to seem but an echo inside the brain. Within this picture that I seize and hold there is one moving figure—a boy on horseback. He is in canvas "chapps" and gray sombrero, and guides his bony, mottled little steed uncertainly. First they surmount a billow of land ahead, only to turn perplexedly and gallop over some rise to the left or right. When the rein falls idle on her neck the spotted bronco halts; she is purposeless and carefree. But her rider is a half-frightened boy—lost in a world of infinite silences and limitless extent.

Just as the lad's anxiety is growing into actual fear, over the top of the crest immediately before him rises a high-crowned straw sombrero, and under it a dusky face with teeth that flash the signal of a glad smile—then the whole figure of rider and horse appear and the enveloping silence is broken by a shrill, musical cry,—"*Aqui! El grin—gito!*"

Side by side vaquero and boy trot their ponies, up and down the little hills in a direction that seems to the lad all wrong; now and then other riders with grinning friendly faces under their wide hat-brims pop up against the sky—and jocular unintelligible phrases are called out to the lad, whose carelessness on his first morning in the round-up camp has won them an hour's relief from the day's routine.

Certain well-defined figures dwell in that land of memory. The rest is a wonderful jumble of colors, sounds and smells. Most clearly outstanding is big Alec Cloete—black-bearded South African with a Boer name, but English colonial from hat to boot spurs. Why attempt to disguise him? He died in South Africa as heroically and tragically as a man may,—saving a weaker life than his own. This is the humble tribute of a small boy who rode by his side and ate and slept with him through many revealing days behind the cattle. Big, boisterous, kindly, tender, impetuous, and utterly unfearing, he belonged in the open; of such stuff has Britain built new colonies, and with such hands has she extended them.

Out of the circle of faces about him grins the ebony countenance of Jim the cook. Master of the buckboard commissariat, he built stew and biscuit of such raw material as he found at hand, sweetened thick coffee with raw black

cane sugar when the neighborhood yielded it, or sweetened it not at all; buttered biscuit with bits of unpedigreed fat or again with a tin of pate de foi gras—or buttered them not at all. Even of temper, yet marvellously profane with the worst of two languages at his command, he navigated his mules over a tempestuous sea, steering volubly down the side of some sudden wave with a force that hurled his rattling ship to the crest of the wave a head, until a saddle-sore boy who had sought ease beside him would flee, loosened in every joint, to the saddle again, while merry vaqueros hailed his return with jibes.

Memory gives a conglomerate picture of those companion riders, José and Pedro, Jesus, Santiago, Miguel,—twenty or more,—children in work or play, and work and play were all one to them. The breaking out from the herd of a frightened bunch of steers meant a yell and a race, large dramatics over small events,—laughter and songs.

The singing comes back most vividly of all. In the evenings with the cattle halted and the little herd of horses fed, and then absurdly, yet sufficiently, fenced by a single strand of encircling rope, choruses would start here and there. There is no singing like it in settled places. The silence of an empty world round about demands repressed voices. Now and then a high tenor leads the rest into a shrill crescendo; and so the music rises and falls, passionate or tender, while the firelight reveals this dusky face and that—here an Indian type, there a Spanish, some flat and emotionless, some handsome as Senor Don Adonis himself, and all throwing into the simple words they sing the wordless passion of this new mixed race.

Then, later on, the voices of the night—the memory of them now is elusive, until some still, cool, brilliantly starlit hour of today sends them flooding back. There was the fitful lowing of cattle and the rattle of horns, ceasing altogether for long periods, and then starting up again, as though a psychic disturbance spread out in ever widening circles of plangent sound from some central point to the edges of the herd. Often, in the intervening periods of stillness, one might hear the wailing, quavering bark of a coyote, echoed still more faintly by another, miles and miles away. Yet all these noises seemed but a form of silence, and made background for the plaintive singing of a single night guard riding slowly along the edges of the herd. Al-

ways these night watchers were singing. The mysterious black shape of a horse and rider coming suddenly out of the dark would have frightened a nervous wakeful steer and started him and his companions crashing away in a dreaded night stampede. But the voices of men were commonplace by this time; and so the sentries sang to the cattle mournful high-keyed ballads, and a small boy lay awake and listened.

There are times when imagination, and even reason, struggle against memory, and then a little collection of boyish letters comes to the rescue. It is hard now to form a mental picture of sixteen hundred steers. Stand them in a row, head to tail, single file, and they might reach from here to Timbuctoo—as popular statistics would put it—or they might not. Present-day experiences are of no avail in outlining the picture. But a yellow old letter in a cramped schoolboy hand tells me that sixteen hundred head of cattle were cut out and counted from a vastly larger herd, and then driven northward for a hundred miles or more and swum across the river that divides that land from this.

I have a wondering recollection of the counting of the cattle. Big Alec stood idly, it seemed, now and then speaking some word of direction, while a group of mounted vaqueros made a gate-way of their own number and spread the herd out in a long stream that swept past the chief at a trot, now in tens, now in thirties and forties, ploughing into each other, snorting, jumping, retarded occasionally while two belligerent fellows locked horns, and then dashing on past at greater speed. All this time their owner was counting, yet the only indications of his close attention were his busy hands. In one he held a number of pebbles, and as he reached a certain unit a pebble would shift from one hand to the other; and I remember that he did not err as to the total by so much as a single head.

Perhaps one reason why the early mornings live most vividly in mind is that so much of interest happened then, just at the dawn. There was the breakfast, and the breaking of camp, the choosing and roping of the day's mount, and the always thrilling moment when the herd was set in motion again. Strange creatures, those steers, with more of ratiocination than it had seemed to me a cow might possess. They had lived on a piece of territory as large as one of our smallest American States, and had roamed unmolested for more than a year. Their section of open country was abso-

lutely undistinguishable in character and appearance from adjacent sections, yet the moment they crossed the line where their northern fence had been they were nervous, ready to listen to false rumors, disturbed by the signal of a snake's rattle, or even by the breaking of a stick, stampeding anywhere if not controlled. Yet, now and then, when little groups got wholly away, and men who could not be spared were called back from the pursuit, the lost cattle would finally swing about, and take up the trail of their fellows; perhaps twenty-four hours later they would come drifting in, weary and repentant.

There was a certain personality in those steers, but it is as nothing compared to the personality of the bony little horses, whose duty it was to guard them. The picture is very clear of a small boy, promoted to an actual place in the riding line, suddenly awake to the fact that half a dozen head of cattle had broken from the herd for some mysterious cause, and were dashing sharply to the left, into the brush. With a joyous yell, imitating the example set by his professional comrades, the lad turned sharply after them, but found to his amazement that his spotted steed refused to accept guidance. Instead of following the truants she turned almost at right angles to their trail, and utterly regardless of the rein on her neck or even of the bit in her teeth, darted on this tangent, apparently without goal or purpose. After perhaps five minutes, still without consideration of her youthful rider's wishes, she brought around in a half circle, right into the path of the wanderers, headed them off, turned them, and trotted placidly behind them until they rejoined the herd.

One legend of the plains firmly fixed in a small boy's mind died at that time a sudden death. The bucking broncho and the mount whose temper made him unreliable were not in evidence. The rider who leapt upon a dancing steed and overpowered him in spite of rearings and chargings had no place in the busy routine of a round-up and drive. The horse that might risk the life of a man or the loss of cattle was shot. This does not mean that the survivors were gentle, plodding beasts, of a placid disposition. They were live, swift and alert, knowing the day's work as well as their masters, and sometimes, it seemed, almost capable of doing it alone.

Prejudice, too, rebels at some of the least important epi-

sodes of a day's drive. It is hard to believe now that one could ever greet with a yell of delight the sight of a water hole that had been crossed by a thousand cattle, where the liquid that had once been clear water was churned into a soup of mire, and that men and boy would kneel without a thought of objection, and drink this material until thirst was quenched.

Imagination contends with the memory of the rattlesnakes. The occasional scorpion and tarantula somehow seem more reasonable. But it is hard now to believe that even a happy-go-lucky lad could spend a night on a bit of ground that had been searched for snakes before camp was made, and that had perhaps yielded up two or three fat serpents; yet the lad himself brought home an enormous skin that he had stripped from such a trophy and stuffed with corn-meal purloined from Jim's buckboard. Mice ate the meal, and showed scant respect for the skin that held it, but it lasted long enough to be a steady trial to the mistress of a civilized and tidy home.

There was a belief among the vaqueros that a rattler in his death fight would turn and bite his own flesh, and if this happened the whole snake's body was poisoned. In the killing they guarded against this with the greatest care, pinning the head down, if possible, and in the cow-boy camp there was no greater delicacy than the tender snake meat, roasted over the camp fire. Memory boldly asserts that the flavor was a pleasant mean between the white meat of a chicken and some firm-fleshed type of fish!

Amid the kaleidoscopic colors of many brilliant days and nights I picture that small boy moving in a company of workers more like children than himself. For the faint rumble as of thunder, and the tremble of the earth beneath his head that more than once roused him in the night, brought fear with it as well as excitement. In him was a nascent Anglo-Saxon sense of responsibility. Each stampede meant possible loss of cattle and valuable hours wasted. But his companions played a joyous game with excitement as its only stake; even the pay at the end of the journey meant simply more excitement. They were as irresponsible as children, and to him they seemed as lovable. Readily at any challenge they swung into a race, swinging sombreros, yelling merrily; often some angry steer that had strayed and refused to be driven back became *el toro,* with a circle of hilarious amateur

picadors and *toreadors* leaping about him, until such time as Big Alec thought it best to discover their truancy.

Pedro may now be "*el capitan*" somewhere in that sorrowful land, with silver beads on his sombrero, riding just as fearlessly and as merrily and as irresponsibly in a factional raid, at the beck of a mongrel leader. Miguel may be opposing his old comrade, if luck so has it, with silver filagree on his skin-tight trousers and a Mauser at his shoulder, caring not a picayune for his own life or any other.

What an emotional, affectionate, cruel, childlike, crazy people; ever ready to be led, with the worst products of their breed for leaders! What a histrionic, praise-loving people! Putting more than the cost of a house and furniture into adornment for a hat, they strut, they fight, they gamble, they serenade their loves with an orchestra of assistants. I cherish the memory of a later time in that romantic land when a gaudily dressed Cyrano went beneath his lady's window with a string-band to prove his devotion. And because Providence had deprived him of a singing voice, a camerado beside him sang passionate words while he at fitting moments made mute appealing gestures in the moonlight. But that is a picture of the towns, where a somewhat different people dwell; it has not rightful place among these eluding memories of a small boy riding through the hills beside the cattle.

With all his pride of employment it was little else than play to the lad who was a child in years rather than in race. He galloped after dodging jack-rabbits, or took futile pot shots at some wise old thief of a coyote which trailed the buckboard, just out of rifle range. He waked one night with a yell of alarm because a wild beast roared in his very ear, and found a little donkey standing over him, hee-hawing expressions of curiosity while his long ears wagged against the moon. That was a joke on *el gringito* to feed the very souls of Pedro, Santiago, Jesus, and Miguel for days to come.

As they rode forward the background of the picture changed somewhat from hour to hour. The dull, brown, dry earth, spotted with the green of many-shaped cacti, would give place to brighter green groves of low prickly mesquite trees, and those groves would in their turn give place to bits of cultivated land here and there, with simple

systems of irrigation marking the slopes like a checkerboard. In such a neighborhood the chief would negotiate with some pompous hidalgo in his mud house for replenishment of the buckboard, and his payment would include such sugar-cane as the merry vaqueros might steal in passing. This was much as an indulgent father might do if he paid a farmer in advance, *en bloc,* for the apples and cucumbers his children were sure to purloin through the coming summer. The sugar-cane was sweeter to these grown-up children if they did not know that it had been purchased in advance.

Simple-hearted, I called them; and it comes to mind that years later, in a more southern part of that land of memory, we rode down a mountain side and met a snake-like caravan of little donkeys, each loaded with crates of brilliant yellow oranges. They were bound for the market place of a distant city, so their various drivers told us as we passed them. We stopped them, one after another, and negotiated for a crate. "But no," each owner would say, obstinately, "these are for sale in the market."

"What will you get for them there?"

"Ah, who knows? Perhaps one *peso* for such a crate as this."

"Here is your *peso.* Give us the oranges."

"*Nada*" ("nothing doing"), with a negative shake of the forefinger, "Why should I drive an idle burro from here to the market place? You may buy more down the mountain where these came from."

"Then a *peso* and two *reals* for your trouble."

"*Nada, nada,* what should I be doing with an empty-backed burro, coming into the market place?"

Such were the people in that land of memory. And so Santiago, Pedro, Miguel and the rest raced and gambolled, shouted and sang in their ride northward; and steadily northward rode Big Alec, and Jim with his buckboard, and the sixteen hundred head of cattle, with scarcely a single pair missing from that tossing, flashing forest of curling horns; until one day at dawn they looked down on the winding path of the river that marked the boundary line between two nations. Of all the vivid early morning pictures, there was painted on that day the most vivid of all. A few steers that had proved themselves foremost in stampeding or mischievous truancy were forced into the lead. The whole army of cattle was then driven down the gentle slope; crowding,

pushing, climbing forward onto the very backs of slower beasts ahead, they rushed with increasing momentum toward the river bank. At the brink they hesitated, but behind them came the others, crowding forward. At the effective moment splash had gone Big Alec and his horse into the stream. After went the leaders of the herd, following the horse that led them. It must have been no easy matter for horse and rider to stay in mid-river, keep out of the path of those frightened cattle, and at the same time turn stragglers, heading weakly down stream with the current, so that all would keep in an orderly line to the easy bit of low shore on the other side. With their usual joyous dramatics, José and Miguel and all the rest leapt into the current from the bank here and there with the last of the herd. It was a wonderful sight as the trailers plunged in—a river filled with tossing ivory horns, under them blood-shot eyes, and mouths snorting and blowing in excitement; and on the other shore an emerging herd, neatly turned against itself and "milled" to prevent a stampede. When the small boy stood on that far bank and found the same brown carpet of earth spotted here and there with the dull green of many-shaped cacti, even in his immature mind large thoughts formed themselves as he looked back at that other land. It looked so like, yet it was peopled with irresponsible, merry, cruel, adventurous children such as the group about him, still ploughing their farms with a pointed stick, still building their houses of sun-baked mud, still living in a civilization of long ago, with only the narrow width of the stream separating them from the present century.

It lies very near, after all, that land of memory, yet is it the land it was so short a time ago? After the reign of terror, when mongrel leaders are dead,—dying, in all likelihood, at each others' hands, and so saving the state responsibility,—when that mixture of blood shall have bred better stuff for leadership, will the merry child-like spirit, the harmless dramatics, and the spirited adventurousness all be gone? Will it be possible to listen again to those plaintive and tender melodies underneath the stars?

BURGES JOHNSON.

"WHO WANTS ART NOWADAYS?"

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

"Some industries in France have gone on, war or no war. Cognac still distills its brandies, Bordeaux still presses its wines, Lyons still weaves its silks, Grenoble still sews its gloves. But the Quarter produced only art, and who wants art nowadays?"

So asks a recent writer, describing the sad estate of the Latin Quarter in Paris. But even in this country and with reference to much wider fields of art—with reference, indeed, to all that is meant by the arts in the broadest sense—we have heard or read the same question, in some sort of paraphrase, scores of times since the war began. How can an American millionaire spend hundreds of thousands of dollars for old tapestries or porcelains when so much of Europe must be fed by the doles of charity, so much of it not fed even by these? How can an archæological society expect subscriptions while scores of relief societies beg clothes for the destitute, beds for the wounded, saws for surgeons who have worn out theirs on mangled legs and arms? What is the shattering of a lovely old village spire compared with the ruin of the hundred little homes that stood beneath it? Though Rheims held the finest Gothic church exterior in the world and Ypres the finest Gothic secular building, is it not hard-hearted to mourn for them when so vast a wasting of young lives demands all the tears of the soul? How can the study of Greek and Latin find advocates any longer, for is not our one great need the "vocational training" that results in "practical efficiency"? And, again, "I can hardly bear it," says a friend of mine who holds a high post in one of our art museums, "I can hardly bear not be doing some of the world's real work—fighting or caring for the fighters or for the homeless folk behind them."

The mental attitude expressed by words like these seems to me, with one exception, the worst result in our country of the war in Europe. The very worst is the growth of the capacity for hatred unashamed. Of course, by hatred I do not mean energy and wrath in condemnation of the wrong and of the doers of the wrong. I mean the spirit of those—many are met with in person or in print—whose unreasoning passion has so ruined their respect for truth, warped their understanding, and hardened their heart, that, instead of striving for charity, justice, or ordinary common sense, they pride themselves upon what Lincoln forbade as "malice"—the venom of a nourished hate; who bestow this hate not only upon the nations they condemn in Europe but also upon all in their own country of whose conduct of public affairs they do not approve. When we think how their example must affect the young minds around them we are forced to rank their offenses among the atrocities they like to believe in. Without the excuse that the war-tortured have for sins of thought and temper, they are doing their utmost to kill out of the world the great art of right, and sane and gracious living.

Used in this connection the word "art" is not a mere figure of speech, for consistent beauty of conduct is a gift to the world of those who mould their lives to fine issues according to visions and intentions of their own. The virtue of all things "whether body or soul," says Plato, is best achieved "not by chance but as the result of the order and truth and art which are imparted to them." And because a sensitiveness to the influences of material beauty may help to develop what is beautiful in conduct, one of the most evil results of the war is, as I have said, the shaking of our faith in idealism and therefore in the beneficent utility of the arts.

But, fortunately, if it is a shaken it is not a vanished faith. There are some who feel that it is the hard and narrow cult of practical efficiency that has put the world where it is today, that the greatest of all our duties is to prepare a better tomorrow by laboring for the ideals just now so deeply submerged, and that one important phase of this duty is to foster all efforts to enlarge the general heritage of beauty. To such as they, even the sinking of the *Lusitania* may well have seemed a lesser calamity than the burning of the books of Louvain, the shattering of the glass and the statues of Rheims. If things like these, they might

ask, are of small importance compared with human lives and political issues, why did our school books bid us lament those many works of art, carried away from Greece by its conquerors some twenty centuries ago, that were shipwrecked on their way to Rome, and say nothing of the Romans who perished with them? Why do we know and care so little what else happened or how many men were slain when the library at Alexandria burned? And why is nothing generally remembered of a certain war between the Venetians and the Turks except the shells that exploded in the Parthenon?

In times of peace and sanity all the world realizes that more valuable than men themselves are the things that they leave behind them, as the essence of their souls, to teach and to inspire mankind. And the most lasting of such legacies are works of art. It is a hackneyed quotation—

> All passes: Art alone
> Enduring stays with us;
> The bust outlasts the throne,
> The coin, Tiberius.

But it does not tell the whole of the truth. Art does more than stay with us. It stays alive. It stays vital and vocal. The customs, religions, philosophies, sciences, systems of law of other ages, may still be helping in various transmitted, transmuted ways to mould our times and ourselves. As they act thus indirectly, most of us do not need to know much about what they were in the beginning. But the art of the past survives, as it was in the beginning, to exert directly upon each individual its own undying influence. And therefore we need to know about it and to preserve its legacies with alert and pious care.

The French have not forgotten this even in the midst of the whirlwinds of war. In France, says a recent observer, "a thousand men dying under the barbarism of asphyxiating gases are nothing to burning Rheims and Soissons; for what is being destroyed there is France itself." "He who kills beauty of this sort," writes Romain Rolland, "—beauty which is the light of the spirit, more necessary to the soul than the light of the sun,—assassinates more than a man; he assassinates the purest form of the soul of the race."

But, say so many voices that they have become a chorus, the war will repay the world for its own destructiveness.

Ruinous though it may be to many of the legacies of other ages, surely it is redeeming, fertilizing, inspiring the soul of the nations, and so will awaken all fair and noble energies to new and fruitful life.

To support such prophecies some of the prophets confidently quote Ruskin, where (in *The Crown of Wild Olive*) he says, with much repetition and emphasis: "All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war." . . . "No great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers." And, again: "There is no great art possible to a nation but what is based on battle." Those who thus cite him, however, seem to forget that Ruskin did not think all kinds of war beneficent, and that he expressly excluded war waged with "a multitude of small human pawns" provided with "destructive machinery"; "modern war, scientific war, chemical and mechanical war"—war which he pictured with a grim elaboration that could not possibly have been bettered had he written in 1916.

Nevertheless, it is worth while to add that when, thinking to prove his assertion that only war can make great art possible, Ruskin calls ancient Egypt to the witness seat, he really cites contradictory evidence of the most emphatic kind. And it is worth while taking some trouble to understand how far were the Egyptians and their art from Ruskin's idea of them; for if we understand that the very first and one of the very greatest developments of art, one of the few that include a great and characteristic form of architecture, was produced by a peculiarly peaceable and peaceful, an essentially unwarlike nation, we need not follow the inquiry down through the complications of later centuries. We have proof enough that war is not necessary as the seed-bed of art.

Of course this does not prove that great art may not be one of the products of the qualities which many believe the war of today has engendered in the peoples of Europe. But is it sensible to think that all this patriotism and high resolve, all this courage, self-sacrifice, endurance, and devotion to the common good, has really been the instant fruit of the war rather than the accumulated fruit of antecedent years of peace? Do we not know, for example, by what long-continued and sedulous efforts Germany developed its own peculiar brand of patriotism? The souls of men do not suddenly change; only, what has lain hidden in their depths may suddenly be shown.

There is still another point of view: the belief that, not from the stimulating effects of war itself, but from the chastening effects of the sorrow and suffering it works, will spring the harvest of good. So, for example, M. Rodin has said:

> After the war a breath of idealism will pass over us, forcing us to raise our eyes above the earth, and with our eyes our souls. . . . In the clouds which overwhelm us I see with hope the aurora of the new day in which the spirit will dominate and art will be born again. Our young heroes, our old cathedrals, fall in order that there may flourish again a youth pure, ardent, healthy, weary of materialism, eager for spirituality; that a renewed and sublime art may spring up again from our soil washed and fertilized by blood.

Are we to believe this—to believe it with any confidence even of heroic France? Here is a half-prediction of another kind. Madame Waddington, writing recently of a visit she paid with her grandsons to her *château* in a devastated part of France, describes how the boys, seeing the body of a German soldier in a field, were "not in the least moved—rather, surprised," when told that it was a sad sight, a sad thing for the man's own children far away. "'Why,' they answered, 'It is only a *boche*'—as if it were a rat." And Madame Waddington adds, "I suppose all the ugly sights they have seen, bridges and houses blown up, and the quantities of miserable half-starved, half-clothed children, have hardened their childish hearts. I wonder if all this will have an effect upon the mentality of the young generation. Will they grow up hard and cruel?"

Then, too, we are told of an increase in juvenile crime in the countries where many fathers are at the front, many mothers at work in men's places. And the fathers and the elder sons—what will these years do for them, years in which, if heroically willing to die, they are also eagerly ready to kill? And will the passionate surge of patriotic emotion in the peoples at large persist as a permanently bettered social conscience, or exhaust itself by its very intensity? Certainly not in all individuals and probably not in all countries will the result be the same. But we may remember how naturally reaction follows upon long emotional exaltation. We may warn ourselves not to be unduly hopeful with regard to the general result by recalling—to take one instance from many in the past—what we in this country were: what we did and did not do: in the years that

immediately followed the War of the Rebellion—a war that assuredly was fought with a high purpose and in a not unworthy spirit. And as we often sadly fancy what might have been done for us by the thousands of our best who were slain, so too must we think of the multiplied thousands whom Europe will have destroyed.

Whatever eventual good may come from the war of today, be it even such a remodeling of the whole social structure as we used to hope might slowly be brought about by peaceful methods, it is certainly a true word that Romain Rolland has spoken of the immediate future: "Whoever may be the victor, it is Europe that will be the vanquished." And until the world, after no one knows how many years of what desperate difficulties, recovers from the awful defeat of European civilization, it will need all the solace it can get, and all the inspiration. It must get them from other founts as well as from a sensitiveness to beauty; but we do not yet rate highly enough the part that this can play, or fully understand how it does its work.

If we did, so many would not try to comfort us for the beauty that is being swept away by predictions of beauty soon to be created. They would understand that, as a part of France perishes with each of its perishing works of art, so a part of every land survives in each of its existing legacies, and that every phase and form of art has a special value of its own—a message which, although it may not be the same for us as it was for those who first heard it, is nevertheless clear to us and different from all others. This is what made so trebly precious Rheims and Soissons and Arras and Ypres, the tall lace-like tower of Mechlin, and the many lesser historic and irreplaceable buildings ruined in France and in Flanders. No destruction of this kind can be made good. More enduringly vital in its products than any other form of man's activity, in its moods and methods art is constantly dying. The patterns of beauty, of æsthetic significance, are broken and lost as the creative periods go by. Never again can a ceiling be painted just as Tiepolo painted the one that Austrian air-ships have shattered in Venice. Is it any wonder that we grow cold when we think of St. Mark's near by, or, of all that stands between Durham Cathedral and the incomparable great mother of Christian churches at Constantinople? And is there not good reason why my friend of the American art museum

should see that, especially just now, especially when the world is sunken in huge miseries and in the passions that brought them about, it is well worth a man's while to care for the treasures that are in our own keeping, and to widen and deepen appreciation of them?

For solace and for inspiration we need them—that is, for the pure and impersonal kind of pleasure they can give, and for the influence they can have upon the spirit and thus upon conduct.

> He who fights and runs away
> Will live to fight another day

may not be a fine motto for a soldier, but it is an excellent one, an imperative one, for the mentally and spiritually perplexed and distressed. He has lived wisely in past years who, in these present days of superexcited thought and superheated feeling, finds prepared for him by the hand of habit some fertile field of mental exercise and emotional refreshment where, escaping from himself and his neighbors and the problems of the hour, he can find renewal of serenity and sanity. And although solace and inspiration are different things, they are the sedative and the tonic effects, the passive and the active outcome, of the same kind of receptivity.

Are these truisms? To some extent, as regards art in the forms of literature and music. We understand why in the midst of their titanic struggle the Germans throng their concert rooms, and we are scarcely surprised by the assurance of publishers, here and in England, that the demand for imaginative literature, for poetry, has increased since the war began. But we have a less living faith in the refreshing and fortifying power of the plastic arts. Some time ago the *Spectator,* which unquestionably would advocate the reading of poetry in war-time, said that it was a "scandal" to use men and money in keeping open the public museums and galleries, as very few people could care "to waste time in looking at mummy-cases and pictures while their country is engaged in a life-and-death struggle." And our own blood is so largely English that, although I do not think we should do the same in similar circumstances, nevertheless we can understand why the British Government has now closed all the places in question, leaving open the reading-room of the British Museum.

Yet it is not only because of a stronger racial leaning toward literature that we fail to realize the high utility of the plastic arts. It is largely because of the modern tendency, everywhere prevalent, to forget, ignore, or deny their distinctively ethical value. But if as a rule the modern artist and art critic insist only upon the sensuous side of art, or admit at most that it may appeal to the intellect as well as to the eye, all the voices of all the great elder ages insist upon its ethical importance. Of course this does not imply any thought of didactic influence, of dogmatizing, moralizing effort. What is meant is simply that while every work of art should appeal first of all to the eye, giving sensuous pleasure of some kind and degree, through the eye it should also appeal in some stimulating, heightening way to the deeper emotions. What is meant is that whether the artist uses the elements of plastic art—line and mass and color—to express his sense of their own intrinsic abstract qualities of charm, or, more complexly, his feeling about some natural object or scene, the way in which he uses them, the kind of delight he gives, should tend to develop our sense of beauty, to improve our taste (I use the word in its broadest and deepest meaning), and thus to humanize, refine, and elevate the spirit. This was the belief of the Greek of the great artistic period. His ideal of perfection in a work of art, as in a living man, was a combination—or, rather, an integral fusion—of the physically and the spiritually excellent. Nothing, in his view, could be entirely beautiful that did not in some way tend to edification. An effort to be didactic in a work of art would have seemed to him absurd, but just as absurd a willingness to ignore the eye of the soul. Plato often exaggerates the ethical content of current Hellenic beliefs, but all Greek literature speaks with him when he says that the artist must be so gifted that "beauty, the effluence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason"—"reason" meaning to the Greeks that moderation, measure, temperance, sanity of thought, which above all else conduces to beauty of conduct.

Even the Greeks did not always live up to these theories, but in all the important work of their great years they did; and down to the time of the Renaissance, and even in its own early periods, every other people likewise understood,

or instinctively felt, the value of the ethical element in art. This their legacies make so plain that it seems impertinent to think it needs further explanation. And in at least one case where the work itself has perished the witness of ancient words remains. The adjective constantly applied in the Book of Exodus to the builders of the Tabernacle and the Ark of the Covenant is "wise-hearted"; and the chief among them, so Moses tells the children of Israel, was filled with "the spirit of God in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge"; and, again, "with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work . . . of the cunning workman"; and he was called to his task by the Lord who "*put it in his heart that he may teach.*"

Not in every one, it need scarcely to be said, can the æsthetic sense be highly developed. On the other hand, there can hardly be anyone who does not in some way and degree respond instinctively to beauty, at the very least to the beauty of a rose or a rainbow or a woman's face. Surely, therefore, there may be developed, not again in everyone but in many more than have yet had a chance to acquire it, some modicum of that possession called taste which, nourished upon the contemplation of beauty, may bear profitable fruits ranging from pleasure of the eye to purity of soul.

If we once set ourselves to imagining what a more general diffusion of good taste could do for us, we should see the cultivation of a love of beauty as the concern, not merely of the schoolmaster and the art critic, but also of the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the statesman. If we really loved beauty, if ugliness really offended the taste of so many people that their ideas and wishes formed a dominant body of public opinion, we should not merely build beautiful temporary cities to house a World's Fair, or merely adorn our permanent cities with statues and parks and fine public buildings, or occasionally organize an elaborate pageant to "bring beauty to the masses," or feel satisfied with founding and filling museums of art. We should so reshape all the externals of our communal life that the soul of the people could nowhere escape from the ministrations of beauty.

Thus we come to the main point that I have wanted to emphasize. What we should keep in mind when we consider how the influence of beauty, of idealism, may best be brought to bear upon the spirit of the people at large is this: *only*

through the plastic arts can it make a persistent and a universal appeal. Literature speaks more definite detailed messages to the mind, and music, with the majority of people, more deeply stirs the emotions. But with both of these the appeal is transitory, and this means that they cannot speak except when they are so bidden. Only when one asks to hear them have they a voice for him. But the products of the plastic arts, doing their work continuously, persistently, appeal to the indifferent as to the desirous eye, influencing, cultivating, refining even those who are unconscious of the process.

Certainly if we used them as we might—developing a conscious desire for beauty in as many individuals as possible and bringing its subtile influences to bear upon the community as a whole—we should raise the general level of conduct, and also the general level of desire, of aspiration, so that more and more it would beneficently react upon conduct. Certainly to make the charm and the value of idealism everywhere and always manifest to the senses of the community must be one good way of combating the pernicious influence of materialism. "Would there still be war," asked Mr. Galsworthy not long ago, "in a world the most of whose dwellers had a sense of beauty? I think not." Nor would there be so much of the hideousness of hatred, deforming the souls of men and women as surely as the physical blasts of war deform the bodies of thousands. Nor would there be many other evil things with which we now dwell content because we do not care enough either for pleasure of the eye or for purity of soul.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

MANIFOLD NATURE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

In these times of Nature study and floods of Nature books, many persons are inclined to think of Nature as meaning birds and flowers and summer breezes and murmuring streams, and so on. But Nature is not summed up by her fairer forms and gentler influences alone, though these may be the expression of those forces and conditions that go hand in hand with the things that make for our development and well-being. Probably not till flowers bloomed and birds sang was the earth ripe for man. Not till the bow appeared on the retreating storm-cloud was anything like human life possible.

Of savage, elemental Nature—"Nature red in tooth and claw," or black in tempest and earthquake, or hideous in war and pestilence—our poets and Nature students make little, while devout souls seem to experience a cosmic chill when they think of these things.

The majority of persons, I fancy, when they think seriously of the problem, look upon Nature as a sort of connecting link between man and some higher power, neither wholly good nor wholly bad; divine in some aspects, diabolical in others; ministering to our bodies, but hampering and obstructing our souls. They see her a goddess one hour, and a fury the next; destroying life as freely as she gives it; arming one form to devour another; crushing or destroying the fairest as soon as the ugliest; limited in her scope and powers, and not complete in herself, but demanding the existence of something above and beyond herself.

Pious man has taken himself out of the category of natural things, both in his origin and in his destiny. Such a gulf separates him from all other creatures, and his mastery over them is so complete, that he looks upon himself as ex-

ceptional, and as belonging to another order. Nature is only his stepmother, and treats him with the harshness and indifference that so often characterize that relation.

When Wordsworth declared himself a worshiper of Nature, was he thinking of Nature as a whole, or only of an abridged and expurgated nature—Nature in her milder and more beneficent aspects? Was it not the Westmoreland Nature of which he was a worshiper?—a sweet rural Nature, with grassy fells and murmuring streams and bird-haunted solitudes? What would have been his emotion in the desert, in the arctic snows, or in the pestilential forests and jungles of the tropics? Very likely, just what the emotion of most of us would be—a feeling that here are the savage and forbidding and hostile aspects of Nature against which we need to be on our guard. That creative eye and ear to which Wordsworth refers is what mainly distinguishes the attitude of the modern poet toward Nature from the ancient. Sympathy is always creative—" thanks to the human heart by which we live."

The Wordsworthian Nature was of the subjective order; he found it in his own heart, in his dreams by his own fireside, in moments of soul dilation on his Westmoreland hills, when the meanest flowers that blow could bring to him " thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The Nature that to Wordsworth never betrays us, and to Milton was " wise and frugal," is a humanized, man-made Nature. The Nature we know and wrest our living from, and try to drive sharp bargains with, is of quite a different order. It is no more constant than inconstant, no more wise and frugal than foolish and dissipated; it is not human at all, but unhuman.

When we infuse into it our own idealism, or recreate it in our own image, then we have the Nature of the poets, the Nature that consciously ministers to us and makes the world beautiful for our sake.

Emerson's first little book, called *Nature,* was about the earliest in this country to reflect the new attitude toward this subject. The book has no direct scientific import, but only a literary and religious import. The uses of Nature to the body and its uses to the mind and soul—one chapter to the former and five to the latter. When he says the aspect of Nature is devout, like the figure of Jesus when he stands with bended head and hands folded upon the breast, we see what

a subjective and humanized Nature, a Nature of his own creation, he is considering. His book is not an interpretation of Nature, but an interpretation of the writer's own soul. It is not Nature which stands in an attitude of devotion with bowed head, but Emerson's own spirit in the presence of Nature, or of what he reads into Nature. Yet the Emerson soul is a part of Nature—a peculiar manifestation of its qualities and possibilities, developed through centuries of the interaction of man upon man, through culture, books, religion, meditation.

"The ruin or the blank that we see when we look at Nature," he says, "is in our own eye." Is it not equally true that the harmony and perfection that we see are in our own eye? In fact, are not all the qualities and attributes which we ascribe to Nature equally the creation of our own minds? The beauty, the sublimity, the power of Nature are experiences of the beholder. The drudge in the fields does not experience them, but the poet, the thinker, the seer, does. The ruin or the blank which we see in Nature becomes very real to us when we come to deal with Nature practically, when we seek her for specific ends, when we go to her to get our living. But when we go to her in the spirit of disinterested science, the desert, the volcano, the path of the cyclone, are full of the same old meanings, the play-ground of the same old elements and forces. Nature is what we make her.

Man is the only creature that turns upon Nature and judges her; he turns upon his own body and mind and judges them; he judges the work of his own hands; he is critical toward all things that surround him; he brings this faculty of judgment into the world.

Emerson refers to "the great Nature in which we rest as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere." The earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere in the same sense that it lies in the soft arms of its own grasses and flowers; the atmosphere is an appendage of the earth. If the earth literally lies in anything, it is in the soft arms of the all-pervasive ether. Emerson's statement is the inevitable poetizing of Nature in which we all indulge. We make soft arms for our thoughts to lie in, and peaceful paths for our feet to walk in, whatever the literal truth may be. This is the way of art, of poetry, of religion. The way of science and of practical life is a different way. The soft arms become hard with

purpose, and rest and contemplation give place to intense activity. I would not have the poet change his way; Nature as reflected in his mind soothes and charms us; it takes on hues from that light which never was on sea or land. But we cannot dispense with the way of science, which makes paths and highways for us through the wilderness of impersonal laws, and forces that surge and roar around us. One gives us beauty and one gives us power; one brings a weapon to the hand, the other brings solace to the spirit.

When the poet Bryant identifies God with tempests and thunderbolts, with "whirlwinds that uproot the woods and drown the villages," or with the tidal wave that overwhelms the cities, "with the wrath of the mad, unchained elements," —"tremendous tokens of thy power,"—does he make God more lovable or desirable? Well may he say, "From these sterner aspects of thy face, spare me and mine." By way of contrast let me recall that when an earthquake shook California, John Muir cheered himself and friends by saying it was only Mother Earth trotting her children fondly upon her knee! If we identify God with all of Nature, this wrathful Hebrew Jehovah of Bryant is a legitimate conception. There are times when the aerial forces behave like a raving maniac bent upon the destruction of the world—the insensate powers run amuck upon all living things. This is not the God we habitually love and worship, but it is a God from whom there is no escape. As the result of the inevitable action of the natural irrational or unrational forces, tempests and earthquakes and tidal waves do not disturb us; but as the will and purpose of an Almighty being, Creator of heaven and earth, they give all pious souls a fearful shake-up. We take refuge in such phrases as "the inscrutable ways of God," or "the mysteries of Providence," a Providence whose ways are assuredly "past finding out."

Our State Commissioner of Education, Dr. Finley, in an agricultural address on "Potatoes and Boys," shows God co-operating with the farmer in a way that amused me. "The Almighty," the Commissioner said, "can make, unaided of man, potatoes, but only small potatoes, and of acrid taste. He had to make a primitive man and even teach him to use a hoe, before He, the Omnipotent One, could grow a patch of potatoes." The wild potato, he implied, like the wild grape, the wild apple, the wild melon, was the work of God before he had man to help him; now, with man's help, we have all the im-

proved varieties of potatoes and fruits. We have heard a good deal about the co-operation of man with God, and as a concrete example this potato-growing partnership is very interesting. How far from our habitual attitude of mind is the thought that the Higher Powers concern themselves about our potatoes or our turnips or our pumpkin crop, or have any part or lot in it!

Sir Thomas Browne calls Nature the art of God. Viewed in this light we get a new conception of Nature, the artistic conception. We do not ask: Is it good or bad, for us or against us? we are intent on its symbolical or ideal character. Through it God expresses himself as the artist does, be he painter, poet, or musician, through his work, blending the various elements—the light and shade, the good and the bad, the positive and the negative—into a vital, harmonious whole. Creation becomes a picture, or a drama, or a symphony, in which all life plays its part, in which all scenes and conditions, all elemental processes and displays, play their part and unite to make a vast artistic whole. The contradictions in life, the high lights, the deep shadows, the imperfections, the neutral spaces, are but the devices of the artist to enhance the total effect of his work. In ethics and religion we ask of a thing: "Is it good?" In philosophy: "Is it true?" In science: "Is it a fact, and verifiable?" But in art we ask: "Is it beautiful?" or "Is it a real creation?" "Is it one with the vital and flowing currents of the world?"

The artist alone is the creator among men; he is disinterested; he has no purpose but to rival Nature; he subordinates the parts to the whole; he illustrates the divine law of indirections. The bold, literal truth is not for him, but the illusive, the suggestive, the ideal truth. He does not ask what life or Nature are for, or are they good or bad, but he interprets them in terms of the relation of their parts, he reads them in the light of his own soul. He knows there is no picture without shadows, no music without discords, no growth without decay. The artist has "no axe to grind"; to him all is right with the world, however out of joint it may be in our self-seeking lives. Art is synthetic, and puts a soul under the ribs of Death. Science is a straight line, but Art is symbolized by the curve.

To regard Nature, therefore, as the art of God, is to see it complete in itself; all the disharmonies vanish, all our per-

plexing problems are solved. The earth and the heavens are not for our private good alone, but for all other things. Opposites are blended. Good and bad are relative; heaven and hell are light and shade in the same picture. Our happiness or our misery are secondary; they are the pigments on the painter's pallette. The beauty of Nature is its harmony with our constitution; its terror emphasizes our weakness.

Where does the great artist get his laws of art but from his insight into the spirit and method of Nature? They are reflected in his own heart, the act of creation repeats itself in his own handiwork. The true artist has no secondary aims—not to teach or to preach, nor to praise, nor condemn; but to portray, and to show us, through the particular, the road to the universal.

Eckermann reports Goethe as saying to him that "Nature's intuitions are always good"; but if questioned, Goethe would hardly have maintained that the clouds, the winds, the streams, the tides, gravity, cohesion, and so on, have intentions of any sort, much less intentions directed to us or away from us. Even the wisest among us thus make man the aim and object of Nature. We impose our own psychology upon the very rock and trees.

Goethe always read into Nature his own human traits; always when he speaks of her he speaks as an artist and poet. He said to Eckermann that Nature "is always true, always serious, always severe; she is always right, and the errors and faults are always those of man. The man who is incapable of appreciating her, she despises; and only to the apt, the pure, the true, does she resign herself and reveal her secrets. The understanding will not reach her; man must be capable of elevating himself to the highest Reason to come into that contact with the Divinity which manifests in the primitive phenomena which dwell behind them and from which they proceed. The divinity works in the living, not in the dead; in the becoming and changing, not in the become and the fixed. Therefore, reason, with its tendency toward the divine, has only to do with the becoming, the living; but understanding has to do with the become, the already fixed, that it may make use of it." In this last we see the germ of Bergson's philosophy. The divinity that dwells behind phenomena, and from which they proceed, is the attempt of the human mind to find the end of that which has no end, the law of causation.

This brings me to say that Walt Whitman's attitude toward Nature stands out in contrast with that of all other poets, ancient or modern. It was not that of the poet who draws his themes from Nature, or makes much of the gentler and fairer forms of wood and field, spring and summer, shore and mountain, as has been so largely the custom of poets from Virgil down. Take all the Nature lyrics and idyls out of English and American poetry, and how have you impoverished it, how many names would suffer! Nor does Whitman's attitude in any degree conform to the worshipful attitude of Wordsworth and so many other poets since his time. He did not humanize Nature or read himself into it; he did not adorn it as a divinity; he did not see through it as through a veil to spiritual realities beyond, as Emerson so often does; he did not gather bouquets of flowers, nor distill the wild perfumes in his pages; he did not fill the lap of earth with treasures not her own—all functions of true poetry, we must admit, and associated with great names. Yet he made more of Nature than any other poet has done; he saw deeper meanings in her for purposes of both art and life; but it was Nature as a whole—not the parts, not the exceptional phases, but the total scheme and unfolding of things.

He who can bring to Whitman's rugged and flowing lines anything like the sympathy and insight that beget them, will know what I mean. Our modern Nature-poets are holiday flower-gatherers beside this inspired astronomer, geologist, and biologist, all in one, sauntering the streets, loitering on the beach, roaming the mountains, or wrapt and silent under the midnight skies. When, now in my old age, I open his pages again and read the *Song of the Open Road, Crossing Brooklyn Ferry, The Song of the Broad Axe, This Compost, Walt Whitman, Great are the Myths, Laws for Creation,* and scores of others, I seem to be present at the creation of worlds. I am in touch with primal energies. I am borne along by a tide of life and power that has no parallel elsewhere in literature. It is not so much mind as it is personality, not so much art as it is Nature, not so much poetry as it is the earth, the sky. Oh, the large, free handling! the naked grandeur, the elemental sympathy, the forthrightness, and the power! Not beauty alone, but meanings, unities, profundities; not merely the bow in the clouds, but the clouds also, and the sky, and the orbs beyond the clouds. A personal, sympathetic, interpretive attitude toward the whole

of Nature, claiming it all for body and mind, drawing out its spiritual and esthetic values, forging his laws for creation from it, trying his own work by its standards, and seeking to emulate its sanity, its impartiality, and its charity.

Whitman wrote large the law of artistic productions which he sought to follow:

All must have reference to the ensemble of the world, and the compact truth of the world;
There shall be no subject too pronounced—All works shall illustrate the divine law of indirections.
What do you suppose creation is?
What do you suppose will satisfy the Soul, except to walk free, and own no superior?
What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God?
And that there is no God any more divine than Yourself?
And that that is what the oldest and newest myths finally mean?
And that you or any one must approach creations through such laws?

Whitman's standards are always those of Nature and of life. Emerson hung his verses in the wind—a good thing to get the chaff out of poetry or wheat. Whitman brings his, and all art, to the test of the natural, universal standards. He read his songs in the open air to bring them to the test of real things; he emulated the pride of the level he planted his house by. Always is his eye on the orbs, and on the earth as a whole:

I feel the globe itself swift swimming through space.
I will confront the shows of day and night,
I will see if I am to be less real than they are.

He would have his songs tally "earth's soil, trees, winds, waves." "Can your performance face the open fields and the seaside?" he demands of those who would create the art of America.

I swear there is no greatness or power that does not emulate those of the earth,
There can be no theory of any account unless it corroborate the theory of the earth,
No politics, art, religion, behavior, or what not, is of account unless it compares with the amplitude of the earth,
Unless it face the exactness, vitality, impartiality, rectitude of the earth.

His poems abound in natural images and objects, but there is rarely a trace of the method and spirit of the so-called Nature-poets, some of whom bedeck Nature with jewelry and finery till we do not know her.

In one of his Nature jottings, written in 1878, at his country retreat not far from Camden, New Jersey, he speaks thus of the emotional aspects and influences of Nature: "I too, like the rest, feel these modern tendencies (from all the prevailing intellections, literature, and poems) to turn everything to pathos, ennui, morbidity, dissatisfaction, death. Yet how clear it is to me that those are not the born results, influences of Nature at all, but of our own distorted, sick, or silly souls. Here amid this wide, free scene, how healthy, how joyous, how clean and vigorous and sweet!"

I do not wonder that Whitman gave such a shock to the reading public sixty years ago. This return, in a sense, to aboriginal Nature, this sudden plunge into the great ocean of primal energies, this discarding of all ornamentation and studied external effects of polish and elaboration, gave the readers of poetry a chill from which they are still sneezing. The fireside, the library corner, the seat in the garden, the nook in the woods: each and all have their charm and their healing power, but do not look for them in Walt Whitman. Rather expect the mountain tops, the surf-drenched beach, and the open prairies. A poet of the cosmos, fortified and emboldened by the tremendous discoveries and deductions of modern science, he takes the whole of Nature for his province and dominates it, is at home with it, affiliates with it through his towering personality and almost superhuman breadth of sympathy.

To pick flaws in Whitman (an easy matter) is like picking flaws in Nature herself. We do not look at the heavens or at the earth with a microscope; and to get at the good that there is in Whitman, we must bring to him a candor, a charity, and a spiritual robustness equal to his own, and that "inner, never-lost rapport we have with earth, light, air, trees," and all created things.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

THE State of Kansas has experimented with constitutional prohibition for a period of thirty-five years. The amendment was submitted by the Legislature at the session of 1879, adopted at the general election of 1880, and the enabling statute became effective May 1st, 1881. At this time Maine was already under State-wide prohibition, but prohibition was never taken very seriously there except as a political issue, and is at present scarcely more than nominal,—in fact, Governor Curtis, in his inaugural address, recommended that the whole pretense be given up. But in Kansas, prohibition has always been taken seriously and its enforcement has commanded the utmost efforts of the State; so while Kansas is not precisely a pioneer in the policy, she doubtless represents the very best that State-wide prohibition can do.

From the standpoint of constructive reform, it is regrettable that students of the alcohol problem usually take so absolute a view of it, tending to isolate it from other social issues and regard it as detached and unrelated. This tendency, so generally observable in most that has been written about Kansas, vitiates many arguments and nullifies many conclusions drawn from her experience. Propagandists on both sides of the question generalize freely from particular features of this experience, in a fashion that is utterly discredited by acquaintance with the history and make-up of the State. This is particularly true of attempts to apply the experience of Kansas to other States, though it also holds good of many attempts to interpret the course of prohibition in Kansas itself. The claims, for instance, of prosperity, public health, sanity, the absence of crime, and such like, are often interpreted in a preposterous relation to the

State's policy of prohibition. Most of this sort of thing, of course, comes from public officials with axes to grind; for politicians in Kansas are quite what the majority of them are elsewhere—quite as hamstrung and time-serving, and quite as prone to compromise. But much of it also comes from studies that purport to be disinterested and even scientific. Only the other day, for instance, I saw a newspaper announcement of an article dealing with Kansas as "a State without saloons and without slums." The title sufficiently indicates the tenor of the prospectus. It would seem that the most derelict editorial judgment must be aware that under any liquor policy in the world, Kansas could not possibly breed slums. One might as easily think of her as breeding white bears. Slums are an immediate product of industrialism, not of drink. If there were never another drop of liquor in New York, Pittsburgh, Paterson, or any of our industrial centers, the slums would remain as they now are. Kansas has no relatively industrial life worth mentioning, and the wage-earning population of her largest cities is only about equal to the population of the Woolworth Building in New York.

Many Kansans recognize the disservice done the State by these exaggerations, and wish to promote a more intelligent view. One of them said to me that " there are many good things here with which prohibition has nothing to do, and many bad things that it is not responsible for; but, on the whole, it has helped." This is, I think, a very just estimate. The only question is whether the same result might not have been reached, at less expense of reaction and drawback, by some other method. I must say, too, that I never saw a fairer entertainment of this question than by these men who were supporting the State's policy with all their might. They discussed the weaknesses and drawbacks of prohibition, as well as its excellences, with conspicuous candor. So far were they from fanaticism and the pestilent temptation to generalize from the experience of their own State, that they gave explicit warning against the expectation that even the results obtained there could be reproduced satisfactorily elsewhere. " We have had a terrific fight for thirty years," said one of them, " and we have won and are satisfied. But any other State that tries it must make up its mind to the same struggle, *and without our initial advantages.*"

These initial advantages are the most important thing

to be kept in mind by the student of State-wide prohibition as a general policy. They should be especially scrutinized by the legislative bodies of other States, who are under pressure to inaugurate a similar policy. We shall consider them presently; but before doing so, it is proper to show the net result of prohibition in Kansas at the present time—to see what the conditions are with which these advocates of the State's policy express themselves as satisfied.

The one direct result is the suppression of the saloon. On the positive side, this is the whole upshot of prohibition. It cannot be too clearly understood or too constantly borne in mind that *prohibition in Kansas does not mean the prohibition of drinking.* It is not directed against drinking. It is directed against the traditional method of retail distribution. There is no objection, apparently, to the method of handling direct to the consumer. The law does not interfere with it, and one hears no complaint. There is no trouble about getting anything one wants to drink, by the simple expedient of having it shipped in. It seems to be well understood in Kansas that the intention of sentiment is fully met by the suppression of the saloon, and there is no attempt to go beyond it. A leading merchant said to me, with the greatest candor: "I have everything in my cellar, just as my neighbors have, from champagne to ginger ale. I drink beer every night. My children drink it whenever they want it. I hope the Federal Government will never make it impossible for me to get it. But I don't know, really, whether I would shoulder a musket sooner to repel a foreign invasion of America, or to keep the saloon out of Kansas!"

The theory is, largely, that by this means liquor is kept out of the general consciousness, and particularly out of the consciousness of the young. There is a great deal to be said for this; yet it ought to be remembered, too, that there is a negative as well as a positive approach to consciousness. A score of times I heard it said in Kansas, and always with a curious air of finality, "Our boys have never seen a saloon in their lives." One appreciates the full value of this, and yet one cannot help wondering what they will do when they do see one, as at some time they almost inevitably will. But without wishing to whittle down an achievement of prohibition by this or any other speculation, the point to be remarked is that the achievement itself is thus sharply defined; and, while very conspicuous and valuable, must yet appear,

from the absolutist point of view, somewhat attenuated.

Now, to abolish the saloon (which, I repeat, is the whole upshot of prohibition in Kansas)—to attain this very considerable result, the State has made sacrifices, in virtue of the method employed, which go far toward counterbalancing the value of the gain. It is distasteful to speak of evasions of the law; they are the stock-in-trade of the propagandist, and perhaps in their nature may not be handled quite scrupulously by anyone, at least in any detail. But speaking as broadly and guardedly as possible, Kansas has repeated the history of every absolutist enterprise since the world began. Promptly with the attempt to enforce prohibition, evasion began to run its squalid course. After the open saloon came a period of indirect licensing. In 1883, two years after prohibition was established, there were forty open saloons in Topeka, doing business under a license to sell certain specified liquors " and other drinks." A town the size of Fort Scott had as many as thirty-two places operating under such licenses. There was a period of the " original package saloon," of the club system, and the institution which became known the country over as the " Kansas drug store." Along with all these, went continually the masked saloon or " blind tiger," maintaining itself more or less precariously by alliance with local politics, frequently licensed by a schedule of raids and fines, until this was stopped by the repulsive expedient of the " ouster " law, whereby public officials can be put out of office incontinently for failure to enforce the law to the satisfaction of the State's attorney. Illicit retail distribution is now chiefly effected by the method known as " bootlegging," and this industry has assumed large proportions all over the State, especially on the southern Missouri border. Bootlegging, unfortunately, has been the principal factor in changing the traffic from lighter drinks, such as beer and wine, to spirits; because the lighter drinks are too bulky to be easily handled. One of the most extensive evasions is in the sale of fortified cider. The Kansas State Board of Health publishes analyses of something over thirty bottled ciders taken from the open market, showing from four to twelve per cent of alcohol. It is questionable whether as many could be found on the market in the three States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, put together. Probably these ciders furnish the poorer citizens with the stimulation afforded to the transient by the

ministrations of the bootlegger and to the more affluent by those of the railway and express companies.

One asks oneself whether, after all, the open saloon would not be almost a fair exchange for the reaction produced upon any society by this kind of thing, by the perjury induced, the encouragement of furtive habits, the general spirit of fraud, deceit and hypocrisy, the abeyance of personal responsibility. And even in the direct view, if Kansas children have never seen a saloon, New York children have never been approached by a bootlegger. But too much may not be made of this. The chief point is that New York children may grow up with a just sense of moral values, in this particular, while Kansas children may not. Indeed, the most serious failure which a critic detects in the proposal to enforce temperance by prohibition, is in its utter upsetting of the sense of moral measure and proportion; and Kansas offers the best possible example of a community thus affected. Her intense preoccupation with alcohol has raised the problem in far too high relief and sunk other matters of social policy out of focus; in short, it has exercised the debilitating and retarding influence of any monomania. Undoubtedly the alcohol problem is great and difficult; undoubtedly it needs the direction of much more simple and sincere thought than has yet been put upon it. But to admit it as even a social problem of the first order is making a very handsome concession; while to let it monopolize the field of social thought and the output of social energy is the mere vicious pottering of fanaticism. As early as 1882 one of the public men of Kansas gave warning that "there is no other question either of State policy or economy that absorbs so much public attention. . . . In fact, I believe that I state only the truth when I assert that all other State questions have been and are now completely ignored by the people of the State." There is, unfortunately, no doubt of this; and I repeat that this engrossment, this persistent "intending of the mind" upon alcohol, is the most deplorable by-product of Kansas' long campaign. There are citizens of a more cosmopolitan type who by one means or another have come to take a less parochial view; but the majority magnify the liquor problem and the policy of prohibition to the proportions of absolute monopoly.

The best evidence of this is seen in the insistence on prohibition as a shibboleth to public office. Governor Capper told me with a sort of Ironside pride that it is impossible

for anyone to be elected to any public office in Kansas unless he is sound on prohibition. Thus, obviously, as Burke says, it must become the first business of a public official "still further to contract the narrowness of men's ideas, to confirm inveterate prejudices, to inflame vulgar passions, and to abet all sorts of popular absurdities." The whole history of the movement is a history of terrorism. Governor St. John made a speech at Leavenworth in 1881, proposing a constabulary or bayonet bill for the subduing of evil-doers; proposing suspension of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury, and threatening Leavenworth with loss of appropriations, as he had previously threatened Topeka. When the constitutional amendment was passed, it carried by a majority of but 8,000, and out of a total vote of 201,236 there were 24,630 who did not vote on the amendment at all—a clear indication, fully substantiated by the literature of the period, that the campaign was a mere unwholesome riot of the worst passions and the meanest prejudices, and that the real sentiment of the State was left undetermined. These are but a few items out of a history so sordid and uninspiring that at the end of it one draws a long breath and wonders whether the politics of a nominal democracy must be forever condemned, like Mr. Weller's charity-boy at the end of the alphabet, "to go through with so much to get so little." After all, human life is very complex, and the issues that affect it are many, and are graduated on a fairly distinct scale of importance, if we will but permit ourselves to see them so. But Kansas does not do this, and until her civilization is extended and deepened, she never will.

And this last observation leads, by a connection that will presently be seen, to a consideration of the "initial advantages" which my informant referred to when he spoke of the possible extension of the prohibition policy to other States. They are usually reckoned at two: the absence of industrialism and the absence of large cities. From the standpoint of State-wide prohibition, these are undoubtedly great advantages for Kansas, but other States have them too. Her next-door neighbors, Nebraska and Oklahoma, have them. On the strength of these, therefore, it would seem to be as easy to maintain prohibition in Nebraska, say, as it is in Kansas. But these are not all, nor are they the greatest of the "initial advantages" which Kansas had for prohibition. Prohibition, in the largest view, is simply one

of the modes of self-expression natural to a certain distinct type of civilization, now happily weakening to the point of general disappearance, but surviving in certain overflows and backwaters. Kansas has this type of civilization and has always had it; her neighbors have not. Hence, if prohibition grew with no less difficulty in its native soil than its history in Kansas appears to show, there is a corresponding expectation of greater difficulty with it in an alien soil, such as other States, in greater or less degree, present.

This matter is worth examination. The territory set off by the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, might fairly be termed the American Balkans, as the alembic of national disturbances. The Act was the last in a series of compromise measures intended to reconcile and accommodate two social theories that in their nature could not be reconciled and accommodated. Whether or no President Pierce had entered into any political trade or deal over the matter, the expectation at Washington clearly was that Kansas should be a slave State and Nebraska free. But Congress so constructed the Act as to leave the question open as a measure of home rule for the inhabitants themselves to decide; thus virtually putting a rich premium upon colonization before both the abolitionist and slave-holding parties. The forces of abolition were the more mobile. Immediately upon the passage of the Act, the Legislature of Massachusetts incorporated the Emigrant Aid Society, and a portion of the stream of emigration which hitherto had gone from the free States into the West and Northwest, was now diverted southward into Kansas.

The result was the border warfare. Kansans say that their State was at war with the whole Union for four years before the Civil War broke out, and perhaps it is no very serious exaggeration to say so. We need not digress into the details of the stormy territorial period,—the period of border ruffianism, of squatter sovereignty and martial law, of raids and incursions from Missouri—when Kansas had at different times two armies on her soil, two Legislatures, and four constitutional conventions! One need note but these few outstanding circumstances of Kansas' birth to perceive at once how prohibition unfolded as a natural development of the spirit of the State. Even now, one has but to attend a public meeting in Kansas and survey the expanse of set, serious, unintelligent faces upturned toward Governor Capper or toward some impassioned preacher of separatist

orthodoxy, to imagine perfectly what must have been the reaction of any strong emotion working on all this force of iron prejudice. The great body of Northern colonists came from the Middle West, largely from Ohio, which sheltered the first overflow of New England Puritanism and perhaps, after Kansas, best preserves the Puritan type of social theory. "But," said Mr. Rhodes, in a public address in Kansas a few years ago, "while the Ohio Valley furnished the thews and sinews, it was the spirit of old New England that gave leavening force to this dominant body. *Kansas thus became an expression of nineteenth century Puritanism, and in that fact lies the social significance of the history of our State.*"

Just so; it could not be put better. Brand Whitlock says somewhere that the distinguishing mark of Puritanism is its belief in absolutes—the belief that human beings and human institutions may be absolutely bad or (much more rarely) absolutely good. Whether or no this quite covers the ground, there is at least a full measure of truth in it as far as it goes. But the working social theory of Puritanism certainly postulates the relation between the State and its citizens as that of guardian and ward; and hence it tends continually toward a more and more intimate and personal regulation of conduct. To make this effective, Puritanism depends sheerly upon force. "We must *make* people be good," one Kansan told me; and throughout the State I heard the doctrine of "thy brother's keeper" put forward as an ultimate basis for certain lines of social endeavor which appeared, to say the least, very doubtful. The idea is, in a word, that the way to reform society is by putting as many people as possible in jail; if we can only get enough people in jail, society will be virtuous and everybody happy! I would not represent the individual Kansan as standing at this extreme; I am merely laying bare the general theory on which his civilization is established.

This theory brings forth two serious practical abuses: first, the pernicious confusion of vice with crime and the consequent tendency to erect vice into crime—the confusion of the offence *malum in se,* or that which is opposed to the general reason and conscience of mankind, with the offense *malum prohibitum,* about which the general reason and conscience of mankind is divided. In Kansas, for example, several persons told me that the prohibition law was not

invariably enforced, but that it was, on the whole, enforced as well as the laws against murder and burglary! I was interested, too, in the remark of another citizen, who said naïvely that a small number of foreigners who had settled in the southeastern part of the State were making trouble about liquor, because they "did not understand the law." Undoubtedly, it is ten to one they did not. The second practical abuse is the intense, hankering interest set up in other people's shortcomings. It would probably be invidious to develop this point fully, or to go far afield in search of examples. Cromwell's legislation and the Blue Laws of Connecticut are historical, however, and illustrate sufficiently this inquisitional and morbid concern with other people's business, in behalf of some more or less specious notion of public necessity or public good. This trait of Puritanism persists largely in the Middle West, and is scarcely distinguishable from the instinct of the *voyeur* or "peeper." Kansas has no monopoly of it; one can scarcely pick up an Illinois or Ohio paper without reading of the exploits of some new vice crusade or vice commission, or the pawing and puddling of some Pastors' Union. The fetid fascinations of this sort of sluttery, served up as daily news, would be incomprehensible to any spirit but that of Anglo-Teuton Puritanism.

The emigrant settlers of Kansas were full of this social theory—it was bone of their bone, they knew no other—and the savage ruffling of their temper in the border war set it to the consistency of adamant. They went to work to erect a civilization that should express this theory without let or hindrance. The Topeka Convention, for example, seriously proposed that all negroes, slave or free, should be excluded from the State! Circumstances helped them; their immense remoteness saved their work from being sapped by any alien spirit. The population remained homogeneous; it is now ninety-seven per cent. native. Foreign immigration dried up—and no wonder! Governor St. John in 1881 took the ground that the State did not want immigrants "who would grow grapes and who were not willing to give up the beverages they were used to." Even Governor Capper speaks in a similar vein in a magazine article printed only the other day—so little has Kansas been touched by the heat of the melting-pot.

In a circular of the New England Emigrant Aid Society,

sent out July 2, 1855, asking all the clergymen of New England to become members and help raise a fund of $150,000, the objects mentioned are Freedom, Religion, Education and Temperance—the four very last things, one would say, in view of the history of Puritanism, that a Puritan organization should pretend to meddle with. The last paragraph of the circular sets forth that "traffic in intoxicating liquors scarcely exists in any one of the [Kansas] towns founded with the Company's assistance, and any attempt to introduce it will be resisted by their citizens." At the first social gathering held on the site of Topeka, May 17, 1855, were assembled all the people living for miles around (except the Indians!). The four sentiments there proposed were: Our Territory; The Influence of Woman; Our Friends at Home; and The Maine Law; "may it be to Topeka what the main pillar is to the temple of liberty!" The Methodist Church, which from its foundation in America has maintained the Puritan attitude towards liquor, was organized in Kansas in 1845, and is now numerically the leading denomination; while the Presbyterian church has been expressing what Burke finely called "the dissidence of Dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion," for nearly as long a period. Many of the earliest title-deeds contain a proviso that liquor shall never be sold on the land, under penalty of reversion. A "Prohibition Colony" came from Illinois and organized in Dickinson County, under a clergyman named Christopher, in 1871. A certain firm, as early as 1883, gave notice that if any employee were seen in saloons at any time or known to drink intoxicating liquor "in any form or degree," he would be discharged; and within a week after the order, they did actually discharge thirty men.

All this tends to show how prohibition came to pass in Kansas, and how much more her "initial advantages" amount to over mere geography. She was colonized by the unqualified Puritan temper, seven times refined to the acme of truculence in the fires of the Border War. She has kept inviolate her intellectual and spiritual isolation, her inaccessibility to ideas, and hence her dominant social theory is as stoutly Puritan as it ever was, and her general civilization faithfully reflects it.

Now the trouble with Puritan civilization is that it provides for too few needs of the human spirit. The defenders of Puritanism have always been hard put to it to answer the

question which is surely the most natural in the world: If Puritan civilization is so good, why did it so soon collapse? Above all, why did it collapse as promptly in New England as in Old England? Cromwell did great things for Britain; the Puritan fathers surely did great things for the Colonies. Why, then, did the English people almost immediately swing back to the false and vicious system of the Stuarts, and why did New England so shortly fall away from Puritan traditions and social theory?

Puritanism wholly satisfied the one great instinct of workmanship, of expansion. One can *do business,* as the saying is, under Puritanism. It largely satisfies the instinct of morals—with some important qualifications which we need not dwell on here. But the human spirit can not work exclusively along the lines of business and morals; it has other instincts, too, which a civilization that has hope of permanence must meet and satisfy. The instinct of social life, of intellect and knowledge, of beauty, of religion—these Puritanism never satisfied, nay, it maltreated and suffocated them. Puritanism is overspread with the curse of hardness, and the penalty that nature puts upon hardness is hideousness, dismalness. Human society swings away from Puritanism because the pressure on its obtunded instincts of intellect, beauty, religion and social life became more than it could bear.

In 1881 an intending immigrant in South Germany wrote a letter to some one in Kansas in which he hit the precise note of criticism. "None of my friends can imagine themselves living under such stringent laws," he says, "and they think *it cannot be good where such laws are considered necessary.*" Quite so; a civilization that does not meet these elemental demands of the human spirit offers a life that *cannot be good,* a life that is illiberal and dissatisfying, and no amount of business opportunities and factitious morals can reconcile one to it. We ourselves, generally speaking, have perhaps not yet sufficiently emerged from the influence of Puritanism to be as keenly aware of this as our immediate descendants will be; but the foreigner, especially of the Latin or Slav type, imaginative, sentimental and well-mannered, is aware of it at once.

All this is by no means paving the way for an intimation that Kansas ought to enlarge and deepen her civilization by opening houses. Far from it. I heartily congratluate her on

getting rid of the saloon, and I hope it will never come back. I am merely showing what seems to me to be the chief ground for dissatisfaction with the method employed in getting rid of it, and for believing that it cannot be generally adopted. Nor would I be thought to appraise and measure civilization by its distance from Broadway. The cities of Arles and Ancona are about the size of Topeka, quite as far from Broadway, figuratively, as Topeka, and like Topeka, they have no saloons. But the quality of life in Arles and Ancona is very different from the quality of life in Topeka; and one need see but a very little of it to find it so. The civilization of French and Italian cities has its weaknesses, no doubt; it fails somewhat in meeting the instinct of expansion, for example. But it meets the instinct of knowledge and intellect; ideas are current there, and are handled disinterestedly and not with the fierce, dogged, provincial obstinacy that Puritanism employs towards ideas not of its own devising. Moreover, this civilization has the invincible attraction of beauty and amenity, it is *amiable;* and the civilization of Puritanism is not.

As the shadow of Puritanism declines, we shall get a new light reflected from older civilizations upon many social difficulties that have so far refused to yield to the method of stark, unintelligent repression which is the only one that Puritanism knows how to employ. With regard to the one problem which Kansas has been so grotesquely misled by her Puritan strain as to consider paramount[1] it is interesting to find that a citizen of Kansas wrote in 1881 as follows:

> Had it become known abroad that Kansas had succeeded in establishing a law restricting the manufacture and sale of spirits and confining the sale of wine, beer and cider to respectable resorts . . . we should have had the approval of all good people, the cheerful co-operation of all respectacle foreigners, and the example would have been one worthy of imitation.

There is no doubt of this. It is owing to this simple and constructive expedient that the liquor problem, which has proved so refractory in the Puritan civilizations of England and America, has been so handily managed by civilizations of a different type. The above was written at the time when

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[1]For example, to the eye of sober judgment the problem of the increase of tenant farming is much more serious in Kansas than the problem of alcohol ever was or could be.

prohibition was being seized on to bolster the shaky fortunes of the Republican party in Kansas, and it fell on the deaf ear of Puritanism. Yet how easily otherwise such a measure might have prevailed then and might prevail now, whether the issue be regarded as local, State or national! A differential tax, graded according to alcoholic content, and a modification of the saloon such as the Public House Trust and (since the war) the British Board of Control are effecting in England—making the saloon a place of decent resort and general refreshment like the *Bierhalle* or the Continental café: these two logical and lucid measures alone would reach the core of the problem which prohibition merely fumbles, and carry it nine-tenths of the way toward final solution.

I suggested this to Mr. William Allen White, who is probably the best informed and the ablest native critic of Kansas affairs. He replied with sterling frankness that it was the best way if it could be had, but that it could not be had in Kansas. If the liquor trade, he said, had ever offered a suitable compromise proposition in good faith, there would never have been prohibition in Kansas, and if it were not for the defensive alliance between the manufacturers of wine and beer on the one hand and the manufacturers of spirits on the other, there would be no prohibtion there now. But as things are, prohibition is the less of two evils, and would have his advocacy.

Insight into the real nature of the problem, like this on the part of Mr. White, argues favorably for practicable reform. With the inevitable weakening of the civilization and social theory that maintains it, prohibition must inevitably weaken and be found wanting; and that time is near at hand. Allowing a maximum for the force of a crude and unintelligent Puritanism in the public and an equally crude and unintelligent Bourbonism in the trade, there still must be in both, even now, a force of sound critical opinion that might unite on a policy that other countries have tried and found to be at once simple, constructive, and satisfactory.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

OFF NEWBURYPORT BAR

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

Out of the chambers of the sea the gale
Blows through the ancient town. And all its breath
Is bitter with the salt spume that has knit
Fans of white fire above the straining tops
Of masts that quiver to their fall. All night
Hollows of the horizon heave vast sighs;
We hear great organ-music through our dreams,
Or wake to tremble at the helpless cry
Of surges roaring into nothingness.

But in the narrow ways of streets and courts
And under battling boughs, though wild sound smite
Pulses to stillness, yet is the sight forfend
Of all the plain of the dim deep whose wreaths
That soar and sink are powdered into air
Blown thinner than a ghost. Nor ours to see
Torment of watery tumultuousness,
Nor any seething of the shoaling seas
In heartbreak of dull twilight; nor when clear
The moon along the edge of the clouds runs out
To touch the leaping spray, and hurrying hides
In caverns of the night and storm, while gulfs
Of black and silver burst in monstrous shapes
Hovering and swooping; nor when springing day
A swift and sudden arrow shoots and wakes
The cock of sacrifice upon his spire
To splendid life.
He, on his spindle set,
Nor veering in the teeth of the blast that sings
In mighty rhythms from the outer east,
Looks with defiant eye across the bar
That, vague with changing phantoms of the foam,
Rears all its flashing crest from march to march
Of the low sand-dunes.

He, and he alone,
Sees lines of parting coast, and one long league
Combed white as wool where the broad breaker tears
The tide incoming to suck down the shore
With every plunge of its mad shock that plays
With continents for counters. Wide and wild—
Again the gracious gold of morning lost—
He sees in gloom the gray expanses meet

Gray heaven, if that be heaven which bends so low
It mantles jets and shafts and flying falls
Of spinning scud and the chance wave that looms
Like some wan giant vanishing in cloud
Upon the swell.
He, when in one great sheet
The rending mists let out a sudden sea
With bout of blast and billow, on his watch
That compasses meridians of storm,
Sees at broad anchorage the fishing-craft,
Stripped to the challenge of the tempest; sees
Far off the fated barque whose broken mast
Rakes the last verge, and up whose slant deck ride
The hungry hordes that ravage her, the while
She drifts through weltering furrows to the land
That lies in treacherous wait beneath its mask
Of shallows that in the sunshine of yestere'en
Played green and azure beauty over sands
Tarnished and tawny.
Still within the east
That, sullen, gathers back its bitter breath,
He sees gaunt wings that shine in flame and snow,
Skim in wide circles, sweep and dip to snatch
The long tress streaming weed-like through the wave
That glasses dead illusion, sliding on
From slope to slope and ever shoreward tossed
Where the fierce ledges wade to meet their prey.
And with the passing of the day he sees
The Ipswich and White Island lenses fire
With racing sparkles all the red-lipped pack
Rolling and ravening beneath. He sees
Across the waste of tumbling waters then
Spent sailors clinging to the shrouds that ring
To dreadful music, multitudinous song,
Far born and swollen full of death and doom,
Voice breaking into voice above their graves,
Their shifting graves—while all the lights of home
Begin to tremble through the evening air,

The purple evening that the great gale leaves
Still shaken with long soughs and sobs.
But we,
Shut in among our streets and narrow ways
From all the gusty tumult of the seas
And yeasty evanescence, only know
The room that like a rose with firelight blooms,
And the worn woman screening with her hand
The pane through which she peers, then shuddering turns
To mark the little children at the hearth
Watch with strange thrills, half terror and half sport,
Her mounting shadow climb and follow her
And crouch and sink upon her like a pall
As the ash gathers and the brand burns black.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SAMUEL BUTLER

BY CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

It is now some thirteen years since Samuel Butler died, after a life of brilliant activity in many fields of literary and artistic expression. His novel, *The Way of All Flesh,* his satires, his biological writings, his attitude towards many philosophical and social problems, anticipated by a generation at least the trend of opinion. Practically unknown during his life, and when known largely misunderstood and disliked, he is now barely beginning the slow conquest of his rightful place as a bold and subtle thinker, one of the most original and creative minds of his time.

The qualities that made Butler unpopular in his lifetime are the extremely elusive character of his satire, his fondness for paradox, the strange views and apparent inconsistencies which he defended so ardently, and the multiplicity of his interests, which gave to his work a superficial effect of dilettantism. One might conceivably come upon chaos in trying to interpret the work of a man who painted pictures, composed music, wrote art criticism and travel sketches, worked up a voluminous biography of his grandfather, published a commentary on Shakespeare's Sonnets, translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* (advancing and defending the hypothesis that the *Odyssey* was the work of a woman), wrote four highly controversial books on evolution, three satires (two of which at least are worthy to rank with the work of Swift), several very respectable sonnets, and an absorbing autobiographic and sociological novel. Add to this his audacity in attacking single-handed—with no weapons but his keen commonsense and the charm and pointed brilliancy of his style—the " vested interests " of religion and science, and we may understand that most of his critics either hated or mistrusted him because they completely failed to grasp what he was driving at. So it was that this man, who broke

a lance with every aspect of orthodoxy except the political, could be variously described as "a typical middle-class Englishman," "a hedonist and an advocate of compromise," "a true Christian," and a "clever trickster" bent only upon dazzling and bewildering, with nothing of importance to say.

Butler had very definite things to say, and he was so imbued with their importance that he said them over and over, seriously or humorously, brusquely or suavely, literally or figuratively, as his mood demanded. But he pursued his purpose from so many angles, he was so rich in illustration, so fond of playing with ideas, of turning them inside out, of showing how inevitably they contained in themselves their own contradictions: his hatred of dogmatism and his keen self-criticism led him to show up so ruthlessly the weak spots even of his own favorite notions, that he often seemed to be arguing against himself. His sensitiveness to the subtlety of words often led him to discuss one class of ideas in the terms of another. He was fond of talking biology in the language of religion and religion in the language of science. But this was far more than mere verbal play. It sprang from his deeply monistic attitude, his strong sense of the oneness of all aspects of life and of the illumination to be gained by interpreting them by each other.

Butler was pre-eminently a biologist. His biological theories are the key to his social and religious views; his philosophy of life was built up with an almost architectural harmoniousness from his conception of the nature of life and of its evolution from forms so low that we do not even recognize it there, to the high complexities of modern social organization. His artistic and literary criticism has no special interest for us now except in that it carries his crotchety charm and illustrates the curious contradictions in his unusual and interesting personality. He was either unable or unwilling to understand the spirit of modern art or music, harking back to the past for his favorites. In literature he preferred Homer and Shakespeare, and bestowed an impartial and cordial dislike on most of his own contemporaries. This odd antiquarian streak in his nature was perhaps emphasized by his personal isolation from the political and literary currents of his time. But this only throws into high relief the extraordinary originality and keenness of his mind, which gave perhaps the first literary expression in

England to that " revolt of the Life Force against ready-made morality " (and, in fact, against ready-made ideas of any kind) of which Bernard Shaw speaks in the Preface to *The Irrational Knot.*

Butler was born in 1835 and died in 1902. His adult life began in the days when the famous " fight between science and religion " was ranging men the world over into two irreconcilable camps of Darwinians and religionists. Characteristically, he began his career by casting a stone into both camps, and thus making bitter enemies in the two powerful intellectual factions of his day. Reared in an orthodox household, the son and grandson of a clergyman, he had been destined for the Church and had actually begun to prepare for ordination. It was not long before he conceived doubts concerning various articles of faith, with the result that instead of becoming a curate he sailed away to New Zealand to start a sheep farm and read *The Origin of Species.* Both activities were momentous. The sheep farming plus a good many other things produced *Erewhon,* while his reading of Darwin made him for six months an ardent Darwinian and for the rest of his life an active opponent of the mechanistic interpretation of life which Darwin's insistence on Natural Selection implied.

With the exception of *Erewhon Revisited,* all Butler's important work was done in the fifteen years between the appearance of *Erewhon* in 1872 and of *Luck or Cunning?* in 1887. Into this period fall all his biological works, his attacks on religious dogma, and the brilliant fragments of social philosophy and satire scattered through *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh,* his one novel, written from 1870 to 1884, but not published until after his death.

In *Erewhon* Butler had already outlined quite definitely many of the views which later were more fully elaborated, to bring down upon him a course of " sneer, snarl and misrepresentation " amounting to " practical boycott " (Notebooks). Oddly enough it was an unexpected success—the most successful of all Butler's books during his life. This popularity he attributed to the fact that it had appeared anonymously, thus presenting the double interest of a " new and an unknown voice "; and no doubt, also, people were ready to accept, in the guise of fantasy, reflections on church and state, on education and science and family life, which they indignantly rejected when put forth seriously and au-

thoritatively. Then too, the satire in *Erewhon* was more general and more diffused, its implications not so clear as in his later works, if indeed it was generally understood at all. Butler's peculiar method of presenting his real views in mock support of some absurd conclusion, of changing back and forth —sometimes several times in a single argument—from ironic praise of what is, to ironically expressed suggestion of what should be, is decidedly baffling until one gets used to it, when it may become very fascinating. Certainly the public which received his next book, *The Fair Haven* (1873), had become so little used to it that this elaborate and erudite hoax was taken seriously by a large number of people—including a prominent clergyman who sent it to a friend whom he wished to convert—and several reviewers of religious publications. Of course these people never forgave Butler for having made fools of them. The distrust and contempt with which his later works were received no doubt had its origin here. Purporting to be "A Work in Defense of the Miraculous Element in Our Lord's Ministry Upon Earth," the book is in reality an ironical analysis of all the arguments advanced by theologians to justify belief in the supernatural, and a pretended refutation of all unbelievers. With such two-edged satire Butler was in his element, and he let himself go with infinite relish. Mr. Streatfield, his literary executor, assures us that Butler never intended *The Fair Haven* as a hoax, but "fully expected his readers to comprehend his irony, and anticipated that some at least would keenly resent it." Many years later he used the same theme, the development of a miracle myth in fictional form, in *Erewhon Revisited,* in some respects perhaps his most delightful book.

Five years after *The Fair Haven,* Butler published *Life and Habit,* the first and most important of his works on evolution and the foundation for all the others. He had already, in *Erewhon* and in an earlier essay published in a New Zealand paper, discussed machines as supplementary limbs which increase man's power and react upon his development. He now proposed to himself "to see not only machines as limbs, but also limbs as machines. I felt immediately," he writes (*Unconscious Memory,* Ch. II. "How I Wrote Life and Habit"), "that I was upon firmer ground. The use of the word 'organ' for a limb told its own story; the word could not have become so current under this meaning unless the idea of a limb as a tool or machine had been

agreeable to commonsense. What would follow, then, if we regarded our limbs and organs as things we had ourselves manufactured for our own convenience? The first question that suggested itself was, how did we come to make them without knowing anything about it? And this raised another, namely, how comes anybody to do anything unconsciously? The answer 'habit' was not far to seek." Butler then pointed out the unconsciousness with which habitual actions are performed, the unconsciousness increasing with the perfection of our knowledge, so that we are most conscious of and have most control over such habits as speech, the upright position, the arts and sciences, which are peculiar to the human race and always acquired after birth; less conscious of and less able to control our eating and drinking, swallowing, seeing and hearing,—habits comparatively recent, geologically speaking, but still acquired in our prehuman ancestry and fairly familiar to us at birth; least conscious, finally, and least able to control our digestion and circulation, the most ancient habits of the race, belonging even to our invertebrate ancestry.

What is race experience, Butler asked, but the memory of past acts? But how can the individual remember the experience of the race unless he actually took part in that experience himself? It follows that parents and offspring are one in personality, in the same sense that a man is one with his past self of thirty, fifty or eighty years back. The generations are to life what phases of personality are to the individual. "We are all one animal."

The memory on the part of the offspring of actions which it performed in the persons of its forefathers is latent until it is rekindled by a recurrence of the associated ideas: that is to say, until it finds itself in a situation similar to that in which its parents performed the action. It is this constant repetition of similar actions under similar conditions that gives us the stable, hereditary factor in evolution. But it happens also that the situation constantly recurs in a slightly modified form, and it will be necessary for the individual to add to its store of memory a new element to cope with the new fact. It is out of this "sense of need" that the variational factor arises.

Evolution is thus not the result of fortuitous and yet mechanical natural selection acting upon the individual from without. It is produced by the faith of the individual him-

self, " the desire to know, to do, to live at all," the will or " sense of need " to master the constantly arising new. Thus it is teleological—though not in the old Lamarckian sense—that its purpose is predetermined and imposed by a Creator and Ruler who is not an organism. Butler means by purpose the purpose of the creature itself, a purpose it exerts at each step of the way even though it does not know what the next step or succeeding steps may be. He illustrates his meaning very clearly when he says that the man who invented the water kettle did so with a purpose, although he had no conception of a steam engine. Nevertheless the kettle is a necessary step in the evolution of the engine.

This was the beginning of the controversy with Darwin, which later became, unfortunately, personal as well as scientific. Undoubtedly Butler had grounds for indignation at the way in which he was ignored by Darwin and his followers, even by those whose own works supported him in one point or another. He had retained a profound admiration for Darwin even after the first divergence from his views, and in *Life and Habit* pointed out that whatever imperfections might in the future be found in the theory of natural selection, however much the vitalistic view of evolution might gain in importance and the inheritance of acquired characters come to be recognized, the glory of having " taught people to believe in evolution," and of having accumulated the multitudinous facts by means of which the teaching had been done, would always be Darwin's. Butler was so far from feeling any hostility at this time that he expected " that *Life and Habit* was going to be an adjunct to Darwinism which no one would welcome more gladly than Mr. Darwin himself."

He was doomed to be bitterly disappointed. His book, we are told by Professor Hartog (in his Introduction to *Unconscious Memory*), " was received by professional biologists as a gigantic joke—a joke, moreover, not in the best possible taste. True, its central ideas, largely those of Lamarck, had been presented by Hering in 1870 (as Butler found shortly after his publication) ; they had been favorably received, developed by Haeckel, expounded and praised by Ray Lankester. Coming from Butler they met with contumely, even from such men as Romanes, who, as Butler had no difficulty in proving, were unconsciously inspired by the same ideas. . . .

"It is easy, looking back, to see why *Life and Habit* so missed its mark. . . . Butler introduced himself as what we now call 'The Man in the Street,' far too bare of scientific clothing to satisfy the Mrs. Grundy of the domain: lacking all recognized tools of science and all sense of the difficulties in his way, he proceeded to tackle the problems of science with little save the deft pen of the literary expert in his hand. His very failure to appreciate the difficulties gave greater power to his work. . . ."

It is true that Butler knew no hesitation in following wherever his mind led him, even if it carried him in opposition to the very seats of the mighty. His conviction that truth is not absolute and can never be the exclusive property of any one, and his confidence in the sanity and integrity of his own mind, often helped him to rush in where men of science feared to tread. He had "no wish to instruct," but he proposed to "write about Mr. Darwin's work exactly as I should about any one else's." (*Unconscious Memory*, Ch. II). At the same time he never felt any "vested interest" in his own ideas merely because they were his. He had reached his conclusions on the nature of heredity "by the exercise of a little commonsense while regarding certain facts which are open to everyone," and he was always ready, as he said of some one else, "to jump on his dead selves to some tune."

With the publication of *Evolution Old and New* the break between Butler and Darwin became complete. Butler had gone back to the forgotten and discredited works of Buffon, Erasmus, Darwin and Lamarck and presented them to the world anew not only as pioneers of the very school which now chose to ignore their existence, but as distinctly in advance of it in several particulars, coupling his analysis of their work with the unequivocal charge that Darwin had consciously refrained from giving them the credit that was their due. This sort of injustice roused Butler to the pitch of fury. He was, in all big matters, the most generous of men, and he did not understand that not lack of candor, but actual ignorance and immersion in technical detail, might be the compartively innocent causes of a very real neglect. Even the bitter tone which his polemic had now assumed was not the result of personal pique. It was due to a sense of outrage at what seemed to him the crime of crimes: the failure to keep the mind open to all truths old and new, and to acknowl-

edge the source whence they came; the fossilization of the spirit into a sterile academicism. He would even "view with dismay the abolition of the Church of England, as knowing that a blatant, bastard science would instantly step into her shoes." The man of science was only "the cleric in his latest development."

In *Unconscious Memory* Butler developed the main idea of *Life and Habit* and definitely connected his views with those of Hering. In *Luck or Cunning?* he further emphasized the nature of heredity as unconscious memory, and elaborated the conception of purpose or "cunning" as the force that makes life evolve and vary. Finally in *The Deadlock in Darwinism,* an essay, there is additional criticism of Darwin, Wallace, and Weismann.

Whatever the imperfections in Butler's theory, and however unfortunate may have been the conditions attending its publication, his work was so far from deserving the treatment it received that it has pointed out the way for much post-Darwinian criticism, and for most modern vitalistic hypotheses. Of late even the highest official recognition has not been lacking. In a volume on *Darwin and Modern Science* published in 1908 by the Cambridge University Press in commemoration of the centenary of Charles Darwin, Professor W. Bateson, F.R.S., contributes an essay on *Heredity and Variation in Modern Lights* in which he refers to Butler as one of Darwin's most brilliant critics, while Sir Francis Darwin in an address before the British Association paid Butler the tribute of tracing his theory of heredity from Hering and Butler through the work of such men as Rignano and Semon, and expressed himself in agreement with it. The *Living Age* for October 17, 1908, makes the comment that "Mr. F. Darwin brings to his assistance for interpreting the actions of plants and lowest animal forms such terms as 'habit' and 'memory,' taken directly from psychology. 'In all living things there is something psychic . . . we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves.'" This is of course pure Butlerism.

Butler had no effect on the biologists of his day, but it has not taken very long for his ideas to become incorporated in the scientific thought of ours, so close to his as to be really still a part of it. Much of this has happened by the inevitable development of ideas, often without direct inspiration from

him, more often still without recognition. Still it will hardly be necessary for a future Butler to do for him what he did for the pre-Darwinian evolutionists. His reputation is in the ascendant not only as a scientist among scientists, but as novelist, satirist, sociologist, with the general public as well. His social philosophy, which so puzzled his critics, will not seem incomprehensible or inconsistent when we remember that Butler was a highly original conservative as well as innovator, and that he viewed the process of social change from the viewpoint of the biologist. He believed that we must vary, but that we must vary by infinitesimal degrees, "nature seeming equally to hate too wide a deviation from our ordinary practice, and no deviation at all." If the change is too great the creature is at a loss how to meet it, because there is nothing in its store of memories to which it can refer, and a too sudden change in the social structure could not be assimiliated by society any more than a too sudden change in physical conditions by the individual organism. We are not left to infer the social application. Butler was careful to point it out himself.

It was no doubt this attitude that led to his contempt for propagandists, persons with "causes." They seemed to him to be trying to push down people's throats things for which they were not ready. He felt that the truth could be trusted to establish itself under the most adverse conditions, and somewhat perversely desired the conditions to be as adverse as possible as a test for the value of the truth in question. Thus, "Truth is like money—lightly come, lightly go; and if she cannot hold her own against even gross misrepresentation, she is herself not worth holding." This is what he meant, too, in his frequent references to the necessity of pleasing the average person, the "nice" person, references which were so generally interpreted as advocacies of base compromise. It is true that Butler was sometimes extremely whimsical in his choice of the particular compromise he chose to offer, but the point he was trying to make, and which he did make in spite of minor inconsistencies, is that a social or spiritual change has not really taken place so long as it exists only in the consciousness of the intellectual leaders of the world. Not until it has been so thoroughly democratized that it becomes the daily bread, the blood and bone, of the people, has it really arrived; and unless the many can assimiliate it, the vision of the few will have been in vain.

To the radical it may seem that Butler made the mistake common to biologists of applying the formulae of natural science somewhat too rigidly to social conditions. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he did not apply them extensively enough. In biology he had recognized the mutations that occur at long intervals during which there is no apparent change, and suggested that the period of quiescence was one of preparation, and that the "sport," springing full-fledged from the race without observable antecedents, was but the visible consummation of a long and secret growth —a perfect biological sanction for the social revolution which may burst forth, not by chance, as it often seems to, but at the exact moment of ripeness.

So much for the more conservative side of Butler's sociology. He had held aloof from the social and political turmoil of his time. The Socialist revival of the eighties, the "cart and trumpet" campaigns glorified by Bernard Shaw, the woman's movement, passed him by without apparently touching him. Nevertheless, whenever he does turn from the consideration of how change takes place, to the consideration of what specific change may come, he is invariably so far ahead of his time that the present generation, while it has absorbed many of his views, has in some cases but barely and tentatively, in others not yet at all, begun to put them into practice. This is true of his opinions concerning disease and crime, education, the relations of parents and children, and the effect of institutions on human nature. This last was undoubtedly Butler's most radical contribution. It was of course not new, having been stated by Marx and others as part of the theory of the economic basis of social progress, and is today a commonplace of college text-books; but Butler undoubtedly worked it out for himself and presented it in *Lucubratio Ebria,* an early essay, and elsewhere in a characteristically original fashion.

It is rather unfortunate that Butler's friends should have striven so hard to prove that he was a religious man in any sense in which the Church could accept that term. They reiterate that he was a broad Churchman and a communicant, and that he frequently used such expressions as "God" and "the unseen world." Perhaps he was, and undoubtedly he did, but it is hard to understand how anyone who has read Butler's essay, *God the Known and God the Unknown,* which appeared in *The Examiner* in 1879, after he had published

The Fair Haven and *Life and Habit,* and which is his mature and fully considered Credo, could seriously put forth such a claim. His religion, if one may call it such, can hardly be distinguished from his biology. "God is the animal and vegetable world and the animal and vegetable world is God. . . . There is no living organism untenanted by the Spirit of God, nor any Spirit of God perceivable by man apart from organism embodying and expressing it. . . . All living forms . . . are in reality one animal; we and the mosses being part of the same vast person in no figurative sense, but with as much bona fide literal truth as when we say that a man's finger nails and his eyes are parts of the same man. It is in this Person that we may see the Body of God—and in the evolution of this Person, the mystery of His Incarnation."

Butler has somewhere applied to himself the saying of Dante: "This is no book. Who touches this touches a man"; and this effect of direct contact with a fascinating personality, and a sense of traveling widely and living intensely, is produced by almost everything he wrote. He has the power of infinite suggestion, making one feel alive and creative with the high joy of mental stimulation. This is, of course, at his best. He was uneven, and his fondness for verbal cleverness sometimes ran away with him. By dint of expressing truths as paradoxes he sometimes slipped into offering the paradox without the truth. But this is on the whole unimportant. His scientific works are practically free from this defect. The greatest thing about him was his hatred of shams and dogmatisms, his most important contribution as a philosophical idea is the unabsoluteness of truth, the eternal "contradiction in terms," as he calls it, of nature. This was perhaps a rather inadequate expression of a big idea. It was not merely the contradiction in terms but in the realities of nature—the melting boundaries, the continual interpenetration of life and death, the eternal is and is not in everything. Some of his finest aphorisms—and he had a genius for making fine ones—are on the elusiveness of truth. "Truth is like a photographic sensitized plate which is equally ruined by over and under exposure, and the just exposure for which can never be absolutely determined."

In his own life Butler rather splendidly contradicted the effect of compromise and undue moderation that some of his writing suggested. He was himself one of those propa-

gandists for whom he expressed such hearty contempt, though he eschewed causes and worked as a solitary individual, holding as his sole dogma that the mind must be free from dogma, and as his only formula that there is no formula. In his time he suffered as much neglect, misunderstanding, and misrepresentation as any revolutionist could hope for. He said that one could not appeal both to one's own time and to posterity, and that he preferred the recognition of posterity. For this he consciously worked and hoped, and it looks now as if posterity were deciding to accept him as its own. Though he founded no school and had no disciples (for it would hardly do to call even Bernard Shaw, who has frequently acknowledged his great indebtedness to Butler, and who is so like and so unlike him, a disciple), modern literature is full of Butlerisms; and contemporary thought, while it embraces a great deal that Butler did not touch upon, has yet in most cases taken the direction that he pointed out.

But better than such impersonal survival is the fact that Butler himself is growing familiar to us. That splendid and vivid truthfulness of his, that searching and stirring quality of his mind, his keen rationalism, his brilliant style and inimitable irony, are coming to be recognized as part of the treasure of our inheritance. He is being read and thought and talked about. He is living again in the minds of men and women, helping them to be free, stirring them to laughter and aspiration. This was what he wanted. He has entered upon the only immortality he craved and believed possible,—the immortality which, as he tells us in his sonnet, *The Life After Death,* the dead may find only "on lips of living men."

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN.

TCHEKHOV, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST

BY HELEN McAFEE

EARLY in the great war, Professor Münsterberg was moved to declare—with evident intent to damn—that "culturally Russia is Asia." And since then the anti-Slav critics have found all Russian art, all the Russian writers, tainted with Orientalism. While most of those who have undertaken the task of apologizing for this great nation to its allies or its sympathizers, have vigorously repudiated this charge, I confess that the idea of meeting Professor Münsterberg's attack either by flat denial or by an elaborate attempt to explain it away—thus promulgating a war edition of Russia expurgated in deference to Occidental prejudice—seems to me little short of unfortunate. For one thing, it defeats its own end, and for another, it shows a lack of imagination. It only confirms faith in the fundamental axiom of the Germans that nothing good can come out of the East, and it makes it appear, at least, as if we could not conceive of any virtue in art or society other than our own. Indeed, for purposes of propaganda, there seems to be imminent danger of our having palmed off on us a denatured Russia on top of a Paris moralized to Anglo-Saxon taste.

But to throw down the gauntlet to both sides at once—*is* Orientalism a taint? Is it not, on the contrary, for a nation in Russia's position, an asset which will make, and indeed is already making, her contribution to civilization distinctive as well as preëminent? I am not thinking now of her political life so much as of her intellectual life—her arts, her letters, her philosophy. Unfortunately today, many of the Eastern nations seem unable to bear the weight of their own great traditions. Worse still, they do not appear capable of defending themselves against the encroaching militarism

and commercialism of the West; witness Japan in the Far and Persia in the Nearer East. What if Russia, with direct access to all parts of the Orient, with the understanding born of propinquity and commingling through many centuries, with her abounding youth and her inexhaustible vitality, were to seize the torch, as it were, from hands no longer able to hold it? And what if she were to preserve and interpret for the world at large ideals which might otherwise perish?

At least once before it has happened, within the memory of man, that a nation has drawn to its advantage upon the resources of both Orient and Occident. Greek civilization has been Anglicized—or Teutonized—by us for so many generations that we have nearly forgotten its Oriental aspects—or had forgotten them until recent archæological discoveries brought them back almost with poignancy. Possibly, that poise of the Hellenic mind which has been the wonder of succeeding ages, and that perfection of Hellenic art which is still so great a mystery, had something to do with the fact that while Greece herself belonged to the West, the life-currents of the East continually flowed over and through her. Will the elements of Occidentalism and Orientalism be fused for the modern world, one might ask, in that great melting pot we call Russia, as they were for the ancient world in Greece? and will the Slav thus attain to a similar preëminence among the peoples of tomorrow?

Many Russians have dreamed this dream. It was the belief of Dostoievsky that Russia's mission was to reconcile the conflicting principles of East and West. In some measure he hoped that his own work might serve to further the great compromise; with the result that it does diverge so widely from purely Western canons that publishers have hesitated until very recently to set it before those of us who live in the Far West. Whatever he may think of it, the most superficial may detect in Dostoievsky's novels the strong Oriental flavor. Someone has remarked that the structure of his plots resembles the architecture of the Tartaresque church of St. Basil in Moscow, with its five or six edifices in one. But formlessness is, after all, largely a negative quality. It is more his profound and sensitive melancholy that marks this Russian writer as the heir of the East.

It would not be difficult, though it might be fatiguing, to point out the working of Oriental forces side by side with

those of the West in the achievement of many Russians of international fame. The same passionate melancholy that is in Dostoievsky animates much of the Slavic music; and, as in the case of Borodin's *Prince Igor,* with its melodies from Central Asia, Slavic composers have frequently sought inspiration in the Eastern folk music. In the domain of art, Leon Bakst is visualizing for us the decorative riches of the Orient of which Russia can best avail herself, increasing at the same time our own resources. His conception of the *Scheherazade Ballet* is a striking instance of the way in which new life may be breathed into the old forms of the Moslem East.

But to return to the writers of Russia. Unfortunately at best we know them only at second hand, so that certain fundamental Eastern qualities of the medium that serves them all must necessarily escape us. In the Russian literature with which we are most familiar—the work of the great moderns—the Oriental *Einfluss* is not so clearly marked, or so obvious that it calls for formal tracing. It is today not so much a question of definite Eastern sources of matter and manner—for they were long ago assimilated—as of a leavening spirit, a viewpoint that subtly modifies all that is done, all that is said. I have already spoken of Dostoievsky. We can likewise feel the brooding presence of the East in the idealistic melancholy of Turgenev, in the religious mysticism of Tolstoi, in the relentless realism of Gorky. And, once and for all, Goncharov has incarnated it in the world-famous figure of Oblomov, with his constitutional inertia, his genius for passivity.

The Eastern aspects of Russian drama are no less salient than those of the novel, though like the drama, they are less well known to us. Partly for this reason, I would bring up for more detailed consideration certain characteristics of the most engaging figure among modern Russian dramatists —Anton Tchekhov. Partly, too, because he more than any of his fellow-countrymen has been persistently associated with the West—has been nicknamed, in fact, the " Russian de Maupassant." Prince Kropotkin, to be sure, has remarked as if to warn us against taking this association too seriously, that while Tchekhov's nearest relative is Maupassant, " a certain family resemblance between the two writers exists only in a few of their short stories." The likeness is greatest, one comes to think, in stories which are least

characteristic of Tchekhov—such as *A Work of Art*, or *In the Dark*. But so indigenous are his plays that Russians have despaired of their being appreciated by the outside world. "It is only his stories," said Kropotkin in lecturing to an American audience ten years ago, "which are known beyond Russia. His dramas seem to be too Russian." For just this reason Tchekhov's plays are the more pertinent to a discussion of the Orientalism which is so important an element in the nationalism of Russian art.

It is my purpose merely to throw out a few hints as to the way in which Oriental literary traditions seem to have modified here and there the technique of Tchekhov's dramatic works, and as to the degree to which the Oriental attitude seems to color their atmosphere. I would not insist too strongly or too generally on the application of the suggestion. That would be to reduce it to the level of a formula, quite unfair to the author's work which has many other aspects than those I may chance to mention, and quite unhopeful for that promise I have ventured to recall of the commingling of many diverse elements—Western as well as Eastern—in a great Russian art of the future. But a few instances may be taken as representative of a goodly number that might be cited.

Consider the matter of Tchekhov's dramatic plots. How much less complicated they are than those to which we are accustomed from Shakespeare to Ibsen! Tchekhov's plots are not, to be sure, quite so simple as those of the earlier dramatist Ostrovsky, whom an English critic once accused of a "simplicity which is characteristic of a very tender age in art, somewhat resembling that which marks the dramatic productions of India or China." But there is no elaborate structure of plot and sub-plot—all the *dramatis personæ* are more or less involved all the time in the main business of the play. And this may invariably be reduced to very simple terms.

Again, Tchekhov's plots give decidedly less scope for the sort of physical action that we have associated with the stage; and the events that do occur in his plays in the physical sense are not articulated according to our notions. To an American audience, *The Cherry Orchard* would be absolutely unintelligible as a moving-picture film. Its main "moving" features are the return in the first act of certain members of a family to their ancestral home, the farewell

dance in the third act which they give in the old ball-room, and at the end the exit of the family from the establishment that is no longer theirs. The auctioning of the property, which might well be the "big act," if the play were a Western melodrama instead of a Russian tragi-comedy, takes place off the stage. A good deal of time in the first half of the play is consumed by intermittent discussions about the selling of the cherry orchard. In the latter half, the characters register somewhat passively the effects of the sale. In all the range of dramatic literature, it would be difficult to find stage entrances or stage exits effected with such naturalness as are those of the owners of the cherry orchard. The way in which people greet each other who have not met for a long time—the confusion that prevails as they jump from subject to subject, their tendency to lapse into mere commonplace trivialities—all is done with admirable fidelity, but with an art that would not be visible on the screen.

This is not to say that nothing ever happens on the stage in Tchekhov's plays. Now and then something does happen with theatrical effect. The hero of *Ivanov* commits suicide before your eyes; and in the play of *Uncle Vanya,* the character of that name in a fit of desperation threatens the life of the crabbed, egotistical old professor, and when baffled, attempts his own. *The Sea Gull* is brought to a sudden close by the ominous report of Constantine's revolver from the next room. These are, indeed, sufficiently dramatic occurrences, and their effect is startling enough. But even so, they are not prepared for by the usual methods—there is none of that deliberate leading up to them step by step which we should expect. No, Tchekhov does not make the most of his suicides according to Western technique. Hence they come with the electric shock of sudden fatalities in real life rather than in the guise of "stage climaxes."

From this it will be inferred that the dramatic strain is not continuous throughout the play. The characters struggle, of course, at times with themselves, at times with each other, and often very vigorously, too. To realize this, one has but to recall the scene in *The Sea Gull,* where the famous actress Arkadina marshals all her emotional powers—and they are very considerable—in an attempt to recover her susceptible lover, Trigorin, from the toils of a new infatuation; or that scene in *The Cherry Orchard* in which Lopakhin against overwhelming opposition tries to persuade the

owners to take a course of action which will save the estate. But the battle royal of wills or temperaments is never sustained in Tchekhov. His dramatic currents are of the make-and-break order. In his plays there is nothing like the prolonged tension of *Rosmersholm;* nor is the strain ever so unrelieved that he has, like the author of *Macbeth,* to create conscious diversions. On the whole, the psychological action in Tchekhov's plays is insidious—like a fire that runs under ground much of the time, and flames up when least expected. This is, of course, merely being true to the Russian temperament, which has something of the inertia of the Oriental, and something of his passion when he is once aroused.

Still more suggestive of the East is the way in which Tchekhov's *dramatis personæ* assume responsibility for their own conduct. No one of them seems to regard himself as wholly "master of his fate"—whatever may be meant by that high-sounding phrase. Thus the three sisters in the play of that name do their best to carry out their plans, but they have the feeling all the time that something may happen to upset their calculations. And, sure enough, something does happen. The regiment whose presence in their little town is inextricably bound up with their future, is unexpectedly ordered away; and they are left to begin life over again, as it were. I can imagine that a playwright of my own nationality might conceive of the struggle in *The Cherry Orchard* as being between Lopakhin, the hustling, self-made merchant, and the aristocratic family of Madame Ranevsky; of course, in the end Lopakhin would get the property away from the inefficient landed proprietors. Now, this is exactly what does happen in *The Cherry Orchard;* but it is not the way in which our Russian dramatist conceives of the struggle. Indeed, he represents Lopakhin as being on the side of the proprietors. This son of one of their former serfs is forever warning his social superiors of the dangers of their situation, and he advises them loyally to take the only advantageous way out of their difficulty before it is too late. Do they take his advice? Oh no, his scheme bores them to impatience. They would rather wait —like Mr. Micawber—for something to turn up, though, to tell the truth, they have not the sanguine faith in the future that this gentleman had. They simply prefer to leave things for better or for worse in the hands of fate, and, when the worst happens, they accept the outcome with resignation.

In Tchekhov's plays it is this continual consciousness that superhuman forces dominate the human struggle that gives them much of their peculiar impressiveness.

A good deal has been said about the realistic dialogue of our modern plays beginning with Ibsen. Yet the realism of Tchekhov is evidently something quite different. Like other Russian writers of note, he did not attain realism, nor did he have realism thrust upon him by the theorists—he was born a realist. His freer and easier form of realism is again but a phase of Russia's touch with the East, where every-day speech is still plain and concrete to a degree that is often disturbing to a Westerner. In the Oriental folk plays, the talk usually runs away with the action. This is not true of Tchekhov; yet his own practice presents a significant contrast to that of most Anglo-Saxon playwrights. In the conversation of our typical pieces, each phrase obviously counts in the dramatic economy. Yet in Tchekhov's dialogue, there is room for every sort of digression. People are allowed to tell pointless stories, to ask irrelevant questions, and to reprimand their servants for nothing in particular. Men with fixed ideas are forever harping on their ideas, and men with pet theories air them. In *The Sea Gull,* for example, Constantine, after the failure of his Cubist play, enlarges on how dramas ought to be written, and at another crisis Trigorin, the novelist, tells how he writes his famous stories. Trivialities come up for mention that lead to nothing, and the conversation has a fatality for heading down blind alleys. In one instance, a mirthless anecdote about an opera singer and a church cantor sidetracks the main business of the play into a discussion of the salaries of church cantors. It takes a Russian dramatist certainly to permit a character to break a stage silence with the announcement that her foot has gone to sleep. How different all this is from the realism of *The Doll's House!* It has the effect of making the talk in any Western play one may happen to read after Tchekhov seem curiously stilted.

With slight modification, one might say of these plays, as it has been said of Chinese drama in general, that there "is apparently no attempt at passion or pathos in the language." At any rate, it is true that on occasions which seem to call for emotional expression, Tchekhov's characters speak with an unwonted restraint. Perhaps the most signal instance is the bit of dialogue at the end of *The Sea Gull.*

There are three persons at the time on the stage—Arkadina, the mother of Constantine; Trigorin, her lover, and a certain Dr. Dorn. The latter, who has just made the tragic discovery that Constantine has shot himself off stage, enters with this facile explanation of the revolver shot:

> It is as I thought, a flask of ether has exploded. (*He sings*)
> "Spellbound once more I stand before thee."
> *Arkadina:* Heavens! I was really frightened. . . .
> *Dorn:* (*Looking through the pages of a magazine, to Trigorin*) There was an article from America in this magazine about two months ago that I wanted to ask you about, among other things. (*He leads Trigorin to the front of the stage*) I am very much interested in this question. (*He whispers*) You must take Madame Arkadina away from here; what I wanted to say was that Constantine has shot himself. (*The curtain falls*)

Clearly the irony of this ending is heightened by the fact that the dialogue is not keyed up with its tragic import, does not rise above the level of ordinary conversation.

But such effects as these have appeared over-subtle to certain of our Western critics, who have doubted their efficacy for the stage, especially in addition to the indifferent maintenance of the dramatic tension. Curiously enough, the same criticism that has been passed by our critics upon the dramatic work of the great Indian poet, Kalidasa, it was once the fashion to pass upon Tchekhov. In Kalidasa's plays, says Professor Arthur A. Macdowell, "the very delicacy of the sentiment combined with a certain want of action renders them incapable of producing a powerful effect on the audience." However, in the case of the Russian, such objections have been largely withdrawn in the face of the notable success of his plays in his native land, and the steady headway they are making on the foreign stage.

Much has been written both in criticism and in defense of Tchekhov's fallen "intellectuals," his defeated heroes like Ivanov, like Constantine—like most of his men who amount to anything. It is not my purpose to take sides in this discussion. I would merely point out that all of them have some half-Oriental heritage. They are philosophers and visionaries, men of ideals and dreams. Yet they are not endowed with that dynamic energy necessary to carry out their programmes. They cannot—or do not—overcome the inertia of the East, and they accept the inevitable with unconcealed fatalism. What Dr. Astrov says in *Uncle Vanya*

—"Life holds nothing for me"—might have been said by any of them.

As for Tchekhov's women, they have the extraordinary capacity for endurance, the long-suffering patience of their half-sisters of the Orient. Like the men, they struggle ineffectually against their fates, and they, too, are often constrained to admit that they are powerless to combat them. "I feel as if I had been in the world a thousand years," says the Masha of *The Sea Gull,* "and I trail my life behind me like an endless scarf." Of her situation, the professor's wife in *Uncle Vanya* remarks, "It is tedious, yes, and dreary," but she sees nothing to be done about it. Yet not all Tchekhov's women are pessimistic. In this same play the girl, Sonia, hopelessly in love with a man who does not care for her, and wedded to a life of monotonous drudgery, still finds it possible to have faith, "passionate faith," in some hazy millenium. Except that it calls for exertion on the part of the believer, Sonia's philosophy differs little from the Eastern mysticism.

There is something Eastern, too, about the way in which Tchekhov's women express themselves. What an Oriental note Masha strikes in the opening lines of *The Sea Gull,* when her lover asks her why she wears mourning, and she answers: "I dress in black to match my life. I am unhappy!" There is in this reply all that disingenuous frankness of the Eastern woman, so disconcerting to those who have been brought up on the theory of her habitual reserve. Indeed, it presents a peculiarly difficult problem, so different is it from our own openness. For Masha, like the women of the Orient, talks thus freely not of minor, comparatively impersonal things that she sees and does and thinks, but of the major moods that lie behind, which she voices without self-consciousness or theatricality in the simple phrases of childhood. I fear that this sort of self-revelation increases rather than decreases the inscrutability of Tchekhov's women.

But irrespective of sex, the people in Tchekhov's plays are preoccupied with a single problem—the solution of the enigma of existence. "What is the meaning of it all?" is the question that is on the lips of every one of them. "Is there any hope for the future?" For most of his people, as for so many of Turgenev's, life is one prolonged disillusionment. Yet for most of them, too, whether they are quite

hopeless, or whether they have a vague faith in the prevalence of ultimate good, life is nevertheless worth living. Even if one can never attain to the ideal—and here again we touch the skirts of the mystic East—it is worth while to die in the attempt.

But for us Tchekhov's attitude toward the problem of life is not so significant as the fact that for him the problem is always there. We feel that it is in the background in his plays when it is not actually in the foreground. And it is at this point that his dramas stand in sharpest contrast to our own. "While our Western playwrights," says Mr. Calderon, "confined within the boundaries of the attainable, wage a heavy-handed polemic with social institutions and conventions, the Russians are at grips with the deepest cravings of their inward nature." But are we Westerners interested in these ultimate hopes and fears of the human heart? Perhaps we were not yesterday. In years of plenty when life is safe and comparatively easy, men in our part of the world, at least, do not trouble themselves much about its meaning. Once war breaks out, all is changed. When Death begins to reap his ghastly harvest, then we turn and ask ourselves searchingly what Life is worth. This question has for many reasons always been uppermost in the mind of the Oriental, and he has given us as many answers as there are great religions. To these answers the tragedy of the world war is once more turning people in all countries. And read in the light of the experiences through which we are now passing, I do not believe that the interest focused in Tchekhov's plays on the enigma of existence could be considered a mere "fanciful obsession."

As if to challenge him when he was midway in his career as dramatist, a critic once complained that Tchekhov would not cast off his "twilight manner." He *would* not because he *could* not. For the shadow that fell across his plays was cast by a greater than he—it was the Spirit of the East. Today with his full achievement before us, we are moved rather to cherish that same twilight manner, not only for itself, but also for the pledge it is to us of the great future of Russian literature, which alone of all literatures holds for the modern world the fateful balance between Occident and Orient.

HELEN MCAFEE.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

TWO TRAGIC COMEDIANS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It was Roger Huncote's notion (although he did not thus phrase it to himself) that literature should keep pace with love. So it is not difficult to understand that when, after an evening spent in reading to his young wife Sue from the poetry of Blake and Herrick and Whitman and Swinburne, she answered to his exalted mood by reciting for him *The Wreck of the Raspberry Jam,* Huncote should have lost his patience, his temper, his manners and, alas, some of his love. For Sue, though her lips showed darkly and tenderly sensuous against the pale honey of her skin; though her eyes were like port when no light shines through it: nevertheless, Sue was (and the fact, as you will see, remained ineluctable) the daughter of a washwoman.

You are to figure them in the drawing-room at Pembroke Square. It is a hot July night. Sue, wrapped in her brooding loveliness, sits in shadow against the bright chintzes on the sofa. There is dusk in the room, interrupted only by a strip of moonlight across the floor, and the shaded lamp, a miniature sun eclipsed by the black shadow of Roger's profile—a fine, English profile, aggressively well-bred, you may be sure. The warm and intimate stillness (a stillness drenched in beauty and vaguely articulate with high thought and subdued emotion) is broken only by Roger's voice: an English voice, the voice of Oxford and of three thousand pounds a year. He is reciting from the masters who are dearest to him. From Blake, for example, he reads:

> Holy and cold, I clipped the wings
> Of all sublunary things. . . .

[1] *The Strangers' Wedding.* By W. L. George. New York: Little, Brown and Company, 1916.

It had been his plan to lead Sue by easy stages into his own intellectual world: in verse, for instance, they might "begin with Tennyson and then by degrees get on to poetry." But now he had quite forgotten his pupil. Hypnotized by the incantations of the verse he loved, he dragged the bewildered novice through Blake's fantastic and jeweled gateways and into his blinding paradise of terrible angels and anonymous midnight noons. He dipped into Swinburne, and, growing venturesome, into Whitman—Whitman, it is to be feared, in his ungirdled moments: for to Sue, buttressed by the infrangible prudery of her class, this was "not quite proper." But Roger wanted to move her, to make her articulate. He questioned her, probed her reactions, spurred her to comment and response. So Sue responded, finally, by reciting some poetry that she had liked and learned by heart. It was *The Wreck of the Raspberry Jam.* She could not remember it all, but she spoke a bit of it:

> One chap was discoursing on Darwin, and said:
> "The professor was right through and through.
> We *did* spring from monkeys." Another one said:
> "I believe it when I look at *you.*"

Do you wonder that Roger was chilled to his depths, chilled beyond re-kindling? It seemed to him dreadful that she should react in such a way; and he reproached her bitterly for reciting vulgar and cockney verse. It was not only that they differed about poetry; it was not only because they found themselves entirely parted by their tastes: it was because they stood revealed to each other as essential strangers. They faced each other, silent and inimical, incurably at odds: one could not compromise between Blake and *The Wreck of the Raspberry Jam.* To Roger, who thought that spirit and intellect should accord with the transports of love and of the senses, it was a tragedy of horrible seriousness. To Sue, who in these passionate differences saw an assumption of superiority, it was profoundly humiliating; for though she was proud of his superiority, he must not make her aware of it.

Roger, you will perceive, was hardly the man to espouse a daughter of the slums. His parents, says his cool-eyed historian, "gave him a first-class education and he never got over it." He was that fragile product of his class and time—an "intellectual" without tolerance or essential humor, and

he believed that aesthetic breeding was the root of refinement. Restless, sufficiently rich, nebulously humanitarian, a fastidious voluptuary; an enthusiast who takes up settlement work from the noblest of motives, and yet who winces when he hears a lecturer before the Mutual Improvement Society refer to Carlyle as "the sage of Chelsea": this, clearly, is a young man primed for tragi-comedy.

He should, of course, have been warned by the awful green coat and the still more awful slum hat, swarming with roses, worn by the lovely Miss Groby the day he saw her at the settlement picnic; he should have been warned by the ominous vision of Mrs. Groby, washing blouses and lace in her three small rooms on Paradise Row, St. Panwich's. But he was conscious only of Sue's dark beauty and the dusky intimacy of her, the rich blackness of her hair with the brown shadows in its waves, the sensitive nose, the mellow soft gold of her cheek where the sun touched it through the leaves, the slender hips, the long and fine arms, the young, full breasts that rose and fell with her hurried breathing, pointing to right and left, delicately virginal, reminding him of "a fleeing Diana," and speaking to him more of pathos than of seduction. With parted, upturned lips and an air of supplication, she seemed to him to personify the appeal of her class—the appeal for an enlightenment, a rescue which he might achieve. He was Perseus, and she Andromeda. And later, on their way home in the bus, he saw a quality he had not known before in the softness of her sidelong look—"the love-look, humid and brilliant, shy and gay": a look that made him think that "on a windless night the tide was rising on a sandy beach, the moon shining for a moment through the thin pale waters of a flat wave." For Huncote, as you may already have discerned, was one of those who, as Mr. Meredith has told us in a certain instance, "fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism." His reason forced him to remember that Sue was coarse; that she was uneducated; that she was common: but not vulgar, nor cruel, nor insensitive like so many of her class. And he would, and could, reclaim her—he had a glad vision of her with only three roses in her hat instead of twelve: with perhaps, even, just a black aigrette; a Sue with all her "h's" complete; a Sue who no longer said "didn't orter" and "them things." He would take her to the National Gallery—or perhaps they would begin with the Tate. She must read a bit, too, instead

of merely looking at the pictures in the paper. She should proceed, via Dickens, possibly even unto Meredith. And music . . . beginning with the popular concerts, going on to *Carmen* and the "1812" Overture, and necessarily, too, traversing the sentimental purgatory of *Bohème* (which Roger privately regarded as "embodying the passions of a literary hairdresser"—for he was a very modern young man, and thought himself upon familiar terms with Debussy and Vincent d'Indy and Stravinsky).

And so (in the classic words of the Great Panjandrum) they were married, and went to Biarritz on their honeymoon. Here there were wonderful hours, by turns enkindling and narcotic—hours of linked sweetness long and delicious, when she fired him and delighted him, and yet seemed strange to him; and he pitied her a little: "Sue in Biarritz—what an exile!" (She had wanted to go to Ramsgate). It disturbed him somewhat—disturbed him aesthetically—that one day she developed indigestion. This was a dissonance—indigestion upon one's honeymoon was hardly romantic; and in Sue's case it made her nose red. And she distressed him further by her appetite, as, in imagination, he saw her beauty vanish—until he remembered that all her life she probably had never had quite enough to eat. And yet he loved her very much, his reason and his intuition dream-held by the transfiguring magic of his passion: so that, when they lay in the warm night upon a cliff, and he asked her if she did not think the moon was beautiful ("look how she blushes—is that because I have kissed you and it makes her shy?"), and Sue merely laughed and came closer to him, and murmured: "When she's red like that, it means rain"—even then, though for a moment he was cooled and repelled, he saw something in her eyes that wiped out all intellectual difference; and he stifled his thoughts, and the beginning of a great dread, in the cloudy incense of his passion, seeking uneasily that most treacherous of anesthetics, an erotic hallucination.

But he had married her thinking that between them there were, or would grow up, tastes and sympathies, when there were only caresses. He had not realized that it would seem insupportable to him when a postcard came from Sue's brother showing an oppressed husband carrying triplets and a feeding-bottle, while a gross and angry wife hovered over him with a poker; for when Sue saw it she laughed and seemed unconscious of offence. He had not known how it

would hurt him, as something cheap and soiling, when, as he kissed her one time, she suddenly held him tight and said: "Let's play lemonade—I'll be the lemon, and you be the squeezer"; for he neither understood nor could tolerate that attitude of the proletariat which regards love as legitimate material for low comedy: he did not understand that "at a word, if he only chose it well, the mask of comedy would fall, and under it he would find the serious mouth and veiled eyes of the love he sought."

Worse, much worse, came after. Sue, while in a state of somnambulism, had stumbled into a new world: she awoke and was lost. "In the new world she found a strange people that ate differently, who had endless clothes for occasions that she could not understand, mysterious games—golfing, hunting . . . strange people indeed." She could not understand why Roger was furious with her when she gave twopence to some furniture movers as a tip for delivering and unpacking a huge chest. She decked herself out for a dinner party with all the rings and necklaces and bracelets she possessed, and then ran upstairs and took them off to spare the feelings of the other women—poorer or less beloved, she thought—who were not thus adorned. She annoyed him, shocked him, mortified him, at every turn. "These little things, they go on all the time," he cried miserably to the perceptive Theresa Underwood (who, being of his own delicately endowed class, was privileged to permit him to make love to her); "it seems so small, but it goes on and on: little bits of shame, little bits of irritation, little bits of despair falling upon our marriage like the drops of water that wear away a stone" (though how the fastidious Roger could have brought himself to use so trite and banal a figure as that is not to be comprehended; is Oxford in distress capable of achieving a bourgeois simile?)

Toward the end you see them in a moment full of desperate passion, of tragic irony. It was after one of their last quarrels, and she had crept late into his bed, where they lay in each other's arms "unquestioning, unexplaining, breast to breast with mingled breaths; yet they clasped between them a shadow that watched them. They could see it as they clasped and kissed,—the shadow of despair, daunting and cold. They hated it, seeing it so well, and for its despite they clasped closer. . . They were violent, they were anxious; but in their extremity, at the crest of their delight,

when speech ceded to murmurs, a doom hung over their achieved embrace. It was the love-making of two people who did not love each other any more. . . .''

It was not long after this that even their desire for one another died. Their passion became merely a traditional gesture. She, who had given what she could, knew that he had never been her companion—that now he was not even her mate. She realized that, and said to herself: "I'm all alone." You end by hoping that Huncote's tutelage had not led her quite to that point of cultural adventure where she must have encountered Mr. Yeats and his *Shadowy Waters*, and that she was spared the reading of that bitter, that desperately myopic, plaint of Forgael's:

> The love of all under the light of the sun
> Is but brief longing, and deceiving hope,
> And bodily tenderness. . . .

The beautiful, betraying rhetoric could hardly have compensated to her for the sorrowful aptness with which it might have seemed to her to explain her case.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

AMERICANISM: WHAT IS IT? By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1916.

It is an extremely simple setting forth of fundamental ideas that Dr. Hill has given us in his little book about the true nature of Americanism. The volume has, in fact, the merits of a good text-book—plainness, a methodical treatment, an avoidance of obscuring side-issues. But if Dr. Hill's treatise is elementary enough to prompt the thought that it might be studied with profit by high-school students or young men in college, it is by the same token profound enough to claim the attention of every thoughtful citizen of the United States. The usefulness of such a book is obvious. This is a time of unformulated or ill-formulated discontent, of questionings concerning laws and institutions, of distrust of principles. The disposition is to adopt a wholly pragmatic attitude—to experiment and to place trust in what for the time seems to "work." The danger, indeed, is not that men tend to think "progressivly," to experiment, to innovate, but that in so doing they may sacrifice the truth that has already been achieved. It is to the truth that we have achieved and put into practice here in America—to American democracy as the best solution that the human mind has ever reached of the problem of government *vs.* liberty—that Dr. Hill forcibly recalls our minds. So clearly has he defined the essential principles of Americanism, so ably does he defend them from the usual sort of attack, that even the radically minded reader, though he may be unwilling to believe that in theory democracy represents the final stage in the application of reason and ethics to government, is fairly forced to admit that not in subversive experiment but in the working out of democracy to its complete fulfillment lies our salvation.

May there be a further stage in the evolution of government? Will it ever be possible to write into the fundamental law of the land more of the moral law than is embodied in "equality?" In short, will anything like a Socialistic state ever be realized? These are questions upon the consideration of which Dr. Hill in this book hardly enters. To answer them fully is not his present business. It is from the obvious rightness of the "American idea" that he

argues—the idea that "there are certain rights and liberties which should *never* be subject to abridgement by law, and that encroachments upon these rights and liberties by a portion—even by a majority—of the people, or by any government they might establish, should be, through a superior and permanent law, declared illegal." If anything may be clearly seen from a study of history, or of the present state of the world, it is that right and reason—not the arbitrary will of any majority or of any government—are the guides to the happiness and prosperity of a people. We as a people have bound ourselves in a peculiar way to observe the moral law, or a part of it, and few of us when the question is squarely put to us, will profess ourselves willing that the obligation should be abolished or relaxed.

It may be that in taking his stand firmly, as he does, upon the ground of " natural " or " inherent " rights, Dr. Hill may lay himself open in the minds of some readers to the charge of dogmatism. There is, in truth, opportunity for the expenditure of much subtlety upon the meaning of these expressions. The evolutionary view, moreover, seems, as usual, to open a way for further speculative advance, to leave an opportunity for the constructors of Utopias. The truth is, however, that the application of " Darwinism " to life is a somewhat uncertain venture. Evolution explains much, but when we endeavor consciously to live by it we are liable to go astray. It would seem that we best co-operate with the Divine plan, not by endeavoring to anticipate it—not by doing wrong that good may come—but simply by trying to do right. Now the strength of Dr. Hill's reasoning consists not in a philosophic analysis of rights but in a convincing proof that anti-constitutional proposals involve the violation or weakening of that right and reason which we have already established: all aim at substituting the absolutism of a majority, or of a government, for the principle of justice as formulated in the idea of inherent rights. Opposition to the American idea is, to be sure, rather vague, but it is not on that account harmless, though it may be well-meaning. Lack of a principle may be as fatal as want of principles—confused thought as injurious as unwillingness to abide by the truth. Rights formerly held to be inalienable are now being called into question—the right, for example, to transmit property by inheritance, and the right of the individual to possess more than a certain limited amount of wealth. But " no one has ventured to draw the line at a definite point either as respects possession or inheritance; or indicated any principle upon which the line could be drawn, where it should begin, or where it should end. The one thing most certain is that it would not end where it began."

It becomes apparent that democracy, the American idea, furnishes us with a moral and practical standard and test—as other theories, or half-theories, do not. It also gives us something to fight for—something quite as definite, quite as easy for a plain man to

grasp and hold by, as the idea of a quasi-personal state. Just how thought that is truly democratic "works," may be well seen in Dr. Hill's exposition of the truth that a state must defend its citizens. "If natural rights do not exist," he pointedly asks, "if rights are what the majority pleases to make them, without restriction, why may not a few unfortunate citizens be consistently sacrificed for the good of the country? Why should the contented and prosperous people of the United States—a hundred millions of them —be menaced with the risks and costs of war in defending the alleged rights of a paltry hundred American men, women, and little children, shot through and blown to fragments, or drowned without even an attempt at rescue, when innocently sailing upon the high seas on a non-combatant vessel?"

But the ideal of democracy is not merely national in scope; it is, or may become, cosmopolitan. In aiming at world-peace through nationality—and certainly peace will never come through an attempt to disregard nationality—every one inevitably looks in the direction of democracy, of the American idea. The present time, when imperialism, the antithesis of democracy, is in one form or another so destructively rampant in the world, seems a poor time in which to talk of subverting or weakening the American principle.

Dr. Hill's logic appears unanswerable; his exhortations direct us not indeed toward the immediate realization of the millenium, but toward such action as will lead toward the most widespread and the most attainable good. The way of democracy is the way of justice, and perhaps the way of evolution as well. One lays down the book with the feeling that if we may ever rightly acquiesce in the modification of the American idea in the interests of a supposedly higher truth, this truth must be taught us in a new fashion and by a higher authority than we have yet recognized.

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1916.

There are two ways of studying a human situation: you may content yourself with an investigation of facts and figures and interrelations, or you may make yourself a part of the situation itself, put yourself in the place of the various actors in it and try to feel with them. It is usually only in this latter way that the fullest sense of conviction is reached. The bare facts of a situation need to be clothed with feeling—the flesh and blood of experience—before seeming natural and real. We may read of monstrosities and atrocities, of beauties and heroisms, without being much moved—that is to say without being really convinced; for conviction is something that produces action or a tendency toward it. It is not that we are, or ought to be, swayed by appeals to passions or prejudice, but that we

are inevitably most influenced by the complete presentation of experience to which feeling—the intimate reaction of the individual to his world—supplies the clue and the stamp of belief. The statistician cannot teach us what the novelist teaches; the geometrician cannot tell us what the artist tells; the philosopher cannot express the truths latent in the words of the poet or the strains of the musician. And it is to the gifted memoir-writers—the clear, knowing, and sensitive personalities—that the historian finally has to turn for his interpretations, other than economic, for his knowledge of "the imponderables." It is through them that he gets *close* to the facts.

Mexico has been on the whole ill interpreted to Americans. It is the unlifelike, the unsympathetic—or sometimes the merely romantic—aspects of the Mexican scene that have chiefly been brought to our attention. Mexico, the land of revolutions, the land of barbarisms, the land of unexploited wealth, the land of monstrosities and inconsistencies is what we have generally seen through the medium of the printed page. It is no wonder, then, if the whole Mexican situation has seemed to some Americans simply a hopeless, irrational hodge-podge, in which one "policy" might conceivably be as good as another, and the others merely an affair of ignorance and criminality requiring intervention for the sake of punishment. What we have needed is a close—not necessarily a detailed—view of the facts,—that we may see and feel the human realities of the case, that we may have a "realizing sense" of the hopes and practical views of "those responsible," as well as of their faults and failures; that we may grasp the fact that with all its defects, there is, or was, a Mexican Nation, which suffered through American misunderstanding, American ineptitude, American half-measures.

Such a view is given us by Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy in her vivid, day-to-day narrative, *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico*. As the wife of the American *chargé d'affaires* at Mexico City, the author was at the storm-center of the negotiations and at the most favorable point for seeing and understanding the situation as a whole. She saw things "from a big angle," and she writes not of events and conditions, here, there, and everywhere, but of the Mexican drama in its unity, as it unfolded itself in a series of nerve-trying crises, providential dispensations, and sad disappointments during the thrilling period between October 8, 1913 and April 23, 1914. The narrative, written without thought of publication, is founded on a series of letters from Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in Mexico City to her mother in the United States. Its genuineness, its first-hand quality, are unmistakable. The author has manifestly no axe to grind, no pose to maintain, no self-appointed literary task to get through. Possessing the imagination to see things in the large, the sympathy to understand the prevalent tone of feeling, the perspective and the tolerance that come of acquaintance with the great world, she shows anomalous facts against a background of normal and pleasant life—

or at least of normal and pleasant possibilities; she writes of Mexico and Mexicans with "sweet reasonableness," with fellow-feeling, as well as with caustic criticism or real evils.

To one who wishes to understand the Mexican problem as it appeared to intelligent people "on the inside," to one who sincerely desires to know how our Mexican policy inevitably appeared to those whom it directly affected—to the Mexicans themselves and to the representatives of other Powers—to one who cares to become *en rapport* with the personalities concerned in the situation, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's book will be an invaluable bringer of light.

"Mexico is going to her downfall, and it seems as if she must be nearly there," wrote Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in December, 1913. "It is very sad to us, who are on the ground. I never witnessed, before, the strangling of a country, and it is a horrible sight." The strangling of a country is indeed what the story depicts, and the nature of the process becomes clear through many intimate touches, impressive because unmistakably sincere. "Come in immediately," cried our despairing Mexicans, "and clear up this impossible situation, or leave us alone." Moheno, Minister of Foreign Affairs, later echoed the cry. "My God!" he exclaimed. "When are you going to intervene? You are strangling us by this policy." Huerta himself consistently maintained that his one idea was the pacification of Mexico, and he did everything possible through Mr. O'Shaughnessy, to conciliate the United States, the value of whose friendship, or indifference, he well knew. Sympathy for Huerta is, perhaps, an emotion which the reader of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's book will hardly expect to feel; but he will find sympathy hard to withhold from this shrewd, deep man, to all appearances not avaricious, to all appearances striving for peace and order, heavily burdened, cruelly handicapped. Certainly Huerta seems to shine by contrast with such men as Villa and Zapata. As for Carranza, says the author in one of her earlier letters, he "has none of the ability of Huerta and none of his force," but he "has had the luck to strike a convincing note with his long whiskers and generally venerable aspect, imitated by all his followers so far as nature allows. Those who have watched Carranza's long career, say that a quiet, tireless, sleepless greed has been his motive force through life." First and last, there is plenty of plain-speaking in this book of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's, but there is no appearance of bias; there is simply the clear acute presentation of general, or individually important, opinion, stated as such, or the simple record of personal knowledge.

In the portraiture of personalities, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy reveals an unusual gift. The notable men sketched throughout her book in friendly and informal manner—John Lind, Admiral Fletcher, Sir Lionel Carden, Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock (to mention a few of those whose names are most familiar) and many others of various nations, are drawn with an address that well conveys their distinctive

traits, their personal charm. We meet strong personalities in this narrative and we know that they are strong. It is seldom, in a book, that one is introduced to men of note in a manner so acceptable to oneself and also to the celebrities. But the most memorable portrait in the book is that of Huerta; it is historic. The impression which the author leaves upon one's mind of this man "of strange Indian psychology," with his imperviousness and his sympathy, his clear thoughts and his ineptitudes, his sense of justice and his political shrewdness, is indelible. The whole book is tremendously convincing, but the portraiture of Huerta is the most convincing part of it.

It is an engrossing story that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has written of the crisis in Mexico and of its aftermath, the occupation of Vera Cruz. It is a story tense with anxiety, sober with responsibility, cheerful with wit. And there is not a touch of landscape painting, or of character-drawing, nor a personal detail in the narrative that does not in some measure help the reader to truer understanding of, and a juster feeling for, Mexico. The book quite wonderfully enables one to see and feel "just how things were."

WHAT IS COMING? By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

There are undoubtedly a large number of persons in the United States who are addicted to reading the books of H. G. Wells. Few modern writers in the field of abstract thought have fascinated so large a body of intelligent readers as has this brilliant Englishman. One reason for this is fairly obvious. Mr. Wells's style is original and wholly unmannered; it is clear, manly, and peculiarly vivid. His expressions of his views are therefore in an unusual degree refreshing. This is especially true of certain parts of *What Is Coming?*—the recently published book by Mr. Wells which the author calls a European forecast. It is true, for instance, of the passages in criticism of the peace movements, and of the whole attack upon petty "individualism" and "localism" contained in the chapter upon "Braintree and Bocking, and the Future of the World." It is like Mr. Wells to say that "there are many more people, and there is much more intelligence concentrated upon the manufacture of cigarettes or hairpins than there is upon the establishment of a permanent world peace," and to describe the formal peace movement as "quite amateurish." It must be said, moreover, that these remarks of his are often not only effective but surprisingly clarifying. Scarcely any one can read any of this author's writings without at least acquiring clearer and more picturesque conceptions of some things.

But there is another reason for the fascination that Mr. Wells exercises over his readers: he is a prophet and an uncommonly suc-

cessful one. He foresaw the use of automobiles and of aeroplanes when both were considered impracticable; in the book *Anticipations*, published in 1900, he described trench warfare and a deadlock almost exactly upon the lines of the situation after the battle of the Marne. He has been proved right in his doubt of the supposed decadence of France, and in his denial (before the Russo-Japanese war) of the greatness of the power of Russia. He has been fortunate in his estimates of the value of battleships and of submarines. He quite remarkably hit the truth in foretelling that Belgium would be the battleground in a struggle between the mid-European Powers and the rest of Europe.

Mr. Wells differs from other thinkers who deal in cause and effect simply in the fact that, making use of an imagination trained to invent along lines of probability he projects his thought more daringly into the future than do most, with the result that he sometimes seems to attain views of superior breadth and clearness while he never fails to stimulate intellectual curiosity. He is a thinker of unusual scope and conceptual clearness who is able to give to his novels the interest of treatises and to his disquisitions the intriguing character of scientific fairy-tales.

Speculation upon what will happen after the war, however, has not been confined to Mr. Wells. The subject has been considerably dealt with by writers who make no particular pretensions to prophecy. The author is no longer proclaiming to an incredulous world the possibility of aerial navigation or predicting other unforeseen changes: he is attempting to describe effects which every one in a general way has foreseen. Under these circumstances Mr. Wells appears as a no less credible, but as a somewhat less surprising prophet than formerly—though the peculiar interest which belongs to his vein of prophecy remains.

An "inconclusive peace," thinks Mr. Wells is not to be dreaded; on the contrary he believes that in it lies the possibility of a world-federation, since in the face of a formidable league of the Central Powers, it becomes simply madness for the other nations to think of settling their differences by war. The war, however, will be continued to a point of economic exhaustion on the part of all the combatants—a condition favorable to reasonableness. The last phase of the struggle will be one in which "each group of nations will be most concerned, no longer about victory or conquest, but about securing for itself the best chances of rapid economic recuperation and social reconstruction." The forces of collectivism will be strengthened. Europe will take a long step toward socialism. "There will arise there does even now arise, in this strange scaffolding of national munition factories and hastily nationalized public services, the framework of a new economic and social order based upon national ownership and national service." Of the two really effective forces in British political life, the lawyer-politician and the Press, the

former, it may be hoped may be aroused to wider understanding, the latter rendered more responsible. As for women, they will be "much more definitely independent of their sexual status, much less hampered in their self-development, and much more nearly equal to men, than ever before in the history of mankind." Mr. Wells considers the redrawing of the map of Europe conservatively, not very conclusively, but with many interesting suggestions. In a rather disappointing chapter that involves America, he lays chief stress upon the possibility that the United States, France, Britain, and Russia may be drawn into a closer understanding chiefly through the publication of a series of books printed according to a phonetic system that would make it easier for each of the people concerned to acquire the languages of the others—an educational enterprise in which the United States may be expected to take the lead. With regard to the foreign possessions, both civilized and barbaric, which are now held by the various Powers, " the path of safety," Mr. Wells believes, " lies in the direction of pooling them and of declaring a common policy of progressive development leading to equality." Like most sensible people, Mr. Wells looks forward to the eventual reconciliation of Germany with the rest of the world, and he interestingly describes the stages which may occur in the gradual change of German public opinion.

Some of Mr. Wells's views are not unfamiliar; others are strongly colored with socialistic desires. But the shrewd, plausible, imaginative, and hopeful way in which these views are set forth makes the book *What Is Coming?* a most enjoyable and suggestive discussion of post-war problems.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

NOBODY BUT—

(From the Washington Star)

SPEAKING of prophets. Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is not, and should not be, without honor in his own country. He has scored twice in half a dozen years in a matter of the greatest national importance. A record which deserves the bays.

His first success was with Mr. Wilson, at that time President of Princeton University. It was he who first directed attention to Mr. Wilson as a probable political quantity, and urged him for preferment by the Democratic party. Soon he began booming him for the Governorship of New Jersey as a stepping stone to the Presidency of the United States. The governorship reached, the play for the higher place at once began, and Colonel Harvey led it. In fact, he became so prominent in it—so conspicuously the leading sponsor for Mr. Wilson—that the latter, yielding to some protests from anti-Harvey quarters, called him off in a way so brusque that Henry Watterson, who was present, was all but paralyzed.

Nevertheless, Colonel Harvey continued to predict Mr. Wilson for the Democratic nomination for President, and after his nomination, predicted his election.

But Mr. Wilson as President failed to come up to Colonel Harvey's idea of what the office and the opportunity called for, and the Colonel, although a good Democrat, cooled toward him.

When the Hughes movement appeared it attracted attention in both Republican and Democratic circles. Here was something out of the ordinary. Would it, or could it, win? Many politicians puzzled over the problem. There were many difficulties to be surmounted, and the man himself was not, and would not become, a candidate.

Colonel Harvey looked the situation over. A Democrat, he yet felt so strongly about the drift of things he noted the tide for Hughes, and several months ago predicted his nomination. As he put the matter in the leading article in the May number of his publication, he could see that nobody wanted Hughes but the people.

It so turned out. The politicians did not nominate Mr. Hughes. They simply obeyed at Chicago a popular sentiment which had become irresistible. They could not ignore it. All conferences were futile. There was nothing to the situation but Hughes. All roads led to him. The people wanted him. And so he was nominated; and there are many prominent Democrats in agreement with Colonel Harvey about the significance of the result. Some, too, may join him in supporting the nominee.

(*From the Newburgh Journal*)

There is much in the remark of Colonel Harvey that "Nobody is for Hughes—but the People." Before the convention Mr. Hughes attended strictly to his work on the bench. He said nothing, he appointed no managers and he had no publicity bureaus. No one knew his views on pressing questions of the day, and yet he simply swamped the convention. Neither favorite sons, nor combinations, nor bosses could prevail against him because public sentiment was manifestly for him, and Mr. Hughes, more than any other candidate in recent years, is an expression of the people's choice. The people trusted Mr. Hughes on his proved record of public service. They knew him and they wanted him, and no man ever secured a stronger vote of the confidence of the people than Mr. Hughes in the Republican convention. Mr. Hughes owes his nomination to no faction and he is under obligation to no boss or leader. What he got he got from the people and he is answerable to them only.

And already in these early days of the campaign, it is apparent that the people made no mistake in selecting Mr. Hughes. He has entered the campaign betimes and with tremendous energy. His brief note accepting the nomination is an evidence of his vigor of thought and action. His telegram to the Republican National Committee was worth a barrel of keynote speeches. It hit the mark and shook the Democratic party and awoke it rudely from its dream of a walk-over. The Wilson party, which had looked forward complacently to an easy campaign with T. R. in the field as an ally, now know that with Hughes leading the reunited Republican party they have a real fight on their hands with the odds against them.

Mr. Hughes supplemented his statement by declaring himself for an out and out Americanism and absolutely nothing else. He has begun well and the impress which his vigorous utterances has made on the country is unquestionably strong. The wisdom of the choice of the people in choosing Mr. Hughes to loose the Democratic grip on the country is already proved. He is far and away the best man that the opposition to the Democratic party could pick.

(*From the Augusta Chronicle*)

We are beginning to have almost a superstitious respect for the political foresight—not, necessarily, meaning to say judgment—of that journalistic genius, Colonel George Harvey.

For, as far back as eight or ten years ago, he began to tout Woodrow Wilson as the 1912 nominee of the Democratic party, as well as the next President; and, in spite of all the signs to the contrary, he did more than any other one man, or one thousand men, to lift the professor from the classic shades of Princeton into the White House; not, however, forgetting Brother Bryan's timely aid at Baltimore.

And now he has gone and done it again; at least, to the extent of picking, long in advance, the 1916 nominee of the Republican party. Some six or eight weeks ago, the *Chronicle* reproduced, practically in full, Colonel Harvey's cocksure prediction of Hughes as the Republican standard bearer for this year of grace; and we were sorely tempted to win some money for ourselves on the strength of his advice—but we felt that this would be taking advantage of inside knowledge.

And it has come to pass as written in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW —and on the third ballot, at that. A certain feeling of temerity forbids us to look back and see whether this possessor of occult political knowledge predicted, also, Mr. Hughes' election—as he did in the case of Mr. Wilson the last time—but respect for his genial personality and confidence in his more or less democratic qualities prompt us to believe that he refused to go that far.

However, the fact remains that this man who picked Wilson to win also picked Hughes—and there seems something positively uncanny about it. Fact of the matter is, there is something uncanny about Harvey, anyway—his glasses, for one thing. Perhaps they enable him to see further into a political situation than is permitted to most of us who wear merely glasses of normal size and setting.

And yet, having picked Hughes, there is no particular reason for the latter to fall out with him about it—or for any of us to do so. Which same we leave to Colonel Henry Watterson to say if there is.

(*From the New Orleans Item*)

If Mr. Hughes be elected President, Colonel George Harvey will have qualified as the most reliable political prophet since the days when insurgency broke all the rules, upset the "dope," and sent the card indices clattering into the waste paper baskets of many a campaign headquarters. Far be it from us to snatch a single leaf from the laurels of our home-grown prophet, Norman Walker. But Mr. Walker had an even break at close range in our primary of last January.

Colonel Harvey gave Roosevelt 314 electoral votes in 1904; and Roosevelt got 336. He gave Taft 338 in 1908, and Taft got 321.

Mr. Wilson was still an uncertainty as Governor of New Jersey when Colonel Harvey picked him as the successful candidate of the Democrats. How did the Colonel know T. R. would split the Republican party? Ask him. It was eighteen months before the election of 1912 that the Colonel made Dr. Wilson President. Six or seven weeks before the election he cut Taft down to Utah and Vermont, and that is all Taft got.

Now the Colonel names Mr. Hughes for us. He gave him the nomination long ago. Will the Colonel qualify as aforesaid?

(*From the Harrisburg Telegraph*)

In his keen analyses of political conditions and his prophetic conclusions regarding the thought and purpose of the American people, Colonel George Harvey occupies a unique position among the great editors of the country. In the May issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, its brilliant editor correctly diagnosed the situation in its relation to the distinguished personalities involved in the speculation as to the Republican National Convention, indicating the tremendous trend toward Justice Hughes and the inevitable choice of the eminent jurist as the party's standard bearer. Upon the eve of the convention, in the June number of his magazine, Colonel Harvey further emphasized his conviction by predicting the nomination of Justice Hughes upon the second ballot. That was substantially correct, although the formal choice was not made until the third roll call.

Thus the mantle of the prophet falls comfortably upon the shoulders of the magazine editor who has established a remarkable record for accuracy in foreshadowing the outcome of political campaigns. With such regularity has he named the winner since 1904 that political leaders must hereafter invoke his assistance in charting their course.

Turning from the candidate whose selection has confirmed the correctness of his vision, Colonel Harvey now says the main issue of the campaign this year is America; that all other issues fade into insignificance. Hear him:

"There is no exaggeration in saying that this is the one supreme issue, the only one worth thinking or caring about in this year's campaign. It is no question of this party or of that party; but of America. It is no question whether this candidate or that candidate is the most available; but of America. It is no question of this petty principle or of that picayune policy; but of America. The question of robust, unwavering, unhyphenated and fully prepared Americanism is the one by which every candidate is to be tested in an acid test. It is the one upon which every party convention will be expected unequivocally to declare itself."

Colonel Harvey has justified his reputation as the country's leading political prophet and pre-eminent diagnostician.

(*From the Parkersburg News*)

When one of the most militant and effective pens in America, the one propelled by Colonel George Harvey, wrote some weeks ago that "Nobody wants Hughes—but the people," he struck a chord whose undying resonance is now being proved by the echoes from the Republican national convention.

The nomination of Justice Hughes provides the most concrete instance in American history of the office seeking the man, cornering him and probably capturing him. Justice Hughes' friends always have understood that his highest ambition was to serve his country on the Supreme bench. They knew that he was loath to leave it and become a candidate before the people, even for the most exalted post at the disposal of any electorate. But his record of service that bespeaks the pre-eminent qualities of the man, his seclusion from all the internal battles of the Republican party, made him the only man available from every viewpoint as the standard bearer.

Only one objection was interposed. His stand on the questions that recently have become vital to the American people was not known. Now that his stand has been given in his telegram accepting the nomination, "It is your right to summon and it is my paramount duty to respond," there remains no question that he is the ideal man to be supported by all Republicans as their candidate for the Presidency.

The Republican party has delved deep into its resources and chosen its very best man. There is ground for the statement of the New York *World*, the key-giver of Administration newspapers, that the selection of Justice Hughes is the highest compliment that could be paid to President Wilson. But it should be noted that the nomination was not made by any one man, or any small group of men. It resulted from the definite and sweeping conviction animating the great body of Republicans that Justice Hughes is the one living American qualified to reunite the party, lead it to victory, and give the country the kind of service in the Presidency that it must have if its position among the nations is to be maintained.

(*From the Syracuse Post-Standard*)

Colonel Harvey, the shrewd and prophetic, visited the two national conventions, observed the proceedings within and without the halls, and, returning, sat him down to meditate. His meditations he sets forth for our delight and education in the magazine which was for nigh a hundred years the most ponderous in America and which he has by his irreverent humor made popular.

The Colonel finds that both conventions were worthy. He is sure that they nominated the strongest men. He knows that they reflected the will of the people. He reports for our consolation that the country will be safe with the election of the nominee of either of them. But he hastens to correct a common error, which sees likenesses more clearly than differences:

"We doubt," he says, "if there exist in America two men, descended from the same stock, reared in like environments and educated by a substantially uniform process, who bear slighter resemblance, one to the other, temperamentally, constitutionally or morally, than Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes."

To those who observed closely and critically the conduct of Mr. Hughes as Governor of New York and who have observed with equally dispassionate care the conduct of Mr. Wilson as President, these differences are clear enough. When, therefore, Colonel Harvey promises that he will "adventure in due time" an analysis of "their distinguishing traits by way of contrast," we anticipate a critical judgment that will prove enlightening and helpful. When he adds that in his proposed catalogue of resemblances and differences he expects to find that the "ultimate issue will be Character," we have a forecast of a contrast which is, indeed, quite important. If we may borrow a word from the President's vocabulary, we should say it is very important.

(*From the Minneapolis Journal*)

As a guesser of candidates, Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has clairvoyance of the first order. He saw Presidential timber in Mr. Wilson, while the latter was head of Princeton, and, with the political experience and fortune of former Senator James Smith of New Jersey to back the campaign, Colonel Harvey turned a college president into a governor by way of grooming him for the Presidency.

After he had become thoroughly acclimated to Washington, Mr. Wilson forgot Senator Smith altogether, and after the Henry Watterson affair had some difficulty in remembering Colonel Harvey. There was a sort of reconciliation, but at its highest temperature, it was not much more than tepid, and it soon cooled. Therefore, it was not surprising that Colonel Harvey, after the Vera Cruz fiasco and after the war in Europe broke out, should find himself moved to repudiate the President's foreign and Mexican policies.

Then Colonel Harvey cast the presidential horoscope. So far as the Republicans were concerned, he could see nothing but Hughes. That was some time ago. Colonel Harvey will go down in history as the great American political prophet—unless he tries prophesying too frequently.

(*From the Burlington Hawkeye*)

After the nomination of Mr. Hughes it was claimed by Democrats and certain elements of the Progressives that the Republican "bosses" had been

defeated; that they did not want Hughes but had to acquiesce in that which they could not avert. That may be a purblind way of looking at it, but why not let it go at that? George Harvey, it will be remembered, in a pre-convention article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, extensively quoted, uttered the witticism: "Nobody wants Hughes—but the people." Well, the people had their own way and now Republicans, Progressives, Independents and Democrats want Hughes and are frankly saying so.

That which the people earnestly want they will have—if they unite in promoting their desires. The majority of the voters were divided in 1912, with the sequence that the minority elected the President and secured the control of Congress This year the majority is united and is being reinforced by accessions from the Democratic minority. The result in November is obvious.

(*From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*)

This year—to quote Colonel Harvey—"Nobody wanted Hughes but the people." The "Old Guard" didn't want him; but they wanted Roosevelt still less. So they made a wry face and took their medicine.

Under the lead of Colonel Roosevelt the Progressive party had triumphed. He saw that fact and was a great enough man to refuse the Progressive nomination and to give hearty and enthusiastic support to Mr. Hughes, receiving, as he deserved, a most hearty recognition from the latter.

Thanks to William J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt, a new democracy faces a new republicanism in this year's campaign. As Uncle Sam says in an independent cartoon, "I'm proud of you both. Now for a good, square fight."

(*From the Lyons Republican*)

George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is certainly a political prophet. Four years ago he picked out Woodrow Wilson as the man who would be nominated on the Democratic ticket and elected President. His prophecy was fulfilled. This year he picked out Charles E. Hughes as the man who would be nominated on the Republican ticket and elected President. His prophecy is sure to be fulfilled. But let us hope that his choice this time was better than it was four years ago. That it is no intelligent man doubts.

(*From the Dallas Times*)

"Nobody Wants Hughes—except the people," said Colonel George Harvey in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW some months ago.

And up to the present time they have been successful in getting what they want. There always remains the question of whether or not the people will next November turn out to be in the majority—but that is another story.

Hughes was certainly not the first choice of the bosses. Quite possibly they did not want him at all. Whether his nomination will turn out to be a genuinely popular one remains to be seen.

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

Mr. Harvey's declaration, "Nobody wants him—but the people" gave the probably inevitable Hughes boom its first positive emphasis, and it

is a singular illustration of the vagaries of life that the same man who started Wilson on his way to the White House should be Harvey, who now starts Hughes on the way to follow him there. Few are our President-makers. Mr. Harvey is a unique and distinguished figure.

(*From the London Shipping World*)

Following a reading of Colonel Harvey's remarkable article entitled "Nobody for Hughes," which appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May, we became convinced that Mr. Justice Hughes would probably be nominated as candidate for the Presidency by the Convention of the Republican party summoned to meet at Chicago on Thursday, June 8. The chain of evidence linked up by Colonel Harvey seemed perfect.

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

George Harvey in his breezy NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW started Wilson as a Presidential possibility. This went on until Wilson had to tell Harvey to let up; Harvey's nearest friends were so near to Wall Street that such support was dangerous. Mr. Harvey let up, but he didn't retire. On the contrary, he is the man who started the Hughes boom.

(*From the Barre Times*)

An expectant people would like to hear Colonel George Harvey's prophecy about Charles E. Hughes' chances for the Presidency. Surely the gift of prophecy has not deserted the transplanted Vermonter at this stage of the proceedings. Long ago he named Hughes as the Republican nominee. What about the election?

(*From the Bookseller*)

Colonel George Harvey's prediction of Justice Hughes' nomination for President by the Republican party, which appeared in the May number, may at this time be offered as further evidence of this distinguished editor's wonderful ability to analyze political conditions and to forecast their results.

(*From the Financial World*)

Four years ago Colonel Harvey picked Wilson and this year he picked Hughes. The Colonel is a good political picker.

(*From the Gary Times*)

By George! If Colonel Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW hasn't picked another Presidential candidate.

(*From the Rochester Democrat-Chronicle*)

It was Colonel Harvey who said "nobody wants Hughes but the people," and at Chicago the people had their way.

MEXICO

(*From the Minneapolis Tribune*)

The imminence of hostilities inevitably exhumes the political corpse of Huerta and revives the question as to whether his political execution was wise. It may safely be predicted that the ghost of Huerta will stalk the country as one of the most conspicuous figures in the coming election. And this silent ghost will perhaps be the most effective and eloquent speaker who will take the stump against the re-election of the President.

On another column, the *Tribune* reprints from THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW some of the appeals which Mr. George Harvey made to Mr. Wilson while there was still time to recognize Huerta. Colonel Harvey, who is probably the most far-sighted political prophet in the United States today, and who, incidentally, predicted the election of Mr. Wilson at a time when nobody else took him seriously—Colonel Harvey long ago declared that unless Huerta was recognized just such a war as we are confronted with today would be upon our hands.

In December, 1913, nine months after the President had gone into office, Mr. Harvey asserted that the policy of non-recognition of Huerta was a demonstrated mistake and urged Mr Wilson to reverse his course of "unworkable imperialism" while there was still time.

Four months later, in April, 1914, Colonel Harvey made an impassioned appeal to the President "to save Mexico—to save his party—to save himself" by acknowledging his blunder and recognizing Huerta before Mexico was plunged into anarchy and the United States into war. The President did not see fit to hearken to Colonel Harvey's warnings and today, as a result, we are facing precisely the same situation which the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN predicted we should face.

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more effective marshalling of the chief episodes which have led to the present denouement of the Mexican tragedy. Colonel Harvey is pitiless in turning the light upon the more obscured phases of the policy of our government toward Mexico.

It makes an American wince, for example, to read that the slaughter in Mexico did not begin on a large scale until the President had arbitrarily lifted the embargo which rested on arms and ammunition, and so enabled Villa and Carranza and Zapata "to translate the fruit of their pillaging into munitions of war."

It is shocking, too, to read that while the President was urging Americans to send food in to starving Mexico, he was also permitting Villa to send food out of the stricken country—food that was stolen from people dying of hunger and offered in exchange for munitions and guns that would perforce kill more innocent people.

The points which Colonel Harvey makes in his panoramic survey of the Mexican policy will probably be well known to the American people before the campaign has progressed very far. But for the present it is enough to say that they are but superficially and imperfectly comprehended. Students anxious to obtain a bird's view of the rapids which have led up to the present cataract can do no better than to digest carefully all that Colonel Harvey has to say.

PARRAL AND CARRIZAL?

(*From the Milwaukee Sentinel*)

Colonel George Harvey (the original Woodrow Wilson man, without whom Mr. Wilson would never have been dreamed of for the presidency of anything larger than a college) lifts his voice as a Cassandra as regards the fate of the little expedition of American soldiers charged with the difficult contract to take Villa "dead or alive."

Whether Colonel Harvey's apprehensions are based on conversations with military men, or are merely of his own conjuring up, one can not say.

But he appears to have the fate of "Chinese Gordon" in his mind as he thinks of General Pershing and his little band striking out into the vast stretches of hostile and barren Chihuahua to run down a man who in his own habitat may be as difficult to trail and overtake as a shark in the Gulf of Mexico.

Colonel Harvey thus relieves his pent-up feelings in a letter to the New York *Sun:*

Has Washington gone crazy? Can it be possible, as reported here, that the President has sent a paltry force of only 5,000 ill-equipped and unsupported soldiers on a wild bandit chase into a hornet's nest of gringo haters, ten times their number and ten times as well supplied with machine guns and ammunition, without safeguarding a line of communication in case of need of retreat? * * * This mad adventure is nothing less than a bid for the massacre of American soldiers.

A "mad adventure"—perhaps. We may in the sequel have another "Remember the Alamo!" or Custer massacre case.

Washington may have "gone crazy," and the presidential and congressional palaver and shilly-shally over the preparedness measures (oceans of blethering and planning, and nothing done!) are not indicative of sanity. But however it may be with Washington, we may rest assured that General Funston has not "gone crazy."

Some thought he had, years ago, when he plunged into the trackless wilds to trap Aguinaldo. But he was sane, all right. He got his man. The encouraging thing about this apparently "mad adventure" is that Funston (so far as we know) approves it.

A shrewd, bold and even a crafty and tricky man, this Kansan—a man to have aces up his sleeve, and to spring traps long set and baited beforehand. One Mexican of the Villa class never trusts another Mexican far out of sight if he can help it. A trap may snap on this vermin any day.

But, on the face of it, the adventure looks difficult, and the position of Pershing's little command precarious—and more and more so the farther it gets from its base.

It is operating in a vast hostile district where hatred of the "gringoes" is inbred, and (what is worse) where contempt of the "gringoes" and of the flag borne by Pershing has accumulated rapidly in these latter days of "watchful waiting" and the substitution of tracts on democracy and consignments of Dr. Bryan's Blessed Balsam for the spiritual edification of ruffians and rapscallions who respect nothing but a loaded gun, as old Diaz and old Huerta told us long ago.

With this tiny command on the trail in Mexico, our borders of some

1,800 miles are guarded by about 20,000 men. That is to say, they are open to invasion by an immensely superior force, in case the Mexicans see fit to make common cause against us.

If the worst comes to the worst, and Colonel Harvey's apprehensions as to the fate of the little expeditionary column come true, our anti-preparationists will have much to answer for, and the revival of an old song about a "Sour Apple Tree" may be looked for.

WITHDRAWING THE TROOPS

(*From the Waterbury American*)

Colonel George Harvey wrote a letter last March 17 to the *Sun*, in which he called for the withdrawal of our troops from Mexico. He protested that 5,000 had been sent into a hornet's nest ill equipped and unsupported. He said that the Mexicans were ten times their number and ten times as well supplied with machine guns and ammunition. He said the venture was nothing less than mad, "a bid for the massacre of American soldiers." He asked if nothing could be done to stop it.

Now he writes again to the *Sun* calling attention to this old letter, saying that all that he then predicted has come to pass. He says that General Pershing's act was not foolhardy. He had to send out that troop and sacrifice it in order to find out whether his line of communication was intact, and whether he was in danger of being surrounded. He had no scouting aeroplanes to do the work for him. Now, Colonel Harvey says, the situation is more desperate even than before. Our soldiers are still confronted by ten times their numbers, ten times better equipped. The enemy is confident and under very little restraint. The Pershing command, he says, is in imminent peril. While we are mobilizing our militia, he says, "above all, immediately, without wasting a day, an hour or a minute, before it may prove too late, withdraw our troops from Mexico."

That will be humiliating, but the whole thing is humiliating. The Colonel's idea is that we might better wait till we are ready and do the job thoroughly rather than keep pecking at it at a disadvantage all the time. It sounds quite sensible.

INDIVIDUALITY

(*From the Bookseller*)

With an individuality of its own, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW continues to grow in popularity, and the conservative estimate made early in the year of an average net circulation for 1916 of from 35,000 to 40,000 is apt to be exceeded. That such is the case is not surprising—indeed, could scarcely be otherwise under the able editorship of Colonel George Harvey, of whom it is said, "His skill of statement is such that any argument by him seems irresistible at the time he makes it. He writes sometimes severely but temperately, and what he has to say is worth candid and respectful attention." And with all, he has the rare gift of never losing the sense of humor, the comic spirit, in his profound analyses of the manifestations of life from month to month, political, literary, social and philosophical.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IS THE COUNTRY SAFE WITH WILSON?

SIR,—Ever since you gave up the editorship of *Harper's Weekly,* I have been reading your articles in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW with pleasure and profit. I particularly enjoyed the one on Sir Josephus Daniels, N.C.B.

In your leading article published in the July number, you imply that the country will be safe in the care of Mr. Wilson or Mr. Hughes. I cannot comprehend how a person gifted with your remarkable political sagacity and prophetic instinct could have made the statement, which I have quoted in substance.

With your clear judgment, you certainly must know that President Wilson's Mexican policy can only be characterized as gross mismanagement. As you know, the only strong man in Mexico was Huerta. There must be a dictator there, and the problem is to secure the best dictator. President Wilson used the whole diplomatic, military and financial power of the United States to ruin Huerta; with the result of the loss of millions of property, and the possibility that French, English and Germans will in the future present claims for indemnity for outrages in Mexico against the United States.

President Wilson made the great mistake of sending John Lind to Mexico, a man who knew nothing about Latin-American affairs. Mr. Wilson was guided by Lind, and the embargo was taken off the arms shipped to Carranza and Villa, the latter of whom the better class of Mexicans regard as a tiger.

If Bryan, Wilson and Daniels had let Admiral Mayo alone, Huerta would have given the salute, and the matter would have passed off quietly. The attack on Vera Cruz cost the United States Government many lives and a great sum of money. It certainly was useless, it inflamed the Mexicans, and it served as the final act to drive Huerta from the country.

President Wilson's "wait and see" policy was the direct cause of the raid of Villa, and General Pershing's expedition has been a farce.

President Wilson's weak and vacillating policy was the direct cause of the loss of the life of Captain Boyd and his detachment of colored troopers.

There is no need to tell you that the framers of the Constitution purposely vested in the President extraordinary powers for the defense of the nation. The great European conflagration broke out in August of 1914. It threatened to involve the United States at any time in a frightful expenditure of lives and property. Notwithstanding that, under the Con-

stitution, President Wilson is trustee for the national defense, he took no steps towards preparedness, and repeatedly turned a deaf ear to the continuous chidings of Congressman Gardner, and to the writings and speeches of Roosevelt, Lodge, and many others. It seems to me that the President's course is incomprehensible.

In his address to the two Houses of Congress, dated December 8, 1914, he says:

> Let there be no misconception. The country has been misinformed. We have not been negligent of national defense.

And yet, after insults to the Naval Committee of the House, it was finally goaded by Congressman Gardner into summoning Admiral Fiske, Captain Sims, and others, who frankly told the Naval Committee that it would take five years to put the navy in a state of preparation; and the daily papers during the last two weeks have fairly teemed with evidence showing how the War Department at Washington has broken down in attempting to transport fifty thousand militiamen to Texas.

It is true that President Wilson, since he read Mr. Root's stinging arraignment of Democratic incompetency, delivered last February, has made speeches in the Middle West advocating a strong navy; but even a casual reading shows that they are speeches of a man unconvinced of the value of the navy for national defense, and bearing on their faces the evidence of unfamiliarity with the subject.

Since all the statements of President Wilson and Mr. Daniels during the Fall and Winter of 1914 and 1915 were against preparedness, President Wilson's complete turn-about can fairly be argued to be circumstantial evidence tending to show that he has realized that a wave of preparedness is sweeping over the country, which will carry himself and the Democratic party out of office. And it may also fairly be argued that Mr. Wilson, in an effort to continue himself in office, has been compelled, by force of the popular will, to adopt preparedness as the policy of his Administration.

In conclusion, President Wilson has shown himself undeserving of a second term, by his failure to understand the temperament of the Mexican people; by his ruinous course with President Huerta; by his weak and vacillating policy with the *de facto* government, when it should have been a firm and strong one; by his mistake in sending John Lind to Mexico to deal with the complicated situation, in which Lind had had no previous training, and in accepting his advice to lift the embargo on arms, and to foster the fortunes of Carranza and Villa; also by his weak and vacillating policy in dealing with the combatants in Europe; by his total failure to take any steps to call the German Government to account after the notices had been published warning Americans that the *Lusitania* would be destroyed by submarines; by his attempting to appropriate the glory of the curtailment of the depredations of the German submarines, after they had been put out of business by the British Navy; by his total failure to prepare our army and navy until after Mr. Root's arraignment of Democratic incompetency; and by the complete showing of the incompetency of the War Department and of the Administration to concentrate troops on the Texas frontier.

G. S. Selfridge.

Boston, Mass.

COLONEL HOUSE AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—The "view" of Colonel House as presented by Mr. Childers in a recent REVIEW was, I am sure, very much appreciated by all readers of the interesting account of that man who, above all other men, seems to stand nearest to the President. Not the least interesting to me was the closing portion of the article, wherein Mr. House is quoted in the matter of the "Redistribution of Wealth,"—his comment on the "form of our civilization," "spiritual as against material compensation," and the question of "socialism."

Mr. House asks: "How can there be a more even distribution of wealth without lessening the efficiency of the strong, able and energetic men, without making mendicants of the indolent and improvident? Under socialism we could never get the best endeavor out of anyone, for it would not seem worth while to do more than an average." If I find an incentive to work under present conditions, how much more so would the inducement be under socialism where I should receive the full social value of my labor instead of being compelled to "divide up" with the men who do no work?

And there are many such besides the bums and tramps. Can Mr. House not see that the "mendicants, indolent, and improvident," so-called, are for the most part the natural product of the system now in force? This class is increasing at an alarming rate, and a redistribution of wealth is not demanded by the socialist as a solution of the question. On the contrary, that is a remedy proposed by the old parties; and, as an evidence of that fact, we have the income and inheritance tax laws. As for the former, a prominent writer now claims, after making a thorough investigation, that the Government has not been able to collect 25 per cent. of the amount due under the law. And it will, I think, be conceded by all that the inheritance tax laws fail to reach the estates to which they were clearly directed. The socialists do not demand the return of that which has been stolen; they demand that the robbery shall cease. We have the "dividing-up" system now in force (and the most ingenious socialist could not devise a more devilish scheme); and I ask Mr. House what "incentive" there is for me to give my best endeavors when I must "divide up" on pay-day with the man who does no work at all?

It is not, it seems to me, a question of what "pure socialism" is, nor of what Karl Marx demanded; but instead, what the Socialist platform for 1916 will demand. I am not a member of the Socialist Party, and never have been, but if I am not mistaken, the gist of their demands can be summed up in the quotation from Mr. House, a part of which reads: "Therefore, as an economic problem divorced from the realm of ethics, the far-sighted statesmen of tomorrow, if not today, will labor to the end that every child may have an opportunity to accomplish that for which it is best suited. Their bodies will be properly fed and clothed so that life may mean something more than a struggle for existence." If Mr. House can devote his valuable services to the upbuilding of his party and ask no reward other than the satisfaction that must come to him with the knowledge that he is trying to better conditions for his fellowmen, why can he not ascribe the same high motives even to a socialist?

R. E. W.

OMAHA, NEB.

THE MASTER HAND AND MIND OF NEWTON D. BAKER

Sir,—Reading The North American Review is the most fascinating intellectual treat imaginable, even when we cannot agree with its brilliant battling editor.

It is unfortunate that you couple the names of Daniels and Newton D. Baker together; there is not the slightest resemblance in the characters of the two men. If the political affairs of President Wilson were to be allowed to rest in the hands of Daniels, disaster would assuredly follow; but Baker is a type of manhood measured by any standard you wish,—the Hughes standard, if you must.

Let us for a moment observe the straws which indicate which way the political wind blows at times. You remember the fight that Root put up for the constitution of this great State of ours? Root went before the people with his child, begging them to accept. You know the answer.

Turn back to the constitutional convention of Ohio, Herbert Bigelow, President. The constitution as adopted was inspired by the spirit of Johnson, and taken to the people of that State by Bigelow, another of Tom L's young men. Again you know the answer.

Here is the picture: Root, great, powerful, astute, able to the nth degree, his ideas of a constitution treated with contempt by the voters of the Empire State. Bigelow, pastor of Vine Street Congregational Church, great too (in a different way) poor, but tremendously in earnest, eloquently pleads his cause before the voters of Ohio, and his constitution is carried almost unanimously.

Am I reasoning to no purpose when I state that in the fight for a constitution in Ohio the master hand and master mind of Newton D. Baker could be traced at every turn,—the same Baker that fought through fifty-seven injunctions from the lowest court in Ohio up to the Supreme Court of the United States to fix forever the principle that every American city had a right to its own streets?

The *Lusitania* murderers, the Belgian rapers, the contemptuous destroyers of treaties, the ravishers of women, the slayers of babes: these men and their sympathizers are for Charles Evans Hughes. He has so far accepted their support, ditto the Republican party, and not even the doughty Teddy himself can overcome such a handicap as that.

Watch Newton D. Baker, Colonel; for, if I mistake not, he will be found too much for any of the men the Hughes managers can place against him. Like many of your readers, the conduct of the present Administration at Washington has disgusted me beyond words, but as a mere betting proposition, it looks like Wilson in a walk.

John McF. Howie.

Buffalo, N. Y.

A PLEA FOR SANITY

Sir,—Your wonderful analysis in showing the necessity for the Republicans to nominate Hughes at Chicago in the May number of the Review was read with keen interest; then nearly one hundred of the leading papers of the nation in editorials earnestly commended it in the June number; this all occurring before the conventions. After looking up carefully Mr.

Hughes' past life, and his faithful self-denying work, we find a *man*, and his judgment, foresight, logic, the proof of his statesmanship we saw in his Governorship of the State of his birth. Always for the rights of the people, and always right. We have arrived at the most extravagant era in our history, and the present Administration, in the past two Congresses, has been shameful. The people are aroused to the need of economy, and a lessened taxation. They can look for it with a certainty from Hughes. My dear sir, there are many things that impel me to say that, by every reason I know, you should enter this campaign with all your strength, and aid in bringing a return of sanity in the Government of our country.

FRANK C. BOISE.

DENVER, COL.

FLORIDA'S VOTE

SIR,—It may interest you to know what effect your May article on Hughes had with one delegation to the Republican Convention.

For many years I have regularly followed your editorials, testing your foresight and forecasts by the results afterward occurring, and have found them correct.

In this instance one of the candidates was a personal friend, but on the strength of your forecast, and believing that "the people wanted Hughes," the entire delegation of my State cast a solid vote for Hughes, on every ballot taken. I did this because I believed that you have a vision that carries you beyond the day.

I congratulate the American people that you can serve them as you have done and are doing. It is a great service.

WM. R. O'NEAL.

ORLANDO, FLA.

1916

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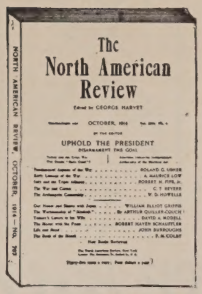

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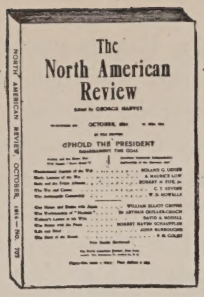

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before becoming president of the New York *Evening Post* Company, was an Assistant in History at Harvard. His book, *John Brown—A Biography Fifty Years After,* has a permanent place in American biographical history. Mr. Villard's special political articles from Washington, published in the *Evening Post* over the signature "O. G. V.," have attracted wide attention.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.,
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was born at New York in 1857, and has spent his life in that city as a student, teacher, and author. He has for many years specialized on certain phases of American

history, particularly the territorial expansion of the American domain, and the diplomatic relations of this country with the rest of the world. He has for some years been Honorary Professor of the History of American Foreign Relations in New York University, of which institution he is a graduate. Among his books are *America's Foreign Relations, A Century of Expansion,* and *Four Centuries of the Panama Canal.*

Henry Rutgers Marshall,
the well-known architect and lecturer on aesthetics, is a native of New York City. He has written numerous volumes dealing with philosophical and artistic subjects, among which are *Aesthetic Principles; Instinct and Reason;* and *War and the Ideal of Peace.*

The Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom,
a Canadian by birth, came early in life to the United States. He enlisted in a cavalry regiment (the Seventeenth Illinois) in 1863 and served under the flag until November 30, 1865. He was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio, from 1879 to 1885 and of the First Baptist Church in Boston from 1885 to 1893. Since 1894 he has ministered to the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts. Dr. Moxom was University preacher at Harvard from 1894 to 1897, and was Lowell Lecturer in 1895. His published works include *The Church in the First Three Centuries, From Jerusalem to Nicæa, The Religion of Hope,* and other works; and his contributions to the Review have been numerous.

Albert Jay Nock
was Associate Editor of the *American Magazine* for five years. The present article is the fruit of special investigations into the prohibition problem. Mr. Nock's article in the August Review, *Prohibition in Kansas,* has excited much comment.

Charles Upson Clark
is Assistant Professor of Latin at Yale University. After his graduation from Yale he studied abroad for three years, devoting his time to Latin MSS. and text criticism. He has published Volume I. of a large critical edition of the Roman historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, a pioneer work for an American. Professor Clark is widely known as a lecturer.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1916

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

AS VIEWED BY MR. WORTHINGTON

BY THE EDITOR

Mr. William P. Worthington of Boston, Massachusetts, was introduced to the readers of this REVIEW *in November, 1915, when he discoursed at length, in conversation with his nephew, a young banker, upon "Patriotism and Profits." He was then depicted as a retired merchant of a philosophical turn of mind, firm in his convictions and patriotic to the core of his being. Again he is seated in his library when his nephew enters, greets him respectfully and opens the conversation, the two thereafter speaking alternately.*

—Well, sir, here I am again!

—So I perceive. And, as ever, I am grateful that you should favor me with your companionship at the sacrifice of more pleasurable diversions.

—Oh, come, now, I can't stand for that. The obligation is quite the other way around.

—Thank you. There are times when I find the manners of the present generation most agreeable.

—Uncle, I am in trouble,—no, not financially; I am all right that way. I am bewildered politically. I am to cast my first ballot next November and I have come to you for enlightenment and counsel.

—But I am a Democrat.

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—I know, and I am by inheritance and tradition a Republican, but we can safely consider ourselves as both good Americans, can't we?

—I hope so.

—Besides, you are not such a very rigid Democrat.

—I never voted for Mr. Bryan, if that is what you mean. But I did not forsake my party when I followed Palmer and Buckner. My party forsook me.

—You hold, then, as a believer in responsible party government, that a citizen should stand with his organization unless there should clearly appear a conclusive reason why he should renounce it for the time being?

—That is the established creed of your party declared with positiveness by your candidate. I should say that, as a Republican, you are bound by it.

—And you correspondingly as a Democrat?

—Not in the present instance. Our leader has absolved me from that obligation in two ways. Recently in a speech in Washington he appealed for re-election specifically as a non-partisan and declared that, in the present situation, party lines should be obliterated. I surmise that he had Republicans and Progressives more particularly in mind, but of course the rule works both ways. It is a natural and consistent position for him to assume. Mr. Wilson has never been a partisan. Wholly aside from his reiterated professions of independence, his record shows conclusively that he regards the Democratic party as merely a political means to a personal end. He will tolerate the organization during a campaign, but he never fails to disown it on the day after election. He won much acclaim by doing this in New Jersey, when as Governor he utterly ignored the organization which had achieved his election. He has pursued the same policy as President. The Clark majority in Baltimore comprised the bone and sinew, the old conservative stock of the party, from States like Massachusetts and Kentucky. The Wilson element consisted of the rag, tag and bobtail, former Populists, Bryanites and the like. This sufficed for the nomination, but it was the sturdy old band of regulars, led by the Speaker himself, that won the election. And they had their labor for their pains. Chairman McCombs strove valiantly for their recognition, but to so little purpose that he, too, was driven to the wall and did not even mention the President's name when speaking as the official

head of the party in St. Louis. The Speaker himself was wholly ignored until his assistance in obtaining legislation became essential. In point of fact, I can think of but two of the old-stock or Clark Democrats who received appointments—Martin J. Wade of Iowa, for personal reasons, and James W. Gerard, in appreciation of financial help. Clearly the President considered himself under no obligation to the party as a party. Indeed, you may recall that while the outcome in Baltimore was in doubt Mr. Wilson was speculating with his family upon the prospects of a long visit to the lakes of England. It seems never to have crossed his mind that he might owe any service to his party unless he himself were to be the beneficiary. The policy is comprehensible, of course, to a student of human nature, but I fear that the consequences in November, in States like New York, Illinois and Missouri, may not be altogether gratifying.

—You spoke of another reason why you consider yourself acquitted of party allegiance.

—Yes; it is to be found in abandonment of Democratic doctrine. The President's espousal of Protection for Protection's sake is, of course, a flat repudiation of the chief Democratic principle of a revenue tariff, but even that sinks into insignificance when compared with Federal interference with purely domestic concerns. If the Democratic party ever has stood or now stands for anything at all, it is for the right of local self-government. Nobody understands that better than the President himself. You cannot find anywhere a clearer exposition of the fatal folly of attempting to impose upon communities " paternal morals, morals enforced by the judgment and choices of the central authority at Washington " than he has made.

" The proposed Federal legislation with regard to the regulation of child labor," he declared, " affords a striking example. If the power to regulate commerce between the States can be stretched to include the regulation of labor in mills and factories, it can be made to embrace every particular of the industrial organization of the country. The only limitations Congress would observe should the Supreme Court assent to such obviously absurd extravagances of interpretation would be the limitation of opinion and circumstances."

—But, Uncle, I thought the President was in favor of this very legislation.

—I do not know whether he is or not. The words I have quoted he used in his lecture on constitutional government in 1908. True, I did read the other day that he had visited the Capitol in person and demanded the immediate enactment of the vicious Bill which he condemned so sharply eight years ago. It may be that, with that remarkable facility for changing his mind upon which he prides himself, Mr. Wilson has formed a contrary opinion, but I hardly think so. In fact, I haven't a doubt that he still regards such legislation as fundamentally wrong and that he has no expectation that the Supreme Court will "assent to such obviously absurd extravagances of interpretation." I do not see how any intelligent student of our system of government can think otherwise.

—But you are in favor of the regulation of child labor?

—Assuredly,—by the States; and in this instance the States have not been neglectful. All but three, if I am not mistaken, already have enacted excellent laws upon this subject,—laws properly adapted to local conditions. Even if they had not, "the remedy," as Mr. Wilson said in 1908, "lies not outside the States, but within them", and "in no case will their failure to correct their own measures prove that the Federal Government might have forced wisdom upon them."

—How then, assuming that Mr. Wilson is of the same opinion still, do you account for his reversal of position?

—Dr. Eliot has stated the reason.

—Dr. Eliot?

—Yes, our own revered President Emeritus, who wrote a letter to Senator John W. Kern which that distinguished leader, with characteristic stupidity, had read to the Senate. Here it is:

ASTICOU, ME., *July 21, 1916.*

Hon. JOHN W. KERN.

MY DEAR SIR: I venture to express the opinion that in view of the coming Presidential election it would be very unwise to postpone the passage of the child-labor bill until December next. The Democratic Party needs the support next November of the numerous Republicans and Progressives who are interested in the child-labor legislation. The party has nothing to lose by passing the bill, and possibly much to gain.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

There you have the whole story. It was "in view of the coming Presidential election" and nothing else that Mr. Wilson suddenly, after three years of passivity, awoke to the pressing need of this legislation. A few Southern Senators made a gallant stand for the preservation of the fundamental principle of the Democratic party, but they could not prevail against the power and prestige of the President. Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland are disowned and so necessarily, as a Democrat irrevocably opposed to sumptuary legislation, am I. Again for the time being my party has left me, not I my party.

—But did not the Republicans in Congress also support the measure?

—In a large measure, yes. But they violated no professed doctrine in doing so. The Republican party has always been a Federalist party. Consequently it has not broken faith. That is the difference.

—Is not the same issue involved in the question of Woman Suffrage; that is, as between granting the privilege of voting through action by the States, as advocated by Mr. Wilson, and doing so by constitutional amendment, as urged by Mr. Hughes?

—Not so sharply, no; indeed, perhaps not at all. Mr. Hughes has at least the ground of precedent to stand upon. In fact, the first and most notable performance of his party was the bestowal of the vote upon the negroes by this process. The practical nullification by some of the States does not alter the fact.

—But has the Nation a moral right to impose Woman Suffrage upon States which do not want it?

—It did impose Negro Suffrage upon States which did not want it. New Jersey, Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, California and Oregon rejected the Fifteenth Amendment and even New York rescinded its ratification. But for the exercise of the Federal power over elections negroes would not be permitted to vote in those States today. Nor would Senators be elected by popular vote in Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Utah or Virginia. While then, personally and as a Democrat, I favor the determination of all such questions by the States, I have to concede the general right of the Nation with respect to elections. While, too, I believe in the wisdom of extending suf-

frage to women, I was not impressed by the reason advanced by Mr. Hughes.

—You mean because it is inevitable?

—Precisely. Presumed inevitableness does not constitute justification for acceptance of a policy deemed to be inherently unsound. On the contrary, it should induce even more vigorous resistance. Mr. Hughes would have been on solid ground if he had rested his case upon the fact that a far greater proportion of the people demand the constitutional extension than called for the Senatorial amendment. I wonder that he did not.

—I notice that Mr. Wilson criticises Mr. Hughes for going beyond his platform; that he "cannot see how candidates can consistently disregard these official declarations."

—Mr. Wilson is hardly in a position to make that point, in view of his own repeated repudiations of "official declarations." He did, if I mistake not, solemnly assure the suffragists soon after he became President that he could not possibly uphold a movement not mentioned in his party platform, but later he not only declared, but somewhat ostentatiously voted, for it. He could now, if he deemed best, pronounce for the amendment with equal consistency. Indeed, I have heard expressed a strong suspicion that he would have done so if Mr. Hughes, as the phrase runs, had not "beat him to it." But one should not question even a candidate's sincerity on a mere rumor. We have to assume that both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson are actuated in this matter by profound convictions, giving only incidental heed to the ninety-one electoral votes hanging in the balance. In any case, Suffrage has become a question of method only, not of principle.

—What to your mind is the dominant issue?

—Give me your idea.

—From the Democratic standpoint that the President "has kept us out of war."

—That no doubt is correct; that is to say, the chief appeal to the country rests upon that assertion. Of course, it is not true. The President has not kept us out of war. He put us into war when, before Congress had given him the power, he employed the "armed forces of the United States" to enforce a personal decree in a neighboring State and he repeated the operation when he ordered the troops to invade the

same country. Battles have been fought and blood has been shed to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed by the regular soldiers of both countries. We are at war now and will continue to be so long as an American soldier remains on foreign soil against the protest of that duly recognized foreign Government. But you were not referring to the crimes against Mexico?

—No; to the European situation.

—So I supposed. Well, assuming that there has been no danger of armed conflict with the Allies, it all resolves to our relationship with the Central Powers.

—Yes.

—But the President has not kept us out of war with them. They have kept out of war with us for most excellent reasons of their own. Mr. Wilson invited trouble when he handed the Austrian Ambassador his passports, but the Austrian Emperor refused to take up the gage of battle. It was he, not the President, who averted hostilities by disregarding what at another time would have been considered sufficient excuse if not, indeed, the positive necessity of a Nation proud enough to fight. And it is not the President who has kept us out of war with Germany. It is the Kaiser. Mr. Wilson's Notes have been truculent enough to make for war over and over again, but Germany has averted conflict at each psychological moment out of consideration of her own welfare, not as a consequence of any of the many things the President has written. And she has done it in her own sweet way at her own chosen time. Personally I do not believe that we have been in danger of war at any stage. Nobody could afford to drag us in and nobody has done so. That is all there is of it. If we had convinced all warring Powers at the outset that we really meant to maintain our rights as a neutral, we would have obtained them beyond the shadow of a doubt. But our shillyshallying with Mexico had indicated all too plainly that they could play fast and loose with us with impunity. And they have done it,—both sides.

—What about the abandonment of submarine warfare by Germany?

—I do not know that it has been abandoned. It has not been prosecuted so murderously of late because Germany found that its effectiveness for the time at any rate did not warrant the cost. But it may be resumed at any moment.

As Mr. Norman Hapgood says, in celebrating the President's "great diplomatic triumph," our rights at sea may be considered as established unless or until the operations shall be resumed; and then, he adds naïvely, we should be at war. So you see it all rests, as it all has rested from the beginning, with the Kaiser. The President can only hope and pray that Germany will see no advantage to herself in renewing her former practices until after election day. Otherwise, as in the last instance when a tentative concession was insultingly made in response to American public opinion, not to the President, further surly observations may be forthcoming, as usual, after the event. But you may rest assured that Germany is still ready, as she has been ready throughout, to do whatever is necessary to avoid war with the United States.

—I should like to ask you this: Are you, as an American, satisfied with President Wilson's foreign policy?

—I could hardly answer yes to that while the officially avowed assassination of American citizens on the *Lusitania* continues unatoned for, while England is permitted to disregard our established trading rights and while the massacre of our soldiers at Parral and Carrizal still evokes only honeyed words in an effort to placate the disdainful Carranza. But the unhappy fact is that I cannot discover that Mr. Wilson has any foreign policy, except perhaps denial of the right of American citizens to protection beyond our borders. He has partially disposed of each case as it has arisen without fixity of purpose or heed to any general line of conduct,—attempting, vainly as a rule, to lock the door after the horse is stolen. The vacillation of the Administration no doubt merits all the censure it is receiving, but to my mind its dilatoriness has produced far more serious consequences. When it has done the right thing, it has done it almost invariably at the wrong time,—generally too late. The mere fact that Germany finally agreed—for how long nobody can tell—to give unoffending passengers a chance for existence is proof conclusive that she would have yielded in the beginning, if she had been convinced that we meant what we said,—and hundreds of lives would have been saved.

—Then you agree with Mr. Hughes that the tragedy of the *Lusitania* could have been averted?

—Undoubtedly. If the German Ambassador had been called sharply to account and warned as he should have been

on the day when he published his impudent notification to American travelers, it is most unlikely that the vessel would have been sunk. Whether Mr. Hughes himself as President would have acted with essential promptness is a question. I am disposed to doubt it. Nobody at the time, of course, believed that any nation claiming to be civilized would really commit so damnable an outrage. All we really know is that, whatever another might have done, Mr. Wilson not only did nothing but, even more disquietingly, as we contemplate the future, he has repeatedly shown evidences of temperamental incapacity to grasp and master a critical situation at the psychological moment.

—But the Democratic spokesmen insist that all that is ancient history, that it is idle to harp upon what has happened, and that Mr. Hughes should inform the country what he would do now or in the immediate future.

—True, what is done cannot be undone; but what has been done affords the only indication of what would be done again by the same authority. It is Mr. Wilson, not Mr. Hughes, who is on trial, and he can be judged only by his acts. It may seem smart to demand from Mr. Hughes a precise statement of the way in which he, if elected, will meet a hypothetical contingency, for the simple reason, of course, that he cannot answer. Nor can Mr. Wilson. Nor could anybody. Mr. Norman Hapgood declares that the President will make war on Germany if she renews her illegal submarine activities, but I doubt if Mr. Wilson would commit himself so far. In any case, there is as much reason in requiring a definite declaration from the one as from the other. All such truculent queries are silly,—cheap and tawdry political claptrap. As well might Nero have stopped fiddling upon a certain occasion and demanded of the Romans:

"As you may perceive, the city is burning. I may or may not be responsible. What does it matter? It is useless for you to say that another might have prevented the fire, but the deed is done. The only question now is, what are you going to do about it?"

The Romans, overwhelmed by the logic and power of their ruler, did nothing; but I suspect that, if they had been Americans, they would have replied:

"We are first going to get rid of Nero. Then we shall save what we can from the wreck and rebuild the city."

That is the answer which, in fact, William M. Tweed did

receive when he propounded a like question following the political devastation of New York, and which, in truth, is the only one that can be made to unfaithful or incapable public servants. It typifies precisely the attitude of Mr. Hughes and his party in the present situation, and they are wholly within their rights and the proprieties when they pronounce it conclusive.

—You do not agree, then, with those who criticize Mr. Hughes for attacking the Administration so sharply?

—I did not complain of Mr. Wilson's assaults upon the Taft administration four years ago. Nor to my knowledge did Mr. Taft. It is an odd and interesting circumstance that the present Government seems really and quite honestly, for some inexplicable reason, to regard itself as immune to ordinary strictures. Its very inefficiency is smug. Witness the Bryan-that-was and Josephus and Redfield and the Wandering Mouse!

—What of Lane and Houston?

—Exceptionally capable, industrious and trustworthy officials, so far as one can discern. I hold, too, and believe that the results will demonstrate, that Mr. McAdoo has made an admirable Secretary of the Treasury, clear-headed, broad-minded and courageous. Garrison was, of course, the best of the lot, but the man who has rendered by far the greatest service to Mr. Wilson is Mr. Tumulty. With the possible exception of Colonel Lamont, no Secretary to a President has been his equal in combined tact, diplomacy, astuteness, tirelessness and personal devotion.

—And Mr. Burleson?

—Mr. Burleson has been necessarily what you of the present generation quite graphically depict as the goat. It has been his difficult task to put deserving Democrats into the offices without impairing the reputation of his chief as a true civil service reformer,—former Vice President, in fact, of Doctor Eliot's impolitic Association. He has failed measurably in both endeavors, but is entitled to credit for doing the best he could. The President belied his professions and made a grievous blunder when he let Mr. Bryan run riot in the diplomatic service, but I cannot become resentful over the cancellation of Mr. Taft's political death-bed-conversion order "covering in" 30,000 Republican postmasters. If Wilson, defeated for re-election, should do the same thing, I shall watch the course of Mr. Hughes with interest. It is

a fact, I believe, that Mr. Wilson's is the first recent Administration under which the classified service has not been extended, and that is unfortunate because it savors of hypocrisy; but even so I find myself unmoved by the righteous indignation of Senator Boies Penrose.

—Why does not Mr. Hughes reject the so-called hyphenated support?

—Why does not Mr. Wilson? For the identical reason. They both want all the votes they can get. No two public men in the country have denounced and fought political bossism more vigorously; and yet I have not heard that Mr. Hughes has repelled Mr. Penrose, while only this morning the Democratic Chairman announces exultantly that Mr. Charles F. Murphy is enthusiastic for Mr. Wilson. So far as German-born citizens are concerned, a large majority have always been Republicans and will probably follow their traditional bent. Some doubtless will vote against Mr. Wilson because of dissatisfaction with his conduct of international affairs. So will a good many Anglo-Americans for the same reason. But the actual voting influence of sympathy with the various warring countries has been greatly exaggerated. My own impression is that a larger number of German-Americans than usual will vote the Democratic ticket this year because they think Mr. Wilson is less likely than Mr. Hughes to encourage measures abridging personal liberty. Talk of opposing Mr. Hughes as "the Kaiser's candidate" is sheer humbug. As well one might urge the rejection of Mr. Wilson because the Czar hopes he will win. Once concede that the favorable attitude of a foreign ruler does or should operate to the prejudice of a candidate and you admit the power of that ruler to influence an election by ostensibly disapproving of his real choice. Specious negative pleading of that kind is not argument; it is nonsense.

—And yet there does seem to be a difference between Mr. Wilson's attitude with respect to the election and that of Mr. Hughes. I see no objection to Mr. Hughes being, as he expressed it, "100 per cent. candidate." I think he ought to be. But I must say that I liked the announcement from the White House that the President was so wholly engrossed in official duties that he firmly refrained from participating in the political canvass.

—Then you assume that Mr. Vance McCormick's constant consultations with Mr. Wilson bear upon purely public af-

fairs and that the luncheon parties at the White House for State leaders are given for the enlightenment of the President, let us say, upon international problems?

—Well, I——

—Well, don't. Your "difference" is only a distinction. Mr. Hughes considers it advantageous to appear eager to carry his party into power while Mr. Wilson feels that a certain coyness will curry favor with the people. Mr. Hughes has been so long out of political harness that he really has to labor to appear ardent. Mr. Wilson has no such difficulty. He could seem to be 150 per cent. candidate if it seemed advisable. But both may safely be reckoned at par.

—Granting that the most effective Democratic appeal is to the spirit of gratefulness for prevailing peace and prosperity, what are the real issues from the Republican standpoint?

—Patriotism vs. Pacifism. Protection of American Lives and Properties the World Over. True Preparedness. Constructive Policies. Party Government vs. Personal Government. Higher Tariff Duties to Safeguard both Labor and Capital against Foreign Competition. Efficiency. Economy. Personality. Character.

—That sounds good to me.

—Naturally. As you remarked, you are a Republican.

—But you?

—I am still a Democrat; quite still, as David B. Hill once observed, but yet true to my colors. Whether I shall vote for Mr. Wilson, feeling free as I do to form an independent judgment, is not determined in my mind. I am waiting to hear what he has to say for himself. So far Mr. Hughes has been less explicit with respect to the future than I should like but, if such a simile be permissible in view of his former predilections, his blanket has not been off very long. It may turn out, as some suggest, that he is not the man he used to be and maybe never was, but on the other hand we must consider the probable effect of re-election upon what Grover Cleveland called the "selfish and domineering" spirit of Mr. Wilson. The coming month should be a time of meditation and perhaps, in striving for accurate differentiation between two ministers' sons, of prayer.

—I wonder if you would agree with my Finn?

—What does your Finn say?

—"Weel-sen ees not so guhdt. He goes oudt. Now Huhn-gus comes in."

—I neither agree nor disagree. Another month should point the way.

THE "TRAITORS" OF TWO CENTURIES

Roger Casement was a traitor. So much must be conceded, though without conceding that it was well to send him to a traitor's death. There is no valid definition of the word which makes it inapplicable to him. The definition of treason in the Constitution of the United States is of all most lenient and least drastic. Yet under both of its prescriptions, Casement must have been accounted guilty. He levied war against the Government and integrity of his country, and he adhered to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort. All this must be frankly conceded, even by those who were most friendly to him and to the cause which he sought to serve, and by those who most question, deplore or condemn the action of the British Government in putting him to death. It is no charity, nor favor, nor justice to his memory to pretend otherwise.

There are those who say that if he was a traitor, so was Washington. To that we demur. The two cases are not analogous. However the American Revolutionists may have been regarded under the British laws of the Eighteenth Century, they were not traitors according to the American interpretation of the term. They were not traitors even in the brief period before the Declaration of Independence, while after that event they were not regarded as traitors by the British Government of that time. Washington and his colleagues, prior to July 4, 1776, did not levy war against Great Britain in the sense meant by our Constitution in its definition of treason. They were not trying to overthrow it, or to expel it. They were simply resisting with force and arms some of its administrative acts—a very different thing. Certainly they were not adhering to its enemies, for the French alliance was not made until long afterward; and France, after all, was not an avowed or recognized enemy of Great Britain when that alliance was finally made. Rebels our Revolutionists were, but rebellion is not always identical with treason.

So much for the ante-Independence period. After the

Declaration the status was radically changed. In one sense, it is true, the Revolutionists were more like traitors, since they unquestionably were levying war, in the fullest sense, against the British Government, and they were presently adhering to its enemies, giving them, or receiving from them, aid and comfort. Nevertheless, the open establishment of a new and fully organized Government, which was capable of exercising and did in fact exercise the functions of Government, both in authority and in responsibility, placed them rather in the category of sovereign belligerents. Apparently the British Government itself thus interpreted the situation. It sent Howe over to enter into negotiations with Washington, and on subsequent occasions during the war it sought or expressed a readiness to engage in negotiations, and they were negotiations such as a Government does not conduct with traitors. Moreover, it did not punish or treat as traitors, but as legitimate prisoners of war, the Revolutionists who fell into its hands, whether private soldiers or high officers.

A radical difference must be perceived between the methods of the American revolutionists and those of Casement and the Sinn Fein. Had Casement followed the example of Washington, he would have remained in Ireland, and there would have led militant resistance to the abuses and oppressions of the British Government. If, and when, he found such resistance to be ineffectual for inducing reforms, he would have proceeded to organize and to put into practical operation an Irish Government publicly proclaimed as an independent sovereignty. This latter, it is true, was in a measure done by the Sinn Fein. But that was done in a radically different fashion from the corresponding act in America. Moreover, before that outbreak, and before there was any public manifestation of its imminence, Casement was engaged in his intrigues with the enemies of Great Britain.

It cannot be argued that Casement did not recognize the British Government as his, or as the lawful Government of Ireland. On the contrary, he *did* conspicuously thus recognize it. If he had been an avowed opponent of that Government, his status would have been different, and far more favorable—morally if not in legal technicality. But he was not. He was no follower of Stephens, of Michael Davitt, or of O'Donovan Rossa; of Parnell, Biggar or Redmond. On the contrary, he gave every indication of loyal acquiescence

in and support of British rule. He accepted, he solicited, honorable and pecuniarily profitable employment at the hands of the British Government. For nearly a score of years he was an active, conspicuous, useful and presumably loyal officer of the consular service, in Africa and in South America. Also he accepted knighthood and other decorations at the hand of the King. Surely, this was ample recognition of the British Government as his and as Ireland's Government. Down to the beginning of the present war there was no hint nor symptom of his disaffection.

These were the circumstances which made his conduct seem the more surprising and his treason the more flagrant. Even then, had he openly renounced allegiance to the British Crown and joined the enemy, he would have occupied a more explicable and more creditable status. But instead, he engaged in secret intrigues for the seduction of British soldiers and for the assistance of the enemies of Great Britain in a secret attempt to invade the British Isles. A clearer case of treason could hardly be imagined than that which is made out by the acknowledged facts in the case.

All this is said without in the least reflecting unfavorably upon the aspirations of Ireland for Home Rule, or even for entire secession from the United Kingdom and from the British Empire. Those aspirations have been cherished by some of the noblest and best Irishmen, and have commanded the earnest sympathy of men in other lands the world over. But again there are radical differences. Emmet did not seek nor accept an office of profit under the British Crown. O'Connell did not conspire with belligerent enemies of the United Kingdom. It was, with Parnell and his fellow Land Leaguers and Home Rulers, an unbroken rule to accept no office from the Government from which they were trying to separate Ireland. John Redmond has not intrigued with Germany. It was the perfidy of Casement in eagerly accepting for many years emoluments and honors from the British Government, and then insidiously and surreptitiously striving to betray it to its enemies, that made his case so flagrant.

Yet all this, too, is to be said without passing upon the wisdom or the unwisdom—perhaps we might say, the justice or the injustice—of meting out to him the irretrievable penalty of death. From the point of view of political policy—which is not always the most exalted point of view—it is perhaps an open question whether it might not have been

better to treat him with clemency and mercy. Would the sparing of his life have been regarded as clemency and as the generosity of a great Power, or as a confession of weakness and of fear? From a higher point of view—from the standpoint of moral principle—the question is to be considered whether it is well for a Government thus to treat political crimes against itself with the most extreme severity, while at the same time it refuses to take cognizance of even the gravest political crimes committed against its neighbors. There seems to be a possible incongruity in a nation's hanging its own traitors and at the same time giving inviolable asylum to the traitors of other lands so as to prevent them, too, from being hanged.

From another point of view the propriety of the hanging of Casement may be called into question. That is the point of view which has regard to his sanity or insanity, and therefore to his moral responsibility. He was known to be, and always to have been, a man of supersensitive nerves and of extravagant impulses. He served arduously for years in a tropical climate, in precisely such a climate as has notoriously in India caused many a better ballasted man than he to go "off his head"—that is, to have his mental faculties detrimentally affected if not entirely wrecked by intense physical discomfort and suffering, conjoined with hard intellectual labor and an overburdening of his sensibilities and sympathies. Now Casement performed exhausting labors in the Putumayo region; his mind and heart were unspeakably agonized by the contemplation of the inhuman atrocities which he was instrumental in exposing to the world; and it was in a climate of peculiarly maddening torridity. It would require no stretching of the imagination to suppose that these conditions and circumstances united to impair his mental integrity and equally lessen his moral responsibility.

Upon these questions, however, we cannot assume to pass. It is unhappily now too late for any determination of them which could be profitable to him or to the Government which sent him to the scaffold. All that now remains is a profound regret for a most pitiable tragedy, the double tragedy of the unavailing insurrection and of its ruthless repression and retribution; together, it may be hoped, with a heart-searching consideration of treason and its penalties in the Twentieth Century, compared with the Eighteenth and before. Our own nation dealt with treason and with traitors

in 1861-65 very differently from the way it dealt with them in 1776-83. We are inclined to think that the change was as profitable to us in practice as it was creditable to us in sentiment; and we shall not be charged with egoism if we suggest that our example in that respect might be profitable for emulation by all the world.

A TALE OF TWO EMPIRES

One empire falls; another is exalted and confirmed: that is one of the most impressive and not least important reflections caused by current incidents of the great war. It is a fact which will doubtless prove of transcendent importance not only to the two empires concerned, but also to the whole world.

At the beginning of the war Germany had a colonial empire in three of the grand divisions of the world: Africa, Asia, and Oceanica. It comprised a land area of 1,027,820 square miles, or nearly as much as the whole United States of America. It had a population of more than 12,000,000. Much of it was of immense value, both for the intrinsic richness of its resources and for its strategic location. Germany had spent hundreds of millions of dollars upon it, and was just beginning to get returns, with a prospect of almost boundless future profits.

Today she has lost every inch of that magnificent domain, save perhaps a remnant of East Africa, from which she is rapidly being expelled. We may expect any day to hear that her last soldier there has been captured, and that the German flag flies over not a foot of ground in all the world outside of Germany, and German embassies and legations in alien but friendly lands. Seldom in the history of the world has so vast an empire been so speedily, so completely, and so irrevocably lost.

Concurrently there has been a comparably great exaltation and confirmation of the British colonial empire. It was within the memory of men still living that Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, said of Canada, Australia and the Cape: "Those wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks." He lived to think better of it. But at a much later date Lord Morley (then Mr. John Morley) took up the same prophecy. When England became involved

in a serious war, he said, her colonies would refuse men, money, and even sympathy. So, too, Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, predicted the same thing. "I have the implicit conviction," he said, "that if England should ever be engaged in a serious struggle with a Power of strength and means, one of the outcomes would be to detach from her the Australian colonies." We should rather like to hear that repeated now to the Australians who went over and took New Guinea, and to the "Anzacs" who are leading the British battle line at Suez and in France and Flanders!

For the "serious war" has certainly come, the "serious struggle with a Power of strength and means"; and the outcome already is to bind Australia and all the other colonies to Great Britain with bands of brass and triple steel. Practically all this conquest of the German colonial empire has been effected by the British colonial empire. All that Great Britain herself has done has been to hold the high seas, so that Germany could send no succor to her colonies. The British colonials have done the rest. Most notably of all this has been the case in Africa. For the Union of South Africa was the newest and least firmly established of all the great overseas dominions. It was chiefly composed of and was governed by those Boers, of Dutch and French descent, who a few years ago were fighting against Great Britain with a resolution and persistence seldom rivalled in history. The head of the Government was the man who had been chief commander of the Boer army in that war against the British.

Moreover, Great Britain was now involved in war with the Great Power which had been the especial friend of and sympathizer with the Boers in their struggle with her. When Starr Jameson made his mad raid upon Johannesburg, it was the German Emperor who incontinently sent to the Boer President a dispatch of sympathy and encouragement. It is open history that that dispatch was responsible for the subsequent Boer-British war. Down to that time Paul Krüger had been inclined to compromise with Great Britain and to avoid a conflict. But immediately upon the receipt of the Kaiser's message he changed his attitude. Assured, as he thought, of the military support and backing of Germany, he assumed a more defiant and irreconcilable attitude than ever, and rushed into the fatal war with a light and confident heart. And when Germany failed to give him

the support which he had been led to expect, and when the German Emperor refused to receive him when he went to Europe for aid, he died of a broken heart, believing himself betrayed by the very man who had encouraged him to enter the war.

It is known, indeed, that more or less authoritative encouragement of the Boers to resist Great Britain went far beyond the limits of the Kaiser's dispatch to Krüger. It was suggested, both to Krüger and to Steyn, the President of the Orange Free State, that the Boers should expel the British altogether, from Cape Colony, from Natal, and from Rhodesia, and should make all South Africa a Boer Confederation. It was pointed out to them that it would abut at one side upon German Southwest Africa, and at the other upon German East Africa. With these colonies it would enter into close relations, which would be commercially profitable. Also, it would enjoy the political and military protection of Germany. The ultimate purpose was, no doubt, to merge the Boer States into the German colonial empire. To what extent the Kaiser and his ministers were responsible for these intrigues and suggestions may not now be confidently declared. Certain it is that such notions were widely disseminated among the Boers, and had a decisive effect upon them.

With these antecedent circumstances, it would not have been strange if British statesmen had felt some anxiety concerning the course of the South African Union in the present war. If it was felt, however, it was not expressed; and it was soon made evident that there had been no ground for it. The Boers were as loyal as the British themselves. They were practically a unit for supporting Great Britain in the war, and they would have sent an army to France and Flanders had it not been considered, in England as well as in South Africa, better to send it against the German colonies in Africa. So it was thus sent, and not only sent but personally led, by Louis Botha, the Prime Minister of the Union, who had been the generalissimo of the Boer forces in the war with Great Britain. It is that Boer army of Louis Botha's that has driven the Germans out of Southwest Africa, and is now completing the expulsion of them from East Africa.

These things have been of much significance during the last two years, and they are today. But even greater is

their significance for the future. We have spoken of Germany's irrevocable loss of her colonies. It is irrevocable, because it has been inflicted upon her by British colonies, and those colonies are going to dictate the terms of peace at the end of the war, at least so far as the disposition of those spoils of war are concerned. To their dictation Great Britain will assent, because she does not purpose to repeat the disastrous blunder which she made in 1763. In the French and Indian War the French were expelled from the American continent by the people of the thirteen British colonies, precisely as the Germans have been expelled from Southwest and East Africa by the British colonies of South Africa. Those colonies, particularly Virginia, expected, of course, to get the Northwest Territory as spoils of war. Why not? They had conquered it, with their own blood and at their own expense. But Great Britain, with monumental injustice and folly, denied it to them, and annexed it to Canada instead. Historians know well that that was one of the chief causes of the Revolutionary War and of the Declaration of Independence.

Great Britain learned the lesson, and she will not now repeat that blunder. She will let her colonies dispose of the former German colonies as they wish; and we may be quite confident that in no case will that disposition involve return of them to Germany. In the utterance which we already quoted, John Morley said that "it would be a happy day for the Peace Society, that should give the Colonies a veto on imperial war." Again, we should enjoy hearing that repeated to Louis Botha and to the heads of Government of Canada and Australia and New Zealand; and their reply. For the sake of peace-at-any-price, it would be better to give Great Britain a veto on the belligerence of the colonies.

So we must reckon all of Germany's colonies irretrievably lost to her, and at the same time the British colonies welded more indissolubly to the United Kingdom. It is such a contrasting tale of two colonial empires as the world has seldom seen approximated.

ARE WE "THE" AMERICANS?

We are Americans. That is indisputable. By that we mean native and naturalized alike—all but the Hyphenates, who are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor yet good red herring.

But are we " the " Americans, with anything like a monopoly of the name; and are we justified in calling our own country simply " America "? Perhaps the latter question is first to be considered, since in these days the people take their name from the country, rather than the country from the people.

There can be no question as to the official name. It is "The United States of America." That was established by the Declaration of Independence, by the Articles of Confederation, and by the Constitution. (Incidentally, for subsequent consideration, note that it is the United States of "America," and not of "North America.") Beyond doubt that is the name which is to be officially and formally used, in laws, treaties and state papers. But equally beyond doubt it cannot be commonly used, in familiar expression. It would be intolerably cumbersome to do so. Beside, it would be impossible to use such a phrase adjectively, or even in some cases substantively. We could not speak of " the United States of America Navy," or of " a United States of America citizen," but should always have to employ the prepositional form, and speak of " the Navy of the United States of America," and "a citizen of the United States of America."

Obviously, then, for common use we must have some shorter and simpler name. The choice lies between " America " and " The United States," and concerning their comparative merits, propriety, and authenticity there has of late been much public discussion. There has indeed been far more than circumstances warrant, since even cursory consideration unhesitatingly gives preference to the former, and more careful study confirms the choice. No doubt we shall always continue to speak of " The United States." Indeed it is desirable to do so in some cases, particularly in distinguishing between the Nation as a whole and an individual State. We shall and should speak of "the United States Government," and "United States Senators." But this is a term chiefly if not entirely for home use rather than for world-wide use; and even for home use it is not universally applicable. Thus while we may say " I am a United States citizen," we can scarcely say " I am a United Statesman," or " I am a United Stateser." Nobody would dare to use " United States " as the *leit motif* of a national hymn, and not even the most eloquent and impassioned orator could make effective use of it in a patriotic peroration.

In other respects the term is technically unfitting, because it is not specific in its designation. It does not necessarily denote this country. We are not the only United States. The official name of Brazil is "The United States of Brazil." The official name of Venezuela is "The United States of Venezuela." At least two other countries to the south of us formerly employed the same phrase, and may resume it again. "United States" has no geographical significance whatever, any more than "county" or "city." It is all right for a resident of New York to speak of "living in the city," and for a suburban commuter to speak of "going to the city"; but it would be preposterous—and also presumptuous—to speak of New York simply as "the city" when we were in Chicago or San Francisco. It is not the only city, and this country is not the only United States.

Where "United States" fails, however, "America" serves the purpose. True, there are objections made to our exclusive use of it; chiefly by two classes. First, there are some of our Canadian friends who profess to regard it as cheeky for us to call this "America" and ourselves "Americans," since Canada is just as much "America" as is the United States, and Canadians are thus "Americans" just as much as we. Literally and technically, from a purely geographical point of view, that is indisputably correct. Practically, from other points of view, it is quite unconvincing. The obvious answer to it is that neither the Canadians themselves nor any others ever dream of calling Canada "America" or Canadians "Americans." Least of all would that ever be done by those who raise this objection to our use of the name—who are generally of the type which George Ade had in mind when he wrote of the hero of one of his fables: "He may be English, but he is not sufficiently British to be a Canadian." The Canadian who objects to our calling ourselves Americans would be much offended if anyone were to call him an American. He would immeasurably prefer to be called a Briton.

The other objectors are of our own household, and are those estimable and valuable but generally tedious and often impractical persons known as purists. Their objection has a basis similar to that of the Canadians: namely, that other countries, both north and south of us, are "America," too, and their people are therefore also "Americans." Of course the answer to this indisputable but quite irrelevant fact is the

same as that already given in the case of Our Lady of the Snows, that none of these other countries or peoples use the name or want to use it or could be prevailed upon to use it. To this we may add one or two special answers to the purist. If he objects to calling this "America," he must also on a like ground object to calling it "The United States." Nay, he must altogether condemn and denounce our official "United States of America," since South America is just as much America as North America is, and therefore Brazil or Venezuela might as properly be called "United States of America" as we; and we should, more correctly, be known as "United States of North America." But even that would not be quite right, for that would imply that this United States embraced the whole of North America, just as "United States of Brazil" means the whole of Brazil, or "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" means the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. We should therefore have to change it to "United States in North America"; though we are not sure that some ultra-purist would not find fault with that.

The use of "America" and "American" is, on the other hand, approved conclusively and convincingly on several authentic grounds. We might mention that of convenience, which in this case is so strong that it alone would justify the usage in the absence of any other. But there are others. There is, for example, the historical ground. The usage is older than the United States itself. Before the Revolution, as well as during that struggle, the Thirteen Colonies were called "America," to distinguish them from Canada and Florida and Louisiana, and their people were called "Americans." Every schoolboy recalls Chatham's famous speech: "My Lords, you cannot conquer America. . . . If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms!—never! never! never!" Burke and Barre, Fox and Wilkes, and all their colleagues, habitually used the same words in speaking of this country. Nor did we disclaim the usage; on the contrary, we adopted and employed it. "The name of American," said Washington in his Farewell Address, "which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism"; and statesmen and orators and writers who have followed him in time have followed his example.

There is, too, the ground of practice. We have already referred to the fact that no other country calls itself "America," and that no other people call themselves "Americans," or wish to do so. It is equally true that all the peoples of the world recognize those names as belonging to this country and its people, and never apply them to any other, or interpret them as meaning any other. When a man, in London or in Berlin or in Tokio, proclaims himself to be an American, he is not asked whether he comes from Canada or from Argentina. He is recognized instantly and unhesitatingly as coming from the United States of North America. More and more this practice prevails, as the other states on these continents increase in age and importance and thus in attachment to their own local names. No Mexican or Brazilian wishes to lose his specific identity by being called an "American." Applied as at present to this country alone, in a political sense, "America" unfailingly denotes one certain, specific country, and "American" its people. Expanded to apply, in a political and social sense, to all the American continents, the one would denote any of the three dozen separate political entities into which the Americas are divided, and the other any of three dozen different peoples.

Perhaps the matter is not one of supreme and crucial importance to the welfare of the Nation. But since it has been so much brought to the fore, and since "Americanism" is being so much considered, it may be well to make it quite clear that we do not purpose to speak of "United Statesism," nor call ourselves "United Statesmen"; but that we do mean that this country, in a political and social sense, shall be called "America" and its people "Americans"; and that those words shall unfailingy denote nothing other than this country and its inhabitants.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADMINISTRATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS—I

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

NOTHING is so important to the success of a nation in its intercourse with other nations as clearness, firmness, and continuity in the foreign policy of its Government. If foreign policy is to possess these qualities, it must not in any degree be affected by personal or partisan considerations. It must be based solely upon the national interests, with a due sense of the national responsibilities.

So long as a political Administration adheres to this conception of its duty, it deserves the support of every citizen in whatever public action may be necessary. It would be an unworthy and unpatriotic act to weaken the Government in an emergency or to turn a national misfortune to political advantage. There are, however, circumstances that not only justify, but imperatively demand, a critical examination of the course pursued in the conduct of foreign affairs. These circumstances exist when there has been a radical departure from the established policies of the country. If, in addition, there has been a conspicuous failure to defend the rights of the nation or its citizens and to provide for their protection, or to perform the obvious duties of a responsible Government, not merely criticism but public condemnation is demanded. When, however, such aberrations and failures are boldly defended as wise and commendable, and are boasted of as glorious achievements, they become unavoidable political issues, flung into the arena of debate in a manner that renders it impossible to ignore them.

"We challenge comparison of our record," reads the Democratic Platform of 1916, "with those of any party of any time. . . . Our foreign affairs were dominated by commercial interests for their selfish ends. . . . Under

our Administration, under a leadership that has never faltered, these abuses have been corrected, and our people have been freed therefrom. . . . It has made the honor and the ideals of the United States its standard alike in negotiation and in action."

Passing by the calumnious assertion that, prior to the present Administration, "our foreign affairs were dominated by commercial interests for their selfish ends"—which has for its obvious purpose simply to forestall argument by abuse—in a quite different spirit, and with close attention to demonstrable facts, we shall examine in the course of this review the "record" on which are based the boast of a "leadership that has never faltered," and the pretense that the "honor and the ideals of the United States" have been "the standard of this Administration in negotiation and in action."

When we inquire in what specific negotiations and actions this standard has been applied, we receive the answer: "Well, the President has kept us out of war"; as if such a merely negative incident as being "kept out of war," when no nation has desired to declare war upon us, were a complete fulfillment of the demands made by the honor and ideals of the United States!

Peace, without doubt, is one of our most cherished ideals; but no one will contend that a peace that has not been disturbed by threats is anything to boast about. The fallacy now being thrust upon the country is, that there is no middle ground between the course pursued by the Administration and war. These, it is pretended, were the only alternatives, and between them a choice was necessary. Had it not been for the wisdom of the Administration, we are assured, we should have had war! By whom, we ask, were these alternatives presented? By whom, and when, and how, were we forced to this happy choice?

But, unfortunately, the "record" shows that, upon two separate occasions, neither of which demanded warlike action, the Administration has provoked a dangerous situation, and has committed every act characteristic of war, including the invasion of foreign territory and the destruction of innocent lives, and has subjected our soldiers and sailors to every danger and consequence that war involves. That this unavowed belligerency has been characterized by an extraordinary combination of intrusiveness and timidity, of de-

ferred decision and untimely action, and has been so hesitating as to make it ineffectual and so fruitless as to render it inglorious, does not in the least degree redeem these vacillations from being in reality acts of war. And if it be a noble service to have kept us out of war, what shall be said of the blunders that have needlessly involved us in it without a benefit?

There is, therefore, no reason why the most considerate and loyal patriot, having always in mind the true interests of his country, should entertain the least scruple about subjecting the Administration's conduct of foreign affairs to a dispassionate review. On the contrary, in consideration of the extreme delicacy of our relations to other Governments at a time like the present, when the whole future of this republic may be compromised by an error, it is of supreme importance that every citizen should satisfy his mind whether or not the national safety, prestige, and honor have been properly maintained, and to consider whether the course pursued deserves a renewal of confidence by the electorate.

Before entering upon a statement of the specific acts of the present Administration at Washington and of the conditions they were intended to meet, it is desirable to consider the attitude of mind, and the preparation for wise and effective action upon international questions, with which the President approached his task.

Having long been a student of political theories and conversant with the history of the United States, about which he had written ably, the President was exceptionally fitted to set a high value upon experience in diplomacy; a fact which might properly have led him to surround himself with men of experience in these matters. On the contrary, making a clean sweep of the higher diplomatic representatives of the United States, soon after his inauguration, and promptly filling their posts (with some notable exceptions), with political supporters, the President selected for the head of the Department of State a statesman whose eligibility for that office was generally recognized as consisting mainly in the fact that the President owed to him his nomination to that office.

As if to make amends for the lack of experience in the conduct of international business on the part of his Secretary of State, the President named as Counsellor of the Depart-

ment one of the most distinguished international jurists in the country. Had this highly competent authority been placed in responsible charge of the Department, and its decisions left to his judgment, there would, no doubt, have been continuity and consistency in the course pursued; but, for reasons that will presently be stated, the service of this experienced adviser was rendered practically nugatory, except in matters relatively inconsequential; and, after a year of ineffectual effort to serve as a balance-wheel to the erratic energies of his superior officer, this learned and experienced counsellor, finding his advice unacceptable, in despair resigned his office.

In a matter of such vital interest to the country as its foreign relations, it has been felt that the nation should enjoy the benefit of having in its service its best expert talent, and of keeping merely partisan interests and influence remote from the actual work of the Department of State; which should represent the whole country, and not merely the part of it that has won the election. Like the Army and the Navy, the Foreign Office and the Diplomatic Service, when once properly organized should be kept as free as possible from purely partisan influence. It is discouraging, therefore, to read in the learned history of *America's Foreign Relations,* by Professor Willis Fletcher Johnson, an entirely non-partisan work, that with the advent of the present Administration, a change, " lamentable in character and some of its results, was the restoration of the partisan spoils system in the diplomatic and consular service. For a number of years," this writer continues, " the civil service merit system had been increasingly applied to those departments. Men were promoted from place to place in accordance with their deserts, and were retained in the service without regard to political affiliations. But under Wilson and Bryan all that was changed. Some of the most expert and valuable diplomats of ambassadorial and ministerial rank were curtly dismissed to make room for inexperienced men who had been politically useful to the incoming Administration. In some minor yet highly important places, especially in Latin-America, this process was carried to a scandalous extreme. The Secretary of State actually sent out a request to be informed of places to which ' deserving ' members of his own party might be appointed; ' deserving ' having reference only to their partisan and factional labors in pro-

moting his political interests. In at least one conspicuous case this process resulted in the appointment of a man so grossly unfit as to give rise to an international scandal."

There was, however, another radical change brought in by the new Secretary of State, which has received less comment, but has even more vitally affected the interests of the nation and its prestige as an international influence than the one already mentioned.

Secretary Bryan came to his office with the consciousness that much distinction had been already won, and was yet to be acquired, by the advocacy of universal peace. Twice the Nobel Prize had been awarded to distinguished citizens of the United States for their efforts in this direction. Great and powerful organizations had been formed for the promotion of peace, and President Taft had received much commendation for his efforts to advance the cause of the judicial settlement of international disputes, but without compromising the dignity and prestige of the United States.

With a noble infatuation, the new Secretary resolved to outdo all his predecessors. They had advocated courts of justice. He would apply a scheme that would make war impossible. No matter what circumstances might arise, the United States should never meet them with armed resistance. He would create a new era in human history. He would demonstrate that all men belong to one great fraternity, in which brotherly love should dominate over all selfish passions. To accomplish this, only one thing, he thought, was necessary: namely, that some one nation, great in area, wealth, and population, should announce to the world that it was not only perfectly harmless, but was willing, temporarily at least, to endure injury, insult, humiliation and even contempt, if thereby it could convince the world that the total abandonment of armed resistance and foreign aggression was possible to a great and powerful nation. This conspicuous example once placed before the world, every civilized nation, in admiration of such noble conduct, would for very shame mend its morals and manners, and thus produce a universal reign of peace!

By nature an intuitionist, the Secretary considered all this entirely practicable. No one, it appeared, had ever treated international affairs in a strictly generous and neighborly way. He would try it. The " people " everywhere, he believed, would like and approve it. It would be

original, even revolutionary; but so much the better. The Secretary, who had been considered the oracle of his party, was in need of a new watchword. "Free silver" had been repudiated. "Imperialism" had not been taken seriously. "Public ownership of railroads" had received little sympathy from his own party. "Predatory wealth" had not carried him to the Presidency. But "Universal Peace"—that was a sentiment to conjure with!

With little comprehension of the real aims, methods, and ambitions of foreign Governments, and utterly oblivious of the deep antagonisms that were at that very moment brewing the stupendous conflict that has since shaken the whole of civilization to its foundations, Secretary Bryan felt no need of explicit information, and most certainly derived none from the outposts of our foreign service, for a long time wholly absorbed in the details of seeking domiciles in foreign lands, into whose purposes of state they had not penetrated. With a feeling that most Governments were too plutocratic really to represent the "people," he placed his reliance upon the power and disposition of the masses of mankind to overrule mere absolute authority. Taking as his standard the intelligent, independent, and well instructed masses of our American citizenship, he believed all "peoples" to be like them. Their Governments might, perhaps, be warlike, ambitious, and dangerous; but he intended to have the "peoples"—whom he regarded as just, generous, and really devoted to peace—clearly understand that it was with them, and not their rulers, that he desired to deal.

It was a noble aspiration, and does credit to the Secretary's private feelings; but the error was to suppose that private feelings are the materials of which public policies may be made.

Consistently with his theory of the perversity of rulers and the virtue of the ruled, he felt a lofty scorn of all official rules and precedents, and resolved to sweep aside not only all impediments of form and ceremony, but all conventional customs and legal precedents as well, and to deal with nations as he would with his kindly neighbors, believing that, like them, all foreign "peoples" were really good at heart, and would be equally ready to make everything over on a new pattern to be prescribed by him.

Personally, the diplomats all liked Secretary Bryan, as every one does who personally knows his kindly optimism;

but no one at first took him quite seriously. Then it was perceived that, by yielding to his one supreme wish to become the hero of universal peace, all minor matters could be easily disposed of; and, as no one stood in fear of aggression by the United States, there was on the part of other nations no obstacle to embracing an opportunity for exercising a free hand in any direction they chose, with the assurance that the American Government, committed to a policy of inaction and postponement, would in no way interfere with whatever plans and purposes they might have in mind.

It would be incredible, if the facts did not compel the admission of it, that the appointed guardian of the interests and honor of a great nation in its world relations should so far forget the fiduciary character of his position as to believe himself entitled to substitute for settled public policies his own fantasies regarding international relations, and to leave practically out of consideration the responsibility of the nation for the maintenance of existing international law, the right of the nation to equal treatment everywhere, and of all citizens to the protection of their legal rights. What, for example, would be thought of a policeman whose idea of his duty permitted him publicly to announce that on his beat no one would be arrested and no one sent to jail? But this was precisely what Secretary Bryan did. He informed his colleague, the Secretary of the Navy, it was reported, that there would be no need to increase the number of ships in the United States Navy, or ever to use those already in existence; for, while he remained in charge of foreign affairs, there would be no war with any nation!

As all his subsequent conduct shows, Secretary Bryan was most earnest and sincere in making this statement, and was, no doubt, proud to have his intention published at home and abroad.

He was promptly taken at his word, and with equal promptitude he proceeded to carry his theory into execution. The previously existing arbitration treaties, which contained a reservation of questions involving the "independence, vital interests, and honor" of the country, the Secretary found insufficient; for the defense of these might sometime lead to armed conflict, to which he was totally opposed. He, therefore, at once began negotiations with more than thirty Powers, great and small, binding the United States to com-

plete passivity in all circumstances for one year, until a mixed commission had decided whether or not a violated right might be enforced, or a wrong prevented; thus giving to great foreign Powers an opportunity to inflict upon us an irreparable injury, and to small ones a way to escape punishment by subsequent apology or change of Government, in abeyance of our right to take preventive measures at the proper time.

The result of these treaties was that the United States was solemnly pledged, upon its honor, not to resent actively any insult, injury, or humiliation that any one of the adherents to this agreement might for any reason offer, and to rest content with making only a verbal protest until an entire year had elapsed. These treaties made no provision with regard to alliances between the other signatories contemplating possible united action which might involve the interests of the United States. They offered to the United States no immunities or exemptions in case, as a neutral Power, it should be exposed to injury resulting from their mutual quarrels; and the co-signatories made no such agreements with one another as the United States made with them. In effect, therefore, the Bryan treaties simply eliminated from the thoughts and plans of Governments, hitherto restrained by consideration of what action the United States might take, all concern regarding the views or purposes of the Administration at Washington—which, they were assured, would do nothing. And this assurance was perfectly well founded. There was a complete commitment of the United States to a passive policy, regardless of conditions, leaving all the adherents to these treaties free to do to one another, or with one another, and against the interests of this country, whatever they pleased.

Even the moral and advisory influence of the United States was thus seriously impaired; for, with the certainty that immediate action by our Government was out of the question, the advice of the United States no longer possessed any international value. It could not, under the new treaties, employ its military resources, such as they were, even to defend its own rights or those of its citizens until a year of discussion had ended.

The mistake in urging these engagements, by which the United States ceased to be an active agent in international affairs, was not, of course, in the earnest aspiration for uni-

versal peace; but in proclaiming and pledging the passivity of this country at a time when nearly the whole world was about to be involved in war, and when the influence of a nation depended wholly upon a belief in its firm determination to defend its own interests and stand fearlessly for its own principles. It is incredible that any well-informed person could have imagined that such a scheme as that put forth by the Secretary of State could be made universal; or that it would be adopted by any of the Great Powers, not in formal alliance, as between themselves; and the effect has been just what might have been foreseen. It was an act of self-effacement on the part of a great nation in the midst of a world conflict; in which there was no need that it should participate, but which a valiant and self-reliant nation of the magnitude and former prestige of the United States might have influenced in important ways, had it not previously and voluntarily exposed itself to the complete neglect of other nations. Such a Power as the American Republic has in the past sometimes shown itself to be, might have made itself the effective guardian of neutral rights, which have been violated in every manner conceivable. But, knowing beforehand that the United States, whatever happened, would positively take no action, the merely formal protests of our Government have been treated with inattention, and sometimes with open and continued defiance.

One historian has presented this situation even more emphatically than this. "Amidst this unprecedented profusion of irenic efforts," he says, "and probably in part because of them and as a counterblast against them, preparations for the world's greatest war were at first furtively and then openly pushed to completion." Certain it is that, when this conflict began, no trouble was taken to inquire what the position of the United States would be regarding it; and some time before that, several European Powers that had uniformly waited for the action of the Government of the United States before making a decision, openly and unitedly recognized a Mexican Government which President Wilson peremptorily refused to recognize. Before the Administration was a year old, it was evident that the prestige of this Government, which previously had taken the initiative in great world crises, and had been able to promote peace between Great Powers, no longer existed. Ineffectual in its own sphere of influence, as it soon showed itself to be, it had

already become in the Eastern Hemisphere a completely negligible quantity.

What, in these conditions, was to become of the traditional primacy of the United States—as the oldest, largest, and most powerful of the American republics—in affairs primarily American?

In 1913, Salvador, Guatemala, Panama, Honduras, and Nicaragua; and in 1914, Bolivia, Costa Rica, Santo Domingo, Venezuela, Peru, Uruguay, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, and Ecuador, in the order named, were co-signatories with the United States of the treaty providing that all disputes between each of them and the United States, "of every nature whatsoever," should be referred to an International Commission, in which these republics had equal representation; and that no action in any case should be taken for one year.

In this engagement there was no condition named regarding a change of Government; the assumption being that national entity is always persistent, and that the parties bound by this contract are the *de facto* Governments of these republics, whatever they may be. Upon no other assumption could these treaties possess any value or lead to any consequences.

The effect of this agreement theoretically, was, of course, to end the tradition of primacy on the part of the United States, and to place all these American republics absolutely on an equal footing, regardless of their form of political organization, their governmental changes, or their responsibility for their conduct. Practically, however, as an older and more responsible member in this family of states, the tradition of the primacy of the United States could not be wholly ignored; for Europe, debarred by the Monroe Doctrine from meddling with American affairs, held the United States in some degree responsible for law and order in this hemisphere; and it was certain that, as soon as the regulative influence of this Government was wholly withdrawn, that of European nations would take its place.

This obvious fact did not, of course, escape the attention of the present Administration; but its doctrine of passive endurance removed the possibility of effective action, and left the field open for a merely pedagogical intervention, laying down the rules that good republics were expected to obey,

with an intimation that bad ones would be held in disrepute, but overlooking the fact that the Secretary of State had sequestered the rod behind the teacher's desk.

An occasion for the first lesson was the condition of Mexico. The Madero Government, established in 1911, had been confronted with revolt in 1912, and early in 1913 had been overthrown by a counter-revolution. In February of that year, General Victoriano Huerta, one of the ablest of the Mexican generals, having possession of the City of Mexico, Vera Cruz, and a considerable portion of territory, was endeavoring to pacify the country, which contained 6,000,000 Indians, 6,000,000 half-breeds, and about 3,000,000 white men, of whom only about 1,500,000 could read and write, scattered over 2,000,000 square miles, with an average of less than twenty persons to the square mile.

This situation at the close of President Taft's Administration had caused grave concern in the United States. Would Huerta, who had superseded Madero in authority in Mexico, be able to subdue the anarchy of the country, or would it continue? And if it did continue, how would it be possible to prevent American soil from being used as a base of supplies for a chronic revolution? That was a problem that President Taft had been compelled to face, and he had solved it by asking Congress to give him power to suspend the exportation of arms and munitions to any American country that might be employing them for domestic violence. This power was accorded to him and exercised by him, the Huerta control was making rapid progress, and European countries, confident of his success, were supplying him with financial aid; when, on February 23, 1913, only nine days before the expiration of President Taft's term of office, Madero, who had already resigned the Presidency, was shot and killed while a prisoner of state in the City of Mexico.

That the entire Mexican situation was an inheritance from President Taft's Administration, and that President Wilson merely followed his example in the treatment of it, has been repeatedly asserted, with the inference that all responsibility for trouble in Mexico must be attributed to the previous Administration. It is true that President Taft had not recognized the Huerta Government, but it is also true that he had not committed this country to a policy of absolute non-recognition. Without embarrassing his successor in the closing days of his Presidency, he left the question to be de-

cided in the light of Huerta's future attitude and behavior toward the United States, and his *de facto* power and disposition to perform the duties of a responsible Government.

The new Administration pursued an entirely different course. Assuming without conclusive evidence that Huerta was personally responsible for Madero's death,—a conclusion which Huerta himself denounced as a malicious accusation, and of which the American Ambassador to Mexico, the Honorable Henry Lane Wilson, who had spent many years of service in Spanish-American countries, expresses strong doubts,—it not only resolved never, under any circumstances, to recognize a Government of which Huerta was the head, even though he were elected to the Presidency by the Mexican people, but to overthrow and destroy his authority, and supersede it by the organization of a new Government in harmony with Mr. Wilson's own conception of what a truly constitutional Government should be. In this unprecedented course, the action was not only in strong contrast with that of President Taft, who refused in any way to meddle with the internal affairs of Mexico, but a complete innovation upon the traditional policy of the United States: which had uniformly been to leave every independent country free to form and accept such a Government as it is able to sustain, and to hold that Government responsible for the protection of American life and property within its borders, and liable to the payment of indemnity for a failure to protect them.

Whatever his private character may have been,—and it is no concern of ours what it was,—General Huerta indisputably was, and was declared by competent authorities to be, the head of a *de facto* Government having its seat in the City of Mexico. Not only so, but his was the only responsible authority to which an appeal for justice could be made in that republic.

In laying down the novel and dangerous doctrine that he would not recognize any Government in Mexico unless it was *de jure* according to his own standard of constitutionality, the President made himself the arbiter of a people's destiny; and, instead of aiding them in the support of a Government such as they were able to possess, he decreed that they should be subject to continued anarchy until they could evolve out of social chaos a form of Government which he could sanction, to be placed in the hands of men whose private characters he could personally approve.

To carry out such an unprecedented programme, unusual means must be adopted; for the ordinary machinery of diplomacy is ill adapted to such an enterprise. Determined to overthrow Huerta, who was protecting American lives and property, the President, preferring advice from less responsible sources, at first ignored and then recalled the American Ambassador; and, although still maintaining diplomatic relations through a Chargé d'Affaires, began privately to inquire, through insurgent Mexicans, as to who in Mexico could best carry out his purpose to destroy Huerta's Government and establish one to his own liking.

Selecting as his "personal spokesman and representative" in Mexico the Honorable John Lind,—a statesman of Scandinavian origin unfamiliar with the laws, language, and people of that country,—the President instructed him to inform General Huerta that fighting in Mexico must cease; that he must promptly abdicate; that he must pledge himself not to be a candidate for the Presidency of Mexico; that a constitutional election must be held; and that a Government thus constituted, and none other, would be recognized by the United States.

So far as Huerta was concerned, this mission was utterly futile; and Lind, finding his orders disregarded, soon retired to a cloistered retreat at Vera Cruz, where he could hold parley with discontented Mexicans, by whom he soon became convinced that there were influences at work in Mexico which, if fostered and encouraged by the United States, could make serious trouble for Huerta. In the meantime, the latter's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Senor Gamboa, in a strictly diplomatic and highly dignified note, replied, that President Wilson had entirely misconceived the situation; that General Huerta's position as "Provisional President" was strictly in accordance with the laws and Constitution of Mexico; that of the 27 States, 3 Territories, and 1 Federal District composing the Republic, the Government had 18 States, the 3 Territories, and the Federal District under absolute control, with an army of 80,000 men in the field to pacify the other States; that it was practically impossible to stop hostilities in that country so long as rebels secretly obtained arms from the United States (as they were said then to be doing); that the opposition to Huerta was of a wholly unwarranted character; and that the question of the Presidency must be decided at the polls by the Mexican people at

their next election. In reply, Lind was instructed to repeat the demand for a constitutional election, at which Huerta must not be a candidate; adding that, if these conditions were complied with, a loan of money would be supplied by the United States. Gamboa indignantly spurned this type of "dollar diplomacy" as a virtual attempt at bribery; Lind remained at Vera Cruz, to watch the effect of his deliverances; the Chargé d'Affaires continued to reinforce them at the City of Mexico, where he was most kindly treated by Huerta; and, on August 27, 1913, President Wilson announced at Washington, to an acquiescent but somewhat disquieted Congress, his conviction that Huerta should be compelled to retire from authority in Mexico and some other person be selected for the Presidency of that country.

Perceiving that, without the employment of armed force, directly or indirectly, his recommendations were nugatory, he then instituted a system of secret diplomacy unparalleled in history since Louis XV; sending his private agents, responsible to himself alone, into Mexico to ascertain which one of the several rebel leaders would be most effective in overpowering Huerta, and most amenable to his purpose in constituting a new Government for Mexico. In the meantime, six Great Powers had recognized the Huerta Government, and their citizens were taking its securities.

Although the bandit Francisco Villa, at that time well known in Mexico as a professional brigand, and later furnishing the occasion for an invasion of Mexico by an army of the United States,—in preference to Carranza, Zapata, and the others,—was favored by the secret agents as the most auspicious candidate for the political regeneration of Mexico, no effort was made to discourage any of the other insurgent elements, on the principle that the first necessity was to destroy Huerta; yet, at that time, the only safe place for American residents in Mexico was within Huerta's jurisdiction; and wherever his authority was effective, as in the City of Mexico, their persons and their property were as safe as in New York.

As a result of the secret conferences of his agents in the insurgent camps, the President, on December 2, 1913, officially announced to Congress his policy of "watchful waiting"; that is, of waiting to see which of the insurgent forces would succeed in destroying Huerta's Government. On February 3, 1914, in order to facilitate this operation, he officially re-

moved the embargo on the shipment of arms and munitions to Mexico, thus completely reversing the policy of President Taft; and any group of marauders was at liberty to equip itself for the successful looting of the country. Villa was enabled to gather to his standard a large and well furnished army; and, four months after "watchful waiting" was announced, on April 2, 1914, after eleven days of hard fighting, this bandit had captured from the Federal troops the important town of Torreon.

In the meantime, evidence was pouring into the Department of State showing that in the zone of insurgent activity American citizens, unable to obey the Department's injunction to escape from the country, were being robbed and killed and their women violated, in their houses or on the way to the United States; that churches were being desecrated, priests assassinated, and nuns outraged. Upon protestation by a Catholic clergyman that these abominations were the work of the followers of Carranza and Villa, our Secretary of State is said to have retorted, as if in extenuation, that he was informed that the followers of Huerta had committed similar outrages on two American women from Iowa; but he did not say what action had been taken by the Department in that case.

Does the correspondence with the Huerta Government show that indemnity for such outrages was ever demanded? There is no sign in the instructions to Lind that any American interests were to be protected. On the contrary, the instructions read, that he is "to give every possible evidence that we act *in the interest of Mexico alone,* and not in the interest of any person or body of persons who may have personal or property claims in Mexico." There is no published complaint regarding the exposure of life or property within Huerta's jurisdiction.

Repeatedly the Senate has asked for the reports of outrages committed upon American citizens in Mexico and for the correspondence with the Huerta Government, but these requests have been declined as "incompatible with the interests of the United States." Although the exchange of notes with European Governments has been followed by their prompt publication, only a few isolated communications between the United States and Mexico have been published in any form. The private correspondence of the secret agents has never been open even to Congressional inspection. From

other sources, however, we know that Lind was obsessed with the idea that the crux of the Mexican problem was the Anglo-American relations; and that the way to solve it was by the removal of the embargo on arms, thus enabling the insurgents to destroy Huerta's Government, and then to recognize the one that would best please the Government of the United States, Villa being at that time the most promising candidate for that distinction.

That there was united opposition to the President's course in Mexico on the part of the Great Powers, there is no doubt. All were amazed at it, and to some extent resented it. It was not the non-recognition of Huerta's Government, but the attack upon him, which they deplored. They knew that the overthrow of Huerta meant a long period of anarchy in Mexico, unless the United States intervened with overwhelming force to prevent it. That ultimate American occupation was the real underlying purpose was suspected; and, of course, not desired. Still, if nothing was meant but the destruction of an existing Government, with no intention of constructing another, except by the slow, devastating process of Mexican insurgency, what was to become of foreign interests in Mexico?

Were there, then, actual combinations by the European Powers to sustain Huerta, and defeat the Government of the United States? Their archives will some day answer this question. We know that in November, 1913, the *Multicolor*, an illustrated newspaper published in the City of Mexico, brought out a cartoon in which England, Germany, and France were represented as painting the White House green,—the expression "to paint green" being a Spanish idiom for insult and vituperation.

In January and February, 1914, there were other indications of strained relations. When, therefore, on March 5, 1914,—just a year after he had entered actively upon his office,—the President read to Congress, as out of the blue sky, an imperative message, couched in language so extraordinary and so mysterious as to arouse the curiosity of the whole country, it was felt that the nation was facing a crisis, the more portentous because its true nature was in no way explained.

In this message the President demanded the immediate repeal of a clause in the Panama Canal Act, of August 24, 1912, providing for the exemption of tolls for our coastwise

vessels—legislation which his own party platform had specifically approved, and which he himself had personally supported. It had been argued that, in passing from New York to San Francisco, an American coasting vessel was virtually merely skirting the shores of the United States, notwithstanding the fact that its course enveloped the whole of Mexico; but other Powers had interests in Mexico. Was there a united protest filed in Washington regarding exclusive jurisdiction over the Panama Canal as an American possession? It is not intended here to discuss this subject. But we cannot overlook the dramatic form of the President's urgency. "Without raising the question whether we were right or wrong," on the ground that foreign nations took a view of it different from our own, he declared: "I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the Administration. I shall not know how to deal with *other matters* of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure."

Who could deny to the President a request thus urged? Who could refuse, however much puzzled, to come to the rescue of the Administration's foreign policy, so soon menaced with possible disaster? But what necessity made this rescue so imperative? The archives may some day answer. Perhaps the President was merely frightened. In any case, we are left to wonder what could be of "greater delicacy and nearer consequence" than the performance of an international duty, if that were the sole cause for action; unless it might be a national right, if that also was to be considered? And if it was merely a question of right or of duty, why not submit it to judicial determination, and thus forever dispose of it in a legal manner? But a crisis in foreign policy, that required immediate retreat! Who exacted it? For what purpose was it exacted? What permission, otherwise to be withheld, was to be obtained for it? The country has not been informed. Perhaps the immediately subsequent action of the Government at Washington may throw some light upon it.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

(To be concluded)

THE MYSTERY OF WOODROW WILSON

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I

Once upon a time, and not so long ago, there was a Governor whose heart fairly ached for democracy. To all the world his door stood ajar. Rich and poor, contented and discontented, the powerful and weak, the prosperous and oppressed, came and stood upon his threshold, beholding freely who was within. However lowly, the suppliant found his way to the side of the all-powerful to state his hopes, to plead his case. Within this council-chamber men planned by day and by night to unbind a pinioned democracy, and always the Governor showed the way to rout special privilege, to check injustice, to right wrong, that the people should more and more come into their own. When he left this room the Governor gladly went forth among those who had sent him there; "to them," he said, "I must account," to them he averred he had no higher aims than to draw the bone and sinew of the Commonwealth into its councils, and himself to reflect their views. So to his aid there flocked men of all kinds, among them those who had stood aloof from politics as from something unclean. These gave of their hearts, of their enthusiasms new-born, of their unselfish selves, of their means and their precious time, thanking the heavens for this prophet of the people, who, Allah be praised, was not one of those to pretend friendship merely to profit by men's votes.

So the praise of this Governor spread throughout the nation, and soon from beyond the limits of his State men appeared before him to say: "You shall lead us all; we, too, would taste of the New Freedom." And the champion of democracy said: "I shall serve as you will"; so that the day came when he took his place in the very topmost seats

of the mighty, and men everywhere rejoiced that here was no friend of the unrighteously great, but of the just and the righteous, one whose thoughts and acts would be known of all men. Did he not dwell and work in the open? Could not the humblest present their own petitions? Was it not familiar to all with whom he labored?

II

There are many mysteries connected with Woodrow Wilson. For the explanation of some, we must surely await the historian and psychologist of the future with access to letters and diaries, documents and State papers now sealed or marked "confidential." But the greatest mystery of all is the transformation which came over this man the day he became President and was no longer Governor. When he closed the door of his office in Trenton, he locked and left within Woodrow Wilson the accessible tribune of the people, and from that day became Woodrow Wilson the least accessible and most secluded of all our Presidents. It was not merely that he was oppressed by the magnitude of his new task; not that the office of President has grown enormously in routine duties since the days of the last Democratic President; not that a private bereavement soon bore him down; not that a physical strength none too great must be husbanded, nor even that problems of State almost unparalleled in their gravity and import took their toll of hours for waking and for sleeping. These all had their influence, but at bottom it was the policy that was changed; his own relationship to this new office was controlled by a different theory from that which ruled at Trenton.

Thus, he no longer worked in any degree in the open; he sought council of fewer and fewer; his door no longer stood ajar; even his Cabinet knew him not for days and weeks at a time, becoming often a mere chorus of ratification. Visitors and volunteer advisers were no longer welcome—more than that, they were under suspicion of some ulterior motive. The burden of proof that they were not secretly in the pay of the magnates of Wall Street rested upon them. Notably has this been the case with those having knowledge of Mexico. To have capital invested in that country is as effective a disbarment from the Presidential ear as to be doing business in Wall Street itself. Our leading financiers have

been denied a hearing—to their complete puzzlement. "We do not want to grind axes, we do not want to ask anything. We merely wish to have the same right as the labor leaders to present to the President our point of view," they said. In vain. Wilson must be beyond suspicion. He will not stoop to smuggle captains of industry into the White House by the back-door as Mr. Roosevelt and, on occasion, as Mr. Taft did. They are beyond the pale and must be kept there. More than that, the President in a recent speech has made it clear that success in business puts one without the Presidential ken. For in that address he stated that he did not care to hear from men who had done well under present conditions; that when he wished to get a real insight into conditions he wanted to hear from the little fellows who were bucking the tide and the currents that make against success.

But there are still other tests employed to keep men and women out of the White House. Can they interest the Presidential mind? Have they anything to give to one who communes so freely with himself and works out such vital problems of State on his little typewriter? If not, they may cool their heels in Mr. Tumulty's outer office as long as they please. It availeth them not. Some of the strongest and most loyal supporters of Mr. Wilson have been denied a word with him, and the sole explanation is the Presidential theory that they had nothing to give him. Here we have considerable light on much that is puzzling. The President seems never to ask what *he can do for others,* particularly for those who have worked for him with complete and devoted enthusiasm. Their homage is accepted; but it never occurs to Mr. Wilson that there might be a reciprocal obligation. He never realizes how much a friendly handclasp, a pat on the back, a word of whole-hearted praise would do for one laboring by day and by night in his service or that of the party. So he has been a stranger even to his own lieutenants.

On going to Washington in May, 1915, I met an official of high position in one of the departments, in whose hands were matters of the utmost moment. His confidential reports would profoundly have affected the whole country had they seen the light of the day. They were constantly placed upon the President's desk. Yet I found that this official had never seen the President except to shake hands with him in the line-up at an official reception. Had the President but once

sent for him and merely said: "You are doing splendid work; I appreciate it more than I can say, and I am proud to have you in my Administration," he would not only have bestowed a just reward on a deserving official, he would have made happy a devoted personal follower, and what is more important, he would have stimulated to even better efforts a highly important officer of the Government. This is not an exceptional case. It is characteristic; and it is the more extraordinary because Woodrow Wilson was once a football coach, in which position the value of team-play is certainly not underestimated. Dozens of similar cases could be cited. Even diplomatic officers returning from positions on some of our international "fronts" with first-hand information have been thunderstruck to find that their opinions were neither sought nor desired by the White House.

Take the case of the Federal Reserve Board. The creation of the system of which it is the head is one of the very great constructive achievements of the Wilson Administration. A year after its appointment its members had never met the President save at an official reception to which they were not even invited until the attention of some White House functionary was called to the presence in Washington of this highly important new board. It never occurred to the President to send for them in order to talk over their work, to stimulate them with his own personal interest, to learn of their problems and perplexities at first hand. So they began and carried on their duties without any personal contact with the man who appointed them and to whom they were responsible. Toward members of Congress his attitude is similar, save that these gentlemen are sent for when the President wants them to do something for him—to put through some legislation or to cease in their opposition to something which the President in his closet has decided that the party must do before the election.

One of the President's warmest supporters tells an amusing story of a fellow-Congressman who came to him two years after the President's inauguration to ask him to get an appointment with Mr. Wilson. The man approached said: "Why, all you have to do is to go to Tumulty and tell him you want to see the President and he will fix you up." "Nothing doing," was the reply. "I have tried that half-a-dozen times. Tumulty promises, but nothing happens. Now you see I have got to go back home for several weeks. All

the folks home will be asking me: 'Well, Abner, how does the President talk to you about this German business when he sees you?' So far I have bluffed them. But if they should get on to the fact that I've never seen Wilson to speak to him it would end my chance of re-election, for they would be saying: 'If Abner ain't never seen the President there is sure something wrong with Abner that the President knows about!'" Being completely self-sufficient, it never occurs to Mr. Wilson that a word of instruction or inspiration or praise or just a bit of human interest in them would mean much to appointive officials, or that elective ones might suffer innocently because of his complete indifference to them until they became pawns in his game.

It must be said in Mr. Wilson's favor that he plays no favorites beyond one or two intimates. Men who expended large sums for him in 1912, who nearly worked their heads off for him in New Jersey, have all experienced equality of treatment at his hands. The Jerseymen have not, it must be admitted, always appreciated this, but that is merely because they, too, are a little bit puzzled by the mystery of the President's transformation. They have found it hard to understand that the old cordial relationships of New Jersey could not be maintained with dignity in Washington; that they must wait for weeks, perhaps, for an appointment, and that the Woodrow Wilson they knew did not leave Trenton. Rank and power Mr. Wilson certainly does not bend the knee to, whatever other Presidents may have done. The Democratic chairman of one of our greatest States, on reporting his presence in Washington to the White House, was once asked to wait over until the next day to see the President. He did so at some personal inconvenience—and found himself in the Tuesday morning public line-up, behind the Grand Army man who lost a leg at Shiloh and in front of the nonagenarian who has voted "for every President since Tyler, sir." The President said: "How do you do, I hope you're well," to the Chairman with just the same cordiality and warmth with which he greeted the veteran and the veteran voter—whereupon the chairman took the train home, wondering why he had been asked to sacrifice those twenty-four hours.

Sometimes, however, the President's refusal of himself to others has more important results. Thus there was a Governor once, who, being in Washington, thought to avail him-

self of the time-honored gubernatorial privilege of seeing and talking with the Chief Magistrate as to the state of the Union. At first it seemed as if his quest would be successful. Then something happened in the inner office. Was it the question: "What has he to give me?" Possibly. At any rate the Governor went his way without a glimpse of the head of the nation. I have always wondered whether the Governor did not remember this happening when, a few weeks later, the President was asking this selfsame official to spare the life of a convict of international interest, only to have his request refused. The Cabinet, as already indicated, does not come in for many special privileges. There are, of course, wicked persons to suggest that there are some members of his Cabinet even a President ought to be forgiven for ignoring. But it is a fact that some of his ablest ministers have known him only in so far as the routine of their offices demanded his attention. One of the strongest assured me that he had never been asked for an opinion in three years save at Cabinet meetings—not even during the *Lusitania* crisis was he asked to an informal consultation, or invited to give his views.

In his handling of the *Lusitania* crisis we can see clearly the theory of the office of President maintained by the author of *Congressional Government* and *Constitutional Government in the United States*. The writer of this article believes that Mr. Wilson laid the country under a lasting obligation by his successful handling of that situation, and that history will accord a high place to the extraordinary series of *Lusitania* notes about which it is now the fashion to sneer. But even an admirer of this fine statesmanship may look with uneasiness upon a policy by which in so great a crisis the way out is found in almost solitary communion. Mr. Wilson held no Cabinet meetings at that grave time save to lay before his Constitutional advisers for their approval the fruits of his mediation. In between whiles he scarcely saw them—not even the Secretary of State. Some telephoned to him; others wrote him letters carefully considered, with drafts enclosed of the replies they would advise. At the time of the first note the popular unrest over this evident failure to take counsel led the White House *entourage* to dwell strongly upon all the evidence of contact between the President and his advisers. But that was offset when Mr. Wilson, in the midst of the crisis, went to Cornish and secluded himself absolutely for

twenty-five days—a Presidential happening one must go far back in our history to parallel, if it can be paralleled at all. During this entire time no visitor crossed the threshold to discuss public affairs.

Out of all this, comes the patent fact that Wilson government is one-man government, of a different type from the Roosevelt brand, but none the less government by an individual to a most unusual extent. It is not party leadership, but party dictatorship.

If any one doubts this, let him recall how the Democratic party has been committed by Mr. Wilson personally to various new policies. Until he swung the Democratic party to advocacy of a large army and navy, to the government by protectorate of Hayti and San Domingo, to the purchase of the Danish West Indies, the Democratic party had always been the anti-imperialistic party, as shown by its record on the Philippines and by its consistent opposition to large military forces. When Mr. Wilson decided, for political reasons, that the time had come in 1915 to reverse his position of December, 1914, in regard to "preparedness," he neither took a vote of his Cabinet nor of the party leaders as to whether the historic party policy should be changed. It is also characteristic that at this time he refused to receive a group of citizens, composed chiefly of his supporters, who wished to urge him not to change his position. Now whether one approves of the change or not, whether "preparedness" is wise or foolish, it is obvious that this kind of leadership is not responsible party leadership, nor does it seem wholly compatible with the theory that the President is merely in office to find out what is the people's will—which is Mr. Wilson's opinion so frequently expressed. Similarly, his changes of base in the matter of the Trade Commission, of woman suffrage, a child-labor law, and the tariff itself—to mention only a few of his complete reversals of policy—were made by Mr. Wilson himself without party consultation. The question has not been: Ought the Democracy to confess that it has been wrong heretofore, and that after careful deliberation it had decided to take the back track; but, apparently, whether, in the view of Mr. Wilson and his immediate following, more votes were to be gained from Progressives or Republicans by stealing these or those particular clothes from the enemy. In other words, the President's policy appears to be purely opportunist as well as purely individual in its initi-

ative. As a result, members of Congress have actually been afraid to utter the usual campaign speeches in Congress during the last few months for the familiar circulation in the fall (under frank) at home, lest the President in his bedchamber change the party policy overnight, and thus leave them advocating something the President had discarded in the name of Democracy and democracy. It is a far cry from the day when Grover Cleveland, on being told that his advocacy of a tariff for revenue only would make certain his defeat, assured the party leaders that he preferred defeat if need be. What a glorious and how unheeded a lesson!

The mystery of the change in Mr. Wilson is intensified by his treatment of the Washington newspaper men. The first day upon which he greeted them as a body they were to be his bosom friends. Did they not have unequalled opportunities for telling him how their home-constituencies—by whose will he was to be ruled—were thinking? Would they not be his wireless antennæ recording for him the throbbings of the political ether? Unfortunately these unofficial ambassadors of the plain people had a habit of asking searching questions—there are some pestiferous Republicans among them—which were not welcome to the man who, obviously ill at ease, stood by his desk, flanked by a stenographer and two secretaries, to parry those questions as best he might. Soon there were subjects about which the correspondents were forbidden to ask any questions—for State reasons. Next, the conferences became irregular, and finally they ceased altogether in July, 1915. The last one was held on the day of the acceptance of Mr. Bryan's resignation, when a group of puzzled correspondents endeavored in vain to ascertain whether it was a Cabinet resignation which was holding up the then-pending note to Germany.

It is now reported that in deference to political exigencies and to the urging of Vance McCormick these conferences are to be resumed. Nothing can make them a success, for the element of mutual trust and cordial friendship is lacking. Who shall explain the mystery of this change in attitude as contrasted with that which existed in Trenton? To the correspondents who then worked with him, writes one of them,—David Lawrence, in *The Independent*,—Gov. Wilson "was friendly and intimate. He joked and told stories. He was not cold and detached. He was warm-hearted, alert—a common man, breathing common aspirations." The pity of it is

that it is the President who loses. He was right in 1913: the Washington correspondents can be of enormous usefulness to a man in high office if only they are rightly handled and confidence is placed in them by one who does not think himself too vastly superior to them to profit by their aid. There is much in the old fable of the lion and the mouse.

Unfortunately, what is true of these relationships is true of Mr. Wilson's life in the White House. It is reserved and retired, and notably so in contrast to the Roosevelt régime, during which the White House itself and its frequenters were at the high-water mark of interest and variety. Although a Southerner, and for so long a college president supposed to keep open house for faculty and students, Mr. Wilson entertains but little. In this respect the high hopes built upon his second marriage seem not to have been fulfilled. His early choice of a remote Summer home in Cornish was such a mistake that his devoted White House followers, to whom Mr. Wilson is indeed a hero, are understood to have rejoiced mightily when the Summer house on the New Jersey shore (which has not been occupied at this writing) was offered and accepted. It is true that at Trenton he also entertained little, but then his circumstances were different. What his warmest admirers have kept on hoping for is that others besides themselves might have access to that *bonhomie* they enjoy, and might thus be disabused of any idea that the President is a mere thinking-machine without any heart and interested in people only so far as they have something to give. The luncheon, and particularly the White House luncheon, is a great counter-irritant, a solver of many problems, a salve for many sores. It has been little used by Mr. Wilson, and its absence is perhaps one reason why so many Representatives and Senators feel that they exist in the Executive's opinion only to be sent for when the President thinks there is something that they can do for him. Whether or not this is due to an inability to find congenial intellectual companionship, and because no other kind is tolerable, the aloofness of the President is the lasting regret of all his friends.

If Mr. Wilson's failure in these relationships of official life merely affected himself they could readily be dismissed as the individual idiosyncrasies of a great man, and no public man is without weaknesses and shortcomings. But these Wilson traits have a distinct bearing on the future of the

Democracy. They must be taken into account by any voter who would forecast the kind of President Mr. Wilson would be in a second term, when the temptation will be behind him to lower the public service by bestowing offices for political reasons, by surrendering to organized labor, as in the matter of efficiency in the Government service, by frequently reversing his positions. They throw, moreover, an important light upon Mr. Wilson's attitude toward his office, his whole theory of the Presidency and his use of the executive power.

Indeed, their significance ranges far beyond the fortunes of Woodrow Wilson himself: for they explain why it is that whereas there were once notable bodies of young Cleveland men, like the Reform Club group in New York, there has been no similar raising-up of young Wilson men to carry on the standard in the years to come. There was a beginning in the early efforts to oppose Tammany Hall, but with the surrender to Murphy, as illustrated by the Johnson case, no more is heard of a reform Democracy in New York. As for the leader in the White House, no fair man doubts his extraordinary ability, his frequent lofty statesmanship, his rare wit, his unbounded power to charm when he will but unbend. He can rise to great heights both in words and deeds. Despite many base anonymous rumors, his private life is all that it should be. It may well be that Mr. Wilson will be re-elected because of his undoubtedly great services, notably, of course, in keeping us out of the war. But if he is, it will be a curious case of a President being chosen again who is unloved by his party or by the grateful masses of his countrymen.

The tragedy of it is that there are those who ought to know who believe that the President desires nothing so much as to be loved, not for what he has achieved, nor for his intellectual powers, but for himself alone.

III

Once upon a time there was a President who took office amid the plaudits of men everywhere who cried: "Behold, there is one set over us who thinks not of himself but yearns for us." They thronged from all sides, murmuring to one another that if they could but touch the hem of his garments they would be his servitors for life, and thinking that if he would but speak to them it would be as manna from Heaven. Too long had they been governed by men who served them

only for what they could get out of those who trusted them. They would ask no reward, they said, for they wanted none. They felt that to serve this new leader was reward enough. Did they not, in aiding him, but aid themselves and the cause of freedom and justice? And they loved him the more for the enemies he had made when he took up their wrongs. But soon the one within the white temple denied them nearly all, and one by one these ardent ones fell away from him, going back to their avocations, with their hearts sad within them. No longer did they see a Mecca at Washington. The high hopes in the hearts of these men, that there was one to lead them into the promised land, seemed to have come to naught. The covenants of the prophets, they cried, are no longer his; these are new ones made by himself that he worships. Then how can we, his disciples, know which are the true covenants, since they all glimmer and dissolve as we view them? And behold, he now strikes hands with those whom but the other day he cast out from among us as unclean.

He is wise, O Lord, and great, they prayed. But upon whom shall we now cast our eyes?

Oswald Garrison Villard.

THE FUTURE MECHANISM OF WARFARE

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

While the nation is awake to the needs of defense, what constitutes defense is a matter of infinite dispute. There are some who believe that the investment of millions in capital ships is a grave mistake, in view of the potentiality of the submarine. There are others who imagine that the establishment of a standing army of several hundred thousand men will be an adequate safeguard against the attack of invading forces. It is a curious thing that such an ultra-technical question as defense should be in the hands of the people, and as long as it remains in the hands of the people, programmes of defense will be merely a matter of political compromise, and will never fulfill the scientific requirements that are imposed upon us through the organization of enemy forces.

In considering the question of the defense of the United States, there are two main propositions involved: First, the problem of what materials as weapons we need in our defenses; and second, what form of organization there shall be in the handling and development of these materials.

To best understand what future warfare is likely to bring about in the development of machines of destruction, it is necessary to study its history up to the present. It is an interesting thing that while man has shown infinite originality in the development of weapons, he has shown none in his methods of fighting. With all the vast changes in material that have taken place since early history, there has been, as Admiral Mahan said, no change in the principles of strategy. The same principles of the disposition and concentration of forces apply today as in the Napoleonic era. Coupled with this adherence to the old principles of handling forces is the maintenance of the same methods of destruction

which were used by the earliest fighters. Artillery has developed from David's sling, through the *ballistae* of the Romans and the early cannons of the Middle Ages, to the fifteen-inch rifle mounted on the *Queen Elizabeth*. We are still battering each other with missiles, but with far more precision, greater range, greater rapidity of fire and greater destructive effect. It was a brilliant conception when the first man propelled his projectile by the explosive force of gun powder, yet years of experimenting and the work of hundreds of men were necessary to give to artillery the position it occupies in modern warfare. In the field artillery at Gettysburg the battery firing the greatest number of rounds during the day aggregated only 77 shots; while against a Liège fort the Austrian howitzers, hidden seven miles away, fired fifty tons of high explosive shells a minute. The effect of the howitzers was to kill seventy per cent of the garrison and seriously to injure the rest. It was an equally brilliant and revolutionary conception when some Dutch inventor of the Sixteenth Century conceived the idea of filling bullets with explosives so that, instead of merely perforating the target with a hole the diameter of the shot, there would result an explosion, the effect of which would be vastly more damaging. Today it is a curtain of fire, an iron curtain of thousands of explosive shells, that sweeps the enemy's lines. The gun is the supreme weapon of destruction.

In considering the specific problem of the defense of the United States, the naval question is perhaps of chief interest. It is upon the highroads of the oceans that we shall probably meet our enemy, and it will be a naval battle that will mark the opening of the campaign. Upon the seas we employ the same agency of destruction as on land, namely, the gun. About the gun has developed all the intricate mechanism of naval warfare. In order to use it effectively, since the days when ships grappled with each other and the conflict was hand to hand, man has sought for a suitable gun-platform. The super-dreadnought of today is the culmination of hundreds of types of ships, each in its way an experiment to better the naval gun-platform.

In the days of the sailing ships of the line, the problem of placing the ship or gun-platform in the most advantageous position to attack the enemy was determined largely by the direction of the wind. With the advent of steam this factor was eliminated, and with equally balanced fleets the issue

today depends largely upon the ability of the opposing admirals. We started with over-armored ships of low free-board and poor seagoing qualities, carrying small armaments, and have now arrived at seaworthy, high-sided vessels of remarkable speed, carrying tremendous armaments. To produce these vessels, capable of keeping the seas and fighting under all conditions of weather, is a task not easily achieved by even the greatest naval designers. When one thinks of the thousands of tons of weight that a battleship carries in its large guns and turrets, and realizes that in a modern ship this weight is carried many feet above the water line, it seems astonishing that the vessels do not capsize. Moreover, when one considers that it is highly desirable to secure the greatest possible stability in these ships to attain accuracy of fire, then it is obvious how difficult must be the designing of the hull. Today this increase in armament is such that the weight of one shell of 13½-inch rifle on a modern dreadnought is greater than the weight of the whole broadside of Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*.

Positioning the guns of a ship so that the maximum may be brought to bear at a given time was also a question of great moment. Hundreds of new designs have been made in different types of ships, but the United States Navy solved the problem most effectively in positioning its large guns along the center line of the vessel, to allow their concentration in broadside fire. The cannon of the early fighting ships had but a limited scope of movement or arc of fire, and as early as the Spanish Armada the relative arc of fire of the ships' batteries proved of immense importance. Authorities now believe that one factor that contributed to England's victory in this battle was the larger gun ports of the British ships, which allowed a more flexible training of their armament.

In the earlier history of the capital ship, it was held that the ideal to be attained was invulnerability rather than destructive superiority; more stress was laid upon the armor protection of the vessel than upon the effectiveness and power of its armament. However, the introduction of rifled guns and shells carrying bursting charges of explosives finally overcame the attempts to protect the ship as a whole. Today the armor protection is limited to those parts constituting the vital organs of the vessel.

The importance of the big gun, and the final proof that

ship development has been along the right lines, can be found in the two most important modern naval conflicts: the Battle of Tsushima, where the Russian fleet received its main injuries from the Japanese twelve-inch "portmanteaus"; and the recent Jutland fight, where the ranges were such that it was again the large guns that governed the action. Naval tactics have been developed to enable the full gun power of a fleet to be used against an enemy. Gun power has been increased to strike the enemy at long ranges, to out-range him and to gain a moral and physical superiority over him before he can close to shorter distances. Salvo fire has been developed to simultaneous fire of the large guns, and to a delivery of tremendous, crushing blows in such volume and with such rapidity that the enemy has no time to repair his damages.

It is natural that with the evolution of the capital ship, inventors should exercise their ingenuity in the development of weapons to destroy it. This need was recognized many years ago, and developmental work on the submarine may be traced back as far as 1578, work on the submarine mine to 1585, and the first developments of the automobile torpedo to 1864. It has taken years for these weapons to achieve their present position of importance in naval warfare; they were designed and expected to annihilate the capital ship, and yet today, after these many years, they have only limited its potentiality. In spite of the predictions of Sir Percy Scott, the submarine has, in actual battle, proved to be of secondary importance. Even the submarine's most ardent advocates must admit its impotence in the recent Jutland fight. Though Admiral Beatty's squadron ran through a flotilla of German submarines, not a battle cruiser was touched. Yet in the Mediterranean and about England the seas are netted against submarines. Behind these nets the fighting ships of the Allies can rest; outside of them, they must be constantly on the alert. The submarine unquestionably has a moral effect, and this is an important factor in war. In the Jutland fight the automobile torpedo proved more effective in the tubes carried by high-speed surface vessels than in the submerged tubes of the so-called "daylight" torpedo boats; yet in spite of the heroism of the commanders of the destroyers during the daylight, but few torpedoes got home. However, the potentiality of the torpedo made itself felt after dark, and it was for fear of this weapon that Jellicoe

kept in leash the grand fleet, and did not press his advantage over Von Scheer.

From this hurried survey of some of the main features of military history, we can get an inkling as to the probable developments of the mechanism of war in the future. It will be many years before there is a weapon to supplant the gun—so many years, that those of this generation need have no doubts that the expenditure of appropriations for capital ships is a sound investment. Artillery, whether it be on land or upon floating platforms, will be the means wherewith we shall batter our enemy. The United States must have these great floating batteries, which will constitute the iron wall of our protection. We must build larger capital ships, in spite of alleged "docking difficulties," and the opposition to the investment of large sums in single fighting units. Though presenting a larger target for torpedo attack, the bigger ship is less vulnerable, for the reason that its structural subdivision is greater and the effect of a submarine explosion is more localized. In the Jutland battle, the *Marlborough,* though torpedoed, was able to continue in action, using her broadsides with great effect. The capital ships should be supplemented by other types of vessels—as the high-speed battle-cruiser, capable of undertaking a running fight with the enemy's battleships, capable of forming the head of the battle line, and constantly maintaining a position of tactical advantage, as did Beatty in the Jutland fight. The commander of slow ships can have but little initiative; he must wait for the thrust of the enemy, and then parry. His opponent plans the battle. In the larger ships we should develop our hitting power to a maximum in the muzzle energy of our guns. The history of naval war has shown that superior armament is the best armor.

The best answer to the submarine is the high-speed motorboat. Whatever development may be made in the motive-power of the submarine, it never can equal the speed of a small surface craft. The surface submarine destroyers could be equipped with types of high explosive shells closely resembling the "mine" fired from the trench mortars in Europe. The detonation of several hundred pounds of high-explosive under water in the close vicinity of a submarine will be one of the most effective means of securing its destruction. As further protection for the floating gun-platforms there will be the torpedo-boat destroyers which have

proved so valuable during the present war. For scouting purposes there should be developed a flying-boat, with emphasis on the boat. This flying machine should be capable of operating from, and landing safely on, a rough sea. With their tremendous speed, they would prove far superior to the scouting ship.

The size of the United States Navy can never be determined by the United States—it must always be determined by the other nations. In the Pacific we have a potential adversary, and in the Atlantic a combination of several hostile navies may develop. We have a Pacific and an Atlantic fleet. Separating them lies the Panama Canal: for it is ridiculous to imagine that the Canal will be a short cut for one fleet to reinforce the other in the case of sudden conflict—the welfare of the Nation should not depend upon a few hundred pounds of high explosive, a charge quite sufficient to disable this waterway.

Finally, in regard to future developments, the potentiality of the submarine should be greatly enhanced, by increasing its size, multiplying its torpedo tubes, and firing them in salvos. The difficulty of hitting with the torpedos is due principally to the long period of transit from base to target, and that means that in order to obtain greater certainty of hits, we must fire them "en masse," but always under the control of special sighting instruments. A further development of the submarine by largely increasing its tonnage will be its possible use as a transport. A leading submarine engineer, who has devoted much study to the subject, considers it practicable to construct these vessels up to 600 or 700 feet in length, fitting them with accomodations for transporting troops. While this may not be of such specific interest to us, since we are not considering ourselves as possible invaders, nevertheless it would be of considerable importance should it be made use of by an enemy. It would be an inestimable advantage to any fleet operating against our coasts if its transports possessed the inherent power of protecting themselves by submergence. This would leave the enemy fleet free to use its full offensive power without the hindrance and the burden of protecting helpless troop ships. Thus the enemy would not need a great naval supremacy to attempt the invasion of our shores. It is not likely, however, that the submarine will ever develop into a carrier of large guns, for in order to be an efficient gun-plat-

form, it would have to lose those qualities that make it a successful submersible.

It is fortunate that at last some recognition has been given by the present Congress to aeronautics. Without an adequate aeronautical branch in the army and navy, the nation is blindfolded during a war. The aerial coastal patrol system which I proposed recently has become a reality. Its work will be to supplement the navy in the location of enemy forces. It will be a winged sentry, whose warning will hurry the mobile land forces to meet the enemy's landing operations. For this purpose—always keeping in mind the omnipotence of the gun—we should have hundreds of miles of strategic roads leading to positions available to the enemy for disembarkment. Over these roads, which can be quickly repaired in case of damage from enemy fire, motor-drawn howitzers will operate. These howitzers would fire large-calibre shrapnel upon the landing forces. Squads of motor-bicycle machine-guns would also operate upon those roads and prove their potentiality in checking the enemy.

All the leading nations understand that the key to world power is the command of the seas. Any weapon to limit the potentiality of naval power, such as the wireless torpedo, the submarine, and the mine, will therefore be of paramount interest. Millions of dollars will be spent in the development of these weapons, and it is a paradoxical situation that the nations should be forced to develop instruments that will tend to limit their own naval aggressiveness. Napoleon was beaten by the allied fleets; the resources of Wilhelm II are being cut off by the ships of his enemies. We cannot feel that because our ambitions are not for territorial aggrandizement, sea power has no interest for us. In the present state of industrial development, all nations are interdependent. A blockade of our coast would not starve our citizens, but it would close our factories. It is for this reason that we must have a fleet on both oceans, large enough to meet any enemy and to take the offensive against him. Defensive wars are losing wars.

The great problem in preparedness today is not the matter of how many ships we shall build, nor the number of men that we shall have in our standing army. It is a question of whether a nation of civilians, ignorant of the technical requirements of war, shall have the power to control the development of its means of defense. Every in-

dustrial enterprise employs experts, and bases its development upon their opinions and its financial resources. From a survey of the past we have seen how the expert has guided the development of weapons along logical lines and brought them to their present high state of efficiency. Today the War and Navy Departments have far too little influence upon the ultimate development of the service they are supposed to control. In the throes of war, the people's destiny will be thrust into the hands of our admirals and generals. They will be forced to protect us with an equipment in which they have but little confidence, for it will be an equipment produced, in many cases, by political compromises, and not by technical knowledge.

Under the stress of the European war there is a sentiment for preparedness throughout the United States which will probably last until peace is declared. This sentiment has produced an Army and Navy bill. These bills have merely accelerated our military and naval increase to keep pace with the building programmes of certain other countries. The greatest achievement, then, that we could obtain today for the safeguarding of the nation would be in the formation of a council of defense, untouched as far as possible by political influence, and following the consensus of opinion of qualified experts. This council would initiate and perpetuate a policy for the upbuilding of our military and naval forces, so as to maintain a safe balance between our national strength and that of the other Powers. If we leave the upbuilding of our army and navy in the hands of the people, when popular interest wanes we shall find ourselves in 1926 in the same relatively weak position that we occupy in 1916.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

THE STORY OF THE DANISH ISLANDS

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

FACTIONAL and personal spite; crass civic myopia; hostile alien intrigue: these have been the evil genii in the half-century story of our dealings with the Danish Islands. They are genii which still survive, and are still on occasion perniciously active.

Our interest in the islands dates from the Civil War. All through that struggle we felt the need of a naval station, for coaling, supplies, repairs and shelter, somewhere among the Antilles. The lack of one was a costly handicap. Naval officers complained bitterly to Lincoln and to Seward of the disadvantage which they thus suffered. "If we had only such a station," one declared, "we could have rounded up the privateers, blockade-runners and contraband traders in half the time and with half the trouble." Lincoln and Seward appreciated the situation, and together determined that the nation's need should be supplied at the earliest practicable date. Years afterward it was the lesson of the *Oregon* in the Spanish War that so mightily moved this nation toward the Panama Canal. Just so, it was the exigencies of the Civil War that moved the Government toward the acquisition of West Indian islands.

Lincoln and Seward talked the matter over together many times. After Lincoln's re-election in November, 1864, it was obvious that the war would end within the next year, and it was determined that his second Administration should take energetically in hand, in addition to the restoration of the Union, the tasks of driving the French out of Mexico, the acquisition of Alaska, the securing of an Isthmian Canal route at Chiriqui or elsewhere, and the purchase of a site for a naval station on the Caribbean Sea. The first two tasks were speedily accomplished. The second two were postponed for many years, then to be fulfilled at a cost

enormously increased,—the inexorable penalty of timidity, short-sightedness and delay.

Negotiations for the Danish Islands were begun before the war was ended, and while Lincoln was still President. As soon as Sherman's famous "Christmas gift" message came from Savannah telling that his march from the Mountains to the Sea was completed and the Confederacy was irreparably rent in twain, Lincoln told Seward to "go in." The great expansionist Secretary obeyed with zeal and gladness. In January, 1865, he broached the subject to General Raasloff, the Danish minister at Washington. That accomplished diplomat was not favorably impressed, and frankly told Seward so. Seward was persistent, however, and presently requested Raasloff to lay the matter before his Government at Copenhagen. The latter did so; but, partly because of his own personal convictions and partly through pique at Seward's thus going over his head, he did it in such a way as to assure a refusal, which promptly came.

The assassination of Lincoln and the attempt upon Seward's life made an end for a time of all such transactions. But as soon as Seward recovered from his wounds he took them up again, with the hearty approval of President Johnson, who purposed—in respect to all these foreign affairs at least, and, in particular, in respect to the expansionist plans—to fulfill scrupulously his great predecessor's designs. In reopening the negotiations in December, 1865, Seward enjoyed two advantages which he had not had before. One was, that a new ministry had taken office at Copenhagen, and was more favorably inclined toward the scheme; and the other, that in addition to dealing with Raasloff at Washington, Seward had the American minister at Copenhagen, George H. Yeaman, lay the case before the Foreign Office there. The result was that the Danish Government announced its willingness to consider the proposal, and inquired how much the United States would be willing to pay for the three islands.

Seward was nothing if not practical and thorough in such matters. He had no thought of naming a sum at random. So he personally went straight to the islands and examined them carefully. In addition, he had the War Department send an officer to them, to make an independent examination of them and systematically to appraise their

value. As a result of these investigations, he offered for the three islands five million dollars in gold—subject, of course, to the Senate's ratification of a treaty to that effect. That offer was made to General Raasloff just as the latter was leaving Washington to go home and become Minister of War at Copenhagen. Thereafter the negotiations were continued chiefly at Copenhagen, between Yeaman and the Danish Foreign Minister, Count Friis. But Seward soon found that he was confronted by some formidable obstacle. Urge haste as he would, he could not get the Danish Government to move in the matter. For this inaction there were two major reasons.

One was the attitude of Prussia. That Power had in 1864 robbed Denmark of Schleswig and Holstein, and now, in 1866, she was first discussing with Austria the disposition of those provinces and then was thrashing Austria in the Six Weeks' War and assuming for herself the hegemony of Germany. In these circumstances Denmark not unnaturally thought it best to wait until the controversy between Prussia and Austria was settled before taking so radical a step as to sell the islands; especially when it was suggested that her sale of them might offend Prussia and lead to further aggressions by that formidable Power.

The other reason was the attitude of France. That Power revived an old claim to the largest of the three islands, Santa Cruz. This island had been given by Louis XIV of France to the Knights of Malta, and had been purchased by Denmark in 1733, with the stipulation that she would never alienate it without the consent of France. Now France was not fitted to insist with good grace upon fulfilment of that pledge, seeing that she had given a precisely similar pledge to Spain regarding Louisiana, and had repudiated and violated it in the most cynical and flagrant fashion when she sold that territory to us. Nevertheless, she did insist upon it. Louis Napoleon had been our worst enemy in Europe all through the Civil War, and he was now all the more hostile because of Seward's strenuous thwarting of his scheme for the conquest and annexation of Mexico. So he promptly made it clear to the Danish Government that he would under no circumstances assent to the cession of Santa Cruz to the United States. The Danish Government was both scrupulous in the fulfilment of the old agreement and fearful of what might happen to it if it

incurred the wrath of France. So, after much delay, it finally told Seward that it doubted whether it could sell Santa Cruz at any price, but that it was willing to consider further the sale of St. Thomas and St. John.

Finally, after the definitive inclusion of Schleswig and Holstein as integral provinces of the Prussian Kingdom, and the settlement of affairs between Prussia and Austria, Denmark, in the spring of 1867, made to Seward a counter offer: to sell us St. Thomas and St. John for five million dollars each; and to sell Santa Cruz also for another like sum provided the assent of France could be obtained. The whole transaction was provisional upon the assent of the Danish Parliament and also of the people of the islands expressed in a plebiscite. Seward countered with an offer of just half that amount, but with a positive objection to the plebiscite. Denmark replied with an offer of the islands for $3,750,000 each, which was a splitting of the difference between Seward's and Denmark's former prices; but it added that the plebiscite must be insisted upon.

Seward considered this carefully, and then practically accepted the offer. Under his instructions Yeaman made, in October, 1867, a treaty paying $7,500,000 for St. Thomas and St. John, and letting Santa Cruz go. Seward realized that there was no hope of getting Louis Napoleon to agree to the transfer of that island, but he had a cheerful confidence that that pinchbeck emperor would not much longer be on the throne, and he hoped that the Government which succeeded him would be more friendly.

The plebiscite was not mentioned in the treaty, but Seward orally and privately assented to its being taken, so long as it was not mentioned in the treaty or in any action which our Congress might take. This inexorable opposition of Seward's to a plebiscite, when he was so great a champion of the rights of the people, has been regarded as strange and inexplicable. In fact the explanation is quite simple and satisfactory. Seward was following the precedents established by Jefferson in the purchase of Louisiana and by John Quincy Adams in the annexation of Florida, under which the people of those territories were not consulted any more than cattle would be over the sale of their pasture. This, at least in Seward's case, was not an expression of disregard for popular rights. It was simply intended to forefend against any possible demand for Statehood by the

annexed territory. If the people of the islands were consulted on the question of annexation, he cogently argued, they could logically demand to be consulted concerning the status of the islands after annexation. He preferred to follow the old precedents, and thus to be able to insist upon the constitutional right of Congress to fix the status of the islands and to govern them as it pleased, without consulting anybody. So while he was reluctantly willing that the plebiscite should be taken, he insisted that it should not be mentioned in the treaty or be recognized in any way by the Government of the United States. It may be added that the plebiscite resulted in the casting of 1,244 votes for and only 22 against annexation to the United States.

When the making of this treaty was disclosed to the diplomatic corps at Copenhagen, the different attitudes of the various ministers were highly significant. The British and Russian ministers cordially congratulated Yeaman, the former somewhat jocularly asking if Iceland and Greenland were also to be purchased. The Spanish minister, with characteristic courtesy, also congratulated Yeaman upon his achievement, but added frankly that neither he nor his Government was pleased with it. The Ten Years' War in Cuba had begun, with a certainty of friction with the United States, and Spain did not relish the prospect of our having an insular possession close to Porto Rico and commanding the approach from Spain to Porto Rico and Cuba. The Prussian minister observed that the treaty looked as though the United States expected soon to need naval facilities in the Caribbean—an unmistakable suggestion of impending trouble between this country and Spain. The French minister said not a word: the French army had a few months before evacuated Mexico at our command, Maximilian had been put to death, and at that very moment Garibaldi, who was regarded as being almost as much an American national hero as an Italian, was preparing to give battle to the French army in Italy.

The treaty was ratified by the Danish Parliament; in both Houses, without so much as a single opposing vote. But our Senate tucked it into a pigeonhole and refused to act upon it in any way. For this there were several reasons. Doubtless there was some reaction in the nation against the expansionist policy. We had just purchased Alaska, and, with incredibly short vision, people were saying that we had

thus wasted $7,200,000 of good money upon an Arctic wilderness which would and could never return us six per cent interest on that investment. People were also beginning to forget about our need of such islands during the war; and there was no tradition of Danish friendship and of consequent demands of gratitude, such as there was concerning Russia in the Alaska case. There was even at one time a shallow and ridiculous attempt to discredit the transaction on account of a severe hurricane which visited the islands; an incident which is now recalled chiefly as the theme of one of Bret Harte's satirical poems.

But the chief reason was factional and personal spite. Sumner was then chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, which had the treaty in hand, and he and the other Republican leaders who controlled the Senate were bitterly hostile to President Johnson—whom, at that very time, they were aiming to impeach and remove from office. They were almost equally bitter against Seward, because he had remained at the head of Johnson's cabinet—although that was really the greatest public service of Seward's whole career, as all must realize who can imagine what vagaries Johnson might have been guilty of without the advice and restraint of the great Secretary. It did not matter that the proposal had originated with Lincoln. It did not matter that it promised to be of incalculable advantage to the United States. To Senators blind with passionate hate it was enough that it was Johnson's and Seward's treaty: away with it! It was in order to express all possible contempt for it that they would not honor it with action of any kind, but simply ignored its existence. Seward secured from Denmark an extension of the time allowed for ratification, and his successor in the next Administration, Hamilton Fish, secured a second extension. But all was in vain. The prejudice against the treaty was carried over into the next Administration. Beside, Sumner was as hostile to Grant as he had been to Johnson. So finally, on April 14, 1870, the treaty lapsed and died.

In that incident the United States was put into a position which might have proved one of the most embarrassing in its entire history; and that it escaped the gravest possible embarrassment must be credited partly to its good luck and partly to the generosity and amiability of Denmark. This was the situation: Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Polk and

others had established and maintained the principle that while European Powers might without offense to this country continue indefinitely to hold their possessions in or about this continent, they could not be permitted to transfer them from one to another, but on relinquishing sovereignty over them must make them independent or else cede them to this country. That principle had been enunciated as clearly as the Monroe Doctrine itself, and for a longer time, and it was recognized as involving the integrity and validity of that Doctrine.

But the principle had the obvious and inevitable corollary that the United States must always stand ready to take, itself, any territories which European Powers might wish to surrender to it. We could not play the part of the dog in the manger, and, while refusing to take the territories ourselves, also refuse to let the owner sell them to somebody else. We must, for the sake of logic and of decency, either take the territories ourselves, or leave the owner free to dispose of them elsewhere as it pleased. Nobody realized this more clearly than Seward, and he urged the point upon the Senate, but in vain. It was well known that that was one of the reasons why he had purchased Alaska: because Russia wanted to sell it, and we must either buy it or let her sell it to someone else, probably to Great Britain. And one reason why Senators ratified the Alaska treaty was in order thus to spite England and to prevent her from getting the province. But in this case they ignored the point. What they would have done had Denmark then sold or offered to sell the islands to some other Power, say to Great Britain, is matter for interesting speculation. Happily, Denmark did not put them in that dilemma.

Twenty-two years passed. They were marked with no particular political changes for Denmark, but with material economic changes for the Danish colonies in the West Indies. Formerly those islands had enjoyed considerable prosperity from plantations of sugar cane, and from other tropical products. But the vast development of the beet sugar industry had created a competition which proved ruinous to them, and from being a source of profit they became a cause of heavy expense; the Danish Government therefore decided to get rid of them, if it could. In November, 1892, the Foreign Minister at Copenhagen intimated to Clark E. Carr, the American minister, that his Government was in a recep-

tive mood for a renewal of the American proposals of so many years before. President Harrison and his Secretary of State, John W. Foster, were both strongly inclined toward purchase of the islands, and there is no doubt that if the elections of that very month had returned Harrison to office for a second term, a treaty to that effect would have been made. But Harrison had been overwhelmingly defeated; he knew that there was not time before the end of his term to make a treaty and have it ratified; and he knew that his coming successor, Grover Cleveland, was irreversibly opposed to the transaction. To begin negotiations would therefore be worse than useless, since they would certainly be discontinued or repudiated immediately after March 4. Therefore, he directed Foster to reply, with regret, that it was not practicable to take the matter up at that time.

Again, Denmark might have embarrassed this country by saying, "Very well; if you do not wish to buy, we will seek another purchaser." But with generous and friendly consideration it refrained from so doing, and let the matter rest for four years. At the end of 1896, however, it renewed its overtures to the Cleveland Administration, with a result which fully justified Harrison's assumption of four years before that that Administration would oppose the annexation of the islands. Then for a third time Denmark refrained from challenging our dog-in-the-manger attitude, and postponed further action.

After the Spanish War, and the accession of John Hay to the Secretaryship of State, the time seemed auspicious for a renewal of the attempt to get rid of possessions which year by year were becoming more burdensome to Denmark, and year by year were falling into further decay for lack of connection with the only country which could assure them economic prosperity. Toward the end of 1901, therefore, negotiations to that end were begun at Washington between Hay and the Danish minister, Count Brun. These proceeded smoothly and expeditiously, and in January, 1902, a treaty was made, ceding all three islands to the United States for the sum of five million dollars—the very sum which Seward had originally offered. The sale of all three was made possible by the friendly acquiescence of the French Republic in the cession of Santa Cruz, to which the former French Emperor had churlishly objected; and the much lower price than that formerly asked was due to the decline of prosperity in the

islands, and to the Danish Government's realization of their worse than worthlessness to it. It was felt at Copenhagen, indeed, that it would be better to give the islands away for nothing than to continue to hold them.

This treaty was promptly ratified by our Senate, which thus for the first time put the United States in a proper, logical and safe attitude toward the islands. February 17 was the date of the ratification, less than a month after the submission of the treaty to the Senate—a record of rapidity for that deliberately deliberative body. The lower House, or *Folkething,* of the Danish Parliament, also ratified it without delay, in accordance with the undoubted will of the people. But then an obstacle was encountered. The treaty had also to be acted upon by the upper House, or *Landsthing,* and there German influence was active, potent and hostile.

Two motives chiefly animated Germany to compass the defeat of the treaty. One was the enmity toward the United States which it had manifested all through the Spanish War, and which had been intensified by our annexation of the Philippines and our consequent blocking of Germany's designs for the partition of China. The other was Germany's purpose to make itself a Caribbean Power, through the acquisition of the Dutch West Indies, the spoliation of Venezuela, or the acquisition of land grants from Colombia at Panama, including the Panama Canal. Upon all of these schemes, particularly upon the last named, Germany was at that time actively engaged. There was an understanding with officials at Bogota that as soon as the French canal concession and charter lapsed, in 1904, they would be forfeited to Colombia, and then would be transferred, for a consideration, to Germany. If then, in addition to holding the Isthmus and its canal, Germany could secure the Danish Islands, commanding the approach to the canal from the eastern end of the Caribbean, German domination of that great commercial highway would be assured.

There were in the *Landsthing* many members who were susceptible to German influence. Some were half German, or were closely related by marriage to German families. Others owned estates in Schleswig and Holstein, the Danish provinces now held by Prussia. Others were deeply interested in trade with Prussia. So, after many weeks of intriguing, thirty-three members of the *Landsthing,* making exactly one-half of that body, were prevailed upon to vote

against ratification. That made the division a tie, and defeated the treaty, a result which was reached on October 21, 1902. There was universal regret in the islands, and the same feeling was widespread in Denmark itself. The United States had the consoling reflection, however, that it was left in an inestimably better position than it had been in since 1870. It had at last vindicated the consistency of the Monroe and Polk Doctrines, by showing itself ready to take over into its own possession any colonies of European Powers in this hemisphere of which they wished to be rid.

A few weeks later Germany followed up this victory over the United States with two more significant acts. One was the defeat of the Hay-Concha negotiations for a canal treaty between the United States and Colombia, when the Colombian minister, José V. Concha, repudiated the work which he himself had begun, deserted his office and scuttled away to Germany in company with a prominent politico-commercial agent. The other was the German blockade of the Venezuelan coast, which was followed with the organization of a military and naval expedition for the conquest of Venezuela —an expedition hastily abandoned upon our President's assurance to the German Ambassador that upon its arrival in Caribbean waters it would be met by the entire battle fleet of the United States Navy under the command of Admiral Dewey. It was a most suggestive and appropriate sequel to these things that the next movement for the cession of the Danish Islands to the United States was not undertaken until Germany became so desperately involved in the War of the Nations as to be debarred from any renewal of her former marplotry.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

WAR AND PROGRESS

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL

THE pacificist takes it for granted that it would be well for the human race if war could be utterly abolished—that such a consummation would constitute a marked step in human progress; and he is likely to assume that all intelligent persons must agree with him. In this, however, he is somewhat at fault, for one meets with not a few men of high intelligence who are not ready to make this acknowledgement; some holding that if war is an evil, it is at least a necessary evil; and others even questioning whether it can be called an unmitigated evil—whether in fact it may not in certain aspects be looked upon as a good.

I have considered, in an article previously published in the REVIEW,[1] the thought of those who argue that considerations involved with accepted biological tenets prove that war is necessary to human progress. As I have there shown that this argument is based upon a fundamental misconception of the meaning of the law of survival, I shall at once turn the attention of the reader to a closely related misconception which is commonly met with, and which leads to serious confusion of thought; I refer to the identification of war with struggle. Thus Dr. Stewart Paton,[2] in arguing in favor of that "preparedness" for war which goes so far to nourish man's fighting instincts, describes "professional pacifists" (*sic*) as "persons who take a sentimental view of life," who are thus led to "denounce struggle and war" . . . and who have "never fairly and squarely faced the primal fact that life is a process of adjustment in a great struggle for existence."

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[1] *War and Human Nature*, February, 1916.

[2] *New York Times*, March 17, 1916.

Now it may be granted without hesitancy, but with certain explanations and limitations which I cannot stop to consider, that man's progress must necessarily entail a constant struggle with conditions in his environment; but this surely does not indicate that war is necessary to his advance unless proof can be presented to show that all tendency to initiate this struggle would cease to exist if war were abandoned. And in my view no such proof can possibly be presented.

We find a similar confusion in connection with the argument that the abolition of war would carry with it the suppression of the incentives which in the daily life of man yield competition; it being held that without competition there could be no further evolutional development.

It must be granted that we are dealing with actual facts when we say that, in our day, "competition is the life of trade"; and, going beyond this particular, that competition is a prominent factor in our present evolutional development. But I am unable to agree that these facts carry with them proof that competition is necessary to this development.

The biologist tells us that Dame Nature is a blundering empiricist. When she happens to invent an advantageous adaptation she is likely to be satisfied without emphasizing the special point of value attained thereby. Helmholtz used to say humorously that he would refuse to grant a degree to any student who made as many blunders as are evidenced in the construction of the eye considered as an optical instrument. Such being the case, when we find an advantageous characteristic in man we may well look below the surface. We see that competition has been, and still is, advantageous to man in his rise in social efficiency; but we should ask whether it is competition itself that is of value. May it not be that competition is merely the means of producing certain advantageous modes of activity that might be otherwise gained?

We have but to ask ourselves this question to find an instant affirmative reply; for it is evident that the essential value of competition lies in the fact that the competitors are "put on their mettle," and that thus the special capacity of the winning competitor is brought into clear view. And if this is true, then of course any other method that will guide the individual to effective effort, and will enable us to discern his special capacities, will do all that competition can do to further man's advance. Surely there is reason to hope that such methods will be devised as man gains in intelli-

gence; and as surely, therefore, it appears that there is no warrant for the worship of the competitive principle which is so current in our day; and none for the contention that war must be condoned because it fosters the spirit which develops the competitive activities of man.

Again, as I have noted in the article above referred to, we find the necessity of recurrent wars maintained by men of importance on the ground that, given human nature as we find it, war will always be necessary to enforce the will of the most civilized peoples in the maintenance of their ideals.

Here we have the unwarranted assumption that human nature can never change sufficiently to yield a reformation of the great Powers so that they may be properly designated as " gentlemanly nations "; and the equally unfounded assumption that war is the only means that can be devised to preserve the lesser Powers from aggression. There seems to be no reason why we should not forge, to take the place of war, new weapons less cruel and equally effective—as, for instance, thoroughgoing international ostracism.

In relation to this new weapon as a substitute for war it may be worth while to say a few words. Those who are urging the formation of an international " League to Enforce Peace " suggest that " all non-justiciable questions arising between the signatory Powers shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation "; and that " the signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories before any question shall be thus submitted as provided above."

When it is considered that Great Britain, Greece, Italy, not to speak of Bulgaria, Montenegro, Serbia, and Turkey failed to ratify the main Hague Convention of 1907, as well as the minor convention relative to the rights of neutrals, it is apparent that great difficulty would be met in persuading the great Powers to bind themselves in advance to make war under the conditions named. I, myself, should question whether it would be wise for the United States to bind itself thus; for if it did, we might be called upon to make war in times when financial depression or calamity made such action a very serious burden upon our people.

It would certainly be much easier to gain ratification for a treaty which substituted for war the weapon of complete

ostracism, and in my view this weapon would be a most effective one. A nation that found itself suddenly cut off from all communication with the outside world, by railroad or water way, by mail or telegraph, whose imports and exports were completely stopped, and whose foreign banking relations were severed, would find its life most severely burdened; and would surely conclude that it would be unwise to refuse merely to delay action while placing its case before the proposed council of conciliation, when such refusal would involve so radical a disturbance of its national life.

When we turn to the thought of those who hesitate to agree that war is an unmitigated evil, we hear again and again the claim that without occasional wars a people must lose its moral stamina, which is revivified by the discipline requisite to military efficiency. Here we are dealing again with what is surely a matter of assertion rather than of proof. We are indeed asked to note the devotion and self-sacrifice displayed by the idler or ne'er-do-well when he becomes part of a thoroughly disciplined fighting army; but we are prone to forget that these same fine characteristics would without doubt be called into being did we awaken the interest of these same men in some other ideal than that which calls upon them to engage their energies and intelligence in efforts to kill or maim their fellows.

And we are also asked to overlook the proverbial tendency to unbridled license on the part of the soldier in the intervals when this rigid military discipline is relaxed; and to blind ourselves to the certainty that the influences which yield these results must affect his character permanently, and must have their effect in times of peace.

But even if we agree that some form of rigid discipline is of vital importance to man's progress, which I myself am ready to grant, still it is clear that we have no warrant for the assumption that military discipline is the only effective form that can be devised to strengthen character. Yet the present-day agitation in the United States in favor of a largely increased army, where it is not due to mere fear, is based upon this unwarranted assumption.

It is instructive to note that this demand is loudly heard in certain of our great universities; and I imagine that it is the appreciation of the urgent need of stricter discipline among university students that leads to the enthusiastic support of the present-day "preparedness" programme by

men of the professorial class. But do the university authorities themselves take all possible steps to develop this discipline which is quite within their control? Is it not because they, who should maintain it, have not done so that they would now shift upon the shoulders of military officers the work they themselves have failed to accomplish?

It is still more instructive to note that this demand for general military training in the interest of discipline is loudest in the very same communities that, in all our history, have been the centers of agitation in behalf of that liberty of individual initiative which must necessarily be greatly restricted by the special form of discipline required to produce an efficient army.

Our ancestors fled to this land beyond the sea that they might be free to develop this liberty of individual initiative; and it has been generally held that this action was one that embodied an ideal of progress. That the form of civilized government which we have adopted is in the nature of an experiment is of course to be acknowledged; but that it has been an experiment well worth putting to the test I think will be conceded. Disappointing as it has been in detail, it has yielded beneficent results which are patent to all in the persons of men who, born to the humblest walks of life, have gained such positions of social influence and social dignity as have been gained in no other land, and which presumably could not have been attained under any other influences.

Now it has been of the very essence of this governmental experiment that the conditions under which it was initiated, and has been carried out, have exempted us from the necessity of assuming the grievous burden of militarism. Protected as we have been by the broad ocean from the warlike nations of the old world, we stand as the only great nation that has ever been in a position to try this experiment in any thoroughgoing manner. And the question now before us is whether we are prepared to abandon our non-militarist policy, and thus endanger the successful fruition of our hope that we may perchance take some steps in the progress to which we look forward.

I am willing to concede, as I have above suggested, that we are faced with the risk that liberty may develop into license; and that we should seriously consider the means to be adopted to gain a restraining discipline that shall prevent such fatal development. But I see no reason why it should

be assumed that no other equally effective form of discipline than that of military training can be devised.

We may do well to organize the resources of our land that we shall be prepared to meet some possible vital emergency. We may do well to compel our young men to undertake such physical and mental training as shall ensure their alertness, and bodily vigor, and endurance; and this by disciplinary methods which will accustom them to willing and unquestioning subjection, upon occasion, to control by recognized superiors; and which will make them ready to answer the call of the constituted authorities in any national emergency that may arise. But this is a very different matter from an organization, and a system of discipline, that force upon the attention of the individual man activities that have no value except in case of war.

Modern warfare is to a great extent a matter of complex machinery. A very large part of the service required of the soldier is altogether non-militaristic in its general character. Ability to render this service is not in any way bound up with training in the special acts that relate directly to the killing of an enemy, which requires a certain peculiar skill that may be gained, without too long delay, in case its need becomes urgent.

It is of course evident that our nation can no longer maintain that political isolation which was possible at the time our Government was founded, and under the conditions that then prevailed; and this apparently compels us to maintain a navy, and coast defenses, adequate to protect us from possible sudden aggressive assault. But the growth of a navy involves no such sinister danger as does the growth of an army. The elements of a navy are scattered over the sea. There is little risk of the formation of a dominant naval caste. A great army on the other hand is concentrated on the land, and has its constant influence upon the citizens; and its existence does tend to lead to the formation of a militaristic caste which may at any time become a dominant factor. We of course must maintain a sufficient army to ensure us against the danger of insurrection at home, or in our colonial domains, and to guard us from our ill-ordered Southern neighbor; but to go beyond that would be, in my view, to acknowledge that we are weakening in our conviction as to the value of our governmental experiment.

We are given to overlooking another fact in this con-

nection. If we are provided with such a large and highly trained army as is called for by our extreme "preparedness" advocates, it is almost certain that Canada will also feel impelled to maintain an army of sufficient strength to meet any possible attack from us until such time as aid from her mother country can reach her. We shall then have the beginnings of the European conditions of "armed peace" which have there led to such great disasters, and which here are at least likely to lead to the emphasis of sources of disagreement between ourselves and our most prosperous neighbor—sources which have been minimized in the past mainly because neither they, nor we, have ever assumed warlike attack across the common border to be imminent, even if possible.

But it may be said, as I have heard it said, that there is little justification for ascribing the advantageous developments of individual men, of which I have spoken, to the successful realization of the governmental ideals our forefathers entertained, and attempted to enforce; that I am attributing these results to what has not been their efficient cause; "these results," it may be argued, "are due, not to the principle of individualistic freedom, but to exceptional opportunity. You are forgetful of the fact that our ancestors found themselves living in a land flowing with milk and honey, and had an unrestricted domain in which to expand. These facts in themselves suffice to account for the development of our national life on lines which have yielded the results you rejoice in. But these conditions are merely temporary; and as they change, the forms of our national life must of necessity change, even if this process carries with it loss of the values of which you speak. And this means that these forms of our national life must in the end come to resemble those that obtain in Europe, where the demands for economic and geographical expansion carry with them the necessity of a militaristic development."

To this contention it can only be answered that we are here again dealing with what is no more than a matter of opinion, and is in no manner susceptible of proof or disproof. We must agree that our ideal may possibly in the end fail to gain for us what it has gained in the past,—may fail to set us apart in the line of progress from the nations that have been born to mortal combat. But so long as proof or disproof is lacking, it seems to me quite worth while to

persist in our governmental experiment until clearer indications of its supposititious fundamental weakness appear.

But our opponent may still persist with his objections. He may tell us that we are living in a dreamland; that we are thinking of human nature as though it were ordered according to our ideals and not as it actually exists; that it will be utterly impossible to continue indefinitely our experiment on the lines that seemed possible to our forefathers; that the demand for expansion, and the temptation to rob the rich, still remain dominant factors among the peoples of other lands; and that we, who have unoccupied territory, and who have accumulated large wealth, must be ready to meet present dangers of aggression, even if in so doing we find it necessary to abandon our experiment.

Now I am not prepared to grant without hesitation that this danger is as great as it is made to appear. Changes in the manner of action of great peoples have occurred in the past, and it seems to me that we may reasonably hope that the time is ripe for a change which will reduce the danger our "preparedness" advocates consider imminent.

But, even assuming that the demand for expansion, and the temptations to rob the wealthy, do prevail, and are encouraged by the leaders of the great Powers, are we to be led to abandon lightly, because of mere fear, a policy that has yielded beneficent results? Shall we not pause to ask how far our fear is warranted? Surely none of the nations now exhausting their resources in this terrible war is at all likely to be in position to attack us for many a year; and if after peace has come to them we discover signs of aggressive tendencies on their part, we shall then be able to prepare for defense at least as rapidly as they for attack. It seems to me that we can afford to face this danger for at least a few decades longer, to the end that our experiment, so nobly begun, may be put to the test for some little time more; and with the hope that our example may favorably affect the nations of whose aggression we are afraid.

But why should you think, it may be said, that full "preparedness" will yield the untoward result you describe? Simply for this reason: A great army could not be relied upon to do what it is feared it may have to perform, unless it were as efficient a machine as that of the greatest of the armies of the European states. To make it such would, as I have already said, involve the creation of an autocratic

military caste, and this would in turn involve a change in the general behavior of our citizens in relation to this class. For modern psychology teaches us this, if nothing more—that a modification of behavior necessarily involves a correspondingly modified attitude of mind. If we could by magic transform ourselves to be as efficient in war as Germany now is we should discover our people displaying in large measure the same unfortunate characteristics which we today find so repugnant in the German people. Let us not run any such terrible risk; rather let us calm our fear of aggression, and resolve to do what we can in our own generation to maintain the policy which has at least been accompanied by, even if it has not directly produced, those aspects of our national life which we so greatly value.

It will require courage to continue this experiment of ours—a courage greater than is demanded in war; for we must face the unintelligent scorn of those who will claim that we are moved only by self-interest and cowardice, and are unwilling to do our part in the protection of civilization. But, in the interest of a continuance of this experiment, which has yielded such beneficent results as are patent to all, I am willing to see my country endure any such unjustified criticism, and willing to have her run the risks, such as they are, of aggression by those who are tempted to take advantage of our weakness in arms.

I am convinced that this great experiment will prove to be successful provided we have this courage—courage to appeal to the world, by practice as well as precept, in favor of peace. We surely will be unable to suggest the disarmament necessary to such an end if we ourselves are armed to the teeth. We cannot have our cake and eat it too. We must make a choice; and I, for one, would urge that we proclaim to the world, by our acts as well as by our words, that we believe the progress of man will best be assured by making such sacrifices as are necessary to the maintenance of enduring peace.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

A MODERN CONCEPTION OF GOD

BY THE REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM

Accurately and adequately to define the modern conception of God is a discouragingly difficult task. It would be a far easier task to define the Augustinian or the Calvinistic conception of God, but that is unnecessary.

Subsequent to fetishistic and animistic ideas of powers which man dimly perceived, and to which he felt himself more or less subject, came personifications of those powers in bestial or human forms. Among most races polytheism developed and long held sway. At an early time polytheism took on a hierarchical character: to certain gods were ascribed greater power and higher authority than to others. Marduk in the Euphrates valley, Zeus in Greece, and Jupiter in Rome are familiar examples. Zeus was king of gods and men. Yet early—how early we do not exactly know—behind polytheism rose a shadowy theism, the idea of one supreme God to whom in some obscure way even the pantheon was subject. In polytheism we find also a tendency to a trinitarian grouping of gods, and in each threefold group one god who was at least *primus inter pares.*

Among the early Hebrews first appears a distinct theism in the worship of Jahweh with no trinitarian connotations. After a long and sometimes bloody struggle with surviving polytheistic ideas and practices, Jahvism finally triumphed in the sharply defined monotheism of the post-exilic Hebrews, or, as they now came to be called, Jews. The pre-Christian Jewish conception of God is too well known to require discussion here. This conception, represented but scarcely defined in the teaching of Jesus, passed on to the Christian Church. In the early (but not the earliest) Church this conception was expanded into a trinitarianism which had no place in the authentic teaching of Jesus, but which became dominant in the Church, and, with negligible excep-

tions, has retained supremacy until recent times. Many thinkers value the trinitarian idea of God as a historical testimony to the endeavor of the Church to comprehend and express the fulness of the divine nature and the intimacy of the relation of God to man, but, as crassly expressed in the creeds, trinitarianism has passed out of the realm of philosophical thought on God.

Pantheism has long had a powerful attraction for many minds. In our time it is largely superseded by Monism. Pantheism was weak through its extensive identification of God with the universe. The formula, "God is all," interpreted as "God is everything," is unsatisfactory; the materiality of the thing swamps the spirituality of essential being. Monism escapes the *reductio ad absurdum* which lurks in pantheism by conceiving all things, not as identical with God, but as expressions of the one mind, the one energy, the one essential Ens in which, or in Whom, all reality has its base.

God is the *sub-stans* of all things. They exist because He exists and wills their existence. The old phrase is still valid: "In Him we live and have our being." Creation is the process through which God expresses and fulfils His own being. According to the Monistic idea there are not two entities, God and the universe, set over against each other, but one entity—eternal being—and the universe is the flowing objectification of the eternal thought and will. The universe stands to God as word to thinker, as deed to doer. Its infinite variety witnesses to the infinite fertility of the one Mind. Whatever we may say of this idea, it escapes the weakness of pantheism which identifies God with the thing.

The monistic conception of God permits and perhaps even necessitates the idea that nothing in fact or experience is entirely apart from God. Here is a divine drama of which God Himself is the protagonist. What is called evolution in Nature is but the sign of a process of divine self-realization and self-fulfilment. God, not man, not "angels and principalities," but God, occupies the centre of the stage, and all phenomena, physical and spiritual, are but parts of His role. The tragedy which man thinks is his own is his only in a wholly subordinate sense. The struggle is his only as he himself is a part or a feature of the divine experience. The triumph is his only as he is "portion and parcel" of the divine enterprise.

This idea makes history a *via dolorosa,* not primarily for Christ nor for man, but for God, and it becomes for man a *via victoriosa* only because, through the divine self-fulfilment, it becomes a *via victoriosa* for God. The human consciousness recognizes and reports but dimly this co-partnership of the human with the divine; yet there are experiences which bring flashes of insight, at least penetrating surmises, that fill the human soul with astonishment and awe and sometimes with a momentary joy that is sharper than pain. In some deep and as yet uncomprehended sense God is not only *in* His world but also *of* His world. The experience of Jesus, which men have framed into a theory of piacular atonement, gives hints of a fellowship of man with God in the moral tragedy of life that sting us to thoughts for which the theologians never account, and to questions which they never answer.

Inevitably the question of personality rises. For many minds the sheer infinitude of God prevents them from ascribing to Him personality. Personality seems to them to imply limitation, and limitation of infinity is a denial of infinity. Perhaps we shall be helped in our thinking if we reflect that to most minds infinity is simply what etymologically the word means, that is, without end or limit. It is limitless extension of being. But what does that mean as applied to God? Does it mean that He fills infinite space and time? Again we are embarrassed and fettered by ideas which belong to the realm of the material, and in this realm infinity has no intelligible meaning. We speak sometimes of an infinite number, but the statement is self-contradictory. There can be no infinite number. A similar trouble arises when we endeavor to conceive of infinite space and infinite time. We are dealing with terms which baffle and confuse us. Let us try to conceive of infinite mind: It is intelligence that has no bounds. If God is infinite mind, then He must be more, for mind alone is not complete being.

What constitutes personality? In the familiar phrase of the school we speak of intellect, or power to know, sensibility, or power to feel, and will, or power to do, to initiate action. These coexisting in a single consciousness constitute what we know or what we conceive of as personality. To put the matter somewhat differently: The perception of reality demands intellect; the appreciation of reality as

truth requires sensibility; the realization of truth as quality of being requires volition. Now intellect, sensibility, and will, without limitations of power to know, capacity to feel, and ability to will, seem to constitute an infinite personality. That is, the connotation of infinitude with personality is not at all incongruous or self-contradictory. Such must we think God to be. At least the human mind can conceive of no higher form of being than personality raised to the nth power. It would seem that a God who is impersonal must belong to an order of being lower than that of man, whose supreme distinction is that he *is* a person—a being who consciously thinks, feels and wills. A blind, unintelligent, passionless force may be great beyond our power to comprehend, yet such a force must be ranked lower in the scale of being than a person who is a spring of thoughts, feelings, and volitions.

What God thinks, how He feels, and what He purposes are the essential substance of revelation. The vehicles of revelation are the constitution of the universe, the order of nature and all the million-fold expression of human life in childhood and youth, in fatherhood and motherhood, in ideals and achievements, in aspirations and endeavors, in all the varying drama of human experience. Through his experience man is learning God. Through that experience God is revealing and expressing Himself; and the process is endless since God is infinite, unexhausted by the thousand milleniums of human existence.

Through this vast revealing process men learn that God is mind, for all the universe is woven of thought and all the relations of matter are thought-relations. They learn that God is law, and find the sanctions of law in the reactions which perpetually disclose themselves in both the physical and the moral realms. They learn that God is love through the deep sanctities of human love in husband and wife, in parent and child, in friend and friend. They learn that God is purpose through the purposive evolutions of humanity ever striving after higher perceptions of truth and fuller realizations of truth in civilization. And all this learning is interpretation of personality. Man cannot lose the idea of divine personality without wholly losing God; but that idea cannot be lost, since every attempt to substitute an infinite force as the sole basis and organic energy of the universe has failed to resist the involuntary reaction to the con-

ception of infinite mind, and mind is as much a connotation of personality as personality is a connotation of mind.

Character also is a connotation of personality. What character shall be ascribed to God? In a sense God is the personification of human ideals: first of power, then of wisdom, then of justice, then of goodness or love. When men first conceived of God as holy,—in the original sense of the word, which meant separateness, unapproachableness,—a great step forward was taken; but not so great as when they first conceived of God as moral—that is, amenable to moral law as well as the origin of moral law. The heightening conception of God reacted on human minds, raising their ideal of character. Thus God became the spring of a progressive morality, or righteousness, in man; for his consciousness of God became also a consciousness of the supreme worth of righteousness and the commanding obligation which it imposed upon himself.

The prophet who had attained the highest conception of God, from the point of view of character, most greatly served his fellow men. This is the chief service of Jesus to the world: that he conceived of God as the absolutely just and benevolent Father of His creatures. This conception he expressed less in specific terms than in the entire import of his teaching, reinforced by his own disposition and action. More than any one else, he showed what God is like in disposition and action. The personality, the power, and the wisdom being assumed, he interprets the divine goodness in terms of human relationship and daily life.

It is true, doubtless, that Jesus is like God, and so far the Aryans were right; but the more important truth, correlative of this, is the truth that God is like Jesus. We do not need to go to the Fourth Gospel to know this. The Fourth Gospel says, "God so loved the world," and the presumptive author of that Gospel says explicitly, "God is love." Yet he was only interpreting the message which the synoptists long before had reported through the strength and sweetness of the personality of Jesus and the unvarying benevolence of his contacts with men, women and children, thus making an indelible impression of divine goodness present in kindred form. The Fourth Gospel makes Jesus say, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," and "I and the Father are one." The synoptists never make him say such words; they do not need to: his life speaks

unmistakably of his intimate relation with God. But the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel is a sublime egotist, sublime but an egotist, wholly unlike the Jesus of the synoptists. It is not what Jesus says about himself, but what he shows himself to be in pure and humane and beautiful character, which evokes the thought that God must be like him.

Christendom has been a long time in effectually reaching this idea of God: namely, that in disposition and character He is like Jesus. The theologians formulated a conception of God and, ascribing coequal divinity to Jesus, said "Jesus is like God," and then, "Jesus is God," when there could scarcely be a greater difference—even disparity—than that between the Jesus of the synoptists and the God whom the theologians had fabricated. God was vindictive: Jesus was wholly without vindictiveness. God was inexorable: Jesus was full of sympathy and compassion. God could forgive the sinner only when the sin was expiated: Jesus forgave with an absolution that was a cleansing and healing bath. God condemns the wicked to eternal torment: Jesus prays for his murderers.

It is the unlikeness of God to Jesus which the Church has officially maintained that has been one of the chief hindrances to the triumph of the Gospel. It falsified the Gospel by its misrepresentation of God. The God of theology is remote and forbidding: Jesus is near and inviting.

> Closer is he than breathing,
> Nearer than hands and feet.

Through Jesus, the soul may see God, because God is like Jesus in those qualities which are essential to a moral being. For this interpretative service Jesus needs no apotheosis which instantly removes him from a close human touch with mankind. A revelation of the highest moral qualities does not call for infinite dimensions of being. The moral quality of God may show itself perfectly in a man in whom God is perfectly immanent.

Thus we have arrived at a conception of God which ascribes to Him personality without limits on power to know, to feel, and to will. The universe witnesses to Him, unmistakably evincing universal mind and law and progressive purpose. The moral evolution of mankind impels reason to see in God the source of ever rising moral ideals, and the testimony of the greatest moral persons, of whom

Jesus is chief, verifies and extends the vision. The deeper experiences of the human soul cause it to repel the old notion of a static deity, an impassible infinitude of being with which humanity can come into no appreciable relations. It seeks for a God who is not remote from mankind—who is so near, indeed, that the wide sweep and measureless stretch of human experience in some mysterious way is also the experience of God, and that, through the fulfilment of the life of beings whom He has created, God is finding His own self-realization and self-fulfilment. The tragedy is man's because it is God's: hence the idea and inevitableness of destiny; the triumph also is man's because it is God's.

No thought is more deeply rooted in the mind of today than the thought of the divine immanence. Are we not beginning to see that the divine immanence means much more than we have realized and is freighted with consequences vaster than we have dreamed? The old theological battles have lost their zest because they have lost their meaning. The faint light of a new dawn trembles on the horizon. Let us look up and face the East.

PHILIP S. MOXOM.

PROHIBITION AND CIVILIZATION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Prohibition, as a policy, has had a great deal of public attention, but the kind of civilization connoted by prohibition has had very little. This is unfortunate, because the general civilization of a community is the thing that really recommends it. The important thing to know about Kansas, for instance, is not the statistics of prohibition—as most writers on the subject seem to think—but whether one would really want to live there, whether the peculiar type of civilization that expresses itself through prohibition is really attractive and interesting.

The Reverend Floyd Keeler, for example, writing in the July *Atlantic,* devotes a whole article to proving that, in Kansas, prohibition does prohibit, within limits. This is not without interest, of course; still, it would seem much more interesting and truly practical to tell us what life is like under a general social theory of negation and repression: for such is what life in Kansas comes to. That, after all, is the determining test. Burke says—and I earnestly commend his words to the advocates of our grand new policy of Americanization, whatever that means: "There ought to be in every country a standard of manners that a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. *For us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely.*" No one can fail to remark, in the present war, the immensely superior spirit of the French in defense of a truly lovely civilization. The final test, indeed, of any civilization,—the test by which ultimately it stands or falls,—is its power of attracting and permanently interesting the human spirit.

Concerning Kansas, therefore, the question is not whether prohibition prohibits, but whether, under prohibition, the general civilization is such as "a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish." Kansas, as I showed in my

former paper, is essentially Puritan: and the secret of Puritanism's downfall was in its failure to meet this test. An English critic of Puritanism gives a vivid example of the precise line of criticism by bidding us imagine Shakespeare and Virgil coming over on the *Mayflower,* and think what intolerably bad company they would have found the Pilgrim Fathers! William James was probably as distinguished a lover of the humane life as America ever produced; and we all remember with amusement his naïve cry of relief at leaving the vapid and orderly perfections of Chautauqua, that vast playground of middle-class Puritanism. Well, similarly, one has but to imagine some disinterested lover of human perfection like William James making a candid examination of the civilization of Kansas, and one knows at once what the verdict would be. It is beside the point to say that Kansans would not agree to this verdict: that Governor Capper, who "really knows Kansas," would repudiate it: that Mr. William Allen White would treat it lightly and Mr. Walt Mason make a jingle about it. There is a standard set for such matters by the best reason and judgment of mankind; and in any disinterested estimate of a civilization, a verdict of William James would be apt to come nearer the mark of general human experience than one of Governor Capper or Mr. Mason, or even, probably,—though I do not like to think so,—than one of the accomplished Mr. White.

By far the greater part of the power and permanence of a civilization resides in its charm. It is surely noticeable, for instance, that wherever French civilization once strikes root, it remains forever. The border provinces, the Province of Quebec and our own State of Louisiana, are as obstinately and unchangeably French as ever they were. The reason is that French civilization satisfied the human instinct for what is amiable, graceful and becoming, and men cleave to it. It appeals to them as something lovely and desirable, rather than as something merely rational and well-ordered, which is the chief appeal of the German type. Under the State Socialism of Germany one is continually confronted with the social relations and consequences of practically every move one makes. The principle of prohibition is extended to cover an endless range of conduct (though, significantly, drink is exempt). The home scheme of social life is ordered with excellent and obvious rationality, but it is devoid of charm, it has no savor, and all its reasonableness

cannot make up for the deficiency, cannot make the normal spirit really enjoy it. One feels the same restlessness and perverseness under it that William James declared he felt under the régime at Chautauqua. One doubts whether such smooth-running social order is worth having at the price. I remember some years ago, after a long time spent in observing the ghastly perfections of German municipal machinery, I came home ready to rejoice in the most corrupt, ring-ridden and disreputable city government that I could find in America, if only I might draw a free breath once more and forget the infinity of things that are *verboten*.

Such is the universal perversity of human nature, and it is something to be reckoned with. In my mind, it has always been the one insuperable objection to Socialism. The Socialists are at a loss to see why we do not all fall in at once with their orderly and rational scheme, just as Mr. Keeler, speaking in the *Atlantic* for the people of Kansas, wonders why we do not all fall in with prohibition. The answer is the same in both cases. Men look at the essentially Socialistic civilization and the essentially Puritan civilization, give them due credit, acknowledge their virtues, and then pass them by. Nay, further: we look at the type of people produced by these civilizations, we consider them attentively, and then make up our minds quite firmly that no amount of social benefit would be worth having if we had to become like them in order to get it.

The civilization of Socialism, however, is rational. It has that sound merit, just as civilization of one Latin type has the merit of beauty and amiability. But Puritan civilization has neither. It has all the flat hideousness of Socialism, without the rationality which Socialism has managed to redeem by its contact with great world-currents of thought. Puritanism is essentially a hole-and-corner affair, with its arid provincialism untempered by contact of any kind. Its ideals are grotesque and whimsical; its methods are unintelligent—the methods of dragooning. Mr. Keeler must forgive my plain speaking; it comes of a sincere desire to resolve his doubts about the sanity or integrity of the brute mass of us who look unmoved on the progress of prohibition in Kansas. We cannot accept prohibition without accepting the civilization that goes with it, for prohibition cannot stand on any other soil. To get even the attenuated benefit of prohibition in Kansas, our community-life must become more or

less like that of Kansas, and we ourselves more or less like Kansans; and this is wholly impossible and unthinkable.

Indeed, it is from precisely this condition that the general spirit of America is struggling to emerge. The original implantation of Puritanism, with all its crudeness and rawness and lack of imagination, for a long time dominated our life and narrowed our ideals. But its influence is rapidly passing away. As evidence of this, it is most encouraging to note the disappearance of the old unintelligent forms of partisanship and sectarianism, and the steady fixture of the right of final private judgment upon public affairs. Our institutions have become more rational, flexible and responsive, and our methods more enlightened. Even in our prison and police methods we have already swung a long way from the Puritan theory of punishment towards the more civilized theory of reclamation.

Along with these changes there has come the perception that society should leave to each person an ever-increasing maximum portion of his own life to regulate for himself. This is not only true with reference to organized or statutory interference, but with reference to the arbitrary and unreasoning pressure of public opinion. The Puritan theory of "thy brother's keeper" has been largely disallowed. We scarcely realize the extent of these wholesome changes in our social life until our attention is called to them by some recrudescence of the Puritan spirit. Not long ago, for instance, the Superintendent of Police in Chicago swore in half a dozen policewomen to suppress what Mr. Howells once called "public billing and cooing" in the parks. Some members of the Virginia legislature put in a bill to ban the short skirt and low-cut waist. The time was, not more than twenty-five or thirty years ago, when whimsies and antics like these on the part of public officials went almost unquestioned—when our theory of public office was practically that of a New England village beadle in Colonial times. Now, however, they appear to us as morbid and silly extravagance, carrying their own sufficient condemnation in their sheer absurdity. And yet it is well worth while to note such happenings, because they indicate the temper of Puritanism so clearly, and show the length of nonsensical hypocrisy to which it is ready to go.

The advocates of prohibition ought to get a clear grasp of the fundamental objection to their theory, and meet it

with something more substantial than feeble talk about the influence of "the liquor interests." Our objection is to Puritanism, with its false social theory taking shape in a civilization that, however well-ordered and economically prosperous, is hideous and suffocating. One can at least speak for oneself: I am an absolute teetotaler, and it would make no difference to me if there were never another drop of liquor in the world; and yet to live under any régime of prohibition that I have so far had opportunity to observe would seem to me an appalling calamity. The ideals and instruments of Puritanism are simply unworthy of a free people, and, being unworthy, are soon found intolerable. Its hatreds, fanaticisms, inaccessibility to ideas; its inflamed and cancerous interest in the personal conduct of others; its hysterical disregard of personal rights; its pure faith in force, and above all, its tyrannical imposition of its own *Kultur:* these characterize and animate a civilization that the general experience of mankind at once condemns as impossible, and as hateful as it is impossible.

The drink problem is, as I said in my former paper in the Review, by no means a problem of the first order, and it is perfectly open to a solution that is rational and consistent with a type of civilization appropriate to this country. It can be solved by a process analogous to the "Safety First" movement directed against the far more important problem of industrial accidents, or like the movement for a "safe and sane" Fourth of July. These reforms were effected in perfectly cool temper, without any rampant orgy of law-making, and without involving any reflection on either our national dignity or intelligence. Contrast them, for instance, with our ill-considered and ineffectual handling of the problem of the white slave traffic, resulting in the stupidities of the Mann Act—the most efficient agent of blackmail, probably, that any Government ever devised. There is no reason why the United States might not become a sufficiently temperate nation without the sacrifices required by prohibition.

Why might not some State, for instance, make a simple experiment in differential taxation; and with that, why might not some community take up the problem of retail distribution,—the saloon problem,—with seriousness and commonsense, providing such a type of resort as exists everywhere on the Continent and is being introduced in Eng-

land? Such a policy as this is constructive, not negative, and, when laid down, is done with once for all. A graded tax bearing very heavily on high alcoholic content, and a method of retail distribution modelled after the Public-House Trust: if any State should make this constructive experiment, it would be interesting to compare the results with those that are to be observed in Kansas or in any other State that has embarked on a course of prohibition.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

WHAT ARE COLLEGES FOR?

BY CHARLES UPSON CLARK

An indignant college graduate of thirty years ago, who finds that his friend's son has come home with the A. B. of that same college and no appreciable education or culture, has recently precipitated a long discussion in the alumni journal of the college in question. This college, like most others, has already recognized the inadequacy of the elective system, and has a committee at work on a revision of its curriculum.

Everywhere we see the same phenomenon. But its causes lie deeper than any mere reorganization of college courses can reach; and the situation is far more serious than is generally admitted. I propose here to point out three demoralizing factors which must be studied and as far as possible neutralized, or, at least, modified. The first is the elective system; the second, the rapid growth of the movement for a "practical"—meaning, generally, a vocational—education; the third and most serious, the luxuriant growth of "extra-curriculum activities," particularly social, athletic, and dramatic, which has been fostered by the elective system and by timidity on the part of school and college administrators.

Everybody knows that a considerable share of college students pick out what are called "snap" courses, in order to give themselves leisure for what they hold as the more important side of college life. The man referred to above gave a list of the scattered subjects taken by his friend's boy in college; and those who knew smiled at the "cinch" course which the boy laid out. It is a fact that when a new instructor appears in a presumably easy subject like English, Economics, or History, a few "scouts" elect his courses in order to be able to gauge them at their true

value. I remember the exultation of one of these prospectors as he shouted to me: "Botany Z 25 [let us say] is a grand course; here 'tis after Christmas, and we haven't yet had to get even a note-book."

The fact that so many elect these "snap" courses, combined with the undergraduate's intense desire to do what everybody else does, makes them almost a required curriculum; and that gave point to what a college graduate once said to me with a straight face: "I wish the 'snap' courses weren't so awfully dull."

The college administrations have vigorously aided this demoralization by judging a new instructor in general by the numbers he attracts without always investigating the causes. I have in mind one case where an instructor taught a language for Freshmen and also for Sophomores. At the time of the election of courses, he used always to tell his Freshmen: "You have had a year of my views and methods. One thing you come here for is to get different views and methods from specialists; so, much as I enjoy working with you, I advise you strongly for your own good to continue this subject with one of the three other instructors who teach it to Sophomores." This man was also a great believer in memorizing, and made his Sophomores learn many poems by heart, which none of the others did. He was soon notified by his superiors that he must be considered a failure as a Freshman teacher, because fewer of his Freshmen elected him in Sophomore year than was the case with the other Freshman-Sophomore instructors.

Furthermore, the genuine student is confronted with minor, but real troubles, like the conflicts of hours brought about by the excessive number of courses offered; the fact that certain courses come Saturday or Monday morning, whereas his parents are anxious for him to come home often for a week-end; and others come in the afternoon, a time which his foot-ball or crew duties make highly inconvenient. Then he is generally eager to save time in his preparation for a profession, and works one or even two years of his legal, medical, or pedagogic training into his college experience.

The elective system, then, needs thorough overhauling; and I shall later present a tentative college course to take its place. But we must first face the problem of the cleavage established between the colleges and the schools by the move-

ment toward vocational education. For years our Eastern colleges have been worried by the decreasing number of applicants from high schools (especially Western high schools); and the State Universities have been distressed by the increasing number of what a Wisconsin friend of mine calls "barbarians." The principle which some Western Commissioners of Education are trying to establish is that any subject taught by any high school in the State should be accepted by the State University as an entrance unit. Some of our old endowed universities have gone far on this road; one of them accepts blacksmithing, woodworking and chipping, filing and fitting, as proofs of readiness for culture. At least one of the colleges which still cling to entrance examinations has come very near adopting a system allowing high school graduates to present certificates for some part of their work.

These efforts of the colleges deserve our sincere sympathy. They have regarded themselves as the natural complement of the high schools; and they are trying to accommodate themselves to the great change which is passing over the latter. Why not admit now that the effort is hopeless? A generation of parents which has observed that the boy in overalls is better paid than the boy in "store clothes," and that the girl who can take dictation gets a better job than the poorly-trained teacher, insists that the high schools —nay, even the grammar schools—abandon mathematics, languages, literature, and history, and teach trades and preparation for minor places in business. The pressure exerted by these parents has made our superintendents and principals discover how well suited vocational training is to the needs of the children of the American proletariat and lower middle class; and if vocational high schools do give the foreman better apprentices and the business man better-trained stenographers and clerks, *c'est déjà quelque chose*. But we must recognize clearly that a college has a liberal education as its aim, while a vocational high school is designed to turn out boys and girls who can earn money immediately without further training. The college has a qualitative and ideal standard; the high school—possibly wisely—more and more of the quantitative and mercenary. High schools will remain instruments of higher culture, awakeners of a love for the noble and the beautiful, only where a large and well-educated community demands it; otherwise the "practical"

interests will inevitably get the upper hand; and if you or I wish our children sometime to know Plato and Dante, Adam Smith, and Edward Gibbon, we must send them for their early training to one or other of the numerous excellent private schools which the exigency has brought into being throughout the land.

The colleges, therefore, are undertaking a hopeless task in trying to lower their requirements to the achievements of the vocational high school. Furthermore, they are playing false to the noble men and women who are trying to keep their own high schools true to the old ideals of character-building rather than money-earning; for the chief argument they can employ is: "If we have no courses in Geometry or Virgil or French, we cannot prepare our boys and girls for Princeton or Bryn Mawr."

No, the colleges must not merely avoid lowering their standards: they need to raise their present terms of admission. The Rockefeller Foundation has pointed out in detail the inadequacy of the present requirements. The certificate system is *a priori* a failure in its prime purpose, which is, to assure the college that the incoming Freshmen may continue their education without loss of time in being "licked into shape." No two schools have the same standard; and in some schools, alas, certificates "*have* to be given." I know of one large New England high school where a boy who had flunked his mathematics was nevertheless certified for college because his father was so important politically that it would not do to withhold the certificate. Great diversity of attainment is the sure sequel of the certificate system.

But the examination system does not give much better results, so long as the colleges allow entrance with four or five conditions, and permit students to extend the examination over several years. There are always boys in knee-trousers at the entrance examinations, taking their first try at subjects which they may pass and then forget altogether in the three or four years before they enter. Then the examinations are far too easy. When a summer tutoring school can advertise that of ninety final candidates whom it prepared, eighty-nine were admitted, it is high time to jack up the requirements. I had recently in my own tutoring school a boy who had flunked four courses of the Junior year of a large Eastern institution of learning. One of these

courses was Advanced German. Not only had he never passed the entrance requirement in German, but he had never studied the subject at all! He had passed the entrance examinations in English; but he confided to me that he had read but one book in his life except those required in school or college; that this was "a red book" called *The Girl and the Bill;* that it had taken him all summer to read it, and that he never intended to read another. A most distinguished recent accession to the staff of one of our oldest colleges told me he was unable to guess how a large share of his Seniors had managed to get into college, and in his judgment a raising of the entrance requirements was the chief need of the college in question (which is reputed among tutors to be the hardest of all colleges for students to enter). I could fill these pages with anecdotes to illustrate my point; but I shall add only one—the advice given me fifteen years ago by the most distinguished tutor of that day at his college, now an honored professor and well-known scientist in that institution: "In preparing boys for English A, never allow them to read the books. It merely confuses them and wastes time. Coach them carefully in the plot of each book and the names of the characters; and make them learn by heart, with exact attention to the spelling and paragraphing, several short compositions on each book. Then they will be sure to pass!"

To my mind, there should be not only harder examinations, but either a recognition of the principle that men shall not enter college with more than one condition, or that the number entering shall be limited. The latter expedient in particular would make many a school athlete or social light more attentive to his work.

But I have not yet touched upon the greatest demoralizing factor—one which is now perhaps as effective in school as in college. The student (and perhaps the professor) is uncertain what constitutes a liberal education; but he knows that an election to the Ball and Chain Society, to the membership or managership of an athletic team, or the floor-walkership (so to speak) of the Junior Promenade, is something definite and tangible, and carries with it not merely honor and renown, but the satisfaction of "helping one's Alma Mater"—a satisfaction denied to the student who haunts the library and whose ambitions center in the essentially selfish distinction of a Phi Beta Kappa key.

To render any curriculum reform effective, some steps

must be taken to make students attend to business. As matters drift nowadays, a well-intentioned boy finds himself required by one student organization to report for three or four hours every afternoon during many weeks for strenuous exercise; by another, to report two evenings a week for a two-hour social function; and often he is called upon by others. If the college is to hold the respect of thoughtful parents, it must insist that no student is to give daily over two hours of his precious time to extra-curriculum activities. The ideal would be to make the course so stiff that there would be no time beyond that needed for exercise and reasonable social intercourse; but the easy-going instructors, who, under the elective system, set the pace for the others, will not change greatly overnight; so perhaps joint action by deans and student organizations is necessary. It may be as futile to expect a football or dramatic coach to give up his men for their studies during part of their time as it was to expect Austria and Russia to demobilize; but like disaster will overtake higher education unless arbitration steps in now. Perhaps the severest criticism of our present curriculum is that made by boys who say, and justly: "My football (or dramatic) training was the most valuable single experience of my college life."

Having now escorted our non-vocational student unconditionally past the entrance requirements, what shall we offer him? He knows some mathematics, a little history, some English, a little Latin and French or German—perhaps all three. We wish to make him accurate and thorough; a wide and critical observer; familiar with methods of research and investigation, and used to consulting and enjoying books; aware that, in the words of one of New York's ablest lawyers, "there is no satisfactory substitute for knowledge"; appreciative of art, music, and *belles-lettres;* well-grounded in history; and able at least to read the chief European languages.

Our colleges now generally require some fifteen hours of recitations or lectures a week, and allow eighteen or twenty. It would be desirable to raise the requirement to eighteen hours, so that seventy-two or seventy-five shall be needed for graduation. That involves raising the tuition fee—a change long impending, and calling for no discussion. Our Freshman will therefore have to take six courses of three hours a week. One of these will naturally be English

—mainly composition and debating, with guidance in general reading. Training in expression should be the keynote to this general elementary course. The other five courses should also continue and supplement work begun in school. The boy should continue his Latin, or continue or begin Greek; as the languages of our civilization and literature in their earlier stages, they form an indispensable background for any comprehensive view of our modern life. He should continue Mathematics, taking normally Mechanics and Trigonometry—nothing better for mental training has yet been devised. He should begin Chemistry, and realize the component elements of his surroundings; if he is already grounded in Chemistry, he may continue it or commence Biology, the field of the last century's great triumphs. He must keep on with his French or German; if proficient in both, he may begin Spanish or Italian. His previous study of History should be enriched and consolidated by a thorough general course in European History, assimilating important outstanding facts and investigating some problem, under competent direction.

In Sophomore year, the English course should amplify and intensify the earlier work in expression—a task often handed over, and not wisely, to debating and dramatic coaches and "Lit." editors. Lectures should give a comprehensive view of the world's literary forms and history—the epic, drama, novel; and preceptorial supervision should guide the reading and discussion. Latin should introduce the student to Tacitus, Horace, and Catullus, and give him some idea of the treasures of medieval literature. Greek should take him to Homer, or, if he is more advanced, to the Attic dramatists. One of these courses may be relegated to Junior year. A broad and thorough course in Physics is essential. Biology should be insisted on, if he has not already had it. French or German should again be required; and the courses in these languages may serve not only linguistic, but also high literary or historical aims. Then our Sophomore may reasonably choose between Spanish and Economics (preferably Economic Debates).

Our Junior need not be tied so closely to a schedule. He must, however, continue French or German; he should study Psychology and Geology, and take American History (with Civics). He may then choose what he wishes for the remaining half of his time; but the college should make every effort

to avoid the extravagant lavishness of courses, particularly in English, Economics, and History, which burdens its budget at present.

The Senior should study Anthropology, and take some general course in Philosophy. He should also follow a course in the general history of Art. If, at the close of Junior year, he has not passed satisfactory examinations in French and German, he should take the subject in which he is deficient.

Having spent his four years in this fashion, our college graduate will have something well-rounded to show for his B. A.; a foundation on which to build in his later study and observation; a vantage-point from which to judge and criticize; and an equipment which will help him intelligently to appreciate life and men. And that I conceive to be the chief aim of the college.

CHARLES UPSON CLARK.

IN MEMORIAM: JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE RILEY BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

BY GEORGE HARVEY

FOREWORD BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

SHORTLY after the 1915 birthday festivities of James Whitcomb Riley at Indianapolis, it was my privilege to visit Riley at his home on Lockerbie Street. In his aftermath comment concerning the happy event, his heart seemed to overflow with gratitude toward those who had been "so kind" to him. He was especially appreciative of the tribute paid to him in the address delivered at the celebration by Colonel George Harvey, and he said to me:

"You know, it was so strange that a man whom I had seen so little, personally, should analyze my work so profoundly. I do not think I deserved it, but I am none the less grateful. It makes every day of my life now seem like a pleasant dream. It just seems as if the strength was given me to enjoy to the fullest that glorious birthday."

After the publication of Colonel Harvey's tribute in my magazine, I received the following letter from the poet:

MIAMI, FLORIDA, January 15, 1916.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE:

Your magazine for January came last night, and I have read the Birthday Party article of yours over and over again, with a fresher interest and a deeper sense of gratitude to you and your kind heart.

While your generous comments I can but think far in excess of my deserving, I find it no less pleasant to accept, and am and ever will be your ever thankful friend.

In like measure I am beholden to the kindly offices and eloquence of Colonel Harvey. Truly a masterly tribute, from genesis to ulti-

mate finish; and how I shall be able ever to adequately thank either him or you is quite beyond my conjecture.

Most gratefully and faithfully your friend,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will, I know, welcome the opportunity of reading the following reprint of Colonel Harvey's tribute.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

Why is James Whitcomb Riley?

One of the clearest proofs of the Scriptural declaration that the ways of the Lord passeth understanding is to be found in the wonder which we all feel from time to time that so many of our acquaintances should have been created at all. Incidentally, it is a safe assumption that they too suffer like bewilderment respecting our own superior selves. But the speculation is always interesting, and indulgence in it for a few moments tonight may not be destitute of profit. In any case, it possesses the merit of beginning at the foundation and building or reasoning upward. We all know why Mr. Fairbanks is, and Mr. Beveridge and Senator Kern and Governor Ralston, because they have been unable upon occasion to prevent their friends from enlightening us.

But why is James Whitcomb Riley? That is the question. So far as nomenclature is concerned, I can deduce the "Riley" from certain Celtic whimsicalities that I have read, and I infer that the "James Whitcomb" has to do with the distinguished statesman whose statue I saw today in the public square. But we must go deeper than that. What is his genesis as an artist, as a genius, and, as I have heard him depicted, as the only unsophisticated voter in Indiana?

Is it environment? Possibly, in part. Primarily, all countries comprised broadly three distinct regions—a maritime region, an agricultural region and a pastoral region—and the characteristics of a people are determined usually by the requirements of their location. The resident of the belt along the shore, pursuing the line of least resistance in seeking sustenance, becomes a fisherman, and that occupation being notably precarious, he grows to be hardy, resolute, bold, disdainful of danger. The shepherd of the hills, too, being charged with the protection of his flock, acquires a warring disposition and, breathing an atmosphere of loneli-

ness, grows moody and imaginative. Men's chivalry and inspiration are associated traditionally with the highlands, as by the imagery of the Jews, whose first law-giver received divine tuition from the mountain-top, by the Greeks whose Zeus ruled from Olympus, by the German barons and by the Scottish chiefs.

It is the inhabitant of the plains who becomes tranquil and thoughtful, a lover of peace, to whom the welfare of family, of neighbors, and of friends is of first consideration. So it is that, in our own country, despite the vaunted influences of our great cities and the restiveness among our hills, the seat of real power and of truest Americanism is the vast plain stretching from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. And so it may be that the songs of Riley are attuned, in a measure, by mere propinquity and usualness, to the joyous notes of the robin rather than to the shrill cries of the eagle and the gull.

But environment only moulds; it cannot make; no more than evolution, which even as depicted by Darwin and Spencer is nothing else than development of a force, whose origin cannot be determined by human reason. What that force is, whether it is of nature or of divinity, is a moot question, but there can be no doubt of one thing: that is, that there lives in every normal human nature a divine quality which takes the form of hunger to create—not merely to achieve, but to originate, to bring into actual being. Undoubtedly it is to that impulse struggling, helplessly in all seeming, but irresistibly, in the breast of the little Hoosier lad, that you owe the honor tonight of claiming as your own, not only the best beloved of poets, but the only one now living who is in truth unique.

I say unique, because I know of none living and can think of none dead with whom comparison, in the accepted sense of the term, can be made with any sense of surety. Literary achievement rests upon compelled recognition of one of three bases: craftsmanship, talent, or a gift. Each possesses its own field and makes its own appeal; seldom is one combined with another. To avert conceivable charges of invidiousness from among the living intellectuals, notably in a community so highly cultivated as this, we may instance Addison as at least eminently the master of his craft, and Mark Twain as no less surely the mind of talent. You would not think of classifying Riley with either in any particular or

from any viewpoint. He has been compared recently by a competent critic with Whittier, and in some respects the parallel seems to be warranted. To each was accorded the power of interpreting with striking fidelity the thoughts and feelings of his own people. Upon both was bestowed that rarest and most precious of inheritances—the gift, the gift that comes straightway from God. But there the parallel ends. Whittier's insight was distinctively spiritual. Riley's understanding, although no less crystal-like in its purity, is of the emotions. Whittier's was the Puritan God—a blending of perfection and austerity. Riley's is the God of the plains—generous, kindly, considerate, sympathetic; if not divinely human, at least humanly divine. Whittier's appeal was to the cultivated spirit. Riley's is to the very nature of the being. As we of New England revered our finest of poets from a distance, so with a like fittingness may you well, as you are doing tonight, take yours to your hearts in love and tenderness.

It is good that this memorable, this unprecedented tribute should be paid. It is good for you. It is good for us from afar whom you have permitted to join in glad recognition. It is good for the State to show that a prophet may not be without honor in his own country. It is good for the Nation, particularly at this time, when, so it seems to me, we should, above all things, hold America and Americans first in our thoughts.

And, believe me, it is good for Riley. I can think of but one thing better—but one gathering more harmonious with so beautiful a purpose. My imagination pictures a vast stadium fashioned by Nature upon the face of the Earth—a mighty bowl covered with greenest sward, stretching up to the rim as far as the eye can see and peopled with countless thousands of little children with faces radiating undying gratitude and everlasting joy. And as a preliminary of this celebration I would have enacted a tragedy—yes, sir, a literary tragedy. I would have the bigger boys emerge from the grove of trees at one side with the Gobble-uns captured and in chains. And I would have them drag the Gobble-uns through the multitude of shrieking boys and cheering girls and delighted tots barely from the cradle to the far end of the great amphitheatre and drown them—yes, sir, drown those Gobble-uns, drown 'em dead, dead, dead in the old swimmin' hole. And then I would have the myriad of sturdy lads and

little women in their prettiest frocks—the myriad not merely of this day but of countless generations yet to come, greater in number than the mind can comprehend—take their places on the grassy slopes of the great bowl and stand in perfect silence till a trapdoor at the bottom should be lifted and from the cavity should emerge the figure of their beloved. And at a given signal the wonderful orchestra of millions of robins should burst into song and the myriads of children should wave a salute such as would fetch the tears a-streaming down the face of him whom we honor tonight—such a tribute, my friends, as no poet and no man has ever won before in the whole history of the world which he has made so happy.

For myself, in closing, but a word of sincere gratitude for being permitted to come here and share with you the joy of this occasion. I have but one hope in mind. It is that when the time shall come for me to leave this very good world for one that may be better or may be worse, I may feel that it will not be taken amiss if I turn my fading eyes towards Lockerbie Street and murmur softly, but in all the tenderness of great affection, those classic words:

"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

GEORGE HARVEY.

TWO WOODSMEN

BY EDITH WYATT

I

East and West, we in America have had a unique piece of good fortune: the poetry of our most distinguished and beautiful possession, our country's great forests, has been expressed for us by two men of genius in the sincere tones of Henry David Thoreau and John Muir.

Perhaps the most essential quality of poetry, rhymed or rhymeless, is that it be truly lived in the spirit of the singer: that it be indeed the living word. East is East and West is West. Various are the voices of these two woodsmen. But in one way, very markedly, they reveal a kindred manner: each speaks with epic swiftness of his way of life.

"I went to the woods," says Thoreau, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. . . I wanted . . . to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the whole world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

In the pursuit of happiness by this design Thoreau started seventy years ago on an adventure originally fascinating as the story of Crusoe, and of increasing interest from an accident of history. For people feel a greater practical need of simplicity today than in the forties, or, to go only a step further back, greater than they could have felt in the age of Elizabeth. One learns with surprise that Shakespeare wrote in praise of Arden from a London of about the same

population as that of Omaha. This may give us a bird's-eye and impressionistic glimpse of the rapid multiplicity of complications. Even a foreground as near to us as that of Emerson's biographical sketches of the Concord contemporaries of Thoreau seems to show us the charm of ways beautifully wide-spaced for contemplation and reflection. Surely our own civilization is far more in want of a clearing.

Always an implement of excellent quality for this purpose, the story of Walden has now a keener edge than when it was first borrowed by the world. It will cleave through a thicker growth of superfluities and of trivial acquisitions.

"Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber." As specific in manner as Caesar's *Gallic Wars* is Thoreau's biography of his two years in this house. None, I suppose, will deny that they were successful, and that he lived well here. "It is remarkable," he says elsewhere, "that there is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting a living; how to make getting a living not merely honest and honorable, but altogether inviting and glorious; for if *getting* a living is not so, then living is not."

Thoreau, then, got his living by planting about two acres of deserted and over-grown clearing. Here he sowed. Here he hoed and weeded. "I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my Winters, as well as of my Summers, I had free and clear for study."

Reading a little more closely, one perceives that even this amount of necessary toil is over-stated: and that he labored only in the mornings of six weeks. It would be difficult to find a more graphic record of an experience of pleasure than Thoreau's chronicle of his work in his bean field. In sheer unpretentious rhythm of physical impression it is like a series of distinguished Japanese color prints—such as this image of a bird above him: "The hawk is aerial brother of the wave which he sails over and surveys, these his perfect air-inflated wings answering to the elemental unfledged pinions of the sea."

Is it so easy, one asks then, to maintain oneself in a man-

ner inviting and glorious? And instantly one perceives that it is not, of course, so easy. To cut the knot you must not only have a sword, but be Alexander. The reason why most people could never live with this classic ease, power and simplicity is because they are not so classic, so leisurely, so powerful or simple as Thoreau.

Even bodily, most of us are of inferior make. Our senses are hopelessly slower. The stories of the acuteness of Thoreau's perceptions make one feel oneself to be a mere purblind and blundering sleep-walker through the universe. He could detect the odor of a pipe of tobacco three hundred yards away. He could find his way through the woods as rapidly at night by the evidence of his feet as with his eyesight in the daytime. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with a rod and chain. Emerson says of his companion that he saw as with a microscope: heard as with an ear-trumpet; that his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard; and that every fact lay in glory in his mind.

His presentation is as exact and sharp as the foot-print Crusoe found upon the beach; and it is always oriented in creation. "When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the Fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for Winter, but was merely a defense against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright, white-hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning. . . To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited a year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a traveling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere."

For Thoreau the poem of creation is indeed uninter-

rupted. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* is calculated to make one understand that one has ears and hears not, eyes, and sees not: and has really never spent a week on earth in an appreciation of its actualities. But Thoreau not only could listen to terrestrial music, but could re-create it: and not only see, but again incarnate on the page the Inward Morning.

Brilliantly mystic and symbolic, his use of words recalls that of William Blake. Such a strength of life as startles and waylays in "Tiger, tiger, burning bright," flashes in his characteristic expression. None else could write: "The lightning is an exaggeration of the light," nor: "The bluebird carries the sky on his back," nor that most wonderful saying: "The light of the sun is but the shadow of love."

Of imagination all compact, Thoreau is one of the least explanatory, the most non-literal and humorous of authors. His humor is of the conversational type, the casual, and completely addressed to a peer and quick recipient of truth. The very voices of his visitors are conveyed with the indefinable individuality of the ease of door-step anecdote—like his description of the Canadian wood-chopper and holer of fifty posts a day, who "In physical endurance and contentment was cousin to the pine and the rock. I asked him once if he was not sometimes tired at night, after working all day; and he answered, with a sincere and serious look, 'Gorrappit, I never was tired in my life.'"

In an entertaining and brilliant literary essay, Stevenson has described Thoreau—to put it briefly—as a noble and original but cold and priggish genius. He has presented a striking but to many readers unrecognizable portrait of Thoreau's mind, as an intellect brave, but rather rigid and bumpkin-like: and has given no just impression whatever of the extraordinarily flexible strength and casual grace of Thoreau's fancy.

Stevenson himself apologizes for his injustices to Thoreau in a preface read perhaps by ten persons for a thousand who know his essay on the subject. He tells us that his monograph has aroused the fury of Dr. Japp, a sincere and learned disciple of Thoreau's, who has brought forward biographical facts in whose light Thoreau's pages, "seemingly so cold, are seen to be alive with feeling." With all honor to

Dr. Japp, those readers who, unaided by his facts, have enjoyed Thoreau's pages as being alive with feeling, on the author's own showing, will doubtless find that this explanation cannot quite account for Stevenson's view.

The reason of this is, I believe, to be found elsewhere than in the fine contribution of Dr. Japp, however gravely he insisted on its information, in the anger of his belief that Stevenson had achieved a popular misrepresentation of a great man. Stevenson was, I think, both fascinated and repelled by Thoreau because of contradictory elements in his own response to existence. Large as a human being, Stevenson could be very little as a partisan. With the most generous candor and admiration, he says that, since he was introduced to Thoreau, he has scarcely written ten sentences but his influence might somewhere be detected by a close observer. Yet, having adopted romantic statement and rhetoric as a party-cry, Stevenson could not quite refrain from disparaging utterance about an author with so constant a reference to actualities and a manner so little rhetorical as Thoreau's.

Like Sir Walter Scott, Stevenson as a Tory partisan will at times return to some of the least admirable tendencies of the faith of his fathers—in Stevenson's case a faith fostered under Elders and periodic discourse. Never was an author less a rhetor than Thoreau. He does not wish to be awe-inspiring. He never shakes his finger at you; nor attempts to overwhelm you in any way. It may be said that because of the clarity of Thoreau's style, much that it expresses could probably never be readily perceptible to anyone whose recipiency of truth had become somewhat deafened by being roared at frequently in any resounding conventicle, religious or political or literary.

Thoreau was no imitator of himself. Life was a series of changing experiments to him. After he had proved its quality at Walden, he returned to Concord, where he made another valuable clearing, in the character of his protest against the holding of slaves. His narrative of the events of a part of this protest has the quietly reasonable air of a Frank R. Stockton fable; and seems to relate occurrences in the country of the Reformed Pirate, sitting at his knitting in Sweet Marjoram land:

I have paid no poll tax for six years. I was put into jail once

on this account. . . . The night in prison was novel and interesting enough. The prisoners in their shirt-sleeves were enjoying a chat in the evening air in the doorway when I entered. But the jailer said, "Come, boys, it is time to lock up"; and so they dispersed, and I heard the sound of their footsteps returning into the hollow apartments. My room-mate was introduced to me by the jailer, as " A first-rate fellow and a clever man." When the door was locked he showed me where to hang my hat and how to manage matters there. The rooms were white-washed once a month: and this one, at least, was the whitest, most simply furnished, and probably the neatest apartment in the town. . . .

When I came out of prison—for someone interfered, and paid that tax—I did not perceive that great changes had taken place on the common, such as he observed who went in a youth and emerged a tottering and gray-headed man: and yet a change had to my eyes come over the scene—the town and state and country—greater than any that mere time could affect. I saw yet more distinctly the State in which I lived. I saw to what extent the people among whom I lived could be trusted as good neighbors and friends; that their friendship was for summer weather only; that they did not greatly propose to do right.

I was put into jail as I was going to the shoemaker's to get a shoe which was mended. When I was let out the next morning I proceeded to finish my errand, and having put on my mended shoe, joined a huckleberry party, who were impatient to put themselves under my conduct; and in half an hour—for the horse was soon tackled—was in the midst of a huckleberry field on one of our highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen.

Thoreau is said to have inspired people with what Henry James calls the Sacred Terror. It is readily comprehensible. Quiet as they are, the words, " I saw yet more distinctly the State in which I lived " are sufficiently terrible. Few persons who have read Thoreau's opinions on the general behavior of Government, and on the fortunes of the captive and the purpose of the free, will be surprised at the depth of his concern when he says that he put a paper and pencil under his pillow, and found it of some relief to write his feelings in the dark, in his sleeplessness, on the night preceding John Brown's execution.

An English admirer of Thoreau's once remarked to me that Thoreau was not only not known in this country, in his life-time, but is not known today. So it will appear certainly to those who turn for the first time to *Civil Disobedience*,

Life Without Principle, and especially *Captain John Brown.* Full of fire and power, fused with the grip of a passion for reality, this great essay, in its lucidity and force comparable with the best of Plutarch's *Lives,* will not perhaps be widely known in our own day, in the sentimentalities of our sheep-run land. Its independent sense of truth challenges every reader, and flashes a thousand questions at his poor concurrences. It belongs to the great Outlaw letters, like the *Phaedrus,* and will be read and enjoyed doubtless for its tonic nobility and clear presentation of the souls of Supermen, when its boldness may be accounted a part of the classic style of antiquity.

However, not only in this essay but, far more significantly, by his life, Thoreau—and John Muir too—may be said to give a presentation clear and novel of the ways of Supermen abroad in creation; and valuable news of traveling gods. Like the Superman of Nietzsche's comment in two important attributes, they evince an extraordinary originality and courage: and unlike the Superman of Nietzsche's comment, they represent an extraordinary independence.

Of course the most familiar and popular idea of the Superman is very different from any of these presentments. The common notion of a Superman is that of an ordinary Hun victorious, and member of a mob. Founded in this country on a characteristic national thought,—that as an unquestioning follower on the paths of sophistication, one need not really know anything at all about Nietzsche to be a sophisticated Nietzschean,—this conception cannot fairly be described as Germanic. Though the idea of a mere gorging and predatory ruffian as a figure of supreme social value cannot find a foot-hold anywhere on the mountain peaks of Thoreau's and of John Muir's ways in creation, it can, though with considerable effort, be hauled and pushed up the cliffs walked by Nietzsche's Superman.

The most satisfactory element in this popular hero is perhaps that he does not need to be original and cannot be independent. He has to have a prey, and this is all he needs. He enhances enormously the great competitive and imitative illusion that there are no new or creative values, or, that if there are, they are of no importance, and that the only practical way to be happy and glorious is either to destroy something that someone else has got, or to take it away from him.

At bottom this predatory theory of existence is the same as the mendicant theory; and consists of a belief that determined claims upon others are the main human means of livelihood and happiness. Without entering into the question of the validity of this creed, it may be said that the most striking distinction between the philosophy of claimancy and the unformulated faith which breathes so naturally from the pages of Thoreau and John Muir, is that these express a belief in a power not claimant, nor imitative, nor predatory, nor destructive: a belief in a creative power of obtaining a livelihood and happiness from an individual grasp of the material and spiritual forces of the universe.

Thoreau, in particular, created an original happiness for himself by a deliberate design upon the universe and the future of men. A great man and a genius, he revealed in all his ways a sheer and astounding strength. As he lay near death, when unable to hold a pen himself, he dictated a reply to a friend who had inquired for his health, remarking that he supposed he had not long to live—"I may say I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."

Splendid are his paths, but distant. Even the opening of his wonderful way through the forest of creation is manifestly for the full-grown in mind, for an exceptional nervous power.

II

John Muir seems in many senses to set forth from nearer home, from the ground of an experience shared to some extent by thousands of people on earth today. Thoreau sought simplicity and freedom by a spontaneous desire. John Muir sought them from an early knowledge of crushing toil.

He has told us his view of drudgery for the sake of drudgery. Coming from Scotland to this country, as a little boy of about ten, he was obliged, on his father's pioneer farm-land in Wisconsin, to pour forth his strength like water. His father roused him and his brothers to feed the cattle and horses, grind the axes, and bring in wood before breakfast; and, in brighter weather, to be out in the snow, chopping and fencing by day-break. In spite of the fact that "the very best oak and hickory fuel was embarrassingly abundant, the only fire for the whole house was the kitchen stove, with a firebox about eighteen inches long and eight inches wide and deep, beneath which in the morning we found

our socks and coarse, soggy boots frozen solid. We were not allowed to start even this despicable little fire in its black box to thaw them. No, we had to squeeze our throbbing, aching, chilblained feet into them, causing greater pain than toothache, and hurry out to chores. Fortunately the miserable chilblain pain began to abate as soon as the temperature of our feet approached the freezing point, enabling us in spite of hard work and hard frost to enjoy the Winter beauty—the wonderful radiance of the snow."

Hard as the Winter was, in some respects the Summer offered greater severities. "It often seemed to me that our fierce, over-industrious way of getting the grain from the ground was too closely connected with grave-digging. The staff of life, naturally beautiful, after this suggested the grave-digger's spade. Men and boys, and in those days even women and girls, were cut down while cutting the wheat. . . We were all made slaves through the vice of over-industry. The same was in great part true in making hay to keep the cattle and horses through the long Winters. We were called in the morning at four o'clock and seldom got to bed before nine, making a broiling, seething day seventeen hours long loaded with heavy work."

Nothing exempted him. When he had mumps, and could swallow no food but milk, he was obliged to work though staggering with weakness and sometimes falling down in the sheaves.

With extraordinarily little time, and no instruction, John Muir contrived in the midst of this toil to invent and make a number of original and curious devices, among them a combined hygrometer, thermometer, and barometer, and a self-setting saw-mill, the models constructed of wood, which were justifiably the wonder of the neighborhood. On the advice of a friend of the family he left home, a year after coming of age, for the purpose of exhibiting these models at the State Fair; of attempting to obtain employment by this recommendation, in a machine-shop; and of thus supporting himself while he studied in the preparatory courses and the University at Madison. He seems to have accomplished with remarkable ease the purposes he had in mind: but he says he did not complete the regular course of studies. "I wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion which has lasted nearly fifty years, and is not yet completed, always

happy and free, poor and rich . . . urged on and on through endless, inspiring, Godful beauty."

John Muir's characteristic tone is epic. He sings great sweeps of space and time. Speaks continentally. Counts time in aeons. He is accredited with—more accurately, perhaps, it should be said he is accused of—that tendency to make lists and to mention specific localities which is characteristic of all genuinely epic authors, from Homer, with the catalogue of ships, to Walt Whitman, with all the lines about

> House-building, measuring, sawing the boards;
> Black-smithing, glass-blowing, nail-making, coopering . . .

The truth is that those of Poe's taste, who cannot like a long poem, cannot like the epic in any of its manifestations. It was not meant for them, but for those who enjoy being immersed for hours in a subject: who love to have the catalogue of ships sail on and on: love to hear the chords arising from their deeps all day at *Parsifal*: and would delight, once John Muir has revealed to them the immensities of the Yosemite, to know the names of all its waterfalls, climbing to the source of every fresh glacial fountain, and harking to the last foam-echo of the remote and all but unattainable Illilouette. Lyrics are for excursionists. Epics are for those who are keen on the trail: and enjoy the exhaustive, if not by foot, at least by fancy. For such travelers are the pages of John Muir.

His references are almost incredibly spacious. He tells us that after walking from Indiana to New Mexico with a plant press on his back, he took a Panama steamer in a certain Spring; and, on arriving at San Francisco, inquired for the nearest way out of town. "'But where do you want to go?' asked the man to whom I had applied for this important information. 'To any place that is wild,' I said. This reply startled him. He seemed to fear I might be crazy, and therefore the sooner I was out of town the better, so he directed me to the Oakland ferry." Incommoded only by the fact that he was still weak from a fever he had caught in Florida, and by the fact that he had almost no money, he set out at once for the Sierras.

"It was the bloom-time of the year over the lowlands and coast ranges," he writes. "The landscapes of the Santa Clara Valley were fairly drenched with sunshine, all the air

was quivering with the songs of the meadow-larks: and the hills were so covered with flowers that they seemed to be painted. . . I wandered enchanted in long wavering curves, knowing by my pocket-map that Yosemite Valley lay to the East, and that I should surely find it."

So the walker's prowess sings on and on up to the Pacheco Pass, along the full-fold mountain-tops and flowering valleys; and on and on through his whole life-time.

This first Sierra Summer of his was in 1868: and nearly fifty years later, only yesterday, he described for us another part of his way over what he calls foundational truth, among the innumerable glacial splendors of Alaska: "I traced the glorious crystal wall, admiring its wonderful architecture—clusters of glittering, lance-tipped spires, bold outstanding bastions, and plain mural cliffs adorned along the top with fretted cornice and battlement, while every gorge and crevasse, groove and hollow, was filled with light, shimmering and throbbing in pale blue tones of ineffable tenderness and beauty."

Celestial was John Muir's whole journey on earth, till, "when night was drawing near, I ran down the flowery slopes exhilarated, thanking God for the gift of this great day."

When we heard that John Muir was gone, on the mountains, it was of some comfort to know that he could not be lost to the forest. Both in his deed and his word the protector of American woods, he will live immemorially in their beauty—not only in their actual and physical wonder as they rise on earth in the serried reserves of dreaming silver fir and giant redwood; but in their imagined splendor as they grow forever in the clear air of his truthful pages.

Among multitudes of men and women doing things in discontent, and because of demand or pressure, here were two men who did what they desired. A hundred acts and sayings of John Muir's and of Thoreau's might serve as a protest against the multitude of purblind, reluctant, and meaningless doings in which human energy is so poorly wasted. People cannot resist spending themselves in activities they only half like. Undoubtedly the most dangerous and weakening dissipation of life force might be found less in any drug or sport or even "strong temptation" than in the mere habit of perfunctory performances at every turn.

At least there have been for us East and West prophets of wisdom who could think greatly, and whose ideas have been incarnated in lives original, happy, and independent.

"Really to see the sun rise or go down every day," says Thoreau, "so to relate ourselves to a universal fact, would preserve us sane forever. Nations! What are nations? Tartars and Huns and Chinamen. Like insects they swarm. The historian strives in vain to make them memorable. It is for want of a man that there are so many men. It is individuals that populate the world." It may fairly be claimed that Thoreau and John Muir, like Zarathustra,—and from a different outlook,—really could see the sun rise. The whole body of their works is informed by the tremendous re-creative faculty of their vision.

A few hours in the fresh poetry and bright-blown fragrance of these men's wonderful conception of the universe, and one finds oneself fitter both to live and to die. All around, behind and before, the horizon is wider. The vanished flocks of the wild pigeons fly again in burnished splendor over the whole sky. For a lucid interval the heart is truly awake; and can think, in the enkindling beauty of the light of that sun which is but the shadow of love, about the fortunes of the captive and the purpose of the free.

EDITH WYATT.

MODERN TENDENCIES IN POETRY

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

English poetry of today is notoriously the scene of an opposition which to some observers seems the rebellion of new life against sterile and petrified forms, while to others it appears as the menace of anarchy against order and beauty. Almost as clearly marked as in the economic world, the conservative and the radical forces are at work. The making of poetry is the aim of both, but they march under two irreconcilable banners. One of these is the very modern attempt to find some new and more flexible form in which can be expressed accurately the honest and unsentimental poetry of the modern mind; the other is the effort to invest the raw vigor of our modernity with that glamor of formal beauty which marks the classic tradition of the older poets. Between these two camps a merry war is waging; and it is an open question whether the impatience of the Revolutionists toward the Traditionalists, or the distaste of the Traditionalists for the Revolutionists, is the greater.

In any examination of the Revolutionary poetry, it is best to put aside this little quarrel, and to approach the new poems as one would a theatre—willing to be entertained, but not determined to be. Some readers will take up the modern work with minds haunted by the ghosts of poets who died before the new poets were born; and these will find it difficult to regard the birth of poetry as coincident with the origin of any modern cult. In fact, many lovers of the old tradition appear to have great trouble in keeping good-tempered in the face of some of the claims made by the advanced poets. It would be well if these apoplectic critics would remind themselves that an open mind is acceptable to God and profitable to man. As they confront the novel and sometimes startling attempts of radical enthusiasts, they

might advantageously recall history and be a little humble. The revolts of each rising generation have always seemed to each passing generation like perverse breaches of immutable laws; yet time has often made it clear that it was only against the very mutable and sometimes stupid misinterpretation of laws that the rebellion of the younger wills was directed. Thus the pathetic comedy goes on from generation to generation; and the old past fights bitterly against the rising tide of the young future. May heaven spare us the humiliation of acting so dull a part in so grotesque a drama! May we be ready to welcome all in the new poetry that is beautiful even though it come dressed in an unfamiliar beauty!

On the other hand it would be a pity to abandon completely the attitude of the sceptic mind—of the mind from Missouri. It is not wholly a sign of senility to demand evidence that the new is good before we discard the old. Change is, indeed, the condition of growth, in art as in life. But not all motion in the arts is progress, nor are all movements to be regarded as Crusades toward the Holy Sepulchre. In the arts, as in life, there are many blind alleys, many meaningless expeditions; and no one wants to be tricked into adherence to one of these. Faith in the necessity of progress need not drive the enthusiast to such a pitch of desperation that he joins every Coxey's Army that marches shouting through the streets.

Whatever we may think of the new poetry, we must perceive in it four sharply marked elements. These are the demand for complete metrical freedom; the insistence on hard actuality of images; the adoption of an attitude of humor, irony, or grotesqueness in even the most serious poems; and an absolute frankness and shamelessness as to the content of the poet's work.

Of these elements it is the metrical freedom that stands out most obviously. The extremists of the new school look with distrust on the established verse-forms. They feel that the constraint of any regular metrical system is an intolerable prison to the spirit of the poet. Following the example of recent French poets, they demand that the integrity of the poet's meaning be poured into song whose cadences are born solely of the moment's emotion and are not responsible for conformity to any recurrent order of rhyme or rhythm. Such a theory produces verse whose lines are of irregular length,

whose dominant movement may change at any moment, and from which rhyme is usually absent. At its worst this verse is an abomination; at its best it is a very subtle medium for the expression of certain kinds of feeling.

As all educated Revolutionists admit, though the name *vers libre* is new, the thing itself is not. In fact, it is a very ancient thing, which has been used admirably by the most classic of all the English poets, Milton. In the Choruses of *Samson Agonistes* he employs such free verse as no modern Revolutionary poet is likely to surpass. Hence if we protest against free verse, we set ourselves counter not only to the modernists of today but also to the classicists of yesterday. As Milton saw, regular rhythms do not fill every need. Not all themes fit themselves into conventionalized sound-patterns. Sometimes, as in *Samson Agonistes,* an effect of peculiar dryness and hardness is wanted which regular verse would be unable to supply. Also there are cases in which life strikes the emotion of the poet in broken flashes—in swift chaotic fragmentary perceptions; and to record these, free verse is an unsurpassed medium. For all these reasons there is no sense whatever in the popular objections that have been raised to the free verse of the modern poet.

It is only with those who proclaim free verse to be the sole possible poetic medium that one has a right to quarrel. There are such poets; and in their attempt to create a cult of free verse they make themselves very ridiculous. Because the carpenter finds the hatchet useful for certain kinds of work is hardly a reason for throwing the saw out of the window. Milton knew very much better. Though he used free verse when he chose, he employed the regular metres and the sonnet in a manner that has not been surpassed. Great artist that he was, he adapted his medium to his purpose. He knew what all poets will be wise to recognize today: that certain effects in poetry are wholly impossible without the use of regular rhythms and rhyme.

The reason for this fact is derived from the very nature of the art. It is based on the absolute necessity of carrying the lulled spirit of the reader on waves of recurrent sound into a state of suspended consciousness—a kind of visionary trance in which the mind, deaf for a moment to the distractions of the world around it, will see singly and solely the dream which the poet puts before it. The emotion-heightening, hypnotic power of regular rhythms and recurrent

rhymes is in many instances the whole basis of that peculiar somnambulistic effect which is the special magic of poetry. Emotion is the secret of it all; and some emotions answer to the call of rhyme and rhythm as to almost nothing else. Rhythm seizes the thread of one's thought as might a current, and intertwines with it, and draws it down into remote subterranean caverns of the spirit unvisited by the every-day consciousness.

The sole debatable question that arises is: How regular must the rhythm be to produce the desired trance-like effect? When the degree of trance desired is not very intense, as in poems that keep close to the surface-details of observed reality, the beat of the verse may safely be reduced to a minimum. But when one wishes to lift the reader into regions of passionate ecstasy and to arouse the profoundest and most primal emotions, one will have to resort to a more powerful stimulus and carry the reader farther away from every-day reality on the flow of these hypnotic waves of sound. For ironic comments on the human comedy around us, for pictures of the common stage on which we do our little struttings, free verse is admirable; but it will seldom serve to transport us to the heights of religious experience, or to the depths of the black night of the soul, or to the sun-swept levels of beauty-drunken happiness.

It is, in fact, difficult to escape the feeling that free verse, valuable though it is, is still in some obscure way incomplete verse—a rudimentary and not a final art-form. Many poets will agree that one resorts to free verse chiefly when what one has to say is not completely crystallized, or when one's emotion is not at its most intense pitch, or when one wishes to note down a series of impressions that have not yet fully combined into one concentrated pattern. For one case in which free verse has been used as Milton used it,—out of deliberate and conscious choice,—there are a thousand cases in which it has been employed solely because the writer had not carried the inner processes of composition far enough to poetize his material completely. When the mind is a blaze of sudden revelation, and the poet's theme glows into thorough transparency of white heat, he will usually find that what he has to say flows rapidly and perfectly into the smooth mould of regular verse-forms; but when the intensity of his impulse is a little lower, and all kinds of comments, reflections, minor observations, and clever plays of word and thought are

mixed with his truly poetical material, then he can give much more complete and appropriate expression to his idea in the less intense rhythms of free verse.

The new poets have made no mistake in using free verse. Their only error has been in committing themselves to it with too blind an exclusiveness.

Beyond the matter of rhythm lies another feature of the new poetry—that very interesting theory of writing called Imagism. The Imagists attempt to present to the reader a clear, exact, sharp picture of objects and episodes; after this, they allow the reader himself to evoke from this presentation those comments, reflections, emotions, and overtones which form so large a part of ordinary poetry. The Imagist would not say "mournful waves" or "bleak coast"; he would refuse to comment thus: he would prefer "lead-gray waves" and "splintered coast." He would attempt to find the precise word "which brings the effect of the object to the reader as the writer saw it," and would present his scene with that impersonal interest in the scene itself which is the peculiar characteristic of modern painting. He would avoid all flamboyant words, all set phrases, and keep his speech hard, spare, clean-cut, economical. He would express even the most general ideas, even the most abstract conceptions, by means of the concrete manner and the definite embodiment of beauty.

This theory has great fascination. The practice of the theory by the professed Imagists has, however, been disappointing up to the present time. The poems which follow are from among those which the Imagists themselves praise. Here is one of the most admired of Imagist productions, *Oread*, by Mrs. Richard Aldington:

> Whirl up, sea—
> Whirl your pointed pines,
> Splash your great pines
> On our rocks,
> Hurl your green over us,
> Cover us with your pools of fir.

There is, indeed, a certain vividness of tumult expressed in this likening of the wind-tossed sea to a wind-tossed pine-forest. But it seems attenuated, over-stressed; and such a minutely treated theme for a poem, after all! Surely a morbid fear of elaboration has impelled the writer to resort to

such a mere adumbration of her thought. It suggests an unwholesome veneration for even the most fragmentary of her perceptions. Compare it with any of the short poems of that supreme lyricist, William Blake, and observe how thin it seems.

Here is another Imagist poem by Mr. Ezra Pound, called *April;* it is almost meaningless because of this same parsimony:

> Three spirits came to me
> And drew me apart
> To where the olive boughs
> Lay stripped upon the ground:
>
> Pale carnage beneath bright mist.

The principle of hard conciseness has here been carried too far. It is the method of Japanese poetry reduced to madness. But here is an incomparably better and perhaps a more characteristic specimen of Imagism, by Miss Amy Lowell; it is called *White and Green:*

> Hey! My daffodil-crowned,
> Slim and without sandals!
> As the sudden spurt of flame upon darkness
> So my eyeballs are startled with you,
> Supple-limbed youth among the fruit-trees,
> Light runner through tasseled orchards.
> You are an almond flower unsheathed
> Leaping and flickering between the budded branches.

Thus the Imagist attempts to give you a clear, sharp word-picture of the thing seen, without making any attempt to tell you what emotions this thing evokes in him or should evoke in you. He hopes, by presenting just the right details, to make you do your own feeling, and to convey to you the implications of the scene described with a sharpness all the greater because of his withholding of his own comments. Of course, the Imagist is not unique in this aim. There is a perfect example of Imagism in Burns's line:

> The white moon is setting behind the white wave,

and in Keats's:

> The sedge is withered by the lake
> And no birds sing.

In the words of these poets, however, the Imagistic passages stand in intelligible relation to greater wholes; they are

merely the bits out of which the artist composes his wide mosaic. The real Imagists, on the other hand, too often forget the whole for the part; they too often are content to put down vivid little trifles as if they were completed pictures. Many Imagist poems are merely such fragmentary bits of color, such momentary sketches, as a great artist puts down in his note-book for later use in a larger composition.

There is a third element very strikingly present in the new poetry: this is its revolt against sweetness and prettiness. It appears sometimes as brutality, sometimes as irony, sometimes as grotesqueness. As one might stamp, swearing furiously, out of some over-scented boudoir,—so many of the Revolutionary poets give expression to their contempt for the softness and sugariness of the older poetry. This is not an altogether new phenomenon; it has occurred before in all the arts as a sign of vigor and fresh life. It offends the godly, but it wakes them up. It is one of the healthiest signs in our modern work. Sometimes it takes a less violent form, as it did in the work of a poet who was in other respects a Revolutionist,—Rupert Brooke,—and becomes an insistence on the ugly, the humiliating, the repulsive aspects of life. Tired of high-flown idealizations and hot-house bouquets, Brooke shows us Helen of Troy in old age,

> . . . . . a scold
> Haggard with virtue. . . . .
> Oft she weeps gummy-eyed and impotent;
> Her dry shanks twitch at Paris' mumbled name.

This kind of thing has its tonic value; it is the other half of the story, the dark of the moon. And though it would be a pity if the vigor of the new movement spent itself wholly in grotesques of this variety, they show a healthy scepticism, a healthy contempt for the humiliating position of the human animal; and their place is just as legitimate as is that of the gargoyles grinning down from cathedral buttresses.

Nevertheless, some critics have abused Mr. Edgar Lee Masters for the gloom and savagery of his *Spoon River* portraits; and the other day a certain reviewer took a book to task because it was not "heartening," and because the *dramatis personae* of the lyrics were all "wise and bitter and weary and generally disillusioned and disillusionizing." As if it were necessary for a poet to write with a pie-smile on

his face! One writes of life as one sees it; and the new writers, impatient with the shallow optimism of

> God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world,

are trying to set down their sense of the confusions and degradations and bafflements of life, as well as of its peaks in Darien. Mr. Masters or Mr. Carl Sandburg or Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson would produce a fine absurdity, indeed, if they attempted to write with that confident optimism which is perfectly natural to Mr. Vachel Lindsay, and which is the true and proper way for Mr. Lindsay to write. But Mr. Lindsay's work would have little value if its cheerfulness were its only or its finest quality.

This leads one to the last characteristic of the new poetry: its intellectual frankness. Until one stops to think about it, one does not realize how extensive the change in this matter has been. Fifty years ago the tradition of English poetry was simply overgrown with a thicket of Victorian pruderies and reticences. The hypocritical sentimentality of Tennyson's Arthurian ideal lay upon Mid-Victorian England like a blight; and few writers except Swinburne, who cared not a fig for devil, man, or Queen Victoria, dared make beauty out of the soul's or the body's nakedness. Now all this is past. Today it is possible for the sincere artist in verse to write of absolutely anything. He is no longer limited to that small segment of life which might have been considered proper for the sight of the Mid-Victorian young lady. He has once more the virile freedom of the Elizabethans, and may without fear or shame depict whatsoever aspect of life seems to his eyes significant or curious or beautiful.

In future years it will doubtless not be possible for the dispassionate critic to take the new poetry quite as seriously as, today, it takes itself. Such an observer may grow a little bewildered and even amused as he surveys our Schools and Movements—the Imagists and Vorticists and Spectricists and Patagonians and a Choric School, and Heaven only knows how many others. He will perhaps wonder wherein the revolutionary element of all these Revolutions lay, for he will see clearly that all the elements of our new poetry are in fact very old elements. But if he stops there, he will be a very bad critic indeed.

Something has really happened to us. The effort toward

freedom from dead conventions, displayed in the new poetry, has a significance greater than any actual accomplishment that the movement has so far produced. There is a genuine spiritual liberation behind even the most fantastic of the new poems, and an honest effort to explore, to invent, to widen the boundaries of the art. Though the technical results have been so far negligible, the moral results have been large. Today men are writing more honestly, more spontaneously, more vigorously, than at any time during the last quarter-century; they are writing joyfully and shamelessly; they recognize no authority that cannot justify itself, no dogmas that are not lighted by living faith. They are trying to express real feelings and to devise patterns of verse appropriate to this expression.

A few years ago, men with no deep power over either thought or form were busily filling the magazines with sweet characterless rubbish. Since the death of the great Victorian poets, they had used the whole Tennysonian machinery in a facile, spiritless, over-ornamented way, without any of that underlying greatness of spirit which made this rather absurd machinery forgivable in the hands of Tennyson. People had come to think that regular rhythms, rhymes, and a good deal of talk about " azure argosies " and " hillsides vernal " and " argent panoplies " and " light supernal " constituted the badge of the modern poet; and that fine poetry had really died with Queen Victoria.

Then came the Revolution. It came as a part of that general revolution which has been working upheaval in all the arts. Our day has seen every artist, be he musician, painter, sculptor, or poet, forced to take stock of his soul's goods and to look around him with fresh eyes. We have seen in music the growth of a new order of composition—an order in which the formal patterns of Mozart and Beethoven seem shattered into strange discontinuous tones, imperfect satisfactions of the waiting ear, discords as haunting as they are unexpected. In the field of painting, men whom we can no longer dismiss with a nod as charlatans,—men like Cézanne and Matisse,—have been abandoning the hard-won classic perfection of Titian and Raphael, and have been insisting that the painter must return to the freshness and integrity of his own emotional perception of nature, in all its starkness and crudity.

Even so in poetry, this revolution has worked in salutary ways. It shattered the illusion that all the poets were dead,

and that the pseudo-Tennysonian poetry of the magazines remained as their sole relique on earth. The Revolutionists demanded true feeling and appropriate expression instead of empty rhetoric. They assaulted the great. They tried preposterous experiments. They made the world feel that there was, after all, dynamite and a volcano at the heart of poetry. For this, let us give them profound thanks.

But after we have given them this, their intensity of effort need not make us feel that the stars of our youth have gone out. These insurgencies have not touched the glory of Milton or Shelley or Shakespeare. The old beauty remains beautiful, though it does not flatter us with the sense that we have discovered its secret for the first time today; and the principles of aesthetic creation endure precisely as they were in the days of King David the Psalmist. In the arts, liberty is not all, nor all-important. There is no virtue in just the free and untrammeled expression of our personalities, in free verse or any other verse; the root of the matter is to discover and use that medium, that pattern and rhythm, into which our personal emotion can be poured and there take on the lineaments of an impersonal and intelligible beauty. It is of very little consequence if you or I cry out our hearts; it is of great consequence if we can turn our hearts' cry into the measures of a perfect song. In any art, nothing ultimately matters but the aesthetic element; and the aesthetic element is not necessarily inherent in even the most sincere and spontaneous outpouring of feeling. Liberty from formal restraint is therefore worthless unless it leads to some further and finer discovery of formal law. The chief danger of the new poetry is that it often seems in its practice to forget this positively platitudinous axiom. Form!—it is everything. Not in the stupid academic sense of precedented models, but in the sense of that fine harmony between the artist's meaning and his manner which is the parallel of those rare human moments when there is achieved a real concordance of body and soul.

Arthur Davison Ficke.

THE PETERBOROUGH IDEA

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

In one of Bret Harte's romantic parodies—in that of Dumas *père*, I believe—the exaggerated hero works himself into a state of desperation over the lack of a ladder just thirty-seven feet long, and suddenly trips over something in the grass that proves to be a ladder just thirty-seven feet long. If the number of feet was not thirty-seven, it was some other number; and it was one that was in exact accord with the exaggerated hero's romantic necessities. And if this introduction seems irrelevant, let me say that in the Spring of 1911 I found myself in a situation not extravagantly unlike that of the aforesaid hero, save that my problem was far more complicated, and if anything less favorably designed for immediate solution; for I found myself in possession of a thing I was pleased to call an Idea for a Work of Art, and one that required, for its most advantageous working out, a combination of conditions that was not promised by the sights, smells, temperatures, and noises of New York City during the Summer months, or by any enforced seclusion that I had then in mind.

What I required, or at least wished for, was a place in the country, not too far from the civilizing conveniences of life, that would afford comfortable lodging, good food, a large and well-windowed sleeping room with a good bed in it, an easy walk to breakfast at about seven-thirty, a longer walk to a secluded and substantial building in the woods, a large open fireplace and plenty of fuel, a free view from the door of the best kind of New England scenery, a complete assurance of a long day before me without social annoyances or interruptions of any kind, a simple luncheon brought to my door by a punctual but reticent carrier, a good dinner at night with a few congenial people, an evening without en-

forced solitude or enforced society, and a blessed assurance that no one would ask me to show him or her what I was writing.

Having attracted the attention of Destiny to these few casual suggestions, it occurred to me that Destiny might have to move perceptibly out of its way in order to fulfill them all at once; and I had trained myself to forget pretty much all about them, when it happened that I met a literary friend of mine to whom I repeated a few of them. I might have repeated all of them, but all of them were not necessary. The two suggestions of complete solitude during the day and of a house in the woods were sufficient to bring about my realization not only of those two, but of all the others—not to mention several more that I have not had the assurance or the complacency to set down. "Why don't you try the MacDowell Colony?" he asked. "Colony?" I repeated after him. "Does a friend of mine talk to me of 'colonies' when I tell him that what I want is a commodious house in the woods, preferably with a cement floor, and with no one to bother me between eight or nine in the morning and six at night? What are friends good for anyhow?" "Do you know anything about the place?" he ventured, I thought a little timidly. "No," I said, "except that it is a 'colony': and that's enough." "Do you believe," he rejoined, "that Edward MacDowell would have encouraged the kind of 'colony' that you seem to have in mind?" I had to admit that such a belief was a difficult one to entertain; and I succumbed to the extent of listening to him while he painted again the picture that was in my dreams. I did not believe much of what he said, but I listened to him because he was a friend of mine and because he had written some things that I liked.

Well, the result of my friend's insistence was a reluctant journey on my part from New York to Peterborough, New Hampshire, with a long and pusillanimous halt in Boston—where I could be sure of my ground, even if I could not have there a stone house in the woods, with seven screened windows and a screen door that opened on the peak of Mount Monadnock seven miles away. Finally, when I realized that the Fourth of July had come and gone, and that summer was going after it, I found out how to get to Peterborough, and in three hours I was there; but only after a dubious and rather unhappy ride, during which I was pursued and

haunted unceasingly by the ominous word " colony," which buzzed and bit me like an obnoxious insect that might have hatched itself from the worm that smote the gourd of Jonah. Colonies of ants or colonies of microbes I could tolerate, but colonies of artists and writers were too much for the contemplation of a " difficult " poet who had a small but intensely select public that was said to be growing. I believed that I might possibly stay in Peterborough for as long as two weeks, at the end of which time I should call upon my alleged creative faculty for some elaborate lie that would insure my quiet if ignominious escape. But my escape did not go into effect until the end of the following September, when I was called back to New York, after having worked for nearly three months in uninterrupted harmony with all the suggestions that I had filed with Destiny, not much expecting to hear from them again. I found here not only what my friend said that I should find, but infinitely and surprisingly more.

I found nearly everything that I did not much expect to find, and hardly anything that my conventional doubts had anticipated. For about a week I employed myself in trying not to enjoy my liberty and solitude, and in being glad that I was not in New York. But one may do these things almost anywhere in the country. I knew that, and I knew there must be something unusual about the place, or I should not like it when I was trying so hard not to like it. I knew there was something that I had not yet found, and I learned what it was when one day I discovered, rather of a sudden, that the MacDowell Colony was beyond a doubt the worst loafing place in the world. I had loafed now for more than a week, but I had not rested. I did not begin to rest until I began to work; and it was not until I began to work that I began to understand what had been the matter with me. Hitherto my long-suffering conscience—a New England conscience at that—had never made any special fuss to remind me of so banal a thing as lost opportunity. I had lost so much and so many kinds of opportunity that I supposed my conscience had become calloused on the industrial side, and had ceased to respond to this particular defection on my part. But I was woefully wrong. During the next ten weeks I did more work, got more out of living and out of nature, and became better acquainted with myself than during any part of the past three or four years. And fortunately for me, by nature

and long training one of the laziest of mortals, I was early in realizing that this long desired opportunity of mine to get away for awhile from the world and to express a part of what the world had given me, was the direct and almost immediate result of what was once a thought in the mind of a man who had foreseen what all this might mean some day to others. In his own life it was hardly more than a persistent wish. Today it is five hundred acres of land and a score of substantial buildings, nearly all of which are invisible to the tenants of the others.

Before I try to say what the Peterborough Idea is, I should like to say as gently as possible a few things that it most emphatically is *not*. In view of some of the more grotesque and pathetic misconceptions concerning it, it may be well to say at once that it implies neither a school, a sanitarium, a summer resort for incurable amateurs, or an experiment in misapplied æsthetics. There are no "students," for the simple reason that there is no place for them. There are no teachers, or professors, or advisers. There are no bells, and there are no "hours." There are no amateurs, until they are found out; and they are found out in Peterborough as in other places. Perhaps they are found out in Peterborough a little sooner than in other places. There are no annoying regulations to irritate the most sensitive and responsive talent, or to interfere with the most robust and uncompromising genius. I have said that the MacDowell Colony is in all probability the worst loafing place in the world. It is also, in all probability, about the worst place in which to conceal one's lack of a creative faculty. With each year the place becomes automatically more exclusive (I use the word, of course, in its serious and literal sense), and with each year come fewer —there were never many—of those who would, and eventually do, find a more congenial and inspiring environment elsewhere. And it is not intended that more than twenty or twenty-five people shall ever be working here at the same time.

But misconceptions are a part of the burden that must always be borne by those who undertake something that is radically different from anything that the public has known before, and the philosophical and tolerant creator of the Peterborough Colony accepts them with angelic forbearance and good humor. If there is one of these many misconcep-

tions that annoys her more than another, probably it is the prevailing delusion that the place is intended primarily, if not exclusively, for the impecunious—the truth being that the question of money has nothing whatever to do with the advantages that are offered. Some of the best work that has been done here has been done by artists and writers of recognized standing, with incomes sufficient to render the financial side of their advantages a negligible matter. On the other hand some of the best work has been done by those whose incomes are still more or less problematical—a fact that has hardly sufficient novelty to inaugurate a new epoch in the history of the Fine Arts. The basic purpose of the place is not to foster the " promise " of a few indigent neophytes, or to soothe the shattered hopes of a few indigent wrecks. On the contrary, neophytes and wrecks are alike ineligible.

The MacDowell Colony is, let me say again, the splendid outgrowth of a thought that was long in the mind of the most serious, the most scholarly, the most inspired, and probably the most thoroughly sophisticated of American composers. It is not easy to associate the name and the ideals of Edward MacDowell with the encouragement of mediocrity, or with the frittering away of time and opportunity that offer almost incredible advantages alike to the poor and to the independent. Money cannot buy elsewhere what is offered by the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough to the serious worker, and the reason for this is that what is offered in Peterborough to the serious worker does not exist elsewhere. If it does exist elsewhere, I have never found it; and I have worked, I fancy, under what might be called a fairly representative variety of favorable and unfavorable conditions.

It is practically impossible for me to say, even to myself, just what there is about this place that compels a man to work out the best that is in him, and to be discontented if he fails to do so. The abrupt and somewhat humiliating sense of isolation, liberty, and opportunity which overtakes one each morning on his way to work has something to do with it, but this sense of opportunity does not in itself explain everything. There is, over and about the place, a mystical touch that cannot be explained any more than MacDowell's *Keltic Sonata* can be explained. The presence of a great genius is always here, although the man

himself is absent; and this presence is not one to confirm or foster any unhappy misconceptions in regard to charity-patients or incorrigible amateurs. The place is a workshop, not a wonderland; or perhaps I might better call it a workshop with a wonderland thrown in. But one must work and be in earnest, and he must know that others know that he is in earnest, or the wonderland will give him but a sorry sort of pleasure. The few who have attempted to forego the workshop for the wonderland have not had a very good time, and they are not likely to come again.

The place is not only a workshop, but one for those who have already achieved something that contemporary criticism believes to be important. Contemporary criticism makes a great many sad mistakes, no doubt, but contemporary achievement can have no other judge or sponsor; and for this reason some of those who have achieved what is in them to achieve will always be advanced in their own time beyond their deserts, while others may be long submerged, and finally exterminated, for lack of opportunity.

Now the purpose of this place is to furnish that opportunity to those whom the best of contemporary criticism has accepted as a matter of course, and to those who are said by experts to deserve it: that is the Peterborough Idea. Nature has a great deal to say in these matters, and probably there is no place where she says more to the man or woman who has already done something significant than she says here in Peterborough. The mere fact that a man or a woman has written a few books, or painted a few pictures, or composed a few songs, or modeled a few images in clay, means little or nothing now among intelligent people. In fact, it is rather a distinction nowadays not to have done one or more of these things—unless one has done something sufficiently forceful and original to be suggestive, at least, of endurance. For the world must have its art, or the world will be no fit place for man to live in; and the artist must have his opportunity, or his art will die and the artist will die with it.

A great deal of well-meaning nonsense has been said and written about the so-called selfishness of the creative faculty, but a small reading of history should be enough to

indicate some fraction of the price that has been paid by the creator, in most instances, for his indulgence of that selfishness. In the opinion of many, a good artist is like a good Indian; and he will probably remain so. At any rate, it was with this probability in mind that the creator of the Peterborough Colony as it is today, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, found herself ready and eager to sacrifice everything else for the noble and unselfish and effective realization of what was once a thought in the mind of Edward MacDowell: a thought that is now an achieved—and, it is to be hoped, an enduring—ideal.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

IN NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

I HAVE a need of silence and of stars;
Too much is said too loudly; I am dazed.
The silken sound of whirled infinity
Is lost in voices shouting to be heard.
I once knew men as earnest and less shrill.
An undermeaning that I caught, I miss
Among these ears that hear all sounds save silence,
These eyes that see so much but not the sky,
These minds that gain all knowledge but no calm.
If suddenly the desperate music ceased,
Could they return to life? or would they stand
In dancers' attitudes, puzzled, polite,
And striking vaguely hand on tired hand
For an encore, to fill the ghastly pause?
I do not know. Some rhythm there may be
I cannot hear. But I—oh, I must go
Back where the breakers of deep sunlight roll
Across flat fields that love and touch the sky;
Back to the more of earth, the less of man,
Where there is still a plain simplicity,
And friendship, poor in everything but love,
And faith, unwise, unquestioned, but a star.
The peace of summer is already there
With cloudy fire of myrtles in full bloom;
And, when the marvellous wide evenings come,
Across the molten river one can see
The misty willow-green of Arcady.
And then—the summer stars . . . I will go home.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

THE TREE

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I

THE TREE AT DAWN

I KNOW that day will come, for I have seen
Under the sky three silver threads unraveling.
The blackness whispers of green.
A sound becomes a glimmering,
And waters waken . . .
White from her sleep the Lily prays.
A fragrance sways
Where the grass is shaken.
And as the last hour lingers listening,
Deep in my heart the Voice begins to sing.

II

THE TREE AT DUSK

With secrets in their eyes the blue-winged Hours
Rustle through the meadow
Dropping shadow.
Yawning among red flowers
The Moon Child with her golden hoop,
And a pink star blowing after,
Leans to me where I droop.
I hear her delicate, soft laughter—
And through my hair her tiny fingers creep . . .
I shall sleep.

WINIFRED WELLES.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE IMMORTALS AND MR. POWYS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

As soon as we encountered Mr. John Cowper Powys's *One Hundred Best Books, With a Commentary and An Essay on Books and Reading,* we proceeded to follow the habit of Emerson (or was it Lamb or Hazlitt?—we have looked it up repeatedly, but we always forget). That is to say, coming upon a new book, we turned away and read an old one; but in this case, the old one was also by Mr. John Cowper Powys. It was his share of a volume called *Confessions of Two Brothers,* and our hope was that we should find there some information as to the equipment of this adventurous and greatly-daring author. We found what we had hoped to find: a light that flooded the secret chambers of Mr. Powys's soul, disclosing the ways of his mind and the nature of his taste.

We had known that Mr. Powys was *arbiter elegantiarum* to those dear ladies, avid of aesthetic fertilization, aflame with spiritual passion, who compose the audiences at lecture-courses in those fountains of American culture, our women's clubs and our church "parlors." We knew that Mr. Powys was one of the best beloved of the interpreters and priests of beauty who are privileged to minister unto those ardent and eager souls; that he was a lecturer prized and quoted, wearing with grace and majesty, we doubted not, the splendid mantle of intellectual authority. We knew that he had published critical essays in which the *Kansas City Star* found "a semblance of the Grand Style." Also, we knew, he had published a novel which moved the *Philadelphia Record* to exclaim of it that "every page is a joy," and caused the *Press* of that incomparable city to note that "Mr.

[1] *One Hundred Best Books,* by John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw, 1916.

Powys's style is the style of Thomas Hardy"—we paid small attention to the characteristically cloistered observation of the *Nation* that it was "a book of distinctive flavor," detecting in that unhandsomely reticent estimate a soul inimical to sweetness or to light. We knew, finally, that Mr. Powys was famous, was International. Nevertheless, we felt it our duty to explore the *Confessions,* in order that we might be prepared to approach *One Hundred Best Books* with some preliminary knowledge, authoritatively derived, as to the qualities of mind and heart which the author must have brought to the conduct of his high and consecrated task.

The first thing we learned (and we beg the reader not to object, in haste, that the point is irrelevant)—the first thing we learned was communicated to us in this passage, on the opening page of the *Confessions*: "It came over me yesterday that the whole secret of my being, of my happiness and my misery, was to be discovered in my *hands.*" It seems that when Mr. Powys is quiescent, or engaged in quotidian pursuits (eating or bathing or tieing a shoe-string or posting a letter) his hands are dead hands—clumsy, helpless, inert: "They are out of reach of the electricity of my being. My consciousness does not penetrate to where they hang." But when Mr. Powys is lecturing, a miracle occurs: "My hands change completely and my consciousness flows through them to the tips of my fingers. . . . I feel them as I speak; and between them and the waves of my thought there is a direct magnetic connection. Under ordinary conditions my hands are the hands of a dead body. When I am lecturing, they are the hands of a lover; of a lover caressing his darling." Fascinating as this is, we were still unsatisfied; but the *Confessions* led us further: they took us from those inspired and amorous hands inward, upward, and downward. We found, according to Mr. Powys, that his exterior appearance "gives an impression of power and formidableness that is altogether misleading": for beneath his "Roman Despot look" he conceals a shrinking timidity, "the soul of a slave." Traveling still further inward, we ascertained that Mr. Powys is dowered with a mind that is "singularly clear, fluid, and nimble"; yet we learned, with a brief sigh for the inescapable carnality of our kind, that, for Mr. Powys, the earth-breath is dangerously seductive: "I live," he tells us, "a double life. I live in my mind, which is eternally restless, mobile, and light as air;

and in my sensations, which are heavily-weighted, earth-bound . . .'' As to his creed: '' I believe everything and —nothing; and I pass from sensation to sensation like a moth from bush to bush.'' In his tastes, Mr. Powys prefers blue to yellow, satin to velvet, horse-hair sofas to cushioned couches.''

Concerning his quality as a critic, we were cheered to find that for once the encomium on the publisher's wrapper is correct. Mr. Powys, says the wrapper, '' is without a peer in his particular field: that of telling rapt audiences the adventures of his soul among masterpieces ''; and this is corroborated by the candid admission of Mr. Powys himself: for he tells us in the *Confessions* that he is '' an eloquently impassioned critic '' (" not even my enemies could deny my right to that title,'' says he). Indeed, he is prepared to rate himself as '' the very acme and apogee of a born critic '' (" I do not regard it as an outrageous claim,'' he observes). Gifted with an '' abnormal and insatiable receptivity, a sort of sensual voluptuousness in the intellectual world,'' it is easy to understand by what path he has climbed to his apogee. Finally,—and we shall do well to remember the caution,—Mr. Powys utters this warning: '' I am much cleverer than my enemies suppose ''; though how so genial and confiding a soul as Mr. Powys could have incurred any enemies we find it impossible to perceive.

You now have, perhaps, an outline of Mr. Powys,—from the mystical sentience of his hands and the duality of his inner life and the shape and texture of his mind, to his taste in sofas and his affinity with the moth. And so we come to the *Hundred Best Books.*

Clearly it was rare sport for Mr. Powys to compile this scrupulously heterodox catalogue. In selecting his list he was actuated, he tells us, by '' shameless subjectivity ''; and he realized that his choice of books would be '' a challenge to the intelligence perusing it.'' The claims of venerated reputations have not annoyed him. He glories in the '' essential right of personal choice ''; and '' the great still images from the dusty museum of standard authors '' can go hang for all he cares. So it would never do to demand of him indignantly why he omits George Eliot and includes Mr. Gilbert Cannan; for that would be merely playing into his hands: that is precisely what he wants you to do. He rejoices in his contempt for the '' well-read '' philistine, the worshiper

of orthodox excellence. He is the tameless urchin of criticism, and he makes his outrageous racket with his stick on your front fence in order that you may be teased to come out and swear at him.

You find a list which begins soberly enough (it is, no doubt, intended as a decoy) with the Psalms of David, the *Odyssey,* The *Bacchæ* of Euripides, Horace, Catullus, the *Divine Comedy,* Rabelais, *Candide,* Shakespeare (with *Troilus and Cressida, Measure for Measure,* and *Timon of Athens* preferred for special mention), Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, Cervantes, Goethe, Emerson: you find this list, which starts off with such sweet and classic reasonableness, abruptly presenting you with Sudermann and his *Song of Songs,* Hauptmann and *The Fool in Christ,* Ibsen's *Wild Duck,* Mr. Edgar Lee Masters and his *Spoon River Anthology,* and—Mr. Oliver Onions: whereby you know that Mr. Powys is off at last, clattering happily with his ribald stick along your decorous palings.

Thereafter, the fun progresses according to Mr. Powys's uncompromising schedule. Artzibasheff with his *Sanine* is yoked with Lamb and his *Elia;* Mr. George Bernard Shaw, costumed as John Tanner, flees in panic from Jane Austen; Mr. Chesterton, spouting conciliatory paradoxes, walks arm-in-arm with Emily Brontë. Ruthlessly Mr. Powys assembles them. You do not know whether to ponder more over those who have been invited to the party or over those who have been ignored. Here is Oscar Wilde; but where is Plato? You are delighted to welcome *Alice in Wonderland;* but where is Maeterlinck? Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is here, and so is Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan; Mr. Arnold Bennett chats amicably with his rival trilogist, Mr. Onions; and Anton Tchekov broods gently by himself, perhaps wondering why Tolstoi was omitted from the list of guests—a slight which he must bear in common with the authors of the Book of Job, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, the New Testament, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Chaucer, Webster, Marlowe, Fielding, Flaubert, Hawthorne, Defoe, the *Upanishads,* the *Arabian Nights,* and a host of other disconsolate immortals and abandoned masterworks.

We like Mr. Powys. We like his *gamineries,* his charming assurance, his cosy confidences, his exuberant atrocities. He is indeed, as he says, an acme and an apogee.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

PRINCIPLES OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT. By Frank J. Goodnow. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1916.

Modestly offered as a work that may "be found useful as a text-book for beginners in the study of government in colleges and high school classes," Dr. Goodnow's volume, by virtue of its unusual breadth of treatment and its masterly condensation, stands quite apart from most text-books, and indeed from most treatises designed for the general reader. The book is based upon lectures which were delivered in the year 1913-14 before the students of Peking University. The fact that Dr. Goodnow, as legal adviser of the Chinese Government at a critical period in the history of the country, was called upon to explain the nature of constitutional government to a people who had had no experience of it, has resulted, not in a too elementary or diffusely explanatory discussion, but in a treatment that is at once broadly impartial and practically clear.

Beginning with a consideration of constitutional government and written constitutions, the author proceeds to a statement of the general problems of a federal government. This is followed by discussions of federal government in the United States as it existed before and after the Civil War,—discussions which point clearly to the conclusion that "in a developing country whose economic conditions are changing, it is impossible to fix in detail, and beyond the possibility of change, the position of either the central government or the state governments." The chapters immediately following take up briefly, but with essential adequacy and clearness, federal government in Canada, federal government in Australia, and the government of the South African Union. The American conception of executive power is next fully drawn out, and then carefully compared with the European conception. Even more illuminating than this is the contrast between presidential government and cabinet government, which the author develops in the next succeeding chapter. Critically profound and vitally interesting, moreover, are, in particular, those chapters which deal with the

bicameral system of legislative organization, with the position and powers of the courts in the constitutional government of England, of the United States and of various continental European countries, and with private rights as variously conceived in the United States, in England, and on the continent of Europe. Other topics essential to the subject are fully treated, and the author's discussions of the suffrage and methods of representation, of methods of voting, of parliamentary procedure, and of local institutions as they exist in several of the most important countries of the world, are highly suggestive.

So far as the treatise is argumentative rather than descriptive it leans toward the radical rather than the conservative side, taking a pragmatic view of political institutions. In other words, while Dr. Goodnow holds to the ideal of constitutional government as a government not of men but of laws, he does not regard the principles upon which the American form of constitutionalism is based as in all cases self-evident and unalterable. Thus he strongly urges the view that no modern constitution should attempt to form a distinctly "federal government"—that is, that there should be no attempt to enumerate the powers of either a central government or of provinces. In this connection he points out that, as shown by the experience of the United States, Canada, and Australia, the distribution of the powers of government between a central government and provinces is almost necessarily accompanied by the grant to some sort of judicial body of power to declare legislative acts unconstitutional. The exercise of this power, it is shown, has been followed by certain bad results. "Nothing is more important," declares Dr. Goodnow, "at the present time in most countries than to remove the courts from the influence of politics, to which the exercise of such power necessarily subjects them, and to encourage among the people in every way a respect for the law." The alternative, upon which the author looks with favor, is the plan which provides that "The general legislative power of the country be vested in a national parliament, which, however, will be recognized as having the right to delegate the exercise of its powers to any provinces which may be established." Such a plan, it is argued, may easily be so framed as to permit both the continuance in the immediate future of existing conditions and of a gradual development in accord with changes in circumstances, while ample opportunity will be insured for all necessary local action.

The argument at this point is historical and inductive. Little attempt is made to deal with theoretic objections to the form of government indicated as practically best, except that the theory which upholds the protection of individual or "natural" rights as the true end and aim of government is analyzed and dismissed. Apart, however, from such distinctly controversial points, it may be said that Dr. Goodnow's book, by reason of its comprehensiveness

and its critical and comparative method, is in no ordinary degree enlightening. It gives a clear and fair approach to the fundamental problems of constitutional government; it sets forth the peculiarities of the American system side by side with the differing features of European Governments in a manner that compels the adoption of a sufficiently broad and unbiassed view: finally, where it does not criticize, it paves the way for a criticism of some of our cherished institutions that shall be at least moderate, sane, and defensible.

THROUGH RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

There is no one of Stephen Graham's books which has a less manifest reason for being than this latest volume of his, and there is none that is more irresistibly charming. No matter how many stories of wanderings in various lands Mr. Graham writes, his manner never becomes dry and professional; his narratives never reveal a sense of effort nor a feeling of obligation to write about anything in particular. His writing is simply the natural reflex of his personality—a personality extraordinarily sensitive to the wonder of human life and of nature. This sense of wonder is, of course, quite a different thing from the sort of astonishment that novelty produces: it is in fact coexistent with a rather unusual capacity for accepting what is strange with calmness and for taking things in the way of a man of the world exactly as they come. But in all Mr. Graham's books, the sense of life as a sort of standing miracle, though never enforced upon the reader in set terms, is extraordinarily vivid. Of the various ways of being intensely interested in life which give savor to literature, Mr. Graham's is one of the best and one of the most successfully expressed. It is the way of a poet and a philosopher who has not become too poetic or too philosophic to be a vagabond and a prizer of unconsidered trifles. It is the way of a novelist who is emancipated from the restrictions of plot and formal method.

Long familiarity with the Russian people and long thought about them have made things Russian Mr. Graham's best theme. The vein of quiet mysticism in his thought helps him to interpret rightly Russian folk and Russian scene. The story of his long, lonely journey, on foot for the most part, through the little known region of Russian Central Asia is, as has been said, one of the most rewarding of his tales. Mr. Graham has a sympathetic appreciation of things in the large as well as of things in the little. He is able to make much of deserts, of mountains, of cities, of crowds. With the skill of an artist, too, he brings out the full value of the occasional astonishing bit of scenery, of the vital touch of human nature, of the little incident of the way.

In particular the author's rediscovery of Bokhara—Bokhara the wealthy, the antique, "an endless storehouse of coveta-ble goods"; Bokhara, the most Oriental of cities, with its fifty bazaars and its "gorgeous vendors sitting patiently, not asking you to buy, staring at the heaps of metallics, silver bits, and notes resting on the little tabourets in front of them; Bokhara which nevertheless imports Singer sewing machines, and which has a moving picture theatre advertising that "the tango will be shown after the presentation of a striking comedy called 'The Suffragette' . . ." the whole description is remarkable, alike for its unmistakable reality and its charm of the *Arabian Nights*. Peculiarly informing—or, better, peculiarly capable of direct absorption into the mind—are the author's discourses upon Mohammedan cities and Mohammedan psychology: discourses which convey, as every true description of a genuine human thing should, an intelligent liking for the thing described. Mr. Graham enables one to feel that there is a certain cheerful and rational joy in being a Mohammedan and in living in Bokhara. Very different, it should be noted, is the author's view of this great religion, this widespread type of civilization, from that of Carlyle, who "saw mankind as Scotsmen, and all true religion whatever as a sort of Southern Scottish Puritanism." Mr. Graham himself is inveterately alive to differences of soul.

Fundamentally the charm of Mr. Graham's book is poetic—though his language is the most natural of prose and his point of view admits the commonplace. Like poetry, this book, in particular, is a widener of mental horizons and a balm to the spirit.

POTENTIAL RUSSIA. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Russia is beginning to be the most interesting nation in the world. Hitherto that country has been thought of as possessed of immense inertia—and perhaps in the somewhat distant future, of great possibilities—but the immediate likelihood of Russia's proving herself capable of rapid progress, of her displaying the qualities that may make for a superior civilization, has seemed to most observers decidedly small.

Undoubtedly, it is dangerous to generalize about a people like the Russians, varied in race, distributed over a vast territory, and up to the present at least, imperfectly united by a national consciousness. And it is easy to idealize on the basis of certain striking phenomena which the war has brought to light. In no other nation, for example, has there been anything to compare with Russia's nation-wide prohibition and its effects. Would such a measure be possible among any other people, and could the change

from prevalent drunkenness to almost complete sobriety possibly be so marked in any other land? At any rate, the experiment and its results have impressed the world.

Mr. Richard Washburn Child, in his stimulating volume, *Potential Russia,* takes perhaps a rather rosy view of Russian possibilities; but he seems, nevertheless, a fairly trustworthy mentor, for the reason that his method is to attempt to discover the real qualities of the common Russian man and woman. In the common soldier, for example, he finds qualities of self-sacrifice and idealism inconsistent with the ordinary notion of the Russian soldier as a stolid, unthinking creature. "Maxim," the typical peasant, as Mr. Child conceives him, with his "lusty health," his good though untrained mind, "his blue eyes in which no one could quite tell whether there were simplicity or guile, dense ignorance or the ancient meditations of old Oriental mysteries," is a person of lovable qualities and of unknown possibilities. And Maxim, "who is more a conscripted, herded, Government-driven soldier than any in the war, is serving with all the strength of his free will, with fierce bravery, with self-effacement." Perhaps the general ignorance of the Russian peasant has not been overestimated; but his "free will," his capacity for idealistic action, have been underrated. As the result of changes produced by the war his mind is being awakened, and through further changes which seem certain to come, he will learn more and more.

By reason of his standpoint, his recognition of the human factors in the problem, Mr. Child is able to answer with what seems a superior degree of certainty some of the commoner questions that are asked about Russia and the Russian people. Why did the Czar supplant the Grand Duke? Will Russia make a separate peace? Is the German influence strong? Will there be a revolution? Is Russia permeated by graft? To all these questions the author gives answers that seem reasonable and psychologically sound.

Turning from the people to the land, Mr. Child points out the economic possibilities of Russia briefly but with convincing force, and he shows with clearness and good sense the sort of changes that will have to occur in the American attitude and in American ways of doing business, before Americans can take proper advantage of the opportunity for commercial enterprise which Russia presents.

It may be that Mr. Child's enthusiasm carries him rather far; but his book is illuminating and awakening in its presentation of the more hopeful and human side of the Russian people. It will remove many misconceptions, and it indicates tendencies that surely exist, whatever may be their present power or rate of development.

The impressions contained in this volume are presented with power. There is a vividness and a realization of human feeling in Mr. Childs's pictures, especially of the Russian refugees, such as is equalled in few war-books. The zest and narrative power with

which the author writes hold the interest and move the sympathies in a way that is remarkable in a book, not of fiction, but of scrupulously expressed fact and opinion.

NIGHTS. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1916.

There is a kind of ascetic restraint in the reminiscent delight of Elizabeth Robins Pennell's book of memories of parts of her life spent in Rome and Venice and London and Paris. Part of this effect, no doubt, is due to the author's scrupulous care to avoid indiscreet revelations and to her anxiety to refrain from writing again what she has already written elsewhere. But in larger measure this quality is simply the stamp of genuineness. Mrs. Pennell has obviously striven to recall the fugitive atmosphere of the past, as for one of the inner circle, rather than to paint that past in conventionally glowing colors for the benefit of those of a later day and of an outer group. A kind of good-natured garrulousness, therefore—a willingness to make allowances for the reader's prepossessions and even to play upon them somewhat, which sometimes helps to make reminiscence facilely interesting—is entirely absent from this record. Not William Dean Howells himself is more devoted to the truth than is Mrs. Pennell in this book.

Another circumstance which bears witness to the fine and scrupulous genuineness of these memoirs, is the fact that the nights of play of which the author tells were set against days of work, which formed their matrix and background. The pages of the book thus reflect the temper of strenuous earnestness, the contempt of all manner of falsity and pretense, as well as the liberal spirit which is characteristic of the true artist. The qualities that make real artists a class by themselves, and a rather exclusive class, are in this book—which the author is, however, continually trying to make communicative and not exclusive.

The result of all this is that these recollections of Mrs. Pennell's show a finer sense of values, and hence are far more rewarding, to those who have ears to hear, than are reminiscences of the more overtly revealing or concretely story-telling type. In reading of these bygone nights, one can hardly fail to catch something of the feeling of artistic life as it was in Rome and Venice in "the æsthetic eighties" and in London and Paris in "the fighting nineties." What the author does *not* say often contributes to the building up of a true impression or the correction of a false one.

Mrs. Pennell does not give only general or summary impressions: she portrays places and people as they were at certain moments; the feeling not of the day only but of the hour lives again in her pages. Nor are her descriptions merely photographic. There

is in them the subtle power of interpretation which is necessary to make one person's impression of what is distant in space or time really understood by others.

The places and incidents of the narrative, however, supply, in fact, but a setting for the personalities. It is in the portraiture of people of large and distinctive character that the chief value of the reminiscences consists. In the delineation of such persons the author's skill in truthful representation is at its best. Men such as Henley and "Bob" Stevenson, who are drawn, so to speak, full length, are presented with the delicacy and the revealing skill of a portrait painter. It is characteristic of Mrs. Pennell's art and of her fine reserve that the features fall, as it were, into vagueness or shadow, just at the point where speculation about human minds and souls begins to become a bit futile or impertinent.

The people of the story, Vedder, Duveneck, Henry Harland, Aubrey Beardsley—of whom quite a new impression is given—Phil May and the rest, all appear before us informally, in friendly wise, with no notion apparently of putting the best foot forward and rather with a desire not to appear especially clever, but completely themselves. Whistler, too, seems always present throughout the narrative, in spirit if not in body. Then, too, there are the lesser lights and the eccentrics. There is Donoghue, in despair because he could not find in Rome a youth as beautiful as himself to pose for his Young Sophocles. "To listen to him was to believe that Narcissus had come to life again." There is the weary Jobbins—who was unwilling to paint any but a great picture, and who could never find his theme in Venice, "where there is nothing to paint that has not been painted hundreds, or thousands, or millions of times before." There is the ingenious "Mr. Forepaugh," who knew everything, and there are many more of these candid and self-revealing persons of greater or less talent for art or for amusement.

To readers who value the finer shades of truth in the more intimate interests of life, these recollections of Mrs. Pennell's, full of the stimulus and gaiety of fine friendship and fine acquaintance with people of genius, will prove a precious book.

THE CHURCH ENCHAINED. By the Reverend William A. R. Goodwin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1916.

It is a vast and vital subject which Dr. Goodwin treats in his discourse upon the relation of the Church to the modern world, which he has entitled *The Church Enchained.* To many thoughtful observers it has seemed that the present war has been the *reductio ad absurdum* of Christianity. We read very frequently regretful references to the passing of the old era, to the downfall of Christian civilization, and to the possible coming of new gods. Not only

is the present devastation of Europe a violent challenge to Christian ideals, and an apparent demonstration of the ineffectiveness of Christian teaching, but it has seemed to show that the Church is powerless. Men are asking with an intensity hardly ever equalled before what religion is, what the Christian Church is. Out of this questioning, out of the trials of beliefs by fire, it is likely that a new and stronger faith will finally emerge. It will henceforth be impossible, one feels, for men to palter and chop logic about religious matters, as they have done in the past, or to be content with half-beliefs or hypocrisies. One of the results to which a more robust and more profound religious faith seems likely to lead is a closer approach to unity among the churches of the world and especially, perhaps, in America—a drawing together as regards the essential matters of faith and practise that would make religion a more effective force for the betterment of man's estate.

Church unity is, in fact, the theme of Dr. Goodwin's book. For the general reader, the treatise does not wholly satisfy. In the first place Dr. Goodwin treats a theme of enormous import from a rather special point of view; for though he takes a really wide view of his subject as a whole, he writes chiefly of church unity as seen from within the Church of England. The treatise, therefore, is of more interest to churchmen than to others, and this, considering the magnitude of the subject and the receptiveness toward it that is beginning to appear, is disappointing. In the second place it may be said, without failure to recognize Dr. Goodwin's intense sincerity and his breadth of mind, that his discourse tends to be somewhat diffuse; and the style throughout is not always that of one who has completely mastered the secret of eloquence upon a weighty topic. Despite these features, however, Dr. Goodwin's book, because of its breadth and its energetic earnestness, is worthy of serious consideration. It is symptomatic of a tendency that may grow to unforeseen importance.

Imperilled America. By John Callan O'Laughlin. Chicago: The Reilly Britton Company, 1916.

It is important, indeed, as Mr. O'Laughlin declares in the preface of his recently published work, *Imperilled America*, that the general public should be informed of the causes which have led eminent statesmen to demand that the United States be prepared against war. The difficulty is that all these causes are, in the nature of the case, somewhat speculative, and the result of this is that it is in some cases no easy matter to bring home to the man in the street the reality of the dangers which are said to threaten this country. At the present stage of the preparedness discussion—a stage in which preparedness, despite the vagueness of popular

ideas on the subject, seems to be carrying the day—the only sort of book which would seem to have much chance of further influencing public opinion is one which delves rather deeply into international cause and effect. Of such delving there is little in Mr. O'Laughlin's book. In purposely refraining, as he says, from "excessive detail," he seems to have sacrificed the opportunity to go deeply into any one phase of his subject.

With the alleged causes of danger to the United States from foreign countries, most persons who read are doubtless more or less familiar. The author makes out his case rather by the massing of evidence than by a convincing analysis of it. It is true that at the present time, as never before in the same degree, we have points of contact and potential points of conflict with nearly every nation of the world. It is true that there is danger for us in a vacillating foreign policy, and perhaps that our function as a "melting pot" of races connotes a possible weakness. Then there are the Monroe Doctrine, which we must defend, the Caribbean problem, our interests in the Pacific, the Open Door in China, the Japanese portent, and many other sources of disagreement between ourselves and other nations. We have become a world Power; we can no longer boast of splendid isolation, and obviously many foreign Powers are or may be vitally interested in questions that vitally interest us. It is really not difficult to show that certain of these Powers might by aggression profit greatly at our expense. In all this there is little that is not, in a manner, common talk. But if there are readers whose eyes need to be opened to the existence of possibilities in our foreign relations that may lead to conflict, Mr. O'Laughlin's treatise should serve with them a useful purpose.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

"POLITICAL PLEDGES"

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

From month to month expectation is on tiptoe to catch what Editor Harvey will say next in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW concerning the Presidential campaign and its candidates and prospects. His brilliant essays bristling with criticism and sparkling with wit, have brought it to pass that attention waits upon his utterances as upon those of no other writer of our day. Here he is again, and almost surpassing himself in a discussion of "Political Pledges," which cuts to the quick and must provoke inextinguishable laughter, not only in Republican circles, but among the Democratic gods and heroes as well, if, peradventure, they retain any sense of honesty and humor.

Mr. Harvey arrives at the issues of the campaign by what he calls a somewhat circuitous route, but his lamentation over Maud, the devoted, but departed Democratic mule, whose heart was broken at Bryan's withdrawal from the Cabinet, is—pardon the classical phrase—"funnier than a goat." Witness her epitaph: "Here lies Maud, aetat 42, the Most Faithful Mule (except John W. Kern) in all Indiana. Requiescat in pace."

Mr. Harvey proceeds to review the aggregation of positive pledges contained in the Democratic platform of 1912, and to recall some of those pledges in the light of Mr. Wilson's declaration that "we say what we mean, and mean what we say," and that "our pledges are made to be kept while in office." One by one he recalls them, quoting them verbatim, to show how they have been rejected by a Democratic Congress and President or repudiated by a Democratic convention, and, in some cases, "for the quite obvious purpose of depriving the opposition of an issue." No less than twelve of these positive pledges are accurately recalled to be designated as broken or violated or "nothing done."

Over that one which bound the Democratic candidate to the principle of a single Presidential term Mr. Harvey discreetly draws a veil. From all the rest he withdraws the veil. It is neither permissible nor practicable to copy here the pages of this searching and scathing exposure of the Democratic Party's claim of fidelity to its promises. They should be read line for line and word for word. But the conclusion of them is clear enough in the following words: "The ghastly irony of it all! And the brazen humbug of pretense!" Particularly incisive is the criticism of Mr. Wilson's renunciation of the historic Democratic doctrine of the tariff

and his recognition of the right and power, hitherto denied, to impose protective duties. On the eve of an election the President accepts "this timely proposal" of protection, and "the Democrtic sugar-coated pill" is duly swallowed by the faithful in their abject docility.

With regard to the predominant question of Americanism, Mr. Harvey quotes both the Republican and the Democratic pronouncements, and adds: "Herein the Republican Party has a tremendous advantage and makes most effective appeal." He scores Mr. Wilson's "belligerent but unsupported notes" and his humiliating failure to safeguard the lives and properties of American citizens. He indicates the insincerity and fatuity of that part of the Democratic declaration of Americanism which hints at alien conspiracies, and upon which the President insisted, and calls it "mere political buncombe of the cuttlefish variety." How sad is this last for the pro-German shouters against Hughes!

Finally, says Mr. Harvey, the issue "will be one of sincerity based upon character." It would be rash to prophesy the future attitude or action of a prophet, and where Mr. Harvey will be found as the decisive day draws near, is as yet conjectural. But his words, "Sincerity based upon character," touch the root of the whole matter, as many regard it. Not only in the numerous violations or evasions of positive pledges, and in a great variety of political inconsistency and buncombe have we had insincerity, but in other things as well. We have had rhetorical felicities, oratorical idealism, brave and beautiful expositions of contradictory principles, a sententious and sometimes eloquent self-complacency, a profession of almost idolatrous yet most autocratic people-worship, not to mention other striking things, but what we have not had, what to our mind has, for the most part, been lacking in utterances and actions, is the clear, distinct, unmistakable note and ring of a simple sincerity. That is the matter, and for many besides Mr. Harvey "the ultimate issue will be one of sincerity based upon character."

(*From the Louisville Courier-Journal*)

Somebody ought to take George Harvey out somewhere and talk to him. He is going on scan'lous. Under the guise of a feeling tribute to Maud—the Indiana mule that fell down when she undertook to put Mr. Bryan in the White House—he indites a satiric homily upon party platforms, not to mention the broken promises of public men. Since when were political pledges made to be kept? The first thing that the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW knows he will be suspected of a leaning for Hughes.

Then he has come out for Huerta. It is true that Huerta is dead. Maybe that explains the reason why. It costs nothing and it may excite sympathy. Colonel Harvey was ever a sentimentalist. "There was no difficulty," he says in a vein that might be thought critical of our good Woodrow Wilson, "in sending Huerta to prison to die, though for what offense nobody knows." Heavens! Didn't Huerta drink? Was he not suspected of playing cards? Was it not sufficient offense that he got in the way of the New Freedom and made faces at the Gospel of Humanity? Shades of Von Papen—sakes of Boy-Ed—what would Colonel Harvey have?

But to be serious—which in an atmosphere of so much wit is a trifle binding—with respect to the President's indictment of certain foreigners, the renowned editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is neither wary nor just. Quoting Mr. Wilson's flag-day speech to the effect that "there is disloyalty active in the United States that must be crushed," Colonel Harvey says:

"Now if it be a fact—and surely no President would make so grave an accusation unless sure of his ground—that disloyalty is not only 'active in the United States,' but even 'shows its ugly head' where he can 'see it'; if, in other words, as is plainly implied, the country is infested with traitors whose whereabouts are known or discoverable, whose business is it to run them to earth and either drive them out of the country or put them in jail?

"Surely the obligation does not rest upon Mr. Hughes, who has neither the information nor the authority. And surely not upon a political party out of power, which is neither required nor able to enforce the laws. Where then lies the duty?

"The accusation is of conspiracy 'instigated for the purpose of advancing the interests of foreign countries to the prejudice and detriment of our own country.' Whether or not such an act falls technically within the constitutional definition of treason as 'adhering to their (the United States') enemies, giving them aid and comfort,' it comes perilously near it, and, in any case, it constitutes a crime punishable under laws which either exist already or could be obtained in a day's time.

"The Constitution fixes the responsibility and confers the authority upon the President himself. If he possesses the information, why does he not act instead of meaninglessly warning political opponents against 'surrendering their integrity' and 'modifying their policy'? We can understand why the adversaries of a candidate for re-election might call him to task for failure to heed his oath to enforce the laws, but self-accusation on the part of a President himself is, we venture to assert, no less unprecedented than it is amazing. The most charitable conclusion is that the charge itself either lacks foundation or could not be sustained or is mere political buncombe of the cuttlefish variety."

Colonel Harvey must know—his reading of detective stories as they relate equally to Scotland Yard and old Mulberry Street cannot have failed to inform him—that although Inspector Bucket is sure both of his man and the man's deed of crime, he dare not make the arrest without a warrant. The guilt must be *de facto*. The malefactor must be taken red-handed. Suspicion amounting to certainty is not enough.

(*From the Louisville Herald*)

Colonel George Harvey, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, laments the death of Maud, confidential adviser to William Jennings Bryan, whom, it was announced in 1896, she would accompany to Washington on the occasion of that inauguration.

It never happened. An unkind fate intervened. She had to live along as best she could till 1900. And then again it didn't happen. She must needs be comforted for eight years more awaiting that call from Colonel Bryan that a discerning electorate just kept right on putting off until a more convenient day. Restored to chirpiness when her idol accepted the position of Secretary of State "as a stepping stone to the Presidency," she took sick at the time of the great severance, pined away and died. On her headstone will be found these chiselled words:

> **Here lies Maud, aetat 42, the Most Faithful Mule in All Indiana. Requiescat in pace.**

And when Mr. Bryan beheld that "pace" he "lifted up his voice and wept."

Colonel Harvey wants us to believe that the reason why the Democratic platform bears no resemblance to those which preceded it is because Maud, the soul and inspiration of the others, lies dead. It followed that President Wilson had a free hand. And so, by the grace of Maud, deceased but not forgotten, we reach the issues of the day.

The noticeable thing about them is that they are not issues. They are pledges made "to be kept while in office." They do not expound Democratic doctrine as in the palmy days of Maud. They are conventional, not doctrinal, and with as little of the Star-Eyed as could decently be excluded. How true the remark that, if Maud didn't die of a broken heart, she might have. Yes, and should have.

There are for the sake of succession in all Democratic platforms some reaffirmations that are meaningless, and meant to be. There are some unreserved indorsements, insincere and not ashamed of it, there are some palpable denials of earlier planks.

Take for example the one declaring Governors of our Territories must be qualified by bona fide residence. That was 1912. Burton Harrison was sent to the Philippines; Yager to Porto Rico. That was later. Neither had ever seen the blessed islands before—like enough, never wanted to.

Maud died at the psychological moment. She could not forget the *Lusitania* and the meaningless pledge of 1912 as to the constitutional rights of American citizens that must go with them throughout the world. She could not bear to think of that protection guaranteed to them on the border and of the hundreds of American lives lost in Mexico to whom protection was specifically and officially denied. How could Maud look upon her benefactor, who was also her ward, and not shed a tear when people mentioned a single term?

The Democratic Party had a great forgettery.

Maud had an accusing memory.

She had suffered much and suffered many. She had lost the art of kicking.

Decidedly, Maud is better dead.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE TARIFF COMMISSION PLAN

SIR,—The article by Hon. James B. Reynolds, formerly a member of Taft's Tariff Board, appearing in your June issue under the title, "The Tariff Commission Plan, Its Facts and Fallacies," is so replete with careless and inaccurate statements as to confuse rather than to clarify this important question.

Mr. Reynolds' paper indicates that he must have read very carelessly the Rainey Tariff Commission Bill, known as the Administration's measure. This is the only bill that is being considered. It passed the House and is now, as I write, before the Senate. Mr. Reynolds failed to grasp the true significance of this bill, and he reads into it provisions that do not appear, and then criticizes them.

The Tariff Commission League, of which the writer is president and active director, has carried forward a very extensive campaign of education in support of this bill. He made the original draft and assisted Mr. Rainey in getting it into its present form. In the propaganda carried forward it was made entirely clear that the Tariff Commission could not fix rates, that it could not determine a tariff policy, and that it could not take away from Congress powers given that body by the Constitution. The Commission would be a creature of Congress and therefore subject to it. The Interstate Commerce Commission is on a very different basis. It can establish, change and discontinue rates. It is not dealing with taxation. The Constitution places the matter of Federal taxation entirely in the hands of Congress and all measures relating thereto must originate in the House of Representatives. Hence there are no grounds whatever for the statement of Mr. Reynolds that those backing this measure have demanded that "upon it be conferred the power to make rates." Such suggestions have appeared from time to time in the public press, coming from people who are uninformed.

Mr. Reynolds criticizes and ridicules the slogan, "Take the tariff out of politics," saying that this can only be done when you can take oxygen out of the air, and the people out of politics, etc. Further along he admits that tariff-making in Europe is not a political question, but an economic one, and that their "tariffs are made to fit the needs of the nation and not the sequence of a political victory," and that tariffs are for the direct and personal benefits of the country. If Europe has succeeded in taking the tariff out of politics, why may we not do so?

Except for the excellent work of Taft's Tariff Board, of which Mr. Reynolds was a member, there has been no attempt worthy the name to gather

full and exact information necessary for the enactment of tariff schedules on the lines of economic necessity. The practice has been to make up schedules by log-rolling and trading, based upon assumption, distorted facts, and political expediency. Practically all that people have heretofore heard about the tariff was through the juggling of facts exploited for political advantage. No tariff act ever passed in this country worked out as promised, and every one proved a disappointment to its friends and an opportunity to its enemies for further political exploitation.

When the Tariff Commission that is to be shall have gathered all the essential data relating to the subject, both revenue and protective; shall have classified and indexed the same and put it into simple English: then, and only then, will the people be able to understand the subject. When this is done, we may be very sure that the people will determine at the ballot-box, once and for all, the policy it wishes the country to follow; and it never can do this until it has all the facts in understandable form. When this point has been reached, there will be no question about the tariff policy in this country, any more than in the European countries the gentleman refers to; and, as he aptly says, "under such conditions there is no dispute as to what the basic theory of a new tariff law should be, and it will only remain for those making it to do the detail work and see that each industry receives fair play and just treatment." This is exactly the goal we expect to reach. As a matter of fact, the general plan proposed for a non-partisan Tariff Commission has been accepted by all parties, and for the first time in the history of this country, the three principal political parties have endorsed it in their party platforms. So already we see results. In a very large degree the tariff as a political issue has been sterilized.

The gentleman makes another very serious and fundamental misstatement in assuming that the Tariff Board will make definite recommendations as to rates. The Rainey Tariff Commission Bill gives no power to do so. The Commission's work will be simply to report facts, and all the facts, and to assist the dominant party in Congress to write the fairest tariff bill possible, based upon the information gathered. Mr. Reynolds quotes his experience and shows that it is entirely practicable for a tariff board made of members of opposing political faiths and with a different conception of what the tariff policy should be to agree upon facts. He says that they did so on the wool schedule and found that it cost the United States nine cents per pound more to raise wool than it did Australia, yet the two parties differed radically upon what the wool tariff should be.

He says further: "There is danger also that a Tariff Commission might get into its head the idea that it must constantly make recommendations for changes in order to justify its existence." The answer to this is that the Commission has no power to make such recommendations, and, as the gentleman ought to know, the Tariff Commission will have a man's job to cover the work definitely assigned to it, and that to do so will call for all of its physical strength and ability. He says that in framing the Underwood Tariff, the findings of the Taft Tariff Board were completely ignored. This was not the case. I have assurances from the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate that in both the wool and cotton schedules the report of the Taft Tariff Board as to facts was accepted, and that the cotton schedule could not have been satisfactorily written without it, and that this report was the principal authority in determining upon the facts in preparing the wool sched-

ule. Both these gentlemen spoke in high praise of the personnel of the Taft Tariff Board and had a high respect for its work.

The occasion of this communication lies in the fact that the gentleman who wrote the article referred to is so widely known as one having had experience in this matter, that the writer feels that the public should not be misled by any statements which, though sincerely made, do not conform to the facts.

H. H. Gross,
President, Tariff Commission League.

Chicago, Ill.

A REPLY TO THE FOREGOING

Sir,—The efficient chairman of the Tariff Commission League seems to have greatly misconstrued both the subject and the object of my article in your June issue. My purpose was to discuss the idea and plan of a tariff commission in general, and without reference to any particular measure that was either before Congress or in process of formation. His criticisms of statements made in that article seem to be entirely based on the supposition that I was dealing with the so-called Rainey bill and that some of the statements I made did not fit the provisions of that measure.

The entire answer to such criticism is the fact that I had neither the Rainey bill nor any other particular bill in mind, but only the broad and general proposition of the matter of a tariff commission—its possibilities and its impossibilities, and the mistaken notions in regard to the proper limitation of its powers. With the varying ideas of how much authority such a tariff body should have, I have come into personal contact very frequently. They have extended all the way from the idea that a tariff commission should be merely clerical in its labors, to the idea that it should go to the uttermost limit and have authority to make tariff rates. This latter proposition has gone so far as to be put into bills introduced in Congress.

Regarding the Democratic attitude on the subject of a tariff commission, I cannot agree with the optimistic view and the utopian picture painted by Mr. Gross. The Ways and Means Committee, of which Mr. Underwood was chairman, had no use either for the findings of the Tariff Board or for the principle upon which the work of the Board was based. There was no concealment of their disposition nor any doubt at the time as to the views of the Committee. The Democratic party was determined to frame a tariff law according to their own ideas and desires, and without either interference or suggestion from any outside body, no matter how non-partisan it might be. From President Wilson down, there has been no Democratic sympathy with the tariff commission idea. It was not until the exigencies of this year's campaign that it was deemed wise by the party in power to make an attempt to placate the business interests of the country by a seeming acquiescence in the creation of a tariff commission. It was distinctly of the type of death-bed repentance, and the strength of it depends entirely upon what is done should the patient recover and be restored to health.

I do not deem it necessary to go into the specific criticisms made by Mr. Gross, as so many of them are founded upon very palpable misconception of the purpose of the article. The ideas I put into print in regard to the tariff commission plan were those I had acquired during three years' experience as a member of the Tariff Board, and by a personal study of the tariff-

making methods and habits of foreign countries in connection with tariff work abroad that I had done for the Government, previous to the creation of such Board. The efficiency of any tariff commission which may be appointed at the present time, and the amount of satisfaction which it will give to the business interests of the United States, will depend entirely upon how far the present occupant of the White House can lay aside the antipathy which he has felt, up to the last few months, toward the tariff commission idea in general, and his antipathy to a protective tariff which is still so much in evidence.

JAMES B. REYNOLDS.

NEW YORK CITY.

UNPREPAREDNESS DENIED

SIR,—I read your strictures on the mobilization of the National Guard in the number for the current month, and as I took part in the Civil War, the war with Spain, and in the Philippines, I think that I am in a position to "make a few remarks."

It is only within a few years that soldiers have been provided with clothing suited to the climate in which they are to serve. Troops formerly wore the same clothing summer and winter. Our army wore woolen clothing in the Mexican War; the British marched through India in the Mutiny wearing woolen uniforms, and the only expression of the opinion that something more suitable for Highlanders than feather bonnets by day and bare knees in the cold nights might be devised, came from a corporal of the 93d who kept a diary—nothing audible, however.

In our Civil War there was but one uniform for summer or winter, topped off with a jaunty fatigue cap or a stiff black felt hat, and there was no complaint.

The troops that went to the Philippines had khaki issued to them: this was an innovation.

I quote from the article: "It is indisputable that some levies of the National Guard were held at their home camps for some time because supplies of clothing, etc., were not forthcoming from Washington." The National Guard in every State is uniformed. Where were their uniforms when ordered into service? The presumption is that the National Guard proper did not wish to go, and their places were filled by recruits who had neither equipment nor rudimentary instruction.

In 1898 the 21st Kansas, when it arrived at Chickamauga, looked like Coxey's army. Such extra clothing as the men had was carried in bundles wrapped in tattered newspapers. It turned out that Kansas was never able to settle her Civil War accounts with Washington for lack of vouchers. This time the State went to no expense: it gave the men; the Government could do the rest.

Contrast this with New York's experience in the Civil War: the State furnished 278,000 men, all of them equipped to the "last gaiter button."

When General Arthur, the Quartermaster General of the State of New York, presented his accounts, they were promptly liquidated: for every charge there was a voucher. If any militia in 1916 be lacking for anything, it is not the fault of the General Government.

Newspaper reporters delight in "copy"; they are so unscrupulous about what they say that they are not allowed to accompany foreign troops. I never heard any complaints about the food either in the Civil War, the war with Spain or in the Philippines. During the Civil War the ration consisted of bacon, hard tack and coffee, with beans quite often. I did hear some "cussing" once when the men were obliged to eat freshly killed meat for a few days, until the supplies overtook us. When we traveled by rail it certainly was not in sleepers, and the men depended upon their canteens for water. There were no demoralizing associations of well-meaning persons at home to send unneeded luxuries to men at the front. We had a Sanitary Commission that did splendid work, although at times very much in the way during operations in the field: it was hard sometimes to make them understand that the exigencies of a campaign were more important than humanity.

The Red Cross is a great improvement on the Sanitary Commission; both were an evolution of Florence Nightingale's idea in the Crimean War.

In 1899, the troops for the Philippines crossed the continent with abundant stores. Water was taken on as required. The Government supplies everything that is needed and much that is not. Generals Aleshire and Sharpe—the heads of our Supply Department—are two very capable and efficient officers, with great experience; therefore it is not possible that there can be any foundation for complaint by the alleged soldiers who have gone to the Rio Grande.

The federalization of the National Guard was an impracticable idea, and probably, to demonstrate to the country its impracticability, the War Department mobilized the National Guard and sent it to the border. Two-thirds of the Militia are good men, and with training will make good soldiers. One-third went reluctantly, and their shrieks are heard the length and breadth of the land.

It is obvious to most of us that trained troops must be met by trained troops—makeshifts will not take their place: the French tried at one time or another every variety of National Guard; after 1870 they resorted to compulsory, universal service, and the disasters of 1870 are now in a fair way to be avenged.

It may be that we, too, must suffer humiliation before we can be induced to prepare.

ROBERT W. LEONARD.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y.

GERMANY AS OUR FUTURE RAVISHER

SIR,—In your editorial, "After the war—What?" in a recent number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, you seek to make out a clear case against Germany as the future ravisher of our country, in case she comes out victorious in the present struggle, by founding your argument on the following weighty points: (1) German former anti-American intrigues in the Caribbean, which will be renewed after her victory in a more telling way. (2) Experience has demonstrated that exhaustion after war is short-lived, and hence is no check upon the appetite for further war. (3) Ever since 1898 Germany has had a grudge against us, and after victory would come the opportunity to pick that venerable crow with every indication of success. (4) The temptation would be strong for the victorious Teutons to collect

the indemnity here in the event of its being found impossible to exact it from the prostrate Allies.

Your argument has the ring of conviction about it, but upon nearer inspection it is seen to prove too much. To clinch it you must show that with sinister *intentions* Germany has also the *power* to carry out what she may be plotting to do to us. In the failure to do so resides the chief weakness of your otherwise very able effort. To carry out the intentions you credit her with, Germany must emerge so overwhelmingly victorious from the present struggle as either to compel the total destruction of all the naval forces of her enemies or their complete surrender and incorporation in her own fleet, otherwise her armada against us would not get much beyond the Needles. Only a fool or a madman would dare to assert that Germany could be so absolutely victorious as here outlined, or so utterly devoid of reason as to commit the mistake of the first Napoleon all over again, when he invaded Russia leaving hostile nations in his rear.

Her geographical situation, then, precludes any attack against us from that quarter, and we need not lose any sleep about it for some time to come. Only in one event could Germany hope to succeed against us—if she could manage to pull the grand invasion off in combination with all the Powers now leagued against her. While that is within the range of the conceivable, yet to predict such an outcome of the European war is to advance a preposterous idea.

To my mind the attack against our country cannot come from Germany. The thing cannot be "did." As you say in your article, "all this may be regarded as out of the question." The reason, however, which you give—that "Germany is not going to win the European war"—is not at all relevant in the circumstances.

W. B. Shules.

Baltimore, Md.

THE NICARAGUA ROUTE

Sir,—As usual, I was very much interested in your editorials in The North American Review for August. I was particularly interested in "A Treaty in Chancery," and the very curious international situation which obtains in connection with the pending Nicaragua treaty.

If it is not imposing too much upon your good nature, I would like to ask you two questions about the matter, which immediately arose in my mind, and which I am anxious to have answered.

First: Why were not the San Juan River and Nicaragua Lake used originally by the United States for an Atlantic to Pacific canal? The distance across the land in Nicaragua seems much less than across the land in Panama.

Second: Is it our idea to make another canal, or if so, what would be the advantage of it?

Joseph Ferguson.

Philadelphia, Pa.

[Since "Old Hickory" in 1831 warned Holland, and inferentially all the world, that the United States was of all nations the most interested in the Isthmian transit question, there have been many American projects for a canal at Nicaragua. Our first practical attempt at a canal anywhere

on the American Isthmus was at Nicaragua, in 1837, under the lead of Horatio Allen, the engineer of the original Croton Aqueduct; while our latest was that under the lead of Warner Miller, in 1889, who, after spending millions of dollars in preliminary construction work, became bankrupt in the panic of 1893. For ten years after the latter date, the Nicaragua route had many advocates, but it was finally abandoned in favor of Panama because an opportunity to acquire the unfinished French canal at the lower Isthmus made the Panama route seem the more economical and expeditious.

There is no thought of making another canal, at least at the present time. The purpose of securing the right of way is to prevent anybody else from making one which would be a rival of our own at Panama, as well as to enable ourselves to make one if at any time in the future it should seem desirable to do so.—EDITOR.]

WHO'S CHOICE?

SIR,—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW appeals to me as no other paper in the whole country, and yet I do not believe its prophetic editor, Mr. Harvey, has been entirely fair with our present Administration. Although I enjoy his articles even as much as those written by Kentucky's own Henry Watterson, still I feel that President Wilson's Administration has not miscarried far enough by any means to warrant the opposition of so distinguished an editor as Mr. Harvey. I am trusting that he will see that there is surely nothing to be gained by following the choice of one Teddy.

B. W. BAKER.

HAZARD, KY.

A BETTER MAN FOR 1916

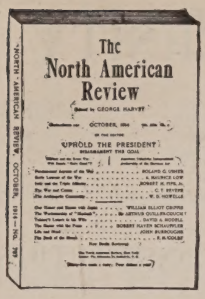
SIR,—You have been very fortunate in your selecting of candidates for Presidency during the last four years. You gave us a good man in 1912 and have given us a better man for 1916.

GEO. F. MORSS.

CAMDEN, N. Y.

October

One-Hundred-first Year



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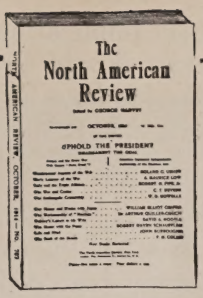

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

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is a journalist of Washington, D. C., and a correspondent for a number of the important dailies. The University of North Carolina conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon him in recognition of his work.

Alan Seeger
was a recent graduate of Harvard University. He had been studying in Paris for two years when the war broke out and at once joined the French Army. As soldier of the Foreign Legion of France he took part in the Allied offensive on the Somme. His regiment was in the first wave of the attack and he was killed during one of the first assaults. The verses here published were written in a military hospital in the south of France five months before his death.

Wilfrid L. Randell
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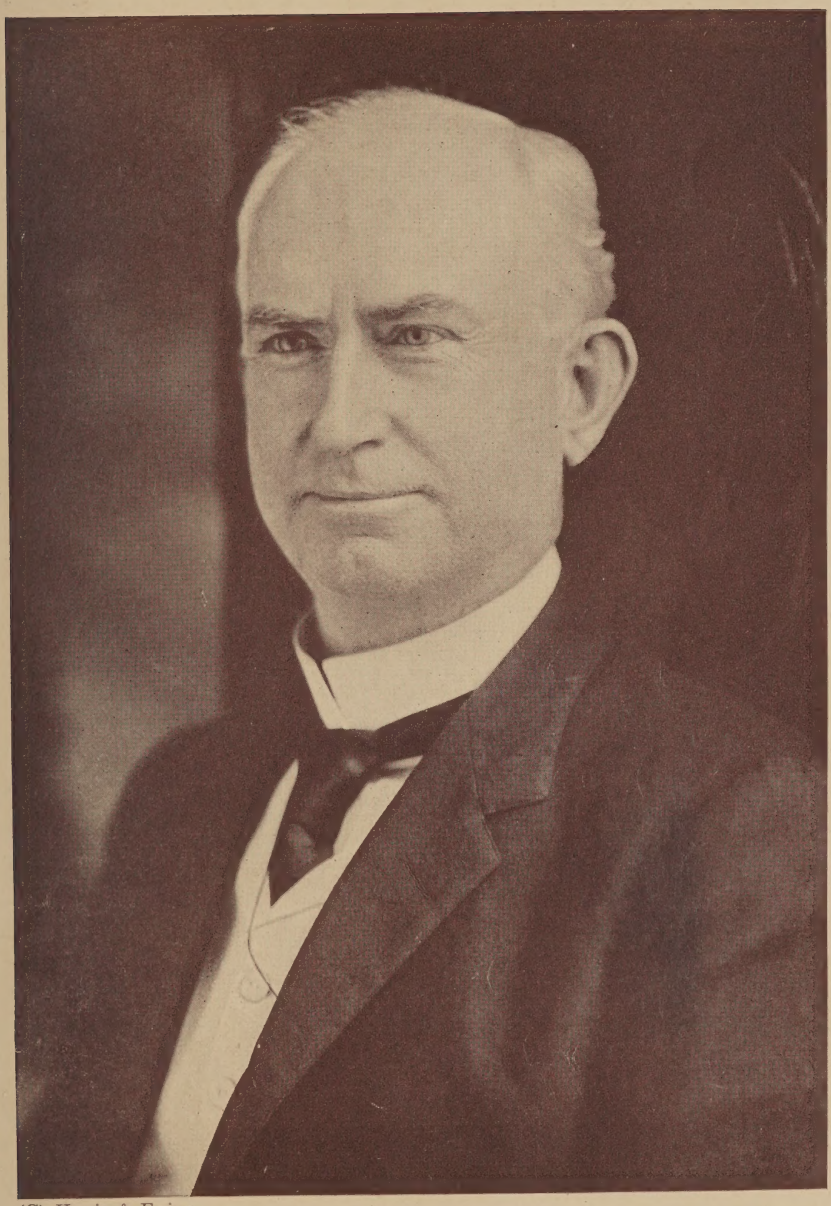
William Chase Greene
a graduate of Harvard in 1911, is now an instructor at Harvard University. He was Class Odist, and later became a Rhodes Scholar for Massachusetts at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1912 he won the Newdigate Prize for a poem entitled *Richard I. Before Jerusalem.*



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JAMES P. CLARKE
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ARKANSAS

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THOMAS W. HARDWICK

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM GEORGIA

See page 635

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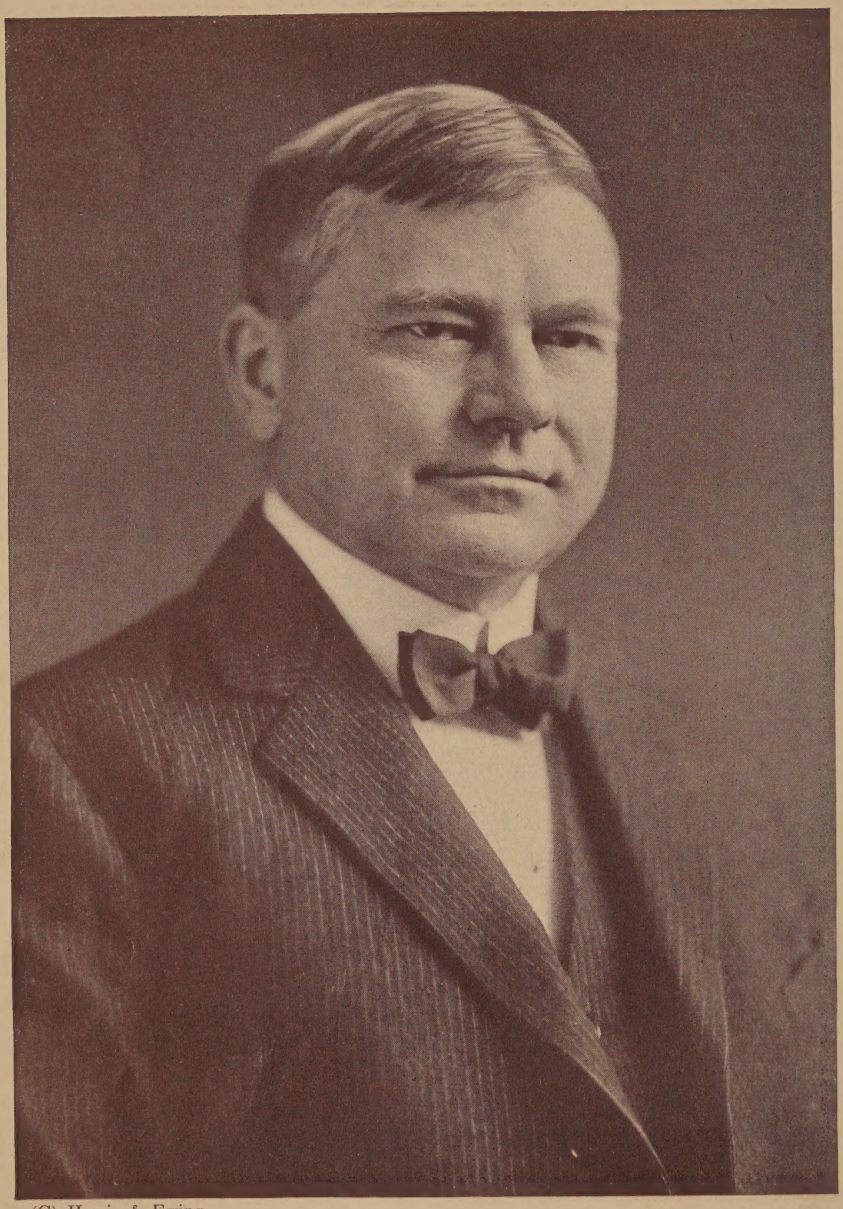
EUGENE BLACK

REPRESENTATIVE 1st CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF TEXAS

See page 635



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HENRY J. STEELE

REPRESENTATIVE 26th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA

See page 635

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1916

FOR PRESIDENT

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

BY THE EDITOR

I. *"FAITHFUL ARE THE WOUNDS—"*

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States on March 4, 1913, we quoted—in *Harper's Weekly*—the words of George William Curtis succinctly defining the primary obligation of a public journal, to wit:

> The press is never a more beneficent power than when it shows the country that, while loyal to a party and its policy, it is more loyal to honor and patriotism. It is the palladium of liberty because it is the only power in a free country that can alone withstand and overthrow the crafty conspiracy of political demagogues. If it does not lead, it is because it chooses to follow; it is because it does not know that no office is so great as that of molding opinion which makes parties and Presidents; that no patronage is so powerful as the just fear of an unquailing criticism brought home to every word and every act of every public man, and commending its judgment to the intelligence and the conscience of every citizen.

We continued,—speaking for ourselves:

Harper's Weekly reaffirms the principles of its great editor. It regrets nothing that it has done; it rejoices in the re-establishment in power of the party which should and can be great, liberal, and

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truly Democratic; it feels that it has peculiar reason to wish for the Administration of President Wilson the greatest conceivable measure of success.

To that end and in that hope, as a natural sequence of the result accomplished, it now resumes the exercise of its normal and highest functions as an independent Journal of Civilization, free and glad to commend generously all that it deems praiseworthy, and equally free and ready to criticize frankly or condemn unsparingly whatever it may adjudge deserving of censure.

From this day forward the attitude of *Harper's Weekly* toward the Administration of President Wilson will differ in no respect from its attitude toward the Administration of his predecessors.

How faithfully THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the successor of *Harper's Weekly* as a political factor, has maintained the pledge then given may be left safely to the discriminating judgment of its readers. For ourselves, while conceding the possibility of having erred in some instances, we assert with no whit less assuredness than the President declared of his handling of the "perplexing business" of Mexico that there has been no fault "in purpose or object." Indeed, if we may speak with full candor at the risk of seeming to be unduly self-gratified, we find a record of public service without material blemish. If we have erred at all, the laxity has been on the side of lenience, due to what we regarded as " a peculiar reason to wish for the Administration of President Wilson the greatest conceivable measure of success" and to a feeling that exceptional consideration should in fairness be accorded inexperience. We have not cavilled at the Administration. And such criticisms as we have made from time to time have been, in truth, more than helpful; they have been constructive, never the contrary—as the recalling of a few notable instances will clearly show.

The united opposition now appeals to the country to dislodge the Administration upon the grounds of criminal blundering with respect to Mexico, of fatuous timidity in dealing with belligerent Powers, of flagrant violation of the merit system, notably in the diplomatic service, of betraying popular government, of profligacy and of inefficiency. Other issues are raised, but these are universally recognized as the vulnerable points in the record and the least susceptible of successful defense. Against the acts which made possible the creation of each and every one we protested earnestly and warned unceasingly while they were in the

making and while there was yet time to avoid pitfalls tending to disastrous consequences.

Discriminatory class legislation was proposed at the very beginning of the special session in April, 1913, when at the behest of Mr. Samuel Gompers a "rider" was attached to the Appropriation Bill forbidding the use of any part of the money allotted for the enforcement of anti-trust laws "in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor." Promptly and as earnestly as lay within our power—on May 19, 1913, while the iniquitous measure was awaiting his signature or veto—we appealed to the President in an Open Letter in *Harper's Weekly* to stand bravely for the traditional Democratic principle of "Equal Rights for All,"—but in vain. In reviewing "Six Months of Wilson" in the succeeding November number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, we were obliged to record the fact that, after six weeks of deliberation, he signed the Bill, lamely excusing himself upon the ground, forsooth, that he " could not separate the *unjustifiable* provision " from the remainder of the Act. Whereupon we warned him that, unless he could and should "control and chain the forces which he himself had unloosed," the country soon would face "a determined struggle for class domination whose outcome every patriotic citizen must contemplate with the gravest foreboding,"—a prediction now, alas, fulfilled.

This abandonment of principle was the genesis of the recent successful drive of the Labor Unions which Mr. Hughes rightly designates as the "paramount issue" of the campaign. If its creation shall eventuate in the defeat of Mr. Wilson, he will have only his contemptuous disregard of the foresight of his friends and his pitiable surrender of his own convictions to blame.

As early as December, 1913, we urged upon the President the need of grave consideration of the probable outcome of his meddlesome and dictatorial attitude towards the *de facto* Government of Mexico. After granting with pride and satisfaction that nobody here or abroad and "nobody in Mexico who need be considered" questioned his high purpose or suspected his good faith, we could not ignore the palpable

and unescapable fact that his policy had failed, for the simple reason that he had "no moral or legal right" to say who should or should not be President of Mexico nor to forbid the candidacy of Huerta or of anybody else. The question was how to retrieve the error and regain a solid footing for a fresh start. To that end, we urged " a manful reversal of the attempt at dictation by means of an unworkable Imperialism " and candid recognition of actually existing conditions, in conformity with established international usage and the unbroken practice of the United States.

Again, in April, 1914, when the bandits of Carranza and Villa, armed by the grace of our Government from the United States, were beginning to ravage Northern Mexico, we implored the President to apply to the Mexican situation his own splendid declaration on the Canal-tolls Repeal Bill, to wit:

> The large thing to do is the only thing we can afford to do—a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood.

That his attitude towards Mexico was "everywhere questioned and misunderstood" we demonstrated conclusively by copious citations from the leading journals of the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Italy, Argentina, Brazil, Chili, Peru, Colombia and Mexico herself. "To speak plainly, Mr. President," we concluded, "the feeling is growing stronger daily that your persistence in a course which, in common with everybody else you must know to be wrong, is attributable to no kind of reasoning whatsoever, but to your own stubborn pride,"—an opinion, it may be remarked in passing, more commonly and more strongly held today than ever before. Needless to add, our fervent appeal to the President to "save his party and himself" from the political dilemma in which they now find themselves fell upon ears deafened by a dogged spirit.

Nevertheless, having in mind the excellence of "purpose and object" cited by the President at Shadow Lawn in pitiful extenuation of his "undoubted mistakes," we offered in September, 1915, our best attempt at excuse in these words:

> While it is impossible to withhold from the present Administration primary responsibility for the deplorable and far-reaching consequences of fatuous and futile vacillation, the genesis of the fault must, in all fairness, be accorded due consideration. Nobody has

ventured, and none now would venture, to question the excellence of President Wilson's intentions. Throughout all of his backing and filling, his repeated intervening without making his interference effectual, his alternating laying and lifting of embargoes, his vague threatenings promptly rendered abortive by assurances that he would not employ force, his subsequent using of the army and navy upon an absurd pretext, only to withdraw them at the moment when a restraining influence was most needed, his petulant defying of public journals which were only performing their duty, his prospective chuckling as the one who laughs last, his cynical abandoning of both Mexicans and Americans to their fate because, forsooth, Europeans also were spilling blood, his strident pledging to leave the tortured country alone and to compel all others to do likewise, only to resume meddling as soon as a disfavored faction seemed likely to gain ascendancy—throughout all of these turnings, twistings and incredibly inconsistent doings there has never arisen a doubt of the sincerity of his purpose to "serve Mexico" and to "serve mankind."

The crux of the President's blundering is to be found in his misconception of his own functions. Impressed by his unprecedentedly quick elevation from a college professorship to the most exalted political position on earth, convinced of the popularity of the hazy theories whose fascinating articulation had charmed the people, flushed by his success in subordinating a co-ordinate branch of the Government to his will, isolated and feared, he unconsciously but inevitably assumed the attitude of one divinely appointed to conserve humanity in new and striking ways—and forgot for the moment that he was a quite fallible and far from omnipotent being, who in reality had only been elected President of the United States, charged with the performance of certain official tasks specifically defined by fundamental law.

But the end was not yet. The Columbus raid took place on March 9 and the President promptly ordered a "punitive expedition" of our soldiers into Mexico "for the single purpose of taking the bandit Villa." On March 18 the following telegraphic communication appeared in the New York *Sun*:

To the Editor of the Sun—*Sir*: Has Washington gone crazy? Can it be possible, as reported here, that the President has sent a paltry force of only 5,000 ill-equipped and unsupported soldiers on a wild-bandit chase into a hornet's nest of gringo haters, ten times their number and ten times as well supplied with machine guns and ammunition, without safeguarding a line of communication in case of need of retreat? Not so long ago we were bidden to trust the amiable Villa, who at Juarez sat at the feet of our chief of staff, acting as

personal representative of the Commander-in-Chief, and obediently studied the usages of civilized warfare, only later at Columbus to return with marked effect a few of the millions of bullets which we had supplied to him, as our ally in the President's war upon Huerta.

Now we are told to place faith in the no less gentle Carranza, who has held nominal authority by flouting, deriding and defying our Government at every turn, and who cannot reverse his policy without inviting deposition or assassination. We do not have to heed this Executive adjuration any more than we have to be neutral in our thoughts; but our soldiers do. Carranza and his army may spare their lives, or may cut off and surround them. They soon will be at the mercy perhaps of the relentless First Chief, but none the less subject to the passions of his horde of hostile and savage men.

This mad adventure is nothing less than a bid for the massacre of American soldiers. Can nothing be done to stop it?

GEORGE HARVEY.

Aiken, S. C., March 17.

Precisely as foreseen, the Carranza bandits treacherously attacked our men first at Parral and later at Carrizal, where the assault, ordered by Carranza himself, became in fact a "massacre of American soldiers," resulting in the murder of several officers and the virtual annihilation of two troops. Whereupon, referring to the above communication, we again addressed the President through the *Sun* as follows:

Apparently nothing could be done; in any case nothing was done; hence the ambush and massacre of American soldiers at Carrizal. But that may not be all; indeed, there is a strong probability that it is only the beginning. General Pershing's purpose in sending out a troop is evident. It was not a foolhardy act; it was necessary. He was obliged to find out whether his line of communication was intact; whether his command was being cut off and surrounded. And having no scouting aeroplanes there was but one thing to do, namely, to acquire requisite information, conformably to military tenets, for the safeguarding of an entire command, even though a troop be sacrificed in the process.

And now what? The actual situation is unchanged. Our soldiers are still confronted or surrounded by "ten times their number and ten times as well supplied with machine guns and ammunition," and the demonstrated unpreparedness of both the War Department and National Guard indicates conclusively that no adequate support can be furnished for weeks to come. The gringo haters are elated by the success of their treacherous assault, fully equipped and supremely confident.

The Pershing command is in imminent peril. There is but one thing to do in simple justice to our soldiers and regardless of their wishes.

Withdraw our troops from Mexico!

This was on June 26. Two months later General Funston, despairing of results from the foolhardy expedition and distressed by the unnecessary hardships of his soldiers, officially advised withdrawal of the troops, but the fact was carefully withheld from the public. When the information leaked out the President, "apparently angered" by the disclosures, according to the Washington dispatches, ordered an investigation. "The telegram," continued the press account, "was not intended for publication. Both President Wilson and officers of the State Department intended to conceal it, partly because it conflicted with the information which the War Department was giving out for public consumption and partly because it exposed the fact that the retention of Gen. Pershing's command in Mexico had no military significance, but was purely for political reasons dictated by the White House."

Meanwhile the situation continues unchanged from the date of our second protest with nothing accomplished. Six months have elapsed since General Pershing was ordered to attempt the impossible, scores of our soldiers have been killed and others captured have been sent back naked or in rags, Villa is recruiting a fresh force about sixty miles north of the place where he was last buried, our suffering and humiliated troops are still held in constant peril, as a football of politics, in a long, thin line across the desert and an overtaxed people is called upon to pay $100,000,000 to meet the exigency of a Presidential year, while a putative Joint Commission sits occasionally and sails intermittently under a tacit obligation to do nothing and to get nowhere before election day.

What has happened—and we instance this frankly in justification of our own pleading protestations from the beginning—is set forth by Secretary Lansing in these words:

The Government of the United States has viewed with deep concern and increasing disappointment the progress of the revolution in Mexico. Continuous bloodshed and disorders have marked its progress. For three years the Mexican Republic has been torn with civil strife; the lives of Americans and other aliens have been sac-

rificed; vast properties developed by American capital and enterprise have been destroyed or rendered non-productive; bandits have been permitted to roam at will through the territory contiguous to the United States and to seize, without punishment or without effective attempt at punishment, the property of Americans, while the lives of citizens of the United States who ventured to remain in Mexican territory or to return there to protect their interests have been taken, and in some cases barbarously taken, and the murderers have neither been apprehended nor brought to justice. It would be difficult to find in the annals of the history of Mexico conditions more deplorable than those which have existed there during these recent years of civil war.

It would be tedious to recount instance after instance, outrage after outrage, atrocity after atrocity, to illustrate the true nature and extent of the widespread conditions of lawlessness and violence which have prevailed. During the past nine months in particular, the frontier of the United States along the lower Rio Grande has been thrown into a state of constant apprehension and turmoil because of frequent and sudden incursions into American territory and depredations and murders on American soil by Mexican bandits, who have taken the lives and destroyed the property of American citizens, sometimes carrying American citizens across the international boundary with the booty seized. American garrisons have been attacked at night, American soldiers killed and their equipment and horses stolen; American ranches have been raided, property stolen and destroyed, and American trains wrecked and plundered.

The attacks on Brownsville, Red House Ferry, Progreso Postoffice and Las Peladas, all occurring during September last, are typical. In these attacks on American territory, Carranzista adherents, and even Carranzista soldiers took part in the looting, burning, and killing. Not only were these murders characterized by ruthless brutality, but uncivilized acts of mutilation were perpetrated. Representations were made to Gen. Carranza and he was emphatically requested to stop these reprehensible acts in a section which he has long claimed to be under the complete domination of his authority. Notwithstanding these representations and the promise of Gen. Nafarete to prevent attacks along the international boundary, in the following month of October a passenger train was wrecked by bandits and several persons killed 7 miles north of Brownsville, and an attack was made upon United States troops at the same place several days later. Since these attacks leaders of the bandits, well known both to Mexican civil and military authorities as well as to American officers, have been enjoying with impunity the liberty of the towns of northern Mexico. So far has the indifference of the de facto government to these atrocities gone that some of these leaders, as I am advised, have received not only the protection of that Government, but encouragement and aid as well.

What may yet happen under inexplicably senseless, willful and obdurate guidance God alone knows. But we do insist upon the evidence cited above that this most deplorable and most mortifying occurrence in the annals of American history might and would have been averted by early recognition by Mr. Wilson of the fact, which we tried desperately but vainly to impress upon his mind, that he had been elected President, not of Humanity, but of the United States of America.

Woodrow Wilson was Vice-President of the Civil Service Reform League when elected President of the United States. Because of that fact no less than as a logical consequence of his repeated denunciations of Republican practices, we warned him at the beginning of his Administration of the exceptional danger of permitting a reversion to the spoils system. In December, 1913, we directed his attention particularly to the Bartlett amendment to the Urgency Deficiency Bill revoking the existing regulation which held deputy marshals and deputy collectors within the classified service and noted the frank avowal of its sponsor that the reason for its enactment was his belief that there was "no office, under Democratic administration, that could not be better filled by a Democrat than by a Republican."

Simultaneously we reminded him that his platform had guaranteed that "merit and ability rather than service rendered to a political party" should be heeded in making appointments and of his own promise to his own League to "do what I can to promote those principles in practice." In vain. Despite the obvious fact, which we remarked at the time, that "by a nod of his head" he could have overcome the scant majority of three in the House of Representatives, he signed the Bill upon the specious plea that his "understanding" of the "intent" did not conform to the letter of the law.

This not only opened the door but fastened it back. Secretary Bryan promptly availed himself of the opportunity to debauch the diplomatic service in the interest of "deserving Democrats," Postmaster General Burleson wielded the axe with grace and skill and a hungry majority in Congress did not hesitate to create offices for the sake of filling them. The immigration bill opened a large unclassified service for the enforcement of anti-contract labor laws; the national defense

bill created unwise preferences in the civil service for those who had served specific terms in the army; the rural credits bill contained a clause exempting from the service all employees of the federal farm loan board, and the shipping bill excepted from competitive examination "the secretary, a clerk to each commissioner, the attorneys, naval architects and such special experts and examiners as the board may from time to time find necessary to employ for the conduct of its work."

If now the Republicans—and notably Mr. Hughes, whose own record is clear—are enabled to draw effective contrast between Profession and Practice as a consequence of the creation of "30,000 offices outside the civil service law at an annual cost of $44,000,000 to the taxpayers of the country," it is by invitation of the President himself, whose best wishers strove in vain to save him from the embarrassment which was certain to ensue.

Very early in the history of the Administration—i. e., in November, 1913—through a kindly, reminiscent sketch entitled " The Tragedy of the Contentnea," we hinted somewhat pointedly at the congenital deficiencies of Josephus Daniels as the administrative head of a great department. Inasmuch, however, as there appeared at the time no sign of pressing need of exceptional ability in that particular position and since tradition accords to every ruler a clown, we did not feel constrained to make serious protest until April, 1915, when the highest efficiency on the part of a Secretary of the Navy had become essential as a direct consequence of the great war.

We then reviewed with great particularity the extraordinary antics of " The Rt. Hon. Sir Josephus, N. C. B.," only to reach the irresistible conclusions that "if he has done a single useful act, barring his boasted saving at the spigot while wasting at the bung-hole, the instance has yet to be revealed"; that, "if he has failed to utilize an opportunity to discredit both the Department and the Administration, the omission is not apparent"; and, finally, that "of all the Secretaries of the Navy from Benjamin Stoddert to George von L. Meyer he has proved himself the least competent "; and to " contemplate with dismay the probability of being compelled to meet in 1916 the cry: *' A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels.'* "

Unfortunately the President not only failed to appreciate and profit from, but openly resented this earnest endeavor to aid him in relieving his Administration of an incubus which from no conceivable viewpoint it should have felt compelled to bear. On the contrary, by way of response, he ostentatiously heralded his pet dolt as the one member of his Cabinet whom he particularly admired and with whom he was accustomed to " consult in intimate fashion."

Clearly, if Mr. Wilson's canvass now suffers in the estimation of advocates of True Preparedness from distrust of the capacity and sincerity of his Secretary of the Navy, the fact must be attributed to this odd discrimination made in a moment of petulance at friendly counsel.

In common with a large majority of the American people, we regarded the President's conduct of international affairs during the first few months of the great war as altogether admirable. Barring his rather absurd injunction to his countrymen to be "neutral in their thoughts" while a mighty battle for civilization was raging, his counsels were uniformly wise, prudent and conformable to our best traditions. We had then and have now no accordance with those who insist that we were in duty bound to protest against the invasion of Belgium. To our mind, Mr. Roosevelt defined our correct attitude with rare exactness when he wrote in the *Outlook* of September 23, 1914, as follows:

> We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her (Belgium.) . . . . Sympathy (with Belgium) is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of our uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective; and only the clearest and most urgent national duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference. . . . . A deputation of Belgians has arrived in this country to invoke our assistance in the time of their dreadful need. What action our Government can or will take I know not. It has been announced that no action can be taken which will interfere with our entire neutrality. It is certainly eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral, and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other.

The circumstance that Mr. Roosevelt has since advanced a contrary opinion in no wise affects the accuracy of his first judgment. Nor can the imagination conceive a less tenable proposition than that of his venerably militant

friend, Grandbrother Lyman Abbott, who solemnly declared the other day that "as soon as there was adequate reason to believe that Germany meant to violate Belgium's neutrality, I should like quietly and informally to have caused the German Government to understand that to do so would be to alienate the sympathies of the American people." The absurdity of this bit of hindsight is to be found in the simple fact that the German army was half way across Belgium before the "adequate reason" for protest appeared.

But, alas, our indeterminate policy with respect to Mexico had borne bitter fruit; Germany's disdain of our "firm" but impotent notes was manifested at every turn; outrage followed outrage in quick succession; and when, after three full months, the assassination of more than a hundred American passengers on the *Lusitania* continued unexpiated, clearly further forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. Then—in August, 1915—for the first time we urged upon the President the pressing need of convincing the German Government that they could no longer pursue their contemptuous course with impunity. These were our words:

> Following the lead of our President, we have acted more than justly; while he was showing, as he should have shown, the utmost consideration, we have proved our patience, our long suffering, our sincere devotion to peace. But we can go no further along a road which leads nowhere; nor can our guide, if he would keep the faith; a new way, an effective way, must be found to uphold the dignity and maintain the honor of the Republic. Reasoning has proved futile, pleading has been spurned; no course is left but to *suit the action to the word.* There is no question of an "ultimatum"; every American Note has contained the ultimatum that our rights and the rights of all neutrals are inviolable and must be recognized in theory and in practice. If, as we foresee, no adequate response shall be forthcoming *immediately* to our latest demand, but one thing will remain to be done. We can no longer humiliate our envoys by compelling them to represent in other capitals a Power which defies and derides their own country. We can no longer retain in Berlin an Ambassador personating a national sovereignty which is contemned by the Imperial Government to which he is accredited. We can no longer extend our hospitality to the obnoxious Minister of a disdainful Prince. We can no longer recognize in any way a Power which by its own deliberate, flagrant and sinful practices has constituted itself an outlaw among nations.

Seven months later the Administration, driven by public opinion enraged by the sinking of the *Sussex,* made the very demand which we had urged it to make in August—and compliance was quickly forthcoming. "A great diplomatic triumph" was duly heralded from Washington. But, oh, the lives that were lost that might have been saved during those seven long months but for hesitation and dilatoriness in the face of a fact as certain in August as it was in March!

So we might continue in recapitulation of minor as well as of major suggestions and criticisms embodying suggestions respectfully but frankly submitted to the Administration by The North American Review during the past three years. It is for our readers to determine whether the heeding of some or of all of them would have left the President in a stronger position from which to confound his adversaries and to solicit the approval of the country in this, his day of judgment. If the answer be in the affirmative, we may perhaps be pardoned for noting a fresh exemplification of the truth of the famous maxim of Solomon contained in the Book of Proverbs, xxvii, 6.

II. *"BY THEIR FRUITS—"*

True it is beyond question, as declared by the President in his eloquently confident speech of acceptance, that "there is no means of judging the future except by assessing the past" and that "the test is contained in the record." Patrick Henry uttered a like dictum in yet more thrilling phrase upon an occasion hardly less noteworthy. But it is not needful for us who have followed zestfully the course of the Administration to review in detail its mingled long-goings and shortcomings. We know that it has been intermittently both straight and tortuous. We know wherein the Administration has succeeded and wherein it has failed in what we must regard as its honest endeavor to render real and enduring public service. We could, if we would, strike a balance, but to little purpose at the beginning of a momentous epoch bristling with new problems.

The question of rewards, in a practical or even a patriotic sense, is not involved. Mr. Hughes would be the last to intimate that he has not received full compensation in money and in honors for the faithful performance of his duties as a member of our highest judicial tribunal and Mr. Wilson

has yet to qualify as an expert upon the proverbial ingratitude of Republics. Each seems more than willing to accept the bounty allotted by his country in return for the arduous labors which confront a President from the fourth of March, 1917, to the third of March, 1921. It is for the party of the second part, technically designated as the United States, to choose, without regard to past services, the one who seems most able and most likely to conserve its own best interests, along with the lives, the liberties and the happy pursuits of its citizens.

The record which constitutes the test of the present incumbent may safely be left for analytical elucidation to the candidates themselves and their partisans. Already Mr. Hughes has made his attack and Mr. Wilson has indicated his line of defense. That the President should instance with pride and gratification the enactment of an admirable Currency law is both natural and proper. It stands forth clearly as his greatest and most durable achievement. While undoubtedly there is much in the claim of the opposition that the genesis of the measure was in the system originally proposed by Mr. Aldrich and that the Bill itself was unworkable until perfected by Republican Senators, whose knowledge of finance was not limited to their salaries, the fact cannot be gainsaid that the actual accomplishment was that of a Democratic Congress under masterful dictation. Whether or to what extent the mere existence of the statute, not then in operation, served from its moral effect to avert a panic at the beginning of the war is immaterial. The vital point is that the great measure now stands as a sure safeguard of the common weal for all time to come.

Even more praiseworthy from the standpoint of our national honor was the repeal of the exemption clause of the Canal-tolls law. Quite as truly as the Federal Reserve Act constitutes the main material benefit wrought by the Administration does this attainment betoken its chief glory. Why in the Democratic campaign book of 480 pages it is allotted only a dozen lines of furtive reference and why the President made no mention of it whatever in his speech of acceptance can only be imagined. True, its enactment involved the violation of a specific party pledge, but it hardly seems that this mere circumstance should have weighed in consideration of the eight other equally solemn promises

which we cited in the August number of this REVIEW as having been ruthlessly broken. But political exigencies may not be ignored and we would not wantonly harass sensitive souls in these gray days of annoying misapprehension of bejeweled inconsistencies.

It is not surprising under the circumstances that the President should make only casual reference to the revision of the tariff effected during the early days of his Administration. And yet it was a notable performance, carried out in strict—we nearly said rare—conformity with the Democratic pledge. True, the new Bill was not as well balanced as that passed by the House of Representatives in 1910, and the only clause accredited to the insistence of the President, against the protests of Mr. Underwood and this REVIEW, was the one, since repealed, which cut off $50,000,000 of revenue from the tax upon sugar.

Nevertheless it was a fairly good low-tariff Bill and, when the time came to sign it, the President gave a party and made a neat little speech, celebrating the realization of an ambition which had possessed him since he was knee-high to a grasshopper to strike off the shackles which for a hundred years had prevented the industrial development of America. He used a new gold pen in signing the Bill, but whether he presented it to somebody or retained it for service in approving the recently enacted measures which create a Tariff Commission for further revision, adopt Protection for Protection's sake and replace the shackles upon trading in dyestuffs, we cannot recall. In any case, it was a perfectly good pen and should be accorded a conspicuous place in the archives of Democracy.

And so continues, "with no disposition to boast" and yet with ill-concealed satisfaction, "this extraordinary recital" of deeds done,—Rural Credits; Exemption of Labor Unions from legal prosecution; the Seamen's Act which, some say, cripples American shipping; Government ownership of ships for the encouragement of competition by private concerns; Regulation of working conditions throughout the Union, without regard to local requirements or desires; and the like,—altogether constituting a record which may well indeed "astonish" Democrats of the old school until they learn that it is all a part of coming "very near to carrying out the platform of the *Progressive* party."

Herein, from a political standpoint, we find the crux of the President's appeal to the country,—signifying nothing else than frank abandonment of traditional Democratic doctrine and, in the words of Henry Watterson, espousal of "Wilson Democracy in succession to Jeffersonian Democracy"; in consequence of which "the *Courier-Journal* is giving the Wilson candidacy but a qualified support, reserving to itself the right in the event of his election to decline responsibility for what may follow and to oppose such of his policies and assumptions as it may not approve."

And Thomas Riley Marshall, candidate for Vice-President, with characteristic artlessness, officially ratifies the abrupt relinquishment by promising to follow in the footsteps of "Woodrow Wilson, who has not walked where the path has led, but who has walked where there was no path and who has left a trail," adding apparently by way of premonition that "we can mourn more sincerely if we be named in the will but, whether a legatee or not, the thing to do first is to bury the corpse."

But enough! The record as a record does not interest us. Again and finally we consign it to the partisan wranglers for unstinted glorification on the one hand and for merciless dissection on the other.

III. *THE LIVING ISSUES*

It is neither the past nor the present, but the immediate future, that should hold first place in the minds of American citizens at this critical time. Whether it was the President, the Kaiser or the good Lord who kept us out of war is of little moment. The seeming fact that whatever likelihood there may have been of our being drawn into the great conflict no longer exists suffices present needs. Only the most insane partisan would venture to suggest a possibility of either Mr. Wilson or Mr. Hughes inciting or inviting war with any European or Asiatic Power. The two vital questions to be answered at the polls one month hence are: Which of the two great parties at this particular juncture in our progress as a Nation, is the better equipped and the more likely to render the highest public service? and, Which of the two designated leaders is the more certain to "preserve, protect and defend" the Constitution of the United States?

Brushing aside, as well we may at such a time, all minor considerations, we find the overpowering issues to be:

1. Military and Industrial Preparedness.
2. Government by and for the People.
3. National honor and opportunity.

Credit for the provision of military enlargement may fairly be apportioned evenly between the united opposition which, under the invigorating championship of Mr. Roosevelt, aroused a public sentiment which Mr. Wilson could not afford to ignore and the converted Administration itself, which finally, after losing two precious years, coerced a reluctant Congress into actual performance. Adequate funds have been provided at last and the programme adopted is pronounced satisfactory. But the mere appropriation of large sums of money does not suffice. The question now is one of celerity and efficiency in construction.

Could Josephus Daniels build a great navy in the shortest possible time if he would? And would he if he could? These are the pregnant queries which rise inevitably in all thoughtful minds at a time when speed and skill are the prime requisites. That both must be answered decisively in the negative is, we believe, the universal judgment. Mr. Daniels has always been and in his heart is today opposed to adequate provision for defense. He has done everything in his power to prevent such provision from being made, never once failing, until driven recently into line by public opinion, to reduce estimates, to pigeon-hole or distort official recommendations and to cripple the service by arrogating to himself the power to make innumerable regulations petty in themselves but productive of infinite harm. He nodded sagely, when, sitting in the gallery of the House of Representatives, less than two years ago, he heard his chief declare mistakenly, as since confessed by both words and deeds, that "we have not been negligent of national defense," and he gloried in the President's sneering statement, since belied for political purposes, that "we shall not alter our attitude because some among us are nervous and excited." Simultaneously—i. e., in December, 1914—he himself in his official report was denouncing "this mad rivalry in construction" as constituting "a burden too heavy for any nation to bear." Meanwhile he was skimping in all directions and pottering away precious time. Not only has work not yet begun on two battleships authorized on March

3, 1915, but there is grave doubt whether the one allotted to the Mare Island yard can ever be sent to sea unless a new channel be dredged at a cost of $4,000,000 to accommodate a vessel of such draft and tonnage.

Recurring, then, to our queries, we answer that Mr. Daniels has neither the skill nor the will to expend effectively the great sums of money to be drawn from the people by their express command for immediate protection. Once let him realize on November 7 that he is fixed irrevocably in authority for another four years, quick reversion to his early and real predilections will follow, obstacle will be piled upon obstacle, delay will succeed delay, our first line of defense, already gravely impaired, will be shattered and the navy itself, from the highest active admiral to the humblest sailor, will raise hands to high Heaven in disgust and despair.

Worst and most sinister of all is the provision in the new Bill which changes promotion by seniority to promotion by selection. That the new method is preferable to that which prevailed under the unpopular Plucking Board we can readily believe. That it would prove advantageous, moreover, under the direction of a capable, honorable and unbiased Secretary, is quite probable. But when one recalls the gross favoritism practiced during the past three years, the persistent demoting and humiliating of officers universally recognized as the most competent in the navy, the constant punishing of those impelled by a sense of duty to their country to speak the truth, the lying about Admiral Fiske's recommendations and the repeated gratifying of personal grudges, the mere contemplation of Josephus Daniels being vested with this tremendous power incites a feeling little short of horror.

And yet here we are, giving of our incomes in unstinted measure to insure the protection of our homes in the face of this virtual certainty in the event of Mr. Wilson's re-election. Mr. Daniels continues to be consulted "in intimate fashion"; so far as known, he still holds his chief's "confidence and admiration"; he was the President's representative in St. Louis, his spokesman in Maine and his apologist for the result; Mr. Wilson's vindication at the polls would be *his* vindication and the reward of retention could not be denied him after the country had rendered its verdict with full knowledge that—

"A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels."

Despite the surpassing mental and moral excellence of the new Secretary of War as contrasted with his colleague, the army situation is even more discouraging than that of the navy. While it is well within the range of possibility that the President could have obtained more promising legislation if he had stood squarely by his pledge to Secretary Garrison, there is much to be said in extenuation of his abrupt reversal of position. Undeniably the Democratic majority in Congress was more strongly opposed to the Continental Army plan than to any proposal theretofore enforced upon them by the Executive. It is indeed doubtful whether their acknowledged leader, the unjustly abused Mr. Hay, even if he had been willing to make the attempt, could have fetched them into line. If the President, instead of twisting and squirming and vainly trying to becloud the issue to save his face as Master, had frankly admitted that he was unable to secure what he thought was best and must perforce accept what he could get, the country would have held him, if not his party, blameless. But the fateful "compromise" followed and the outcome was the inevitable hodgepodge, whose sole merit is a trifling theoretical increase in the Regular Army, which has not yet been and seems not likely soon to be realized.

The plain fact is that the amorphous scheme of "federalizing the militia" has already proved abortive. It is hardly conceivable that even the huge sums of money allotted to the State organizations, only to be squandered in profligate fashion, as indicated by the records of previous expenditures under the Dick bill, submitted with telling force by Senator Borah, could have produced so much as a semblance of success. But if anything were needed to affix the finality of failure at the very outset, it quickly appeared in the blundering of the War Department's call to arms, which convinced every guardsman sent to the border that he had been tricked into an enlistment which he had never intended to make. The immediate effect is already seen in the impossibility of filling militia companies, and the ultimate outcome, in all probability, will be the doom of the very National Guard which the ill-fated measure was designed to exalt and perpetuate.

Here, then, beyond question to our mind, as the direct consequence of bootless muddling, is the most difficult problem confronting the incoming Administration. And yet,

if all the advantage of adequate appropriations already obtained is not to be sacrificed and all hope of True Preparedness is not to be abandoned, it must be solved. Who can do it? Not a Democratic Congress surely, and not a Democratic President, both of whom are committed to the present abortion and would undoubtedly insist upon a long period of futile trying-out. The Republican party has at least the vantage of a clean slate, freedom of action, immunity from prejudice against real federalization of armed forces and the declared opposition of Mr. Hughes to the existing makeshift.

We would not dream of classing the present Secretary of War, or anybody else, for that matter, with Josephus Daniels. Moreover, we have a high opinion of Mr. Baker's intellectual and administrative qualifications and are convinced of his openness of mind. Already, we are informed, he frankly avows his error in depicting, prior to his appointment, the officers of the army as "a bunch of snobs" and now acknowledges with pride his admiration of the most loyal and most faithful of men passionately devoted to their country. But Mr. Baker is a pronounced Pacifist and, as such, so far as is known, is no less strongly "opposed to the agitation for Preparedness" than when he refused to co-operate with the National Security League. So, too, at bottom, is the Democratic party, whose only enthusiastic cheers in St. Louis were for sentiments to that effect expressed by Mr. Glynn and Mr. Bryan. Where the President himself will stand when these lines shall appear we cannot say. At this writing,—but no, that was yesterday.

It all resolves to this: Whether one approves or disapproves of the huge expenditures provided for National Defense, the appropriations have been made, and the only question now is, Who can utilize the resources in hand to the greatest advantage of the country in obtaining the quickest and most effectual results? The Republicans who are sincere in their advocacy of Preparedness or the Democrats who are not? The question seems to answer itself.

While some—not including ourselves—may agree with the President that we are "not interested in the causes" of the great conflict now being waged for human liberty and personal freedom, none can have the hardihood to deny that we are most deeply concerned in the industrial war-

fare that is bound to follow. Already, following the Paris conference initiated by England, the Allies are formulating plans, not merely for mutual trade intercourse, but to possess the markets of the world. Ostensibly the far-reaching scheme being formulated is, in the succinct words of the London Chamber of Commerce, "for regulating, by tariff and otherwise, trade relations with all enemy countries so as to render impossible a return to pre-war conditions and for stimulating the development of home manufactures and consequent increased employment of native labor;" but while only "enemy countries" are referred to, it is an open secret that neutral nations are to be placed in the same category. No hint of reciprocity except between the Allied Powers themselves appears in the proposals and no doubt exists of their intent to abrogate all "favored-nation" treaties which conflict with their purpose to bind their material interests together with hooks of steel. Competition, especially American competition, is to be barred to the limit of possibility by the Allies and no less surely, in mere self defense, by the Central Powers, to the end that the United States shall be "isolated" as completely as the President himself when an international problem presses for solution. In a word, the world proposes to pay its debts to America at the end of the war, not in money, but in products manufactured at low cost of labor with the greater efficiency developed by military training.

What this may mean to American manufacturers, to American workingmen and even to American farmers, is so patent that explication is quite unnecessary. The Democratic party recognized the imminence of the menace when, flatly abrogating its established policy, it created a Tariff Commission to "study every economic fact that may throw light on changing conditions," with a view to increasing the duties now prevailing under "the best tariff law ever enacted" and constructing schedules based, not upon revenue needs, but upon conditions of production and competition at home and abroad; and when the President, completely reversing his previous position as defined in his letter to ex-Governor Cox of Ohio and in his sarcastic boasting at Indianapolis of having "put one over" on the Republicans, supplemented in his speech of acceptance the declaration of his own platform with the sage observation that "we can no longer indulge our traditional provincialism," Mr.

Hughes, meanwhile, is really convincing in his insistence that the only way to meet Protection is with Protection.

The pressing question is, Which of the two parties is the better equipped to meet the situation? And we fear there can be but one answer. Seven of the fourteen Democratic members of the present Committee on Ways and Means hail from North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Georgia, Missouri, Arkansas and Mississippi; former Chairman Underwood, a revenue-tariff man of moderate views, has been succeeded by Claude Kitchin, a free trader; and the manufacturing States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts have in a Mr. Conry, of Tammany Hall, their sole spokesman and representative. It is no disparagement of these Southern gentlemen to say that their unfamiliarity with the mighty industrial affairs of this great manufacturing region which few, if any of them, have even visited disqualifies them for intelligent handling upon broad and effective lines of the critical situation which is being thrust upon us. Moreover, the traditions and prejudices of all save a very few of Democratic Senators and Congressmen are so strongly opposed to Protection as "robbery of the many for the benefit of a few" that it was with the greatest reluctance that they passed even a ridiculously ineffectual "anti-dumping" law. While tacitly conceding the need of protective measures, they have only pecked at the problem for political purposes, without attempting in any serious way to effect a solution. Again we are driven to the practical conclusion that true Industrial Preparedness, in common with true Military Preparedness, can be attained only through its sincere advocates and consistent friends.

IV. *GOVERNMENT FOR AND BY THE PEOPLE*

Since Fort Sumter was fired upon there has been no such assault upon the right of the American people to rule themselves as that of the four Brotherhoods at Washington in August of the present year. Then, as in '61, government by a majority for the whole people was openly threatened by a self-constituted oligarchy. And the cases are not dissimilar. Fifty-five years ago the Union was confronted by the grim spectres of Secession and Segregation. Last month it was the Union, backed to the wall, but with this difference

in result: Anderson resisted to the limit of endurance; Wilson yielded without a struggle.

The way was paved for the blackmailing of the Nation by the President himself, at the instigation of Mr. Samuel Gompers, at the very beginning of his Administration, when he approved what he himself pronounced an "unjustifiable" provision forbidding the use of certain specific funds in the prosecution of labor organizations for breaking the law. And the exemption was made direct and complete by the President's own Clayton Act, which expressly provided that no such organizations should "be held or construed to be illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade under the anti-trust laws." But for the existence of this invidiously discriminatory Act the Brotherhoods would not have dared to invite the criminal prosecution provided for all other offenders. Sheltered by it, they only bided their time until the eve of a Presidential election and then held the gun of calamity at the head of the Nation. They did not so seriously menace the railway companies, which had only revenues to lose and properties to damage; they threatened the people, all of the helpless and unoffending people in every city and hamlet in the land, with hunger or starvation unless within a fortnight the Government should impose upon their employers, under the specious and false guise of an "eight-hour day" which they themselves would not accept, an increase of twenty-five per cent in wages.

The President, having intervened unavailingly, recounted the proceedings in his address to Congress. Although the matter had "been agitated for more than a year," there had arisen "a sudden crisis" and "the country had been caught unprovided with any practical means of enforcing" arbitration, "by whose fault" he would "not now stop to inquire." The railway companies were not only willing to accept but voluntarily "proposed that the demands of the men be submitted in their entirety to arbitration," but "the men absolutely declined arbitration" and a strike had been ordered for September 4.

Personally he would "yield to no man in firm adherence, alike of conviction and of purpose, to the principle of arbitration," but he said no word in criticism of the Brotherhoods for rejecting the principle and paradoxically rebuked the companies for declining a settlement which, in his judgment, they would ultimately "be obliged to accept by concerted

action of organized labor backed by the favorable judgment of society " and which " would engage all the forces of justice, public and private, on their side to take care of the events," i.e., to increase the freight rates, " for which, of course, the public would pay." To this end he besought the " explicit approval by the Congress of the consideration by the Interstate Commerce Commission of an increase of freight rates " and " immediate provision for the enlargement of the Commission," ostensibly to facilitate its work but really to enable him to pack the court.

Four parties to the proposed settlement were involved: the railway companies, the labor unions and the shippers, represented by their respective officials, and the people, represented by their President. And it was he, the President of the United States, who deliberately proposed the mulcting of the great body of his own constituency, the millions of low-paid workingmen, farmers, professional men, teachers, clerks, saleswomen and toilers in sweatshops no less than the well-to-do, in the interest, not even of a class, but of a class within a class, comprising four hundred thousand voters, without cost to the companies or to the shippers who were to comprise the other parties to the conspiracy. " The public," sententiously remarked Mr. A. B. Garretson, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, " is the carcass and we all perhaps are the vultures," and Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, by his act indorsed the cynical assertion.

The terrorized Democratic Congress blanched and wavered. " Wholly aside," wrote the trustworthy correspondent of the *Evening Post,* " from the veiled accusations that the espousal of the Brotherhood side of the railroad controversy by the President was premeditated, that the whole conflict was staged to take place on the eve of a Presidential election, that the statement of Samuel Gompers, president of of the American Federation of Labor, on Labor Day, asking labor to support this Administration at the coming election, is corroborative evidence that the men knew in advance what to expect, the fact remains that Congress as a whole was dazed by the political possibilities. The fact that only two Democrats in each House voted against the bills, despite the feeling in their ranks shown by the private expressions of Democratic Congressmen, . . . plainly indicates that the rank and file did not relish the job. There was no time

for them to canvass the sentiment in their districts except as expressed in telegrams received by them from a small part of their constituencies. They simply figured out the equation on the basis of votes and concluded that, in view of the support of the President, they could best take a chance on the silent majority."

But time was up! In the gallery sat the four representatives of four hundred thousand voters, holding their watches; in his office, telephone receiver at his ear, was Mr. Gompers, eager to keep his compact to urge Mr. Wilson's re-election; at Shadow Lawn, the President himself, smiling and confident, awaited the flash from Washington which should enable him to say, as he did say, "It is the climax of a very happy day,"—the first day and, God grant it be, the last, on which the stigma of betrayal of the Republic by its chosen President and Congress can be affixed by history.

It was not a question of an eight-hour day, as disingenuously suggested by the President and proclaimed by him as a thing decreed by "society." It was nothing more and nothing less, as the courageous Senator from Georgia, Thomas W. Hardwick, speaking for himself and for Senator James P. Clarke of Arkansas and Representatives Henry J. Steele of Pennsylvania and Eugene Black of Texas, the four Democrats—all honor to their names!—who proved themselves patriots, than "a demand as to wages." And it was a demand backed by the guns of highwaymen and supported by the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. Senator Hardwick continued:

> We are notified that we must pass certain legislation or commerce and industry and business in this country will halt. We are notified that we must require these railroads to make certain concessions or the very life of the Republic will be imperiled. So that we are shaping our law, not so much to meet the presidential approval in this case, not so much to invite the smile at the other end of the Avenue, as we are shaping our law, literally under force, under duress, under compulsion, in order to keep these highly organized workingmen from absolutely tying up the business and commerce and industry of the Republic. If the railroads of this country had assumed any such position as that, we would not have listened to them one single minute. We would have acted so swiftly, so drastically, so thoroughly, that before 24 hours we would have wiped them off the map, as far as it could be done by legislation. And yet it seems that in the face of this situation, confronted by this dilemma, we are utterly helpless. We must enact, not the legislation that our judgment approves, not

the legislation that our wills, our consciences, our minds as legislators and our self-respect as representatives of 100,000,000 people tell us is wise and necessary to meet the situation now and permanently, but we must enact such legislation, forsooth, as is necessary in order to avert the strike, and to avert it right away! In other words, we must pay the price, not out of the Public Treasury, nor yet out of the railroad treasuries, but out of the pockets of the people whose representatives we are, and without their consent, certainly without consulting them. It may be, Mr. President, that a failure to enact proper legislation along these lines before this has rendered us for the moment helpless. It may be that we are forced to bow in sullen submission to demands of this character.

But if so, speaking for himself, his head would be "bowed in impotent shame to think that there are any interests in this country outside of the public interests, outside of all the people, outside of the will and interest and wishes of a majority of the American people, that can force the American Congress to legislate on any subject or on any line."

Because seventy craven Republican Representatives also threw up their hands, apologists for the betrayal—by their very plea confessing the Democratic fault—urge that it was a "non-partisan" performance. The conclusive response is that if the entire seventy had voted against the Bill the result would have been the same, that every Republican Senator except the nondescript La Follette opposed it and that a majority party which claims credit for good laws cannot escape the responsiblity for bad ones.

But "what would Hughes have done?" What did he do when as Governor of New York he was confronted by a like situation—when the Legislature, truckling to the populistic spirit of the time, enacted a two-cent railway fare law, precisely as the Wilson-Adamson wage-increase measure was passed, without investigation or consideration of its justice? He vetoed the bill and said:

The passage of the bill was not preceded by legislative investigation or suitable inquiry under the authority of the State. Nor is the fixing of this rate predicated on reports of statistics officially collated which would permit a fair conclusion as to the justice of its operation with reference to the railroads within its purview. It plainly reflects dissatisfaction with existing conditions and an effort to provide a remedy through arbitrary action. I do not mean to be understood as saying that a maximum 2-cent passenger rate would be unreasonably low. It might be high enough in many cases. Possibly it would be high enough in all cases. I fully appreciate the fact

that those who have promoted this bill believe that such a rate would be fair. But I deem it most important that the policy of dealing with matters of this sort arbitrarily, by legislative rule of general application without reference to the demands of justice in particular cases, should be condemned. Every workingman, every tradesman, and every citizen believing himself to have aught at stake in the prosperity of the country, should determinedly oppose it. For it not only threatens the stability of business enterprise which makes our prosperity possible, but it substitutes unreason for sound judgment, the ill-considered demands of resentment for the spirit of fair play, and makes impossible patient and honorable effort to correct abuses.

And when word of the surrender of the President and Congress reached him in Nashville immediately following the climax of President Wilson's "happy day," taking no time for consideration or consultation regarding political consequences, he uttered before a hostile audience these plain, blunt words:

I believe in, and I stand here firmly for the principle of, arbitrating all industrial disputes, and I would not surrender it to anybody in the country. I believe that anything that is right in this country can be settled right. What is our great republican government? What are our free institutions? We have come down the long course of history with the people fighting slowly, slowly—now with defeat and now with victory—for a recognition of the reign of reason instead of the reign of tyranny and force.

Now, then, I stand for two things:—First, for the principle of fair, impartial, thorough, candid arbitration; second, for legislation on facts according to the necessities of the case; I am opposed to being dictated to either in the Executive department or in Congress by any power on earth before the facts are known and in the absence of the facts.

We have a great country and a great future. But it can only be preserved in one way. That way is the way of all honest, fair investigation and candid treatment. Show me the way that is right and I will take it, but I won't take any way that I do not know anything about.

"I would rather be beaten for President a thousand times," he has since said, "than ignore or attempt to evade such an issue involving the very existence of popular government or seem to acquiesce for one moment in such action as that taken in Washington."

He might have added, as he did say publicly when told that his veto of the two-cent fare Bill would lose thousands of votes:

If our education and our training mean anything, they mean that, while we are rigorous in insisting upon the performance of the public duty, we shall be equally rigorous in the demand for justice to all, and will not allow administration to be perverted, even to so-called popular ends, even at the risk of loss of votes, if, in fact, the proposal is unsound and unjust.

What Hughes "would have done" or what he will do if occasion shall arise ought now to be clear because—and this fact should be borne constantly in mind—*Hughes* always *means* what he *says*.

Proof of this statement is to be found in the record. When renominated for Governor in 1909, Governor Hughes promised that "every measure proposed on behalf of labor" should have "serious and sympathetic consideration" because "the welfare of the toiling masses is of the deepest concern to all." And when his work was ended the recognized organ of the State Federation of Labor said:

Now that Governor Hughes has retired from politics and ascended to a place on the highest judicial tribunal in the world, the fact can be acknowledged without hurting anybody's political feelings, that he was the greatest friend of labor laws that ever occupied the Governor's chair at Albany. During his two terms he has signed 56 labor laws, including among them the best labor laws ever enacted in this or any other State.

It is not only probable but a virtual certainty that, if as President Mr. Hughes had been confronted by the Brotherhoods' demand last month, he would have responded with full consistency in words like these:

I sympathize with the just demands of Labor. Personally, I believe in an eight-hour day. But you admit that this is a matter, not of hours of labor, but of wages, which cannot be fairly determined without full investigation. Moreover, arbitration is a principle which I am bound to uphold. I will appoint an impartial commission of arbitration, to which the railroad managers consent to bring their claims. If you refuse to arbitrate, I will publish a brief statement of our negotiations. Then you can strike, if you deem it wise, just and patriotic. As President of the United States, I will not act and will not urge Congress to act, under threat or duress. In the midst of a campaign for my re-election, I will not allow you, or anyone else to put me in a position where I can be suspected of subverting the laws and law-making of the nation for the sake of winning votes for myself.

That is what Hughes "would have done," instead of

stridently declaring that he would "yield to no man in firm adherence to the principle of arbitration" while actually yielding in practice at that very moment to four men,—and there would have been no strike. Justice would have been rendered by an impartial tribunal and the honor and majesty of the Nation would have been preserved.

Why did not President Wilson pursue this clear, straightforward, honorable course? Who can answer? Despite the facts that Mr. Wilson ignored the resolution submitted to him by the United States Chamber of Commerce early in July asking for an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission, that Mr. Adamson, the author of the Bill, simultaneously assured the House of Representatives that there would "be no walkout," and that the heads of the Brotherhoods announced mysteriously as long ago as April that they had arranged to do "a certain thing" at a certain time which would spell certain victory, and that Mr. Gompers evinced peculiar confidence throughout the whole procedure, we refuse absolutely to believe that a President of the United States could ever have been a party to such a conspiracy as has been suggested and is still suspected by many.

There is, however, one phase of this situation which cannot be ignored. The constitutionality of both the exemption clause of the Clayton Act and the hastily enacted new law which in effect fixes wages, seriously questioned by the ablest lawyers in and out of Congress, is yet to be determined by the Supreme Court. For more than a hundred years this great tribunal has held the full faith of the people as the ultimate bulwark of their liberties under the law and to this day it has justified that confidence while interpreting legal first principles as expressed by the written Constitution. Obviously if it is to continue to perform faithfully this highest of functions the character and quality of its membership must not be impaired.

The circumstance, then, that four of the nine Justices, including the Chief Justice, now serving will, during the next four years, attain the advanced ages of 72, 76, 78 and 80, cannot be disregarded, especially since three have already passed and the fourth will soon reach the age of voluntary retirement. It is indeed highly probable that, having already appointed three members, President Wilson, if re-elected, will before 1921 have named an actual majority of the great Court.

Surely here is ground for grave concern. Again we are driven to the necessity of recalling the dicta of Mr. Wilson that "judges of necessity belong to their own generation," that "the atmosphere of opinion cannot be shut out of their court rooms" and that they should prove themselves able "to discriminate between the opinion of the moment and the opinion of the age"; and of "assessing the past" in "judging the future." Of the two Justices, then, recently appointed by the President in furtherance of this theory Mr. Clarke, according to the Springfield *Republican*, an earnest supporter of the Administration, stands "revealed by his antecedents in the profession of the law and in public affairs as decidedly a progessive or a radical" and was designated because the President "says the highest court must have a contingent that is not of the pre-eminently conservative class of lawyers,"—"and," adds the *Republican*, "it may be that the fact has political bearing at this particular time," meaning, in plain words, that Mr. Wilson was trying to inveigle Progressive votes by appointing Mr. Clarke a Justice of the Supreme Court.

A yet more striking indication of the President's determination to select Justices who would be responsive to "opinion of the moment"—his own presumably or that of Society—is afforded by the appointment of Mr. Brandeis. So strong, indeed, was his resolution in this instance that he placed upon the Supreme Bench one whom he had rejected as a candidate for a position in his Cabinet and whose professional reputation was not without blemish. It may appear ungracious to recount the history of a happening which one would only too willingly forget now, when the event is past recall, but clearly no observance of courtesy should be permitted to weigh against the shedding of light upon probabilities of the future in a matter so vital as that under consideration. Twelve charges brought against Mr. Brandeis before the Judiciary Committee were reported to the Senate by a minority of distinguished lawyers as having been established by the evidence, to wit:

1. That while representing the public side of a vital question he surreptitiously betrayed the public interest.

2. That after having served a client, as he claimed, in the public interest, he denounced the very contracts which he had upheld, in the interest of a competitor.

3. That he professed to act for the public while in the pay of individuals.

4. That he prosecuted a proceeding in bankruptcy against a former client, alleging as an offense the making of an assignment which he himself had advised.

5. That he accepted a private fee of $25,000 in the Ballinger case while pretending to act in the public interest without compensation.

6. That for a long time he collected fees from two clients whose interests were diametrically opposed.

7. That he falsely denied having undertaken to obtain proxies to control the Illinois Central railroad.

8. That he prosecuted the New England railroad in the name of hired dummy plaintiffs in a successful attempt to secure control for his real client.

9. That after having prosecuted the Equitable Assurance Society in the public interest he filed a sworn answer for the Society denying performance of the very wrongful acts with which he had charged it.

10. That while professing to act in the merger case in the public interest he accepted for his firm a fee of $25,000 from an individual.

11. That he served as a paid lobbyist.

12. That he appeared before committees of Congress urging legislation against chain-store combinations and simultaneously accepted a fee from such a combination to convince the Department of Justice that the promoters should not be prosecuted, when already the district attorney had decided that prosecution would not be justified.

This report was signed by Senators Clark, Nelson, Dillingham, Sutherland, Brandegee, Borah, Cummins and Works and contained the evidence upon which the following protest was filed before the Committee:

The undersigned feel under the painful duty to say to you that, in their opinion, taking into view the reputation, character and professional career of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, he is not a fit person to be a member of the Supreme Court of the United States.

(Signed) William H. Taft, Simeon E. Baldwin, Francis Rawle, Joseph H. Choate, Elihu Root, Moorfield Storey (each a former President of the American Bar Association).

The extenuating plea has been advanced that the President could not have been aware of the facts when he appointed Mr. Brandeis, but such was not the case. Writing to Senator Culberson, he said:

I myself looked into them [the charges] three years ago when I desired to [but did not] make Mr. Brandeis a member of my Cabinet, and found that they proceeded for the most part from those who hated Mr. Brandeis because he had refused to be serviceable to them

in the promotion of their own selfish interests and from those whom they had prejudiced and misled.

Thus, while tacitly admitting, or at least not denying, the truth of the accusations, he sheltered himself behind an unsupported attack upon the motives of the most distinguished lawyers in America and persisted in demanding and finally obtaining from a subservient partisan majority confirmation of the appointment, in order, we must assume, to preserve in the court room an "atmosphere of opinion," regardless of the probity of the Court.

That the President's confidence in Mr. Justice Brandeis's fidelity to the New Freedom in jurisprudence is not misplaced, is evidenced by their mutual friend, Mr. Norman Hapgood, who is quoted by the Woodrow Wilson Independence League to this effect:

> Of course, as a Justice of the Supreme Court Mr. Brandeis will not discuss the matter publicly, but his friends know his strong opinion that an extremely respectable man like Hughes, honest, fearless and efficient, can do more to give life to the old Republican system of privilege than any other candidate they could have chosen.
>
> Mr. Justice Brandeis looks upon Mr. Hughes as a most sincere and excellent man, but in no sense progressive, and this opinion is based on a study of Mr. Hughes's action during many years, covering the insurance recommendations [with which, as noted above, Mr. Brandeis, as attorney for both sides, was familiar] and his record as Governor of New York.
>
> Justice Brandeis thinks, on the other hand, that the President has raised and clarified the whole tone of public life.

There seems to be left little room for doubt that Mr. Justice Brandeis may be relied upon to forsake the course marked with what has commonly been regarded as no little distinction by Mr. Justice Hughes in interpreting fundamental law and to follow the lead of President Wilson in translating into statutes the personally presumed decrees of Society.

The whole problem of labor legislation, wage regulation and judicial interpretation is still in abeyance. Whether it can be resolved the more fairly, justly and satisfactorily to all concerned, particularly the Labor Unions themselves and the great army of unorganized workingmen, by Mr. Wilson or by Mr. Hughes is a question which, in common with the vital query respecting the future composition of the Supreme

Court, must be answered at the polls. That Mr. Hughes would jealously safeguard the character of the great tribunal in which he, as a former and illustrious member, must feel a sense of pride and gratification, may, we think, be safely assumed. And there we stop.

V. *FOR PRESIDENT*

To the living issues thus outlined to the best of our ability must be added another: National honor and opportunity. We shall not recount the many episodes of the past three years which have flushed the cheeks of our countrymen with shame and humiliation. It suffices to say in bitter truth that no longer can an American stand erect before any tribunal in the world, as Paul stood before Pilate, and declare with pride and confidence his citizenship. Not only has the protection of the flag been officially withdrawn from those who have crossed the border line, but the flag itself has been wantonly desecrated over and over again without incurring the swift retribution which invariably hitherto from the beginning of the Republic has been visited upon offenders. It remains only to note the futility even of hope that the policy of pusillanimity initiated by itself may be reversed by this Administration and to herald with gratification and gratitude the dependable assurance of Mr. Hughes that he stands with no less steadfastness for American rights abroad than for equal rights at home. And here again we assert, indeed, we cannot reiterate too frequently or too significantly—what every American knows and what every foreigner will quickly learn,—that *Hughes* always *means* what he *says*.

President Wilson voices the spirit of America when he craves for our Government an opportunity to render unselfish service to mankind by helping to re-establish peace throughout the world. "We," he says truly, are the natural and logical "mediating nation" and it behooves us to "get ready to help both sides when the struggle is over" since, as he inquires, "Is it not likely that the warring nations will some day turn to us for cooler assessment of the elements engaged?" And, while granting his premises as of ordinary times, the certain answer is, Not while he is President.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Wilson to say (whatever

may be thought of his unenviable position at home) that he has no friends abroad. But even though his misfortune be one of uncontrollable circumstance rather than of wavering ineptitude, the fact exists and must be reckoned with, that in all Europe he is the one most mistrusted and contemned of men, whose tender of aid in the name of justice, fairness and humanity would be rejected unanimously with derision and scorn.

As a purely practical matter, then, if we would indeed serve mankind, we may not disregard the vital consideration that the way of opportunity is barred to Mr. Wilson and is wide open to Mr. Hughes, who in consequence of his previous immolation stands alone among our public men as uncommitted and unsuspected and who is known to the outside world only as a great and just Judge versed in the affairs of nations and alive to the needs of humankind.

Such are the living issues as we perceive them. Of the personal attributes and characteristics of the respective candidates it is not necessary now and may not become necessary at all to speak, further than to say plainly that the utter absence of self-seeking on the part of Mr. Hughes throughout his entire career confirms the belief that he does in fact, from the very nature of his being, stand for *America* first, while no less surely and most disappointingly the happenings of the past two years, culminating in the betrayal of his country for the gratification of personal ambition, prove incontestably that Mr. Wilson stands for *Wilson* first.

There is no need to seek a conclusion. It finds itself. Upon the clearly marked issues and as between the candidates, there is no reason why any professed Republican, any thoughtful Progressive or any principled Democrat *should not* and every reason why every patriotic American *should*, vote—

FOR PRESIDENT

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

SEA RIGHTS AND SEA POWER: THE BRITISH EMBARGO

EDWARD S. CORWIN

Two pre-eminent developments of international law of the last century have found, if not origin, yet indispensable support in Rousseau's dogma, that wars are affairs of governments and not of peoples. It is not surprising then that both these have gone down in a war so entirely belying this idea as the present one. The developments I refer to are, first, the extension of the rules which have for their purpose the mitigation of the severities of warfare on land, particularly along the line of the differentiation of combatants from non-combatants; and secondly, the extension and clarification of the rules which are meant to guarantee neutral trading rights on the high seas. The first of these developments attained culmination in the Hague Convention of 1907; the other, in the Declaration of London of three years later: both have succumbed in the present war, the one to the German idea of *Schrecklichkeit;* the other to British naval policy. Nor is this more than the commencement of the story, for the justification which each belligerent party has shaped for its favorite obliquity infers the permanent prostration of international law before a sufficiently pressing belligerent interest. Thus, German apologists frankly urge the theory of *Kriegsraison,* which, in the expressive phrase of Clausewitz, must always be "the secret worm" eating away the timbers of the legal edifice. English apologists, on the other hand, true to the instinct of the Anglo-Saxon for "legal hypocrisies," seek today to represent their nation's infractions of some of the most vital concepts of the law of nations as vindication and fulfillment thereof, and in so doing, whether of intention or not, dexterously convert a present emergency into an opportunity for the

permanent aggrandizement of sea power at the expense of sea rights, since it is apparent that if the argument which has finally been formulated for British naval policy prevails, international law will have been remade, not merely for the present war but for an indefinite future.

British naval policy touching the trading rights of neutrals has gone through several phases since the outbreak of hostilities. At first the British Government professed anxiety to carry on war in general conformity with the Declaration of London, which in fact the British Executive had already accepted though Parliament had refused the legislation necessary to carry out the engagement thus contracted. Finding this idea disadvantageous the Government next had recourse to a considerable extension of the contraband list and to the detention on a large scale of neutral vessels headed for German, Dutch and Scandinavian ports, for the pretended purpose of ascertaining if they were carrying contraband. At the same time, by decreeing that goods consigned " to order " by way of such ports should be conclusively presumed to be intended for the use of an enemy government, it took a long step toward eliminating the distinction between goods " absolutely " contraband and goods " conditionally " contraband—a journey since completed. Meantime, early in February, 1915, the German Government proclaimed a " war zone " about the British Isles and began to make war on the seas in a fashion outraging not only international law but the humane sensibilities of neutrals. As after the invasion of Belgium, the British Government now found itself presented with an opportunity to undertake on high moral grounds what it would undoubtedly have undertaken sooner or later on grounds of policy, namely, to proclaim an embargo upon all neutral trade with Germany, which was done by the Order in Council of March 11, 1915. Since this date the development of British policy has taken place mainly in the field of apologetics. The original argument for the embargo was that it was justified as a measure of reprisal to which, on account of the nature of Germany's infractions of international law, neutrals were morally obliged to assent. But very early Downing Street began to endeavor to assimilate the Order in Council to recognized rules of international law, and especially the doctrine of "ultimate destination." Finally, by the Order in Council of July 7 last, new teeth have been inserted in the

embargo at the same time that its legal regularity has been most confidently reaffirmed.

Mr. Asquith's announcement of the embargo on March 1, 1915, was couched in the following terms:

> The British and French Governments will hold themselves free to detain and take into port ships carrying goods of presumed enemy destination, ownership, or origin. It is not intended to confiscate such vessels or cargoes unless they would otherwise be liable to condemnation. . . . That, Sir, is our reply. . . . Now, the committee [of the Whole House] will have observed, from the statement I have just read out of the retaliatory measures we propose to adopt, the words "blockade" and "contraband" and other technical terms of international law do not occur, and advisedly so. In dealing with our opponent, who has openly repudiated all the restraints both of law and humanity, we are not going to allow our efforts to be strangled in a net work of juridical niceties. We do not intend to put into operation any measures which we do not think to be effective, and I need not say we shall carefully avoid any measures which violate the rules either of humanity or of honesty. Subject to these two conditions, I say to our enemy—I say it on behalf of the Government, and I hope on behalf of the House of Commons—that under existing conditions there is no form of economic pressure to which we do not consider ourselves entitled to resort. If as a consequence neutrals suffer inconvenience or loss of trade, we regret it, but we beg them to remember that this phase of the war was not initiated by us. We do not propose either to assassinate their seamen or to destroy their goods, and what we are doing we do solely in self-defense.

In a speech widely circulated in this country through the indefatigable agency of Sir Gilbert Parker some months after the institution of the embargo, Mr. Balfour extends and develops the Premier's argument. "Those," he urges, "who will consent to consider the present case on its merits will, I think, be persuaded that the policy of the Allies has a conclusive *moral* justification." Thereupon, however, he proceeds to convert this supposed *moral* justification into a species of *legal* one, on the warrant of the following propositions: 1. International law consists of two sorts of rules, one of which embody ethical considerations, the other of which do not. 2. When of two enemies one violates the former sort, the other is entitled in retaliation to violate the latter sort. 3. neutrals, being equally responsible with belligerents for the future development of international law, are bound to assent to such acts of retaliation.

This argument has conspicuous weaknesses. For one thing, neutrals have never recognized the obligation which Mr. Balfour would foist upon them, of coming to the defense of what he terms "international morality," save when their own rights have been involved in a violation thereof. For another thing, the distinction which he offers between "the rights of humanity" and "the merely technical" rights which international law safeguards is one impossible to maintain in the midst of the allowable severities of war. Indeed, even the relative harshness of two different acts, both illegal, will not necessarily determine the full course of a neutral's duty to itself, since a subtle perversion of the rules of international law may in the long run be actually more destructive of the lives of neutral subjects than a crime of sheer brutality like the sinking of the *Lusitania*. But the most fatal weakness of all of the argument of reprisal was the impermanence it postulated for the measures it defended. For let Germany abandon her threatened illegal courses, and what would become of Great Britain's moral justification? The question was the more pressing in that British sentiment, while treating Germany's menaces with derision, clearly expected the projected act of reprisal to become a decisive factor of the War.

But another consideration also was cogent in determining the British Government to defend its prohibition of neutral commerce with Germany as legally regular. As we have seen, Mr. Asquith explained his Government's failure to use the terms "blockade" and "contraband" as due to its desire not to see its measures "strangled in a network of juridical niceties." He seemed thus to imply that, had these terms been used, British prize courts would have been free to adjudicate cases arising under the Order in Council in conformity with the law of blockade and contraband. Accordingly, an influential section of the American press of pro-Ally tendency began demanding that the British Government should "frankly" characterize the measures which the Premier's statement had foreshadowed, as measures of "blockade." In Sir Edward Grey's note of March 15, replying to the American protest of ten days earlier against the proposed course of action as one "previously unknown to international law," this demand is met. "His Majesty's Government," Sir Edward wrote, "have felt most reluctant at the moment of initiating *a policy of blockade* to exact

from neutral ships all the penalties attaching to a breach of blockade. They restrict their claim to the stopping of cargoes destined for or coming from the enemy's territory." Thus measures which it was at first conceded would infract the ordinary rights of neutrals are finally presented as making concession to those rights! But at any rate, the tone thus taken proved effective in conciliating the pro-Ally American press, which has ever since treated the embargo as regular, albeit the Order in Council still lacks the term "blockade."

The case in law against the British embargo is summed up in the statement that the embargo at once falls short of the legal tests of a blockade and transcends them. It does the former because Great Britain has not yet succeeded in blockading the German Baltic ports against Scandinavian traders, while it is a fundamental requirement of a blockade that it operate impartially upon all neutrals.

This objection to the embargo the British Government and its spokesmen have sought to meet in various ways. Practically, it has endeavored to establish a real blockade of the German Baltic ports by means of submarines but has thus far failed in the effort. In its answer of July 23, 1915, to the American note of the previous March 30 it entirely ignores the argument based on the discriminatory character of the embargo. Mr. Balfour, in the speech just quoted from, is less evasive but not more convincing. "The 'discrimination,'" he asserts, "(if it is to be so described) is not the result of a deliberate policy but of a geographical accident." It may be conceded that the primary intention of the British embargo is to injure Britain's enemies and that the injury resulting to neutrals is incidental merely; but so it ever was in cases of this sort. Besides, as Mr. Balfour himself concedes, the injury in question *is* "a result"; and it is *results* which the law governs—not motives. Then as to "geographical accidents"—the position of any state on the map "is a geographical accident"; yet it is to govern the relations springing from such "geographical accidents" precisely that international law exists. Indeed, it is difficult to see why Mr. Balfour's argument does not give Germany license to justify her invasion of Belgium by pleading that Belgium's position on the map is a "geographical accident."

Finally, in his long delayed reply of April 24 of this year

to the American note of November 5 last, Sir Edward Grey devotes a passing word to the discriminatory feature of the embargo, thus:

> Even if these measures were judged with strict reference to the rules applicable to blockade, a standard by which in their view, the measures of the Allies ought not to be judged, it must be remembered that the passage of commerce to a blockaded area across a land frontier or across an inland sea has never been held to interfere with the effectiveness of a blockade.

The argument is entirely beside the point, since the question at issue is not of the *effectiveness* of the embargo but of its *partiality*. Nor can one accept the idea that the embargo should not be strictly tested by international law merely because, as Sir Edward suavely urges, Great Britain does not exercise the rigor she might in connection with a legitimate blockade—in other words, if she were acting within the law instead of in contravention of it! And the description of the Baltic, whose waters wash the shores of five nations, as "an inland sea," seems a trifle far-fetched, to say the least. Yet were it a German fish-pond, the fact would only serve to put Scandinavian ports in the same category with the Dutch ports as ports of entry to Germany.

We are thus brought to the really fundamental objection to the embargo—its inhibition of neutral commerce with Germany through neutral ports and waters. This feature of the Order in Council does in fact transgress some of the best defined securities of neutral rights, and that in the most remarkable and far-reaching fashion. In endeavoring to stop the neutral carriage of innocent goods passing to and from Germany through neutral ports England, in the first place, transcends the legal definition of "blockade," which in the language whereby the Declaration of London simply sums up all authority upon the subject, "must be limited to the ports and coasts belonging to or occupied by the enemy";* in the second place, abolishes the fundamental distinction made by international law between "innocent" goods and goods "absolutely contraband"; and in the third place, abrogates the second article of the Declaration of Paris, which decrees

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* Mr. Asquith himself, in the very speech in which he proposed reprisals against Germany, ridiculed the idea that Germany had established a blockade of Great Britain, saying: "What is a blockade? A blockade consists in sealing up the war ports of a belligerent against sea-borne traffic, by encircling their coast with an impenetrable ring of ships of war." Parl Debates, LXX, col. 597.

that enemy goods shall not be subject to capture except when found on an enemy vessel.

We turn to review the arguments by which the British Government seeks to assimilate these extraordinary innovations to the existing fabric of international law. To begin with, Sir Edward Grey is careful to protest against the British measures being described as a " blockade of neutral ports," the phrase used by our State Department. He is of course quite right, for the reason that there can be no such thing. However, the admission is interesting, and fatal to Sir Edward's general argument. For if there can be no stoppage of innocent goods destined for an enemy port unless that port be blockaded, how can there be such a stoppage when the destination is a neutral port which is neither blockaded nor legally liable to blockade? If called on to answer this question Sir Edward would doubtless instance the doctrine of " continuous voyage " or " ultimate destination," which furnishes in fact his principal reliance; but as we shall see in a moment, the answer would be unavailable.

But before considering the bearing of the idea of " continuous voyage " on the general question of the legality of the British embargo, one or two other arguments should be reviewed. In his note of July 23, 1915, Sir Edward, citing an intimation in the American note of March 30 of the readiness of the American Government to take into account " the great changes which have occurred in the conditions and means of naval warfare since the rules hitherto governing legal blockade were formulated," writes thus: "The only question, then, which can arise in regard to the measures resorted to for the purpose of carrying out a blockade . . . is whether . . . they ' conform to the spirit and principles of the essence of the rules of war.' " The answer to this argument is plain: Whatever latitude be accorded the idea that law undergoes development, yet if there is to be any law at all the idea in question must have certain limitations; and if this is so, where are these limitations to be found if not in established and universally recognized precepts of existing law? *The objection to the British embargo is not merely that it establishes a new kind of interference with commerce but that the kind of interference with commerce which it establishes is definitely and distinctly prohibited by positive rules of international law.* In the same document Sir Edward further implies that the test of

whether "adaptations of old rules" are allowable or not is furnished by the belligerent interest. This cannot be admitted even for adaptations meant to supply recognized gaps in the law. Far less can it be admitted to the derogation of existing law.

Coming then to the heart of Sir Edward's position, we find him putting his whole case in the following sentence:

> It seems, accordingly, that if it be recognized that a blockade is in certain cases the appropriate method of intercepting the trade of an enemy country, and if the blockade can only become effective by extending it to enemy commerce passing through neutral ports, such an extension is defensible and in accordance with principles which have met with general acceptance.

Other passages of the note make it clear that the "principles" referred to are those embodied in the doctrine of "continuous voyage" and "ultimate destination" as enforced by the American courts in the Civil War, and especially in the famous case of the *Springbok,* to which in fact Sir Edward makes specific reference.

It may be seriously doubted, I think, whether the doctrine of the *Springbok* case has ever become a part of international law, by which the United States is entitled, whatever may have been its practice as a belligerent, to insist that its rights as a neutral be measured. Referring to the cases of the *Bermuda* and the *Springbok,* the distinguished English authority Hall writes: "The American decisions have been universally reprobated outside the United States and would probably now find no defenders in their own country." It is true that the British member of the commission which passed upon British claims against the United States arising out of the Civil War assented to the Supreme Court's decision in the *Springbok* case, but he may have been influenced thereto by considerations of expediency. Certain it is that in 1908 the British Government, in its instructions to its delegates to the London Conference, rendered an interpretation of this case which amounts to a total rejection of its authority for the law of blockade. The passage in the instructions that is referred to reads: "It is exceedingly doubtful whether the decision of the Supreme Court was in reality meant to cover a case of blockade-running *in which no question of contraband arose.* Certainly, if such was the intention the decision would *pro tanto* be in

conflict with the practice of the British courts." Finally, several years before this the *Institute de Droit International,* in a report signed by the most eminent English and Continental authorities, had denounced the *Springbok* decision as in contravention of the law of nations and had called upon our Government to repudiate it " at an early opportunity."

Yet suppose we admit the entire validity of this much controverted adjudication and, further, that it dealt only with blockade-running—would it then support the British embargo? No. In the *Springbok* case goods consigned ostensibly to British West Indian ports were seized before they reached their immediate destination and confiscated on the ground that they were intended ultimately to pass an established blockade,—an act penalized by international law. The British Order in Council on the other hand purports to authorize the interception of non-contraband cargoes destined to pass through the unblockaded ports of neutrals, over a land frontier also unblockaded, into the interior of the enemy country,—an entirely innocent act under international law. In both cases the ultimate destination of the goods involved is the enemy country; but in the earlier case the attainment of this destination would have involved a further sea voyage with a breach of blockade at the end, whereas in the present case it involves neither of these incidents, wherefore the goods involved can be validly seized only if they are absolute contraband. In short, as I pointed out before, the British embargo abolishes outright the fundamental distinction between " innocent " goods and goods " absolutely contraband," save as to penalty.

Nor are precedents lacking to emphasize this differentiation of the American case from those arising under the British embargo. Thus there are numerous decisions by the great Lord Stowell, dating from the Napoleonic wars, which establish the proposition that a maritime blockade can have no operation upon the interior communications of a blockaded port, even though such communications take place over the enemy's territory.* How much less then could a maritime blockade of German ports, albeit in all respects regular, operate to prevent shipments through neutral ports and territory to the interior of Germany! And the vast majority of German ports are not blockaded!

* See the *Jonge Pieter,* 4 C. Rob., 79; the *Stert, ib.,* 65; the *Ocean,* 3 ib., 297. The first-named is especially in point.

But it is an American precedent, decided by the same tribunal that decided the *Springbok* case, that really gives the *coup de grace* to the British argument. This is the case of the *Peterhof,* in which the court decreed the confiscation of the contraband portion of a cargo the immediate destination of which was the Mexican port of Matamoras, on the basis of evidence showing its destination to be the enemy forces stationed across the river in the Texas town of Brownsville. The Federal authorities, however, had urged a decree of confiscation covering the *Peterhof's* entire cargo, on the ground that it was destined for the interior of Texas and other States in rebellion and that this interior destination constituted a breach of blockade. The court rejected the argument, saying:

> Such trade, with unrestricted inland commerce between such a port and the enemy's territory, impairs undoubtedly, and very seriously impairs, the value of the blockade of the enemy's coast. But in cases such as those now in judgment we administer the public law of nations and are not at liberty to inquire what is for the particular advantage or disadvantage of our own or another country.

So I repeat again, the Order in Council, in inhibiting neutral commerce with Germany by way of neutral ports, eliminates, as to goods destined to Germany, the distinction between innocent goods and contraband goods, condemning both alike simply because of their enemy destination. And as to goods of German origin which are in process of carriage from neutral ports to neutral ports, the operation of the Order in Council is, if possible, still more exceptionable. By the ancient British-American rule such goods ordinarily belong to consignee and are therefore to be reckoned as neutral property. But were they enemy property they would not, under the Declaration of Paris, be subject to capture on that account unless they were encountered, either on the high seas or in enemy waters, on board an enemy vessel. So extraordinary indeed is this feature of the embargo that Sir Edward Grey has not ventured to defend it, save to hint vaguely that possibly the Declaration of Paris does not apply as between Great Britain and the United States and to assert that goods of the category under discussion are intercepted not in their quality of enemy property but because of their enemy origin. The latter suggestion is obviously irrelevant, since the

Declaration of Paris does not except goods of enemy origin from its operation; and the former suggestion is absurd. Every writer on public law during the last half century has recognized the Declaration of Paris as one of the pillars of the law of nations; and the United States has fought through two wars in conformity with its provisions.

Lastly, in his note of April 24, Sir Edward recurs once more to the right of reprisal. He writes:

> His Majesty's Government are surprised to notice that the Government of the States seem to regard all measures of retaliation in war as illegal if they should incidentally inflict injury upon neutrals. The advantage which any such principle would give to the determined law-breaker would be so great that His Majesty's Government cannot conceive that it would commend itself to the conscience of mankind. . . . Suppose that a neutral failed to prevent his territory being made use of by one of the belligerents for warlike purposes, could he object to the other belligerent acting in the same way? It would seem that the true view must be that each belligerent is entitled to insist on being allowed to meet his enemy on terms of equal liberty of action. If one of them is allowed to make an attack upon the other regardless of neutral rights, his opponent must be allowed similar latitude in prosecuting the struggle, nor should he in that case be limited to the adoption of measures precisely identical with those of his opponent.

The purport of this passage is somewhat ambiguous. If Sir Edward means merely that a neutral has a responsibility correlative with its rights and cannot, therefore, allow these to be overridden by one belligerent to the disadvantage of the other without showing the latter a like complaisance—unless, of course, it chooses to forfeit its status as neutral—he is quite right; but it is difficult to see how this principle can profit him anything at the present juncture so far as the United States is concerned. For our Government has not permitted Germany's infractions of American rights on the high seas to go unresisted but, on the contrary, has forced their cessation in great part. But England's infractions of our sea rights, undertaken in retaliation against Germany, increase from day to day. The real outcome of Sir Edward's argument so interpreted is, therefore, not the justification of the British embargo but the illumination of America's present duty as a neutral to oppose it.

But Sir Edward's words may mean something far differ-

ent, namely, the general subordination of neutral rights to the belligerent right of reprisal. It is hardly necessary to say that such a contention must fall of its own weight. Moreover, it is an illogical contention; for what is this right of reprisal but one of the constituents of that right of war against which, in its totality, neutral rights are supposed to be safeguarded? Again, the trend of British decisions is all against the idea that neutral rights must yield place to the right of reprisal. Only the other day the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council thus summarized a decision of Lord Stowell sustaining certain Orders in Council made by way of reprisals for Napoleon's Berlin and Milan Decrees:

> The decision proceeded upon the principle that where there is just cause for retaliation neutrals may by the law of nations be required to submit to inconvenience from the acts of a belligerent Power greater in degree than would be justified had no just cause for retaliation arisen.*

To pass, however, from a right to cause "inconvenience" some degree greater than that ordinarily allowable to a claim of right to proceed "regardless of neutral rights" is clearly to move somewhat briskly. Altogether, I doubt if issue can be legitimately joined with the assertion of our State Department in its second *Lusitania* note, that "a belligerent act of retaliation is *per se* an act beyond the law, and the defense of an act as retaliatory is an admission that it is illegal."

And thus much for the main issue between Downing Street and Washington. There is, however, a secondary issue so closely related with the primary one as to demand our attention, and especially in the light shed upon it by the recent decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of the *Zamora*. One phase of this issue is indicated by Mr. Lansing's challenge, in his note of November 5 last, of the contention of Sir Edward Grey, that the substantive law enforced by the British Prize Court is supplied not by municipal law but by the law of nations as known to that tribunal. The *Zamora* decision supports Sir Edward's contention to this extent: It is decided, and perhaps for the first time, that Orders in Council based merely

* From the Judicial Committee's decision in the case of the *Zamora*. The decision of Lord Stowell's referred to is that in the case of the *Fox*, Edw. 311. To the same effect is decision in the *Lucy*, *ib.*, 122.

on the royal prerogative cannot overrule or authoritatively interpret international law even on doubtful points. At the same time, it is clearly indicated that an act of Parliament or an Order in Council based thereon would comprise a construction of the law of nations which no British court would be free to traverse.*

This result, however, raises a further question. In his note of April 24th last Sir Edward Grey urges that "in cases where the [British] Prize Court has power to grant relief there is no ground for putting forward claims through the diplomatic channel," at least till a decision has been had,—a doctrine to which their Lordships bring support in their opinion in the *Zamora* case. Granting the proposition to be sound—though it certainly requires important qualification—the question that emerges is whether our Government is thus prevented from protesting the embargo till a judicial decision has been rendered in some case of seizure arising under it. The answer is "no." For one thing, the precedents upon which both their Lordships and Sir Edward rely are, I believe, cases in which the seizures adjudicated had been originally made in alleged exercise of belligerent rights known to international law, whereas the Order in Council establishing the embargo, though defended by the Foreign Office as harmonious with international law, does not itself, as we have seen, make any reference to concepts of that branch of jurisprudence, but is in form and phraseology a mere emanation from municipal authority, which British naval commanders must nonetheless obey on the high seas. But even

* It should be noted in passing that the *Zamora* decision lays to rest Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles' contention that the British Prize Court would have to decide cases arising under the embargo by the old rule of the *Consulato del Mare*. Mr. Bowles' argument rests on the decision of the Lords in the well-known case of *Queen v. Keyn* (Law Reps., 2 Excheq. Div., 63), that before any change in the law of nations, as embodied in the precedents, can be recognized by English courts, it must have received formal Parliamentary adoption; and on the fact that the Declaration of Paris has never been ratified by Parliament. But that the rule of *Queen v. Keyn* does not apply—unless, of course, Parliament should so decree—in the case of the Prize Court is clearly indicated by the following passage from their Lordships' decision in the *Zamora* case: "A court which administered international law must ascertain and give effect to a law which was not laid down by any particular state, but originated in the practice and usage long observed by civilized nations in their relations with each other or in express international agreement." I do not understand that Mr. Gibson Bowles denies that England is party to the Declaration of Paris in its quality as an international agreement, or that the royal prerogative is competent so to bind England. But the fact that the Declaration is *an international agreement* makes it, by the *Zamora* decision, law for the Prize Court.

more important is the consideration that the rule relied upon by Sir Edward applies, by his own statement, only to the sort of cases in which a prize court is able to accord an adequate remedy, that is, specific cases of *private* injury; whereas the injury done the American people by the embargo is one for which prize courts offer no means of reparation. Such an injury is, in Mr. Lansing's words, "the disastrous effect of the methods of the Allied Governments upon the general right of the United States to enjoy its international trade free from unusual and arbitrary limitations imposed by belligerent nations." It is the injury to the trade of the nation as a whole which ensues inevitably from the menace of "its lawful and established pursuit." Such an injury could by no possibility be relieved, or even passed upon, by a prize court.

In short, it is clear that the *Zamora* decision has not altered essentially either the substance or form of the issue between Great Britain and the United States arising out of the embargo. And it is equally apparent that the effect of the decision has not been to cause the British Government to moderate its measures, but rather the reverse. Thus in June occurred the Paris Economic Conference, which formulated a programme looking to the maintenance by the Allies even after peace of semi-war conditions in the sphere of international trade, and involving as its minimal result the consignment to the waste basket of all the "most favored nation" treaties to which the Allies are parties. Next came the publication of the "blacklist," the first fruit of the conference, whereby Great Britain, casting aside the test of domicile for determining enemy character, lists as "enemies" the firms of a friendly state, because, as she charges, they are controlled by "enemy capital," but actually because they have attempted to trade with her enemy,—a thing they would have the right to do, at the risks sanctioned by international law, even if the embargo were a real blockade. Then on July 7 a new Order in Council was adopted finally and frankly abrogating the Declaration of London. To be sure, this order contains the declaration that "it is and always has been" the intention of Great Britain and her Allies "to exercise their belligerent rights at sea in strict accordance with the law of nations"; but alongside this declaration stands a specific ratification of the earlier order, while to

if are added the following provisions, which, it is decreed, "shall be observed": First, that "the hostile destination required for the condemnation of contraband articles shall be presumed to exist until the contrary is shown, if the goods are consigned . . . to or for a person in territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy,"—a rule which in practice abolishes the distinction between "absolute" and "conditional" contraband and the like of which, when Russia sought to enforce it in the Russo-Japanese War, the English and American Governments protested vehemently and successfully; secondly, that "the principle of continuous voyage or ultimate destination shall be applicable both in cases of contraband and of blockade,"—*that is,* shall be applicable in the sense of merely "enemy destination," regardless of the quality of the goods and whether or not a blockade is infracted; thirdly, that a neutral vessel falsely indicating a neutral destination for the carriage of contraband "shall be liable to capture and condemnation if she is encountered before the end of her next voyage,"—a rule which has some slight support in precedent but is obviously susceptible of great abuse; fourthly, that "a vessel carrying contraband shall be liable to capture and condemnation if the contraband reckoned either by value, weight, volume, or freight, forms more than half the cargo,"—the single provision still retained from the Declaration of London," on account of its favorable character from the belligerent viewpoint. And meantime other infractions of international law continue unabated: the detention of cargoes in port for examination, which was begun with the ostensible purpose of hunting out contraband but has subsequently been found an essential adjunct of the embargo; the interference, with the same end in view, with neutral mails, whereby Great Britain has utterly pulverized the Hague Convention dealing with this matter; the listing of cotton as absolute contraband, which was done partly in order that carriage of this commodity might be visited with severer penalties than those imposed for infraction of the embargo, and partly to enable the Foreign Office to juggle more confusingly with the concept of "enemy destination."

Nor is the whole story told if we confine our attention to the measures of the British Government. For meanwhile the British publicist, casting about for some make-

weight to Germany's military conquests, will be seen to be elaborating the theory that England has effected a like conquest of the seas, the common heritage of mankind. And the British publicist is quite right. England's conquest is not a territorial conquest precisely: it consists in an entire prostration of the rules that safeguard neutral trading rights. But the practical result is the same. It is not merely that Germany must come to terms with the British fleet ere her own vessels can again take the seas: she must do so before she can have any commercial relations whatsoever overseas; or what is the same thing, before neutrals can have any such relations with her. In other words, the English publicist reckons that, when it comes to making peace, the continued acquiescence of neutrals in the cancellation of their sea rights will furnish England her greatest asset against German military success.

The issue which the British embargo presents our Government at the present moment is this: Are we to resist it effectively and so preserve our trading rights and our neutrality, or are we passively to acquiesce in it and *pro tanto* surrender both these? There may be considerations of policy counseling the latter course, but at least the issue involved should be fully comprehended. It should also be comprehended that to adopt the policy of acquiescence—or rather to persist in it—is to sacrifice the maxim that originally gave rationality to our position as a neutral and the successful enforcement of which would have meant the greatest service, perhaps, that America could at such a crisis have performed in the cause of international peace,—the maxim that international law is not to be changed while war is going on. Finally, the policy of acquiescence raises this query: Do we wish to have sea power permanently enhanced to the extent represented by present British naval policy and the defense made of it by its apologists? The question has to be considered not merely in the light of the possibility of England remaining mistress of the seas but also in that of the contrary possibility.

Edward S. Corwin.

THE EFFECTS OF ROUMANIA'S DECISION

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

ROUMANIA'S entrance into the war has been described as a turning point. It is not perhaps quite that. The Battle of the Marne was a genuine turning point. It marked the end of the German offensive in the West, the collapse of their original plan of campaign on that front, and the beginning of the siege warfare which has continued ever since. So, too, was the Teutonic failure of a year ago to reach a decision in the East, that is, to capture or destroy the Russian armies or to so exhaust or demoralize Russia as to render her incapable of further action on a great scale. The Battle of Jutland on the other hand was not a turning point. It merely confirmed that supremacy at sea which from the opening of the war has been the basis of all that the Allies have done or attempted. Neither was the British withdrawal from the Dardanelles nor the overrunning of Serbia and Montenegro nor Bulgaria's intervention. The reactions of each and all of those developments are being nullified beneath our eyes at this very moment. In their ultimate significance the historian of the war may attach greater importance to the Austrian failure of last May to break the Italian front and to the German failure to reach Verdun. He will say of these two ventures that they were the desperate sorties of a beleaguered garrison and that their defeat settled the question of the capacity of the encircling lines to hold firm. And he will assuredly give an even higher place in his strategical, his political and his moral valuation of the campaigns of 1916 to the Russian swoop upon Galicia, the forcing by the Italians of the Isonzo front and the Anglo-French offensive on the Somme. Almost simultaneously the Central Powers have shown that they cannot escape from the net that encompasses them, and the Allies have shown that they can draw that net still closer. And so far as it is

possible to foresee, and even remembering that war is of all human activities the most uncertain, those conditions are permanent and irreversible. The inability of the Central Powers to break out can from now onwards only decrease as the ability of the Allies to break in increases. It is to the demonstration of that momentous fact that the intervention of Roumania is to be ascribed. In other words, it is a sequel rather than a turning point, a consequence of already established conditions and their proof, but not their cause. It underscores with palpable, dramatic and resounding abruptness a result that to the military student had ceased to be in doubt. The Allies are not going to win because Roumania has thrown in her lot with them. On the contrary, Roumania threw in her lot with them because she had convinced herself that they were going to win. Her entrance must hasten and make yet more assured the triumph of the Allies, but its foundations were already well and truly laid. Americans may find a tolerably close parallel in their own political experience. Roumania's part has been exactly that of the cool and locally influential politician who suddenly elects to climb onto the band wagon of a Presidential candidate whose certainty of success, while visible to his expert eyes, is still partially veiled from the multitude and is only universally accepted when he thus publicly stakes his political life upon it.

Roumania herself is one of the shrewdest, most cautious and most aspiring States to be found in Europe. To her late king she owes as much as any nation has ever owed to a single man. Thanks above all to his energy and judgment, the revenues of Roumania in the past three and a half decades have more than quadrupled, her population has risen from five to seven and a half millions, her army has become a powerful and well equipped force, capable of maintaining fully twenty divisions in the field for many months to come; her foreign commerce has expanded until it now amounts to more than $250,000,000 a year, her budgets for the past ten years have yielded unbroken surpluses, her national debt of some $350,000,000, raised without any special guarantees, has been mainly used on reproductive enterprises, such as railways, forests, oil fields and salt mines, and her systematic policy of internal development has been reflected not only in the prosperity of her finances but in the general confidence that she would neither make

herself, nor allow others to use her as an instrument of aggression. No State carved out of the Ottoman Empire has more completely justified its liberation and autonomy.

Not that Roumania has not some problems and difficulties of her own. She has three very big ones, a land question, a political, electoral and constitutional question, and a Jewish question. When the war broke out she was at last under the leadership of M. Jonescu, one of the ablest statesmen in Europe, on the point of grappling with all three issues. Roumania is a peasant country, about the size of Alabama, ruled by an oligarchy. Eighty per cent. of her people look to the land for a living and have indeed no other source of subsistence. Yet of the total cultivable area nearly one-half is owned by less than five thousand nobles, who despise commerce, are almost all in debt, form perhaps the most harum-scarum aristocracy in Europe, and for the most part farm their estates to Jewish bailiffs who mercilessly squeeze the peasant of his uttermost cent. Hence on the one hand occasional peasant risings, like the jacquerie of 1907, and on the other a sustained fury of anti-Semitism such as is not surpassed even in Russia. The mass of the people plow, sow and reap, but rarely earn enough to provide a competence, have no political power, and are deprived of any chance of becoming independent proprietors. Landed property in Roumania can only be expropriated by the State in three specific cases—for military purposes, for railways and for reasons of public health; and the first beginnings of any real electoral reform would seem to be the passing of a Constitutional amendment permitting the Government to compel the breaking up of the large estates and their redistribution among the masses. As electors the peasants have virtually no political influence whatever and one of the great questions before the war was whether it would be safe to grant such of them as could read and write a direct vote. The Jewish question is less a religious than an economic question. It is the outcry, on one side, of the peasant who finds himself driven to the wall by Jewish dealers, middlemen and bailiffs, men who are not Roumanians in tradition, thought, feeling or by fusion. And on the other side it is the outcry of the Jews themselves who are forbidden to own land and whose rights as citizens, if they have any, do not descend to their children.

But though Roumania is far from having solved either

her political or her agrarian or her Jewish question, in other directions, and particularly in the nationalization and development of her railways and forests and her deposits of salt and oil, her national well-being has been carefully supervised. And beyond all this her own history has taught her the truth of the Bismarckian dictum that small States which push themselves into questions that should be settled by the Great Powers, or which invite the assistance of a Great Power to attain some end of their own, generally have to pay heavily for their rashness. It has been impossible for her to forget the singularly high-handed, ungrateful and treacherous fashion in which Russia deprived her of Bessarabia after the Russo-Turkish war of 1878. In that struggle Roumania took part very much in the same spirit and with the same expectations as Sardinia under Cavour's prescient leadership entered the Crimean War. She was shamefully repaid. Although her troops saved the honor of Russian arms at Plevna and did much to decide the issue, her only reward was to be despoiled of Bessarabia with its Roumanian population of nearly 1,000,000. Russia suffered for a crime that was also a blunder by finding her influence in the Balkans all but paralyzed for decades. But Roumania sustained a double loss. She lost Bessarabia; she became necessarily anti-Russian and pro-Austrian in her sympathies; and in doing so she forfeited whatever chance there was of securing better treatment for the 3,000,000 Roumanians who inhabit Transylvania under the rule of the Hapsburgs.

The lesson bit deep and Roumani 's foreign policy ever since has been circumspection itself. Though from time to time at odds with both Greece and Bulgaria over the varying aspects of the old Macedonian question, her general influence and conduct throughout the entire field of Balkan and Southeastern politics have been of an eminently pacific and steadying character. She has never been the one to stir up trouble among her neighbors. Only once since her independence was recognized by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 has she sought territorial aggrandizement. When she joined the Triple Alliance in 1883 it was with the sincere desire to promote the equilibrium of Southeastern Europe and with no intention at all of allowing herself to be exploited either by Vienna or Berlin. One does not usually look for historical accuracy in the manifestoes with which governments

accompany and seek to justify their declarations of war. But in the admirably dignified and pointed document which was issued at Bucharest on August 27, the Roumanian Government said nothing that was not literally true. "Devoted to the work of her internal reconstruction, and faithful to her firm resolution to remain, in the Lower Danube, an element of order and of equilibrium, Roumania has not ceased to contribute to the maintenance of peace in the Balkans." Can anyone dispute it? or can anyone deny the damning force of her indictment that the spirit of the Triple Alliance had been changed from one of force to one of naked conquest? Twice out of the mouths of their own partners, first by Italy and now by Roumania, have the Central Powers been convicted of having planned and provoked the war which they pretend was thrust upon them. Consider this sentence in the Roumanian proclamation: "Instead of a group of States seeking by common effort to work in agreement to assure peace and the maintenance of the situations created by Treaties, Roumania found herself in presence of Powers making war with the very object of transforming from top to bottom the old arrangements which had served as a basis for their Treaty of Alliance." Or ponder this further and even more vigorous pronouncement: "The work of peace which Roumania, faithful to the spirit of the Triple Alliance, had endeavored to accomplish, has thus been rendered fruitless by those very Powers who were called upon to support and defend it." What is left after this of the legend of German innocence and of the preposterous pretense that the Central Powers are waging a war of self-defense?

To develop such internal strength as would enable her to maintain her hard-won freedom from Turkish rule and safeguard her strictly national rights and interests—this, hitherto, has been the chief aim of Roumania's policy. One might imagine that something of the prudential optimism as well as the valor of the fighters and rulers who under Trajan formed the Roumanian States survives in her people still. History has tested and purified them. For centuries they were the chief bulwark of Christianity and European civilization against the Turks and the Tartars; and today, a virtually homogeneous nationality, girdled around by other Roumanian communities and thus to some extent protected against the direct pressure of hostile Powers, they occupy

politically, commercially and geographically a position of peculiar strength. Roumania, indeed, has never regarded herself as a Balkan State but rather as the most easterly of the Powers of Europe. As the principal granary of Central Europe, the master of the mouth of the Danube and the sole and efficient policeman of its lower reaches, and lying across the route that links Europe with Asia Minor, her interests have taken a wider sweep than those of the small kingdoms beyond her southern frontiers; and she has consistently sought to win the confidence and good will of Europe rather than to become engulfed in the agitations of Balkan politics. She displayed, it is true, an occasional interest in the fortunes of some of the peoples of Macedonia and Epirus whom she asserted to be Roumanians while Athens claimed them as Greeks; but there was never at any time any very serious purpose behind her fitful propaganda. Her exceedingly calculating policy was well shown during the Balkan wars of 1913. She remained neutral while Bulgaria, Greece and Serbia attacked Turkey and afterwards while they attacked one another; and then, when Bulgaria was thoroughly exhausted, she presented with pistolling peremptoriness a demand for territorial compensation, and enforced it. It was a cold-blooded, ruthless, profitable proceeding that Bismarck himself could hardly have bettered.

Roumania's interests in the present struggle are twofold. In the first place she is anxious not to remain stationary while any of her neighbors, and particularly Bulgaria, adds to its power and territories. A Greater Bulgaria such as for a moment seemed possible and is now forever out of the question, fastened on Roumania's flanks, would be a persistent and intolerable menace to her security. A Greater Serbia emerging from the triumph of the Allies and in close sympathy with Russia might be almost as inconvenient if Russo-Roumanian relations were still strained and if Roumania were no larger and had no more power and authority than today. Nor could the truth of what Venizelos saw and proclaimed eighteen months ago have escaped the sharp eyes of the statesmen of Bucharest—namely, that a German victory would be the death-blow to the free life of the Balkan States. Roumania, therefore, was vitally concerned in preventing any change in the *status quo* that she did not herself share in and benefit by. She could not help perceiving that the changes that were certain

to follow on a Teutonic victory and the aggrandizement of Bulgaria would be peculiarly fatal to her own development; and she had only to carry the argument one step further to be aware that her interests lay in siding with the Allies. But not in siding with them quixotically, at any cost, against overweighted odds. That is not the Roumanian way. Very sensibly the Government of Bucharest waited until the balance of victory had begun definitely to incline towards the Allies and when all possibility that Roumania might duplicate the experience of Poland, Belgium and Serbia, had passed. Then, with her preparations all complete, she struck.

Probably she would have struck in any case the moment the defeat of the Central Powers had become, humanly speaking, inevitable. But Roumania was urged to a belligerent activity by a racial as well as a political motive, by the promptings of sentiment as well as of self-interest. In her kinsfolk just beyond her borders she finds a cause that links policy with passion. Of the "unredeemed" Roumanians there are, as I have said, 1,000,000 in Bessarabia under Russian rule and 3,000,000 in Transylvania under the rule of the Hungarian Magyars. I do not know whether the terms that have been agreed upon between the Allies and Roumania include the retrocession to her of either the whole or part of Bessarabia. But there can be no question that that act of reparation is justly due to her and that the light which Russia has recently seen on the general subject of local self-government and the reunion of scattered nationalities—witness her memorable pledge to resurrect the ancient State of Poland—makes the necessary renunciation not unthinkable. It is, however, on Transylvania, where 3,000,000 Roumanians are chafed and embittered by the persistent ill-treatment they suffer at the hands of the Magyars, that the eyes of Bucharest are chiefly fixed. It is only very recently, a matter of the last decade or so, that we of Western Europe have come to see the Magyars as they really are. Our fathers regarded them as the victims of Austrian tyranny. They knew nothing of the tyranny they exercised themselves over the races within their borders. But of late years a pitiless publicity has beaten upon the Magyars and the disguise of liberalism and romance with which they deluded the world for half a century, has been pretty effectually penetrated. A dashing, proud and virile people,

with a thousand years of self-contained history behind them, the Magyars are politically, and especially in their dealings with their alien fellow-subjects, one of the most stupid and ruthless oligarchies that has ever lorded it on the soil of Europe. Indeed we miss something of the significance of this war in thinking and talking of it as an Austro-German war. It is far more a Magyar-German war—and the Magyars, one may add, in the brutality of their intolerance and conceit, are well mated with their Prussian Allies.

There is probably—I say "probably" because the Magyars have a habit of cooking the census returns in their own interests—one Roumanian in Hungary to every two or two and a half Magyars. Yet in the Hungarian Parliament there are only 5 Roumanian representatives to 404 Magyars. Legislation is a Magyar monopoly; there are 13 Magyar pupils in the classical and intermediate schools for every single Roumanian, and over 10,000 Magyar students in the universities and less than 470 Roumanians; in the other educational establishments Magyars predominate in the ratio of from 10 to 1 to 200 to 1; it is clearly, and indeed avowedly, the policy of the ruling race to keep the Roumanians in a state of intellectual degradation and so exclude them from the professions and the ranks of officialdom. Even in the districts where 90 per cent of the inhabitants are Roumanians Magyar is the only language allowed in the law courts, the local government offices and in public notices and proclamations. The higher officials, the judges, the lawyers and the jurymen are practically all Magyars. Electoral districts have been gerrymandered to preserve Magyar supremacy which is further buttressed by the system of *viva voce* voting before a Magyar official. Little, indeed, has been left untried to stamp out in the Roumanians of Hungary all sense of nationality. To all the Roumanians of Roumania, therefore, it is inevitable that the rescue of their kinsmen from the clutches of the Magyars should be a supreme ambition. Roumania stands to Transylvania in precisely the same relation as Italy to the Trentino and Trieste. But in this war of giants there never was any chance that Roumania would be able to repeat the stroke she practised three years ago at the expense of Bulgaria. If she wished to annex Transylvania and incorporate into the Roumanian Kingdom the 3,000,000 Roumanians now under Magyar rule, it was clear from the first that she could not achieve her

end by presenting a bill of claims when the war was over and demanding compensation. She could only achieve it by taking up arms where her services would be really useful to the Allied cause and before the ultimate destiny of Transylvania had been settled by events in which she had no hand. Those are the stern conditions of the stern times in which we live and Roumania has had the courage and sense to face and accept them. She has bided her time, has waited till her stock of munitions could be brought level with the requirements of the war and till her army could operate in immediate conjunction with the left wing of the Russian forces; and now she has taken the step that had to be taken if the 12,000,000 Roumanians in the Southeast of Europe are ever to be united in a single State.

The value of her adhesion to the cause of the Allies lies on the very face of things. In point of numbers it reinforces the Russian troops that are operating between the Pinsk marshes and the Danube by all but a third—and this at a time when a sorely battered enemy is trenching on the last million of his reserves. It adds some 350 miles to the battle line—and this at a time when all the resources of the Central Powers are stretched to their uttermost to hold their present positions and when except in the West they cannot shorten their lines by a retreat. It throws from fifteen to twenty divisions of fresh effectives, led by trained and mature officers, against the enemy's exposed flank and so renders impossible any such diversion as was employed fifteen months ago to arrest the Russian advance upon the Carpathians—and it does this at a time when Austria-Hungary, reeling under the blows of Italy and Russia, has spent her vitality and is visibly, amid a tumult of distraction and despair, nearing the point of exhaustion. Nor are its effects likely to be of less moment in the Balkan theater. The intervention of Roumania shatters at a blow the dream of a Greater Bulgaria and ruins all the hopes and calculations on the strength of which King Ferdinand was induced to enter the struggle. It encloses the "Old Fox" in a trap of steel. It opens a route by which the Russians can pour into Bulgaria there to chastise with a heavy hand the renegade Slavs of Sofia. The Allied troops—British, French, Italian, Russian and Serbian—that are now based on Salonica are certainly powerful enough in themselves to contain, and probably to conquer, the Bulgarian forces opposed to them. But they

are now immensely strengthened for all the purposes of their local objective by the help which Roumania or Russia or both can extend to them from the north. The position of Bulgaria is indeed so hopeless that any day may bring the news that she has thrown up the sponge. Whether she does so or not, whether she submits tomorrow or a few weeks hence, matters very little. She has shot her bolt and the days of her usefulness to the Central Powers are numbered. They will leave her to her fate.

But it is after all on Germany that Roumania's decision must react with the most perturbing consequences. Ever since the war began the Central Powers have drawn heavily on the Roumanian stock of corn, cattle, horses, oil and fuel. That avenue of supply is now closed to them. One more gap in the blockade is filled up and the silent disorganizing pressure which the British Navy maintains upon the very vitals of Germany is to that extent increased. But the sharpest and most palpable demonstration of the scope and efficacy of Roumanian intervention will come when the line from Berlin to Constantinople is severed, and with it the last means of communication between Germany and her hapless Bulgarian and Turkish dupes. When that happens it will be an event the importance of which from any standpoint, moral, military or material, can hardly be placed too high; and undoubtedly Roumania's entrance into the war brings it very much nearer. It is very difficult to do more than guess at the inner workings of either the official or the popular mind in Germany just now. But there are good grounds for thinking that the source of much of Germany's confidence in victory is the conviction that she has won for herself by this war a position of unassailable security in the Near East. The proof of that achievement is the Balkan Express which runs twice a week from Antwerp to Constantinople. To all Germans it is the symbol of the Greater Germany that will remain when the war is over, the Greater Germany that is to stretch through the Balkans, to dominate Turkey and convert her Asiatic possessions into a reservoir whence wheat and cotton and oil and metals may flow perpetually into the Fatherland, the Greater Germany which, controlling the Danube from source to mouth and linked up with it by a great development of inland waterways, is to expand right up to the Persian Gulf and constitute so compact and formidable an economic preserve as to be invul-

nerable to any assault of sea-power. That is the dream that drifts ceaselessly through the German political consciousness, and to make it a reality, to secure the mastery of the highway to the East and with it the reversionary interest in Turkey's Asiatic dominions, there are probably few European sacrifices that the Wilhelmstrasse would not gladly concede. A peace which obliged Germany to evacuate Belgium, Poland and Alsace-Lorraine but which left her in a position to found a yet greater Empire in the Near East would be a peace wholly agreeable to German sentiment. In the past two decades the ambition to rule, directly or indirectly, a single Federation of States from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf has taken an extraordinarily strong hold on the German people. What is more, they believe they have now gone three-fourths of the way towards realizing it; and so long as express trains are regularly running from Antwerp to Constantinople, through the capitals and territories of one vassal State after another, their belief has an air of something more than plausibility. Destroy that belief, capture, cut and hold the line that leads to the empire of their visions, separate them at a stroke from their Allies in Turkey and Bulgaria, bring the whole pack of cards tumbling upon their heads, and you administer to the German people a shock second only in magnitude and disintegrating effects to an incontestable disaster in the field. From the days when the Allies, thanks above all to the prescience and determination of M. Briand, made up their minds to hold on to Salonica, the ultimate rupture of communications between Germany and Bulgaria and Turkey has steadily mounted from a possibility to a certainty. But the adhesion of Roumania both simplifies the task and hastens it. And when it is accomplished the question whether the predominant influence in the Balkans is to be Slav or Teuton will virtually be settled, Turkey's doom will have been pronounced, and the German people will begin at last to see the handwriting on the wall.

The Allies, then, stand to gain much from Roumania's action besides the testimony to their final triumph which her sagacious statesmanship has furnished, besides the moral endorsement of their aims and spirit which is implied in her participation in the war. And the Central Powers and their victims have lost or stand to lose as much or even more. Upon Germany it came as a staggering climax to the

failures before Verdun and in the Trentino. The world saw its effect at once in the dismissal of General von Falkenhayn and the swift summoning of Marshal von Hindenburg with a plain mission to offset by the magic of his popularity the depressing results of the military "readjustments" which the new situation imposes upon the German Staff. To Austria-Hungary, already demoralized to the point of collapse, the fresh menace from Roumania flew hardly less than a signal of irretrievable ruin. Turkey, repulsed in Egypt, ousted from Armenia, losing if she has not already lost the leadership of the Moslem world, has long since outgrown the exhilaration of her successes at Kut and in the Dardanelles, and now faces with what cheerfulness she may the assured prospect that before very long she will have received her last gun, her last rifle, her last shell, from Germany and will have to fight alone and unaided against a narrowing ring of superior foes. Whatever hope the Bulgarian rulers cherished that they might after all escape the penalties of their treachery and misjudgment was gone when Roumania entered the lists. And to the sole neutral State in South Eastern Europe, to Greece faction-ridden, bewildered, capable of heroic impulses but so long prevented from realizing them in action, Roumania's intervention has supplied the supreme test, the final opportunity. It is no longer a matter of great military solicitude to the Allies whether Greece rises above the morass of fears and divided counsels and pitiable hesitations that for the past two years has all but engulfed her. But there are a hundred reasons of sentiment, of political affinity, of international propriety, and of sympathy with the Greater Greece that might and should emerge from this war, why they should wish to see the differences between King Constantine and M. Venizelos composed and the two leaders who together have done so much for Greece in the past and may do still more in the future working in harmony towards ends that neither can attain alone.

Let me close as I began with the reminder that Roumania's intervention, powerfully as it reinforces the Allies, is to be considered rather as a symbol and consequence than as a cause of the many changes that had already passed upon the Central Powers the verdict of ultimate and inevitable defeat. It is none the less welcome on that account. From the standpoint of the Allies it carries with it, indeed,

only one and that a small and temporary possibility of mischief. Coming when all expert and civilian opinion in the Allied nations had just reached a definite conviction of victory, there is a bare chance that it may encourage too sanguine anticipations of an early peace and may even mislead neutrals into thinking that the hour for mediation is at any rate dawning. Only disappointment lies in wait for those who hold such views. Germany is still very far from being broken. It will be a long and bloody business before the Allies can impose upon her the terms that will alone satisfy them. But Roumania's action is one more token that it can be done and will be done.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST AS PRO-ALLY

BY SHANE LESLIE

THE final Irish attitude to the War is one that cannot be decided by reasons of politics in the United States or of executions in Ireland. That attitude is far-reaching and involves not only the historical relations of the Celtic race to the Teutonic, but the future relations of Ireland to her neighbors, England and France, and eventually, perhaps, the prospect of an alliance between the United States and England. In this light the Celtic question ceases to be merely an antiquarian one.

During the past twenty years an immense amount of research and energy has been thrown into Celtic studies in Great Britain. Of these the Welsh Eistedfod, the Gaelic League and even the Sinn Fein may be considered manifestations. From Germany good scholarship has been directed externally, but the only countries vitally and internally interested are in the Allied group. The sea-divided Celt has his home in Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, Cumberland, the Hebrides and parts of Scotland and Ireland. This is the so-called Celtic fringe, but out of this fringe blood and genius, soul and strength have passed into the stolid Anglo-Saxons and materialistic Franks by intermarriage. There is also a Celtic stratum, difficult to estimate, underlying all Gallic France, which no doubt cemented her eighteenth century entente with Ireland. The British Empire itself would be more scientifically called an Anglo-Celtic one.

In Germany the Celt was obliterated centuries ago, and in Austria is only to be found among exiled families of Irish descent.

To-day the Celt finds himself at war with Germany as a matter of sheer fact, political and geographical. It is im-

portant to know also whether he is at war with Germany in principle and ideal.

The Irish problem lies largely in the instinctive jarring between a semi-Celtic and a semi-Saxon people. Hence the paradox that the recent rising in Dublin was in one sense more an anti-Teutonic than a pro-German one. The Englishman is a mixture of Celt and Teuton, and has shown traces of the latter in his past dealings with subjects in America as well as in Ireland. To-day the Nietzschean decries him as a degenerate German, a "poor cousin" culturally. The Irish look upon the German as the primitive type of Saxon before he was redeemed by mixture with the Celt.

Let us consider the attitude of the Celt towards the world crisis. His whole strength has been thrown against the Central Powers, whether it comes from Breton sailors, Welsh Fusiliers, Connaught Rangers, Scotch Highlanders, or Cumberland (Cymryland) dalesmen. It is doubtful if a single native speaker of any Celtic dialect is fighting for the Teutonic side, the Irish prisoners having resolutely refused to change their allegiance.

As to principle, if we trace the history of the Celt we are confronted with certain unvarying symptoms.

In the first place, suspicion and hatred towards any system of world domination. This was so in Roman days, and Ireland actually succeeded in staying outside the Caesarian pale. It is only since conciliation days that Ireland has acquiesced in the British combine, and after a struggle of five hundred years to keep out. The failure in imaginative statesmanship at the outbreak of the war to give Ireland autonomy means that a vital problem which might have been settled waits, and unfortunately waits with a vengeance.

Secondly, there is a deep religious feeling, dating from Druidism, which rises against intrusion in affairs of the other world. The Scotch Free Churchman, the Welsh Calvinist, and the Irish Catholic have all declined to accept the State Creed of England. This is the Celtic instinct to refuse anything in the realm of ideas from the State. There is nothing more repulsive to the Celtic soul than the inoculation of German youth by State professors with a cut-and-dried political creed and propaganda regardless of truth and the rights of other peoples. "Live and let live" has

always been the Celt's line of action or rather non-action. This will account for the extraordinary small amount of European soil left in the hands of the Celts. The Teutonic view has always been that the human being was made for the State, whereas the Celtic view, as it has developed in French and Irish politics, is that the State was made for man.

Thirdly, the Celt has been in perpetual revolt against the logic of fact, the power of militarism, and the ostentation of wealth. The Irish are justly called the "fighting race," but they are not militarists. They have been of the nature of crusaders rather than conquerors. Economically they have been given up by Anglo-Saxons, who have endeavored to teach them the ways of State-regulated orderliness and text-book methods of acquiring wealth.

In the past the Irish have resisted all attempts to impose a typically English culture upon them, just as they would resist to the death any culture that was handed them on the tip of a German bayonet. It has been the same in Wales and in Brittany. It must be admitted that England has given Ireland more chances of realizing her own life and literature than German legislation permits in Poland, which makes a fair analogue with Ireland. On three questions England compares favorably with Germany. They are the questions of religion, land and language. Shortly after England had disestablished her own State church in Ireland, we find Prussia jailing the patriot Polish Cardinal Ledochowski. In more recent times while England has advanced money to enable the Irish peasant to possess Irish land, we find Prussia advancing money for the exact purpose of expatriating the natives of German Poland. At a time that Prussia was penalizing the use of the Polish tongue, England was permitting grants for the revival of Irish. It is just to England to acknowledge this, as it is just to Ireland to admit that these benefits were only won by gigantic agitations. Germany has been guilty today of the worst side of the Tudor system as it once was in Ireland.

The policy of a national hate is about the only common link to be found between the German and Irish peoples. Even so, the Irish hate of England is a relic of religious persecution nobly borne in the past. But the Prussian variety is a State manufacture, offensive not defensive, and far from having a religious basis, for the Prussian seldom

seems to have had a religion to persecute. Pagan until within sight of the Reformation he became gradually rationalist afterwards.

While recent blundering in Ireland has brought out some of that Celtic dislike of England which the wisest Irish statesmanship had agreed to bury in the past, any Irish-German entente must be regarded as treasonable to small nationalities and unnatural to Celticism. The Irish policy must be decided in Ireland, not America, and by those who keep hearth and holding on the old sod. Even a British envoy like Sir Cecil Spring Rice, who retains hope and home in Ireland, is a better Nationalist from Ireland's point of view than a preacher of "green anarchy" in Chicago. At the outbreak of war Ireland declared herself with the Allies. Only a small, passionate and courageous minority dared to hope for Irish freedom as the paradoxical result of a German victory. This was even more widely held in America, before it was seen that Germany could not help even her declared Allies, much less a distant and mercurial quantity like Ireland. The text of German promises to the Sinn Fein were probably never placed on paper but remained illusionary and unrealizable to the last. But men were drawn by these promises to political action in America and to their lonely death in Ireland.

The result among the Irish has been two-fold. The anti-British outburst, on which Germany seems to have calculated, has taken place, followed on second thoughts by a rather grim suspicion that Germany has not played fair. Germany not unnaturally was pro-German throughout and not pro-Irish, while Casement, who tried to negotiate some agreement between the two peoples, was pro-Irish and not pro-German. Previously in his hectic career Casement had met German methods in Africa and loathed them as he loathed all tyranny. The Germans sought only to use his Quixotism, and allowed him to issue an Imperial promise that in case of invasion Irish Church property would be respected. It was as safe as promising the safety of public buildings in Nova Zembla. What would be interesting to know would be the exact promise made to the Sinn Feiners, who were deluded into believing that after a week a German army would arrive. The Sinn Feiners gave everything and the Germans risked nothing except a tubload of old Russian rifles. The *Deutschland* which might have ren-

dered real succor was too good to be wasted on "mere Irish." Casement was literally marooned. Friends in America, knowing his qualities and that he was sick at the time, wished that he should be kept in Germany as the Irish envoy till the end of the war. But he was of more service to Germany dead than sick. He was forced on a hopeless errand and there is some reason to believe that he tried to prevent the rising, but was not allowed by his captors to communicate with the Irish leaders. The rest is history. It was not for the Defense of the Realm but to make a Berlin holiday that a dozen dreamers and poets were executed. What Germany planned England completed. There is little wonder that in view of the German betrayal of Casement, John Quinn of New York should write, "How then can any man with a drop of Irish blood in his veins ever again hope for the victory of those betrayers"? There has certainly been a sufficiency of cold water to dash the hot blood in the German-Irish entente, which can only linger now as local politics may obscurely demand. Whatsoever a Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon government sow that shall they reap. The English Government unfortunately allowed dragons' teeth to be sown in Ireland before the war, which sprang up later in armed Sinn Feiners. The German Government gave promises of support as illusionary as the English promise of Home Rule. No Irishman doubts that each Irish execution has been in sweet accord with the disposition of the German General Staff.

The Germans can never reach Ireland except over a defeated fleetless England, but if they did obtain Ireland as a faldstool for the "Admiral of the Atlantic," who can doubt that their treatment of the people would be similar to that meted to the Poles? It is doubtful if the German official mind would recognize the Gaelic speaking, happy-go-lucky, idealistic Celt as a "*Culturvolk.*"

Redmond's position has been excruciatingly difficult. At the outbreak of war he might have declared neutrality as the right of a small nation, but this would have left Ireland in a state of civil strife during the period of the war with the prospect of gaining nothing from the victorious Allies after the war. When Redmond forgot the past and took his stand by the Allies, it was the psychological moment to make him Irish Premier in Dublin. Under a Dublin Parliament the rising would never have taken place. Redmond

insisted on Ireland's levies being voluntary and not conscriptory. It is his influence and not the menace of the Sinn Fein, as their admirers claim, that keeps conscription out of Ireland.

To look to the future reckoning which doubtless awaits all nations great and small, Redmond can point to the overwhelming thousands who have joined the Allies from Ireland. Ireland cannot afford to be on both sides of a world conflict, especially as she has not yet realized the promissory note due to her for services in the field. That the conscience and consensus of the empire will one day insist on that promise being redeemed there can be no doubt. Meantime, while it is kept dangling, distrust and disunity, pleasing to Germany alone, can only result. Whatever has happened, no Irishman can wish to see Germany victorious over France. Ireland herself can never accept her liberty over the dead body of Belgium, nor become a republic as the French Republic ceases.

The war is one where greater than material stake is at issue. No mere terrestrial gain can be in the purpose of a struggle so gigantic. It is at base not a war for any empire or even wholly on behalf of small nationalities, desirable as it is that Poland, Belgium and Ireland should emerge in a state of protected autonomy at the close, but a war of Idea. A certain idea not unknown before threatens. Another idea dearer to mankind is at stake. It may end in a compromise, but for the moment it is a question whether military Imperialism shall rule the world. The Irish Celt detested England's attempt to destroy the Boer Republics, but he cannot detract from England's entry into the great war. In Celtic eyes England seems to have blundered on to the right side. Though his vision may be obscured by England's lack of sympathy and knowledge in dealing with the Irish Question, opposition to the German Ideal remains instinctive with him. When all has been said, the Irish Nationalist must abide his hour, confident in the justice which the principles underlying the Allied cause must bring him. For the Irish Celt to become a pro-German for reasons more fundamental than the mere political involves a change of soul so radical as to amount to de-Celticisation.

SHANE LESLIE.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADMINISTRATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS—II

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

In March, 1914, when the repeal of the exemption clause of the Panama Canal Act was demanded, it had become evident that the indirect method of intervention in Mexico would not prove successful. The insurgents were looting, murdering, and destroying; but Huerta was still offering a vigorous resistance, was in complete control of the Federal District and many of the States of Mexico, and was receiving additional arms and munitions from Europe through the ports of the country, which were in his possession. The supply of arms from the United States, after the removal of the embargo, had increased the area of anarchy, but had not destroyed the Government in the City of Mexico.

It had now become apparent that, if the insurgents continued to be supplied with means of warfare, the situation would endure a long time; since neither they nor Huerta, unaided, could entirely overcome each other. It was also evident that, if foreign interests were much longer subjected to this exposure, other Powers would be obliged to act. The day of decision had arrived. "Watchful waiting" was fruitless. Something must be done at once.

One thing had been made clear: namely, that, if the United States would assume the task of establishing in its own way a responsible government in Mexico, the foreign Powers would place no obstacle in its path, provided they were assured that the sovereignty of Mexico would be left intact. Of this the attitude of the President, after his dramatic appeal to Congress regarding the Panama Canal Act —which, of course, was never really intended in any way to affect the sovereignty of Mexico—seemed to afford to the foreign Powers all necessary assurance. Obviously, it was

the overthrow of Huerta, not the acquisition of Mexican territory, at which the Administration at Washington was aiming. To that end, so far as public sentiment would allow, all the resources of the United States must be employed. Foreign suspicion being now allayed, only the consent of the American people was yet to be obtained.

But there was no sufficient justification for an armed attack by the United States upon Huerta's Government. He was protecting the lives and property of Americans wherever his authority extended, and it was in the insurgent zone that outrages upon them were committed. Moreover, the use of the armed forces of the United States against Huerta was sure to be attended with many difficulties. The inaccessibility of his capital, his army of 80,000 men, his vigor and hardihood as a trained warrior, the probability that an invasion of Mexico by land would rally the whole country to his cause—these were no slight impediments to success, even if the foreign Powers were entirely neutral; which, after all, at a critical moment, they might not all prove to be. But the domestic obstacles were also very great. Where were the troops for the invasion of Mexico? Would the country support a real, undisguised war with that republic? And what would be the political effect of a failure? At all events, a war with Mexico would be a long and costly enterprise. A really effective attempt to regenerate the Mexican State was not in the blood of the Administration.

Already the failure of its meddlesome intervention in Mexico had produced humiliation. Huerta did not go, as he was told to do. The Administration had assumed a rôle that it could not play to a finish. Two serious results had already been produced: first, the development of intense bitterness of feeling toward all Americans resident in Mexico; and, second, a disturbed state of confidence throughout Latin-America, regarding the ultimate intentions of the United States. The President's gratuitous declaration, on October 27, 1913, at Mobile, that the United States would "never again seek to add to its domain a foot of territory by conquest," had not only failed to allay the bitterness of Mexicans, but had suggested to suspicious minds the thought that an ostentatious avowal of virtue is sometimes a well calculated prelude to the practice of vice.

President Taft's theory had been that the only way to

convince the Mexicans that we were their friends was, to leave them to settle their own affairs. And this was the conviction at that time of most Americans in Mexico. Their lives and their property were, it is true, menaced by bands of irresponsible revolutionists that infested the country; but they were not in danger from the Huerta Government, which was friendly to Americans, until it was assailed by the Government at Washington.

It was by no means necessary, even in April, 1914, that the President should immediately recognize Huerta. Recognition would no doubt, have soon ended trouble in Mexico; but it would have been sufficient if, as provisional head of the Mexican State, he could have entertained the hope that activity on his part to conserve American life and property would eventually obtain for his Government the confidence of the United States. "He undertook," we are informed, "to confirm his position by securing the enactment of important laws for the public good." It is possible that, if permitted to complete the pacification of the country, he might freely have yielded the Presidency to another. He alone, it seemed, was the only one of the contestants in Mexico who gave promise of subduing anarchy. But whatever may be thought of these possibilities, it is incontestable that the most formidable obstacle to his success was President Wilson's sympathy with the insurgents, and the consequent removal of the embargo on arms and munitions; through which, in April, 1914, new armies had been arrayed against him. It was not the mere non-recognition of Huerta that most embarrassed his efforts to pacify the country; but the intrusive, censorious, and unprecedented attempt to mix up the American Government with Mexican affairs;—an attempt which, without producing the least benefit to anyone, eventually exasperated Huerta, alienated all Latin-Americans, and imperilled all American interests in Mexico, which were left without a means of defense or of reparation in that republic.

On April 20, 1914, the President appeared before Congress with a request in substance if not in form even more amazing than that of March 5th. This time it was "to call attention to a situation which has arisen in our dealings with General Victoriano Huerta at Mexico City."

On April 9, 1914, it was announced, while the troops of Huerta and Carranza were engaged in fighting each other

at Tampico, a party of sailors from the U. S. S. *Dolphin* had landed near the Iturbide Bridge, where orders had been given that no one should be allowed to land. They were placed under arrest, but released an hour and a half later, as soon as the incident came to the knowledge of the commander of the Huerta forces at Tampico, who promptly apologized for the arrest, and this apology was immediately followed by an expression of regret by General Huerta himself.

Since the boat had borne the American colors at the time of the detention, it was demanded by the naval authorities that the flag be saluted. Diplomatic negotiations had been conducted through the American Chargé d' Affaires at the City of Mexico to secure this; and it was ascertained that Huerta was willing to offer the salute, provided that, when the *amende honorable* was fully made, the Mexican flag, as is customary in such circumstances, should be saluted in return, as an evidence of satisfaction. This the President peremptorily refused.

Alleging it as his "duty to insist that the flag of the United States be saluted in such a way as to indicate a new spirit and attitude on the part of the Huertistas," he then requested the approval and support of Congress in using "the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such an extent as may be necessary to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States."

Certainly, no one would oppose securing recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States. But what "rights" of the United States were really in dispute? Not the right to demand a salute to the flag as a formal apology for the arrest of the sailors. That was conceded. The only matter of disagreement was the purely formal question raised between the diplomatists as to the manner in which the salute should be given and received. For Congress the point was whether or not the armed forces of the United States should be used to enforce a salute, in the President's own language, "with special ceremony," prescribed by the Administration at Washington. In brief, Huerta was to be humbled for an unintended incident, for which apology had been offered, for which a customary *amende honorable* had been proposed, and regarding which Huerta had requested a decision at The Hague.

Anticipating the assent of Congress, the President had already, on April 14th, sent the whole Atlantic fleet to Vera Cruz, to enforce his demand upon Huerta; on the 20th he was expressing to Congress the "hope" that our Government "would not be forced into war with the people of Mexico"; but, he persisted, "if armed conflict should unhappily come, we should be fighting only General Huerta and those who adhere to him and give him support;"—a support which, in the President's opinion, no Mexican had a right to give!

On April 21st, while the Senate was still debating the motives involved in this proposal, Congress not yet having given its approval, Mexican soil was invaded; a pitched battle was fought; Vera Cruz was captured and occupied; 126 Mexicans were killed and 195 wounded, including women and children, besides 19 American soldiers killed and 70 wounded,—a vicarious sacrifice of innocent blood, not to avenge the Americans slain by the insurgents in Mexico, or to obtain reparation for a serious wrong of any kind, but to sustain a position taken in a technical discussion between diplomatists over the correct procedure in saluting a flag!

It is desirable that every American citizen, whose "honor and ideals" are involved in this sanguinary adventure, should permit himself to consider it in such a manner as at least to absolve his own conscience.

It is necessary to remember that General Huerta was ready to offer the salute; provided that, afterward, the flag of Mexico—for whose rights and dignity as a sovereign State, whether rightly or wrongly, he was standing—would be saluted. What he objected to was a humiliation which, he felt, his nation did not deserve. It is only fair for us to ask ourselves what we should think of President Wilson, if, in an exact reversal of circumstances, he had done, upon the demand of some very powerful foreign potentate, what he required of General Huerta, and what General Huerta refused to do.

It is not overlooked—and the President must be respectfully heard on this point—that in the address to Congress it was stated: "If we are to accept the tests of its own Constitution, Mexico has no government." If that were true, on what ground could Huerta, a private citizen of Mexico, be called upon to give a military salute to a flag? What could such a personal salute signify, that a fleet and

an army should be sent to extort it? But, whatever General Huerta's standing was according to the Mexican Constitution, there is nothing in that document, nor in the Constitution of the United States, nor in international law, that gives either the President or the Congress of the United States authority to determine who is the constitutional head of the Mexican State. That is to be determined by the Mexican people in their own way; and no one can read Articles 80-84 of the Mexican Constitution without concluding that it was expressly designed to provide for the designation in an emergency of a strong executive as Provisional President, in precisely the manner in which General Huerta came to power.

It has been argued that Huerta must be considered a "usurper," because he "overthrew" the previous Government. There has been no change of government in Mexico, since the Constitution of 1857 has been in force, when the preceding Government has not been "overthrown." A study of the Mexican Constitution shows that it expressly makes provision for a change of the executive, without popular election, whenever a weak one fails to be effective.

We are now told by the defenders of the Administration that it is this very system which President Wilson wished to overthrow; because it is not a true democracy, but an oligarchy, based on the possession of great landed estates, which ought to be broken up and distributed among the peons. Until this is done, it is contended, the Mexican situation will never end.

Was it for this, then, that the President sent the army and navy of the United States to Mexico; not to protect American life and property, but to aid in working out a social revolution, and in effect to reform the Mexican Constitution? But where did he obtain the right to do this?

The salute to the flag, for which our armed forces were supposed to be sent to Mexico, was never given; and, after the occupation of Vera Cruz, appears never even to have been demanded. Failure to obtain it, however—it is now alleged—was no humiliation; for it was only a pretext to justify the President's action in the eyes of the American people. The real purpose was, by force or intimidation, to overthrow Huerta; and thus enable the insurgents to set up such a form of government as the President of the United States approved.

This explanation is, in truth, no startling revelation. To those who listened closely to the President's address to Congress of April 20, 1914, the real purpose of the expedition was clearly disclosed. "In fighting General Huerta and those who adhere to him and give him their support," he said, "*our object would be only* to restore to the people of the distracted republic the opportunity to set up again their own laws and government"; that is, by eliminating Huerta, and strengthening Carranza and Villa, to whom Vera Cruz, after our six months' occupation, in November, 1914, was formally delivered, and by whom it was made the citadel and capital of their military autocracy—without a guarantee of any kind, and even without stipulating the safety of American citizens—we were supposed to be restoring the distracted republic to its lost liberties!

It is noteworthy that, in the President's address to Congress asking permission to use the armed forces of the United States against Huerta, there is not a single word of complaint that he had failed to protect American life and property. There is, in fact, no serious charge against his rule, except that it was a usurpation. There is no mention of a single wrong done to any one of the 5,000 American and 25,000 foreign residents in the City of Mexico. Robbery, murder, and outrage, though frequent in Mexico, are not even referred to. Could there be a stronger vindication of the character of Huerta's Government? No fault of his officials is mentioned in this address, with the exception of two minor matters—the temporary withholding of a telegram by the censor, and the detention of an orderly sent ashore for mail—matters which had already been dismissed. And on this indictment Vera Cruz was riddled with bullets, its streets were stained with the blood of children, its homes were filled with anguish and mourning, and our brave marines were shot down when doing their duty of mute obedience. A proud and ancient city had resisted invasion —a punishment visited upon it because of an offense by an alleged private citizen of Mexico. Did it do worse than our fathers did at Lexington?

To claim that this attack was not "war" would be the extremity of hypocrisy and pettifogging. All the officers on both sides supposed it was war. The captain of the German steamer *Ypiranga,* who had arrived with a cargo of arms and munitions for Huerta, knew it was; and quietly

sailed away, when he was forbidden to enter the port, to deliver his cargo to Huerta at another. By what law did Captain Bonath suppose he was governed when he acted thus, if it was not the law of war? And all the furor regarding the salute to the flag, how quickly that was forgotten when the stars and stripes were torn down and trampled upon, and our Consul General was imprisoned, at Monterey, in the Carranza-Villa jurisdiction; and, later still, when the American steamer *Gulflight*—which supposed the flag to be a means of protection—with great letters painted on the side of the vessel to show its nationality, was attacked and disabled by a torpedo! Who at that time, or since, anywhere, has been asked to salute the American flag, even without "special ceremony"?

Senators Lodge, Root and Borah pointed out in the Senate that the President was overlooking causes that might better justify the use of armed force in Mexico, and that the question of the salute was largely factitious. Very beautifully the President spoke at the funeral of the nineteen brave men who gave their lives to their country at Vera Cruz. "A war of aggression is not a war in which it is a proud thing to die, but a war of service is a thing in which it is a proud thing to die." To them, indeed, it was "a war of service," and faithfully they served; but it is difficult to understand how one responsible for their going, though he might "mix with his grief a profound pride that they should have gone as they did," could feel an equal pride that they were sent as they were sent.

It is not surprising that "the leadership that never faltered" quailed before the thought of sending our troops on such a mission as far as the City of Mexico. To traverse those peaks and those abysses required a better reason than had yet been given. It was not at the City of Mexico that anarchy had its lair. There were no national interests to be gained by going there; and yet, if there was good reason for going to Vera Cruz there was as good to go forward to the capital of Mexico, and end its distractions with the hand of a master. But by this time the mistake of the expedition was evident to all. The people of the United States do not wish to make war without just cause. If armed intervention had at times seemed imperative, it was not to destroy Huerta, but to restore order by extinguishing faction and making an end of marauding. The problem for the Adminis-

tration now was how to find an excuse for withdrawing from Mexico.

Early in his term of office the President had been urged to invite some of the Latin-American countries—particularly Argentina, Brazil and Chile—to join with the United States in mediating between the factions in Mexico. It is highly probable that such mediation, at that time, might have been effectual, and there is reason to believe that Huerta would have accepted it; but President Wilson declined. Four days after the invasion of Mexico, on April 25, 1914, the idea of mediation was presented in a different form. This time it was a proposal on the part of these republics, not so much to mediate along with the United States between the Mexican factions, as between the United States and Huerta. It was the first time that the sister republics had been brought into a controversy concerning our direct relations with an American State. It was the end of disciplinary intervention. That had consisted in prescribing what the President expected to be done in Mexico. Mediation meant an effort to ascertain through others what terms could be made with Huerta.

However commendable this mediation may have been as an alternative to a continuation of the war begun at Vera Cruz, it had been accepted at a time and in a form distinctly disadvantageous to the prestige of the United States. Carranza, whom President Wilson desired to favor, refused to send delegates to the conference, and soon showed a discouragingly obstreperous and even arrogant temper. The admission to the conference of Huerta's plenipotentiaries on a par with those of the United States was a distinct recognition of his *de facto* position. All the arrangements bore this out. To give the conference the full character of an international body, it was convened on neutral soil, on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, where the delegates were officially welcomed as equals by the Canadian Secretary of State.

It was soon announced that Huerta was willing to retire in favor of a provisional government, to be chosen by a commission composed of three persons, one named by Huerta, one by Carranza, and one by the mediators. Carranza was informed of this, but declined to participate, and the conference was on the point of adjourning without result, when, on June 12th, Carranza decided to be represented.

Hope of a settlement was revived, but only to end in complete disappointment. Huerta's delegates pleaded for a neutral commission, in order that a fair election might be held; but President Wilson instructed his plenipotentiaries to insist that a government acceptable to Carranza must be chosen. Finally the A B C mediators prepared a protocol prescribing that a provisional government should be formed by agreement between Huerta and Carranza. This protocol was signed by Huerta's delegates, but Carranza refused to have his delegates sign it, and demanded Huerta's complete surrender.

The conference, through this refusal, ended without accomplishing its task. But Huerta, discouraged, on July 15th, resigned his position and went to Europe; leaving a former Chief Justice of Mexico and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Francisco Carbajal, as Provisional President, pending an election. This jurist and statesman assured the Washington Administration of his intention to obey the Mexican Constitution and establish peace; but he was informed that the United States would not acknowledge the validity of any loans or concessions made by Huerta, since October 10, 1913. Carranza, strengthened by the possession of Vera Cruz, soon ended the efforts of Carbajal to restore the peace of Mexico. The bandit Villa, who in Carranza's name occupied the City of Mexico, soon turned against him, declaring that Carranza must be eliminated from public affairs. In the sanguinary duel between these insurgent chiefs the Administration at Washington showed a preference for Villa, until his almost total defeat; finally recognizing Carranza, not in any sense the constitutional head of the Mexican State, as *de facto* "Chief Executive."

It is needless here to recount Villa's brutal revenge in the massacre of Americans at Columbus; the second invasion of Mexico by an American army against the remonstrance of the irresponsible but exacting First Chief Carranza; the battle of Carrizal; the fortitude of our hampered troops; and the timidity and inefficiency of the Administration in directing and supporting them.

Looking backward over the whole period since March 4, 1913, it is difficult to believe that it is the same President who, in April, 1913, demanded that there be an "immediate cessation of fighting throughout Mexico"; who, in October, 1913, said to the faithful followers of William Penn at

Swarthmore: "Nowhere can any government endure which is stained by blood"; who, in December, 1913, said to Congress: "There can be no certain prospect of peace in America until General Huerta has surrendered his usurped authority in Mexico"; who, in February, 1914, removed the embargo, thus permitting new armies to equip themselves for continuing war; who, in April, 1914, demanded the privilege of driving Huerta from power with the armed forces of the United States, invaded Mexico, and made war on its inhabitants; and who, in January, 1915, having prolonged anarchy in Mexico by the aid offered now to one and now to another of the insurgents, could say in the extraordinary speech delivered at Indianapolis: "I got very tired staying in Washington and saying sweet things. I wanted to come out and get in contact with you once more and say what I really thought"; and then, speaking of the situation in Mexico: "It is none of my business, and it is none of yours, how long they take in determining it. . . . . Have not European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilt as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs, and shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak"?

To reach that conclusion by the path actually pursued has cost the American people two hundred million dollars for successive interventions, besides many human lives; and the end is not yet reached. Our troops for the second time are on duty in Mexico.

The impression made upon Europe by the conduct of the Administration at Washington in the treatment of Mexico was not favorable to the United States. Up to the actual invasion of Vera Cruz the President's course seemed to be the result of a dictatorial temperament modified by pacific idealism. Mexico had received from Washington explicit instructions as to the course to be pursued. But there was no inclination to follow these directions; and, up to April, 1914, with the exception of supplying arms for the insurgents, there was no effort to enforce them. It was the jest of European diplomatists that this Government had neither the army nor the courage to try conclusions with Huerta, but merely scolded and passively watched the destruction of American and foreign life and property in Mexico.

Prior to the occupation of Vera Cruz, the opinion had

been held that, if the United States would neither recognize Huerta's Government nor aid in establishing another, but was determined to disavow responsibility while supplying the factions with the means of making war, combined European intervention should be organized to protect foreign interests without the help of the United States. When, however, the Administration, in April, 1914, appeared to assume responsibility by the occupation of Vera Cruz, it was believed that the United States, once involved, could not stop until order had emerged out of chaos in Mexico, as it did when our Government finally took hold of the Cuban situation in 1907.

In July, 1914, therefore, the tension regarding Mexico was greatly relieved. The obnoxious clause in the Panama Canal Act had been repealed in June. At the same time the A B C mediation was promising to work out some peaceful solution.

On August 1, 1914, the outbreak of the great European conflict fixed attention elsewhere. At Washington such a possibility had been considered inconceivable. War, the prophets of pacifism had decided, was an anachronism. It had become too awful to be attractive, and too costly to be profitable. Yet every close student of European conditions had long known that the great struggle was not only in preparation but imminent.

In pursuance of a provision of The Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, on August 3rd, the President offered the good offices of the United States in mediating between the European Powers then at war; but this dutiful act was, unhappily, unavailing. He also promptly issued the customary proclamation declaring the neutrality of the United States. In thus continuing the traditional policy of this country, the President was, however, unfortunately, both too zealous and too reticent. He was too zealous, because neutrality is an attitude of governments and not of persons, whose consciences are not under official authority. When, on August 19th, the President, in his *Appeal to the Citizens of the Republic,* uttered "a solemn word of warning" that "we must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before the other," he was not only far exceeding his constitutional preroga-

tives, but he was, in effect, sealing up the well-spring of American honor and independence. It was an announcement to the whole world that, no matter what happened in Europe—whatever law was violated, whatever outrage was committed—the people of the United States must "put a curb on their sentiments" and remain "impartial in thought"! No President has ever before taken such a liberty with the American conscience. If made universal, such a rule would utterly suppress the moral judgments of mankind.

On the other hand the President, while witnessing the most shocking violation of neutral rights, accompanied by severities previously unknown to civilized warfare, maintained a studied silence. He did so even when a solemn legal engagement with the United States was openly disregarded.

When the soil of Belgium—not only a neutral but a neutralized State—was invaded by a Power that had pledged itself to respect the neutrality not only of that but of every neutral country, the American people with practical unanimity felt that a great wrong was being perpetrated. Had the United States been entirely unaffected by that act, it would still have been within the right of the American people to voice their disapprobation; but it was not only a blow that shattered the whole structure of conventional engagements—a denial that any written pledge has value when it is to the interest of a powerful nation to exercise its will upon a feebler one—but a violation of a solemn compact made with the United States.

Various kinds of sophistry have been resorted to in the newspapers and in Congress in defense of the President's silence. The Hague Conventions, it is said, are not binding when even one of the belligerents is not a party to the contract; and a neutral nation ceases to possess neutral rights the moment it is involved in a state of war through invasion and attack by another nation; which is equivalent to saying that a right never existed because it has been violated—a pretense too contemptible even to discuss.

It is doubtful if these sophisms were in the President's mind when Belgium was invaded, but The Hague Convention Respecting the Rights and Duties of Neutral Powers in case of War on Land, if not personally known to him or the Secretary of State, was certainly known to the law officers of the Government; for it was at that moment the code of neu-

trality which our own Government was bound to obey, and it would be incredible to suppose that the Administration in such a time was aware neither of its duties nor its rights. What does that law say?

Article 1 reads:

> "The territory of neutral Powers is inviolable."

Article 2 of the same convention reads:

> "Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral Power."

Article 10 of the same convention reads:

> "The fact of a neutral Power resisting, even by force, attempts to violate its neutrality can not be regarded as a hostile act."

On August 3, 1914, when Belgian soil was invaded, every one of the belligerents then engaged in the war had signed and ratified this convention, as had the United States; and all were mutually bound by it as firmly as any treaty can bind sovereign States. Article 20, which reads as follows, was, therefore, not operative:

> "The provisions of the present Convention do not apply except between contracting Powers, and then only if all the belligerents are parties to the Convention."

It is then with perfect authority that one of our greatest jurists says: "The law protecting Belgium was our law. . . . . For generations we had been urging on and helping in its development and establishment. We had spent our efforts and our money to that end. . . . . We had bound ourselves by it; we had regulated our conduct by it; and we were entitled to have other nations observe it. That law was the protection of our peace and security. It was our safeguard against the necessity of maintaining great armaments and wasting our substance in continual readiness for war. Our interest in having it maintained as the law of nations was a substantial, valuable, permanent interest, just as real as your interest and mine in having maintained and enforced the laws against assault and robbery and arson which protect our personal safety and property. Moreover that law was written into a solemn and formal convention, signed and ratified by Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States, in which those

countries agreed with us that the law should be observed."

To this it may be added, that this engagement was of peculiar and exceptional interest to the United States, because it protected the neutrality of ten otherwise unprotected American republics in whose safety we were interested. So far from being a purely European question, in which we were not to interest ourselves on account of the Monroe Doctrine, it was at the same time a world question, and also an American question, for the reason that it extended the protection of a solemnly ratified treaty over these ten American States, besides the United States, and there would have been included in this compact by their simple ratification eight other American States that had already signed it.

Yet Washington was silent, silent as the grave. We were to be neutral, even "in thought," while this outrage against a free, independent, and helpless nation was going on, in violation of our law. Was it a time for formal notes of protest? someone may ask. Would they have had any effect? Could they have undone the wrong? These are futile questions. It was a time when both duty and interest called upon our Government to speak, and at once. Was there not an Ambassador in Washington to whom the President of the United States could express his mind at a moment like this? Where was the "reckless enthusiasm for humanity," of which the President has boasted, in this crisis? *Our* law, the law of the whole civilized world, trampled upon, and no whisper even of remonstrance!

What, after this passive acquiescence in the violation of so solemn an engagement, could we expect of those whose further conduct was influenced by the exigencies of war; and with what force, having permitted the principle of neutrality to be ignored, could we plead the sanctity of its application to ourselves?

An earnest protest against the scrapping of the whole conception of treaty obligations should not involve us in war. If it implied the risk of war for a sovereign nation, through its organized government, to speak out in defense of treaty engagements made with itself, would not the "honor and ideals of the United States" require that the challenge be accepted? If we have reached such a level of debasement that we dare not even lift a voice in behalf of our own treaty rights, we need not

be surprised at any wrong that may be inflicted upon us.

It is, no doubt, this passive acquiescence that the defenders of the present Administration intend to praise when they boastfully proclaim that it "has kept us out of war." It is precisely this spirit that is responsible for many of the misfortunes that have befallen us during the European conflict. It was the settled conviction in the chancelleries of Europe at the beginning of the war that, no matter what the belligerents did, the Administration at Washington would do absolutely nothing; and this forecast has been amply justified. A prompt and earnest manifesto against the disregard of treaty obligations would have been an act not only of unquestioned legality and propriety, for which the belligerents had themselves furnished precedents, but the performance of a duty to all neutral nations. It would have given us at once the moral leadership of the world, and made the United States the friend and the rallying centre of all the neutral countries. It would have done more: it would have given us the balance of power during the war in international affairs; and, even in the fearful turmoil of conflict, the belligerents would have sought our approval in choosing their methods of procedure. Our attitude of total self-effacement, except in pressing our chance for profit by the misfortunes of others, has left us without a friend. With many fervid professions regarding "humanity" in the abstract, the Administration has stood actively and effectively for nothing whatever in the concrete, not even for the lives of our citizens.

It is worthy of note, that Great Britain, although the second to accept "in principle" the Bryan Peace Treaty, withheld signature until September 15, 1914—this being the very day on which the President announced his intention to withdraw our forces from Vera Cruz—thus becoming the twenty-fifth Power to sign; and ratification was delayed until October 8th, when the evacuation of Vera Cruz was positively assured. Then, in the full tide of the contingencies of war, when a free hand was useful to a belligerent, when neutral rights were already in danger and sure to be seriously involved, the Secretary of State agreed with Great Britain that "all disputes whatsoever" should be referred to an international commission; and that no action should be taken in rejoinder upon any subject of dispute until the commission had reported. On November 3, 1915, the time

fixed for the appointment of the commission was extended by exchange of notes until January 1, 1916.

This agreement by the United States involved giving to Great Britain *carte blanche* to do anything it pleased—with no reckoning to be made until one year after its occurrence, or practically until the end of the war—with the assurance that the Government at Washington would do nothing more serious than to send written protests against violations of neutral rights, as they occurred, and await the judgment of the international commission. There was, however no stipulation, as there might well have been, that the Declaration of London, or some other definite code of sea law, was to be observed; the omission affording Great Britain an opportunity to regulate its conduct by Orders in Council during the progress of the war.

Germany, also, it is understood, had been one of the first to accept "in principle" this model treaty, but has never actually signed it. This, however, in the opinion of the Secretary of State, was an unimportant detail. Since we had ourselves proposed these terms, and they had been accepted "in principle"—as was declared by Secretary Bryan at the time of his resignation—strict neutrality would require that Germany as well as Great Britain should enjoy the benefit of the terms of the treaty; that is, according to the Secretary of State, the privilege of postponing "all disputes whatsoever" until they could be referred to a mixed commission for adjustment, with a year for deliberation, even when human lives as well as cargoes of goods were affected, should be accorded with exact parity to both Governments.

Our international self-effacement being thus rendered absolutely complete, in the midst of unfathomable world-commotion, we presently experienced the results.

Great Britain, by preventing commerce between neutral ports, soon succeeded in shutting off all over-seas trade with Germany, thus seriously affecting the German food supply. To break this illegal blockade, as it was declared to be, Germany resorted to submarine warfare. A "War Zone" was proclaimed around the British Isles; and, on February 4, 1915, the German Admiralty declared its purpose of sinking on sight, without warning, and without regard to the lives of passengers or crew, any enemy merchant vessel found in that vicinity, and warned all neutrals of the

grave danger that would incur from sailing in those waters.

This was, of course, not only an innovation in naval warfare, but an open disregard of the requirements of international law. Legally a warship has no right to sink a merchant vessel without previous visit and search, and no right in any case to destroy the lives of innocent non-combatants on the high seas, whether passengers or members of the crew.

On February 10th, the Department of State issued its famous note regarding "strict accountability," saying: "It would be difficult for the Government of the United States to view the act (of sinking an American vessel or destroying American lives) in any other light than as an indefensible violation of neutral rights which it would be very hard indeed to reconcile with the friendly relations now happily existing between the two Governments"; adding, "If such a deplorable situation should arise, the Imperial German Government can appreciate that the Government of the United States would be constrained to hold the Imperial German Government to a strict accountability for such acts of their naval authorities and to take any step it might be necessary to take to safeguard American lives and property and to secure to American citizens the full enjoyment of their acknowledged rights on the high seas."

In spite of certain circumlocutions, this note reads very well; but what construction was placed upon it orally at the Department of State, and how was it regarded by the foreign Government? Did "strict accountability" mean merely reference to a mixed commission of questions of indemnity for such violations of international law, to be settled by a lawsuit at the end of a year? Certainly, in such a crisis, Germany would not be deterred by that, if in the meantime the submarine policy could be ruthlessly carried out. What "steps," in addition, did this note intend to imply? That was the only question of real importance.

According to *The American Year Book* for 1915, page 42, the German Government was indirectly given to understand that no serious "steps" were contemplated. "Secretary Bryan," the record runs, "held a conversation with Mr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, through which the impression was conveyed to Berlin that the firm tone of the American note was intended merely to impress home sentiment, and was not to be taken seriously abroad." On

June 27th, according to the same authority, Secretary Bryan made a public statement as follows: "I reported to the President the conversation I had with Ambassador Dumba and received his approval of what I had said"; but he does not report in this statement what he actually said to Ambassador Dumba.

How, in the light of such oral interpretation by the Secretary of State, was the expression "strict accountability" to be understood? What, in an atmosphere of apologetic explanation and exact parity in the treatment of all acts, sustained by a general policy of passivity, could any kind of mere "accountability," however strict, signify, beyond precise bookkeeping and a final demand for indemnities at so much a person after a year's delay? However the impression may have been conveyed, this appears to have been the actual inference at Berlin, as the subsequent correspondence shows; for there was no disposition to abandon the destruction either of vessels or lives, but merely to prepare the record, without admitting liability, for the coming lawsuit.

But it was not a time for inferences. The situation demanded plain, direct, frank and resolute speaking. It was a time to send for the Ambassador, and personally say to him that, if an American life was taken by a submarine on the high seas, diplomatic relations would be at once severed, and that the friendship which had so long existed, which had been so highly valued, and was still greatly desired, would have to end. Such interviews in the White House were not unprecedented; but they had never shaken, they had rather confirmed, that faith in fearless and honest friendship on which sound international relations should be based.

The writer of this article firmly believes that, if a telegram had been sent to the German Emperor personally, on February 10, 1915, after a frank discussion of the subject with the German Ambassador, instead of the "strict accountability" note, making direct appeal to the Emperor's good sense and friendly disposition toward the United States, not a single ship known or believed to carry American passengers would ever have been sunk without warning. Such an appeal would have been an evidence of real friendship. It would, at least, have absolved the Administration at Washington from a grave responsibility; and it would

have placed the relations with the German Empire upon an entirely different footing from that which the wavering attitude at Washington produced.

An elaborate argument has been made to prove that, after the advertisement sent out by the Imperial Embassy, warning passengers not to sail on the *Lusitania,* it was physically impossible for the Administration to save the imperilled passengers. They were, it is affirmed, already doomed; because, the orders to the submarines having already gone out, it would not have been practicable to inform them not to sink the *Lusitania,* which sailed on May 1st and was sunk on May 7th.

Such an assumption is gratuitous and by no means sure. But, after learning of the attack on the American steamer *Gulflight,* on May 1st, would the President or the Secretary of State have made no attempt to reach the Emperor, if members of their own families had already sailed on the *Lusitania?* But opportunity for action was not confined to such narrow limits of time. Nearly three months had elapsed since the "strict accountability" note had been sent; when, on May 1st, the Imperial German Embassy published the advertisement, informing the American people that they sailed at the risk of their lives. Relying upon their Government to protect them, these passengers sailed without fear. Yet this advertisement has never been rebuked as either false, misleading, or impertinent. How could a foreign Government dare to publish such a menace, if it did not have reason to expect the official silence that actually followed its act?

The sinking of the *Lusitania,* it is now urged, was a tragedy so terrible that it could not be believed before the event. Does the enormity of the disaster exculpate this Government from trying seriously to prevent it? As a matter of fact, just such a tragedy as this was foreseen and accurately described in the note of February 10th. There had been plenty of time for vigorous action before May 1st. Such a tragedy had actually occurred. The *Falaba* had been torpedoed, on March 28th, with 160 passengers on board, 111 of whom were lost, including an American citizen. Even a month after the *Lusitania* was sunk, the Secretary of State was still publicly maintaining that the whole question should be referred to a commission, and that Americans should be warned by their own Government not to expect protection.

The President's own position was more ambiguous. On May 10th, only three days after the great tragedy, while the bodies of American women and little children were still being washed ashore on the coast of Ireland, the President delivered a famous speech in Philadelphia reported throughout the world.

This speech, containing the expression "too proud to fight," we are now assured, had been prepared for delivery long before the sinking of the *Lusitania,* and had no reference to it; but so fine a phrase, it seems, could not be stricken out, and once spoken it could never be forgotten. It is painful to think that a mind set to guide the destinies of a nation should be so insensible of the condition of public sentiment at a moment of such tense feeling. It was not a time to speak loosely of fighting. Anything that could be said upon that theme at that moment in a public address by the President of the United States, unless it was wholly unequivocal, was certain to be understood either as a veiled threat or as a revelation of indecision. But to offer a factitious apology for nonresistance, to intimate to stricken households that there was really nothing in their lives or affections worthy of armed defense, and to a ruthless belligerent that had just filled them with mourning that our pride of righteousness was so great that resolution for action was wholly wanting—that was to give an assurance of license to every extremity.

After this utterance, of what avail was it to speak of omitting "no word or act," when during a year of repeated tragedies, evasions, and equivocations, many more ships were sunk, the toll of American lives sacrificed mounting to more than 140, and it was seen that there was no preparation or intention that looked toward action? It would be tedious beyond endurance to follow the interminable debate carried on in negotiations that grew more and more academic as they proceeded—the preliminaries of that ultimate lawsuit before a mixed commission in which it was intended from the beginning that it was all to terminate.

We are now told that the course of the Administration was highly meritorious because it "kept us out of war." Passive acquiescence, up to a certain point, is a sure method of keeping a nation out of war; but when it is adopted as a fundamental policy, it leads inevitably to war, because upon some occasion a situation is certain to arise that can not be

tolerated. But did the President at any time believe for a moment that war was about to be declared upon this country? Did he ever for a moment intend to declare war upon Germany on account of the controversy over submarines? All the indications are to the contrary. To what purpose then is it insisted that we were "kept" out of war, if there was no likelihood of it? And what motive did Germany have for making war on the United States?

When in June, 1915, Secretary Bryan resigned his office, he declared that the President was "rushing us into war." He meant by this that, if the Government of the United States insisted upon the rights of its citizens under international law, they would surely be denied, the tragedies would continue, and then we should have to fight for our rights. He thought it better to waive them altogether. But the President was too wise for this. He understood that the American people might endure delays, but they would soon make an end of any Administration that openly, through fear, refused at least to affirm their rights. Yet he made no preparation to protect or enforce them. On the contrary, he repeatedly discouraged such preparation. On December 8, 1914, when men of wider vision were calling the attention of the country to its defenseless condition, the President solemnly said to Congress: "Let there be no misconception. The country has been misinformed. We have not been negligent of the nation's defense. . . . . We are not unmindful of the responsibility resting upon us." Even so late as November 4, 1915, he failed to realize that there might be need of action. After a long series of notes, ending with the announcement of the Imperial German Government that it was "prepared to pay an indemnity for the American lives lost on the *Arabic*," and that the Ambassador was "authorized to negotiate about the amount"—to which this Government had replied that it also was prepared to negotiate on this subject—although the sinking of the *Lusitania* had not even been disavowed, the President in his speech before the Manhattan Club, in New York, publicly gave out the impression that all controversy was at an end; thus confirming the inference that "strict accountability" meant simply the payment of money indemnities. He then said: "The country is not threatened from any quarter. She stands in friendly relations with all the world. . . . . In no man's mind, I am sure, is there even raised the question of the

wilful use of force against any nation or any people."

At last, however, stirred by the sentiment for preparedness which had been aroused among the people, the President in less than three months was calling loudly for an increase of our army and the strengthening of our navy; not apparently because he had even then the slightest intention of employing them, but because the instinct of a people —which is often surer than the plans of statesmen—working through the Navy League, The National Security League, and the American Defense Society, was clamoring for a national force adequate for maintaining the national rights and dignity. And note how completely the utterances of December, 1914, were contradicted in January, 1916, when the President made his whirlwind journey through the West, sounding a note of wild alarm, not knowing what a day might bring forth, saying he had been told that he was expected to preserve the "honor" as well as the "peace" of the country; and asking, "Have you reflected that a time might come when I cannot do both"? and, "Should it be necessary to exert the force of the United States in order to do it, have you made the force ready"?

Having thus appropriated, as if it were all his own, the rising tide of sentiment for national defense, the President returned to Washington, and knowing that the force he had called for was not ready and not likely soon to be made so, became so apathetic as to induce the resignation of the one member of his Cabinet who had seriously urged such a measure. Thus, like Secretary Bryan, upon whom the President had relied to keep the country out of war—but with better reason—Secretary Garrison, upon whom he had relied to prepare for our defense if war should come, uncertain of the outcome, unwilling to share responsibility for an ambiguous policy that was running a grave risk, yet making no preparation to meet it, in dismay offered his resignation. As the Chicago *Tribune* has tersely expressed it, "He chose these men. They saw him work. They got out from under."

Such being the judgment of two of the Administration's leaders, we need not discuss the question whether the country was ever really in danger. They thought it was. From the inside they saw plainly where the danger lay. The President was handling high explosives as if they were tennis balls. In the official notes he was using language that seemed almost violent, and was certainly extremely irritat-

ing. There the voice was that of a master; but in the side remarks, giving assurance of our lack of aggressive purpose and our pacific intentions—which were already sufficiently evident—there were cadences almost plaintive.

But what rendered the notes most ineffective, until a crisis finally came, was the fact that there was in them no suggestion of any definite action. They threatened nothing in particular; and were, therefore, treated as mere glittering generalities.

It was, undoubtedly, the ambition of the Administration to avoid a resort to arms; and, to ascertain upon what terms this might be accomplished, the services of Hyperambassador House were called into requisition. The advantage of this channel over the diplomatic body was that communications could be made and received in perfect secrecy, while official notes were open to inspection. The result of these secret missions appears to have been an understanding that, if "strict accountability" were frankly accepted, friendly relations would continue even without further promises. This is apparent in the negotiations that were designed to efface the past and bury altogether the *Lusitania* "controversy," as it now had come to be called, by the payment of indemnities for the lives lost, but without the admission of "illegality," when the sinking of the *Sussex* on March 24, 1916, revealed a state of public feeling in this country which quickly made an end of temporizing. On April 18th, the Administration having been swept forward by an irresistible tide of public sentiment that could not be curbed, after a solemn announcement of the decision to Congress, the Imperial German Government was informed that, unless it should immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its methods of submarine warfare, the Government of the United States would sever altogether diplomatic relations with the German Empire.

It was the first step definitely looking toward action taken by this Government in the course of its negotiations with European Powers; and the result proved that, had it been taken in February, 1915, instead of April, 1916, 144 American lives might have been saved; for at that earlier date the friendship of the Government at Washington was esteemed as of more value to the German Empire than it was believed to be in 1916. The deference paid to this first and only concrete declaration, under less favorable circum-

stances for the United States, though reluctant and even conditional, seems to justify this conclusion. All the more certain would this have been, had our Government not been reduced to practical ineffectiveness in regard to sea law by improvident treaty engagements. Better still, perhaps, would have been our position, if our Government, while strictly performing the duties of a neutral, had preceded its defense of our violated rights by a prompt, firm, and energetic insistence on the sacredness of the fundamental principle of neutrality, without which these rights are mere transitory concessions.

Such as it is, however, the "record" has to be accepted. It has now passed into history. The American people will soon express their judgment regarding it, and this will present a test of themselves, as well as of the Administration that has made it. Whatever their decision may be, in peace or in war, having made their choice, in every emergency they will stand loyally behind their leader, whoever he may be. But in making their choice, if they are wise, they will resolve that there must be no purely personal adventures in our diplomacy, and that the foreign policy of the United States must be framed solely in view of the interests, obligations, and resources of the American people and executed with full knowledge of the real aims and purposes of other nations.

David Jayne Hill.

THE THREATENED STRIKE ON THE RAILWAYS

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE nation-wide wage movement by the train service employees of the railways of the United States has had unprecedented and startling effects. It has brought the country to the verge of a strike which would have been the most disastrous in history. It has caused the destruction of the principle of voluntary arbitration of railway labor disputes. It has been marked by the intervention of the President of the United States in a manner which has engendered damaging suspicions regarding his motives and has called forth bitter denunciation of his conduct. It has caused Congress to abdicate its function as a deliberative body, and to rush through a measure which is without precedent in the annals of legislation, and which, if it is upheld by the courts, will impose a heavy burden directly on the railways and indirectly on the American public. It has interpolated into a national political campaign which had been dull and colorless two issues of vital importance, namely, whether we shall use orderly and peaceable or disorderly and destructive methods in settling labor disputes, and whether "government of, for and by the people" shall be allowed to be overthrown by the pressure of organized groups seeking to use the machinery of government for their own purposes. And after having produced all these results, this wage movement has not been conducted to a final settlement.

The law passed by Congress at the dictation of the labor unions purports to establish an eight-hour day in train service. It shows clearly on its face, however, that its effect would be not to reduce the workng hours of those for whose benefit it was enacted, but merely to increase their wages.

This being the case, it is regarded by most lawyers as unconstitutional. Should it be nullified the train service employees doubtless would renew their movement, and again prepare to strike if their demands were not granted, and yet, while Congress has temporarily placated them by passing the legislation which they named as their price for not striking, it has adjourned without doing anything to prevent the danger of a nation-wide railway strike from recurring.

In order to grasp the full significance of this movement and of all the developments in connection with it, it is necessary to follow it step by step from its inception. It began just about a year ago. From the first it was announced that the train employees were going to seek an eight-hour day and that, being dissatisfied wth previous awards, they would not consent to arbitration. Their exact proposals became public last January. They were at once denounced by the spokesmen of the railways as contemplating a fraudulent "eight-hour day," the establishment of which would not shorten working hours, but merely increase wages. It was added that the train employees had received large advances in wages within recent years, that they were the best paid workingmen in the country, and that if any increases were to be made in the wages paid by the railways the claims of the other 80 per cent of their employees deserved prior consideration.

For some months before the demands were presented the leaders of the brotherhoods addressed meetings of their followers throughout the country at which they explained their plans and urged united support of them. About five months ago they began to express confidence that, although they would not arbitrate, they would conduct the movement to success without a strike. W. S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and W. G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, were quoted as saying at meetings held at St. Louis on April 9 "that they were absolutely confident of winning out, but that they were going to do a certain thing which only the presidents of the four brotherhoods knew about and which they did not propose to tell any one, but that it would be the deciding factor in winning out in this fight."

The managers of the railways entertained no such confidence that a strike would be avoided. They were de-

termined not to grant the demands without arbitration, and as the leaders of the brotherhoods said they would not arbitrate the managers felt that a real and serious danger existed and repeatedly issued statements to this effect. The business interests of the country also became alarmed; and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States submitted to its members a resolution which contemplated action by Congress to provide for an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission of the entire railway wage situation.

The demands of the employees were formally presented to the individual carriers on March 30, and negotiations regarding them began in New York City early in June between the Conference Committee of the Railways and committees representing the employees. The demands already have been summarized and analyzed by the writer in an article published in this REVIEW for July, 1916. They were, in brief, that the roads should in future pay employees in freight train and yard service the same wages for eight hours' work that they were paying them for ten, and overtime after eight hours at 150 per cent of the regular hourly rate. Negotiations continued to the middle of June. Meantime, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States voted by 981 to 29 in favor of asking Congress to direct the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate the entire matter of wages on railways.

The negotiations having proved fruitless, the Conference Committee of the Railways proposed arbitration of all the points in controversy either by the Interstate Commerce Commission, or by a board to be organized under the Newlands Mediation and Arbitration Law. The leaders of the brotherhoods rejected this alternative proposition and immediately began to take a strike vote.

The ballot submitted to the men was phrased in such a manner as to give them no opportunity to indicate their sentiments on the question of arbitration. It simply presented them the alternative of voting for or against giving their leaders authority to order a strike. There never was any question that the men would give their leaders this authority. The situation began to look extremely grave. There were, however, two classes who continued to act and to express themselves with complacent optimism. These were the leaders of the railway brotherhoods, and the leaders in governmental affairs at Washington. The resolution of the

Chamber of Commerce of the United States was sent to President Wilson, but was given no public acknowledgement by him. It was introduced in Congress, but no steps were taken toward passing it. The chairman of the Railroad Committee of the Chamber of Commerce finally sent a long telegram to President Wilson urging upon him the imperative need for governmental action, but the President paid no heed to it. Meantime, Judge Chambers of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Board gave out an interview in which he expressed confidence that there would be no strike, and on July 21 Chairman Adamson of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, in discussing the Chamber of Commerce resolution, said that he had conferred with the leaders of the railway brotherhoods and that they had assured him they did not intend to "stop the wheels."

Thus, although a vote to authorize the declaration of the greatest railway strike ever contemplated was being taken, and although many persons regarded the situation with great apprehension, the President and the Congress never lifted a finger to protect the country. The leaders of the brotherhoods also continued to give out statements predicting that there would be no strike. They went farther, and explained why there would be none. There was to be no strike *because the railways would finally yield and grant the men's demands.*

The strike vote having been completed, it was arranged that the committees representing the railways and the brotherhoods should meet again in New York City on August 8. Two days before, on the evening of August 6, a public meeting was held in New York City under the auspices of the railway brotherhoods. Among those who made addresses on that occasion was Dudley Field Malone. Mr. Malone was the personal representative of President Wilson at the inauguration of the President of Cuba and is now by his appointment collector of the port of New York. He denounced the railways, and unequivocally supported the demand of the labor brotherhoods for an "eight-hour day." Meantime reports began to be circulated in Washington and New York that there was an understanding between the National Administration and Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and the leaders of the labor brotherhoods, that President Wilson would be given an opportunity to make capital out of the threatened strike. This, it was said, was to

be done in the following manner: The brotherhoods were to reject all offers made by the railways. They were to look askance at mediation by the Federal Board of Mediation and Conciliation, thus giving the President a chance to intervene and bring both sides to the White House. He would then submit a proposition which in all probability would be accepted by the labor leaders, thus putting the onus of rejection of his services, if they were rejected, on the railroads.

On August 8 the representatives of the brotherhoods reported the strike vote. The Conference Committee of the Railways took the ground that the two parties were too far apart to effect a settlement by direct negotiations, and asked the brotherhoods to join with the railways in inviting mediation by the Federal Board of Mediation and Conciliation. This request was declined. The railways then alone called in the Board of Mediation. Mediation proving as unavailing as direct negotiations, President Wilson on August 13 asked the representatives of both sides to come to the White House. The Conference Committee of the Railways had contended throughout that the best body to which the controversy could be submitted was the Interstate Commerce Commission. On August 11, two days before he sent for the representatives of the brotherhoods and the railways, and while the mediation conferences were still in progress, President Wilson wrote a letter to the president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, making clear that he did not favor submitting the matter to the Commission. In other words, he rejected the plan for a settlement which he knew was favored by the railways before they had an opportunity to present it to him.

After various conferences with both sides Mr. Wilson announced the basis which he favored for a settlement. This was, (1) Concession of eight-hour day. (2) Postponement of the other demand, as to payment for overtime, and the counter suggestions of the railways, until experience actually disclosed the consequences of the eight-hour day. (3) In the meantime, the constitution, by authority of the Congress, of a commission or body of men appointed by the President to observe, investigate and report upon these consequences without recommendation. (4) Then such action upon the facts as the parties to the controversy might think best.

This would have finally settled nothing except that the employees would have secured the "basic eight-hour day." It did not provide for the arbitration of any of the other

matters in controversy. The Conference Committee of the Railways explained fully that the physical conditions under which the railways were operated made the establishment of an absolute eight-hour day in train service impracticable and that the brotherhoods were merely asking for the substitution of eight hours for ten hours as the basis for computing daily wages and overtime. The President said he understood this, but insisted upon the adoption of his plan. The National Conference Committee of the Railways finally told him they could not accept it.

President Wilson thereupon telegraphed for the presidents of all the leading railways, and in response to his invitation there assembled in Washington more heads of large railways than ever met before in the history of the United States. While they were gathering the committees representing the brotherhoods announced their acceptance of the President's plan.

The railway executives called upon President Wilson on August 19. He then told them he did not regard the eight-hour day as an "arbitrable question," and while the conference was in progress he caused a statement to be given out in which he said: "The eight-hour day now undoubtedly has the sanction of the judgment of society in its favor and should be adopted as a basis for wages even where the actual work to be done cannot be completed within eight hours."

The views expressed by the President introduced entirely new elements into the controversy. The brotherhood leaders had opposed arbitration solely on the ground that impartial and expert arbitrators could not be secured under the Newlands Act and that the temporary boards organized under this law were unable to enforce their awards. The railways' proposal that the matter be submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission seemed to meet all these objections, since it is to be assumed that the Commission is an impartial and expert body, and it certainly could enforce any award it might make. The contention of the President that the eight-hour day had been sanctioned by the judgment of society and, therefore, did not present an arbitrable question, was as novel to the leaders of the brotherhoods as it was to the railway executives and to the public, and aroused other business interests as much as those identified with transportation.

The situation created by the attitude assumed and the sentiments expressed by President Wilson presented to the

railway executives a most perplexing problem. The railways are anxious to have the system of regulation applied to them reformed and improved, and their presidents naturally feared that if they rejected the President's proposals they might array his Administration against them. This might be a serious matter for them during the rest of his term of office and a still more serious matter if he should be re-elected. On the other hand, they knew that if they accepted the eight-hour wage basis in freight train service, even without time and a half for overtime, it would add over $60,000,000 a year to operating expenses. They knew that this concession would be regarded by the train service employees as having been made, not because President Wilson had asked for it, but because the train service employees were threatening to strike, and that, therefore, it would have a most demoralizing effect on discipline. They knew that if they voluntarily made such large increases in wages to one class of their employees who had refused to arbitrate and threatened to strike, they speedily would be confronted with corresponding demands from other employees some of whom probably would resort to similar measures, and that the ultimate result would be total increases in wages and operating expenses which would run into hundreds of millions a year. They also knew that if they yielded they would be condemned by the business interests of the entire country, for they were being deluged with letters and telegrams from individuals and commercial organizations in every section urging them to stand firm for arbitration. This condemnation of them by the business interests would undoubtedly be accompanied by bitter and determined opposition to any advance in freight rates to offset the increases in wages; and the Administration gave them only very intangible encouragement regarding this phase of the matter. Finally, the railway presidents realized that if they accepted President Wilson's plan it would not even settle the present controversy, but that in a few months the train employees might renew their demand for time and a half for overtime, refuse to arbitrate it, and strike if it were not granted.

After conferring for almost a week, and considering various plans, the railway presidents decided that for them to accept President Wilson's proposition would be to wrong the stockholders of the railways, the 80 per cent of their employees not involved in the controversy and the American

public, and that they must hold out for arbitration. They reached this decision on August 25, and intended to communicate it to President Wilson the next morning. Before they had opportunity to do so the leaders of the brotherhoods got wind of it and immediately issued an order for a strike to occur on September 4 at seven o'clock A. M. The first news President Wilson received of their action was taken to him by a committee of the railway presidents.

As a means of preventing a strike the railway executives suggested to the President "the enactment by Congress at once of a law within the policy of the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, which in itself will furnish a guarantee against hasty action now and against the recurrence of such an unfortunate situation in the future." With respect to the matters directly in controversy, they said they were "unable to assent to the statement that 'the eight-hour day' now undoubtedly has the sanction of the judgment of society in its favor." They added,

> We believe, that society has not yet recorded its judgment upon this subject. * * * * As trustees for the public served by our lines, and for the great mass of the less powerful employees (not less than 80 per cent of the whole number) interested in the railway wage fund, as trustees also for the millions of people that have invested their savings and capital in the bonds and stocks of these properties * * * * we cannot in conscience surrender without a hearing the principle involved, nor undertake to transfer the enormous cost that will result to the transportation of the commerce of the country.

They maintained that "the questions involved are, in our respectful judgment, eminently suitable for calm investigation and decision by the public through the agency of fair arbitration and cannot be disposed of to the public satisfaction in any other manner." They suggested as an alternative to the proposals of the President that (1) the railroads should begin on September 1 to so keep the time of all men represented in this movement as to ascertain the difference between what they actually earned on the present basis and what they would have earned on the proposed eight-hour basis; (2) the keeping of these accounts should be supervised by the Interstate Commerce Commission; (3) the whole question of the eight-hour day "in so far as it affects the railroads and their employees should be investigated and deter-

mined by a commission to be appointed by the President," and to consist of not less than five members. The President evidently considered himself too far committed on the question of an eight-hour day to even suggest to the brotherhoods the acceptance of the railways' proposition. Instead he went before a joint session of Congress on August 28 and asked for the adoption of legislation for the following purposes:

1. The immediate enlargement of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

2. "The establishment of an eight-hour day as a legal basis alike of work and of wages" of railway employees engaged in operating trains.

3. The authorization of the appointment by the President of a small body of men to observe and report without recommendation "the actual results in experience of the adoption of the eight-hour day."

4. "The consideration by the Interstate Commerce Commission of an increase in freight rates to meet such additional expenditures by the railways as might be rendered necessary by the proposed legislation."

5. Full investigation before a strike or lockout may lawfully be attempted of every dispute which might lead to interference with train service.

6. The lodgment in the hands of the President of the power, in case of military necessity, to take control of, and operate, the railways.

The President appealed repeatedly to the leaders of the labor brotherhoods to withdraw the strike order pending consideration of this legislation, and they as often refused. They notified him, Congress and the public that unless a law establishing the "basic eight-hour day" was passed by midnight of September 2 the strike would occur. A bill to comply with their wishes was hastily framed and introduced by Mr. Adamson, chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. While these developments were occurring a remarkable interview with Mr. Adamson appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution*. I quote the *Atlanta Constitution* of August 23 as follows: "Mr. Adamson said he had a conference four months ago with the President and a conclusion was reached as to his course at that time."

With the leaders of the brotherhoods holding a stop-watch on it, Congress jammed through the Adamson bill,

It was passed by the House on September 1 and by the Senate on September 2. Its salient provision is

> that beginning January 1, 1917, eight hours shall, in contracts for labor and service, be deemed a day's work and the measure or standard of a day's work for the purpose of reckoning the compensation for services of all employees * * * * who are now or may hereafter be actually engaged in any capacity in the operation of trains used for the transportation of persons or property on railroads.

Electric lines and railroads less than 100 miles long are excepted. The President is authorized to appoint a commission of three to observe the operation and effects of the law for not less than six nor more than nine months, and then report its findings to the President and Congress. Until a period of thirty days after the report is rendered

> the compensation of railway employees subject to this act for a standard eight-hour work-day shall not be reduced below the present standard day's wage, and for all necessary time in excess of eight hours such employees shall be paid at a rate not less than the pro rata rate for such standard eight-hour work-day.

The labor leaders opposed the measure to prohibit strikes and lockouts in advance of public investigation of labor controversies, and the President and Congress abandoned it. The Government of the United States having thus abjectly yielded to their dictation all along the line, the leaders of the brotherhoods recalled the order for a strike.

Probably few persons have failed to note that these events in Washington took place in a Presidential campaign, and to wonder what part politics had in shaping them. Reference already has been made to the seeming indifference long manifested by the Administration in the face of the approach of a national disaster. Reference also has been made to the remarkable similarity between the views expressed by representatives of the labor brotherhoods and representatives of the Administration as to the probability of a strike. Then, we have the very accurate forecasts which were made in Washington and New York as to the way in which both the brotherhoods and President Wilson would conduct themselves, and the extraordinary interview of Mr. Adamson concerning his conference with President Wilson four months before. The conclusion suggested as to the part played by politics is painfully obvious.

Whether the Administration was playing politics or not, the course it adopted in dealing with the situation was unwise and dangerous in the extreme. It never publicly took a step regarding it until the strike vote had been reported. The Newlands Act, providing a means for arbitrating such disputes, was passed at the joint request of the labor brotherhoods and the railways, and signed by President Wilson. Yet when the crisis reached the President he announced, before he had made any real effort to secure arbitration, that the brotherhoods would not accept it, and that the main question involved was not arbitrable, anyway. It seems probable that the brotherhoods would have been forced by public opinion to arbitrate if the President had demanded it, but of course they would not voluntarily do so after he had espoused their cause and gone even farther than they in arguing for the "basic eight-hour day." The President's action seems to have been predicated on the confident assumption that the railway executives would yield when he insisted on acceptance of his plan of settlement. On their refusing to do so there were left, as a result of his elimination of arbitration, only two alternatives, action by Congress, or a strike. If the strike had come the President's responsibility for it would have been second only to that of the labor leaders; and for the frenzied legislation enacted his responsibility is paramount.

The effects of President Wilson's pronouncement regarding the "sanction of the judgment of society," and of the attempt to give this "sanction" statutory effect on the railways, may be very serious, not only for the carriers, but for the public in general. The new law fixes an eight-hour *pay*-day, not an eight-hour *work*-day. The nature of the service rendered by railways may justify special regulation of the *work*-day of their employees, but it can hardly justify special regulation of their *pay*-day. If the law stands it will result in a large increase in wages which, in the long run, will be paid by the public in the form of higher freight and passenger rates. If a law to fix an eight-hour pay-day in railway train service at the expense of the public can be sustained, why cannot similar legislation for all railway employees and for the employees of all concerns engaged in interstate commerce be sustained? President Wilson did not limit his remark regarding society's sanction of the eight-hour day to railway service.

While the President says that the eight-hour day has received the "sanction of the judgment of society," the fact is it has as yet received only limited adoption. Reports of the Bureau of Labor give the hours of work in eight different industries employing 317,000 men in 1913 and 1914. A compilation of these shows that only 8,259, or less than 3 per cent of the employees included, worked as little as 48 hours or less per week. Evidently, if an eight-hour pay-day is to be forced upon industry in general, the country is confronted with an economic revolution of the first magnitude, and one which does not seem adapted to help American industry to meet foreign competition in the markets of the world after the war in Europe ends. It does not seem likely, however, that the railways will accept the eight-hour pay-day prescribed by Congress without a determined legal contest.

While it can be questioned whether the eight-hour pay-day has been sanctioned by the judgment of society, it cannot be questioned that arbitration of railway labor disputes has been thus sanctioned. The attitude of American society has been expressed by the enactment of the Newlands Mediation and Arbitration law. This law provides, however, for voluntary arbitration only, and in the recent struggle voluntary arbitration broke down completely. But the country must be relieved of the danger of nation-wide railway strikes. On this point President Wilson and all other parties, except the leaders of organized labor, are agreed. Everybody knows now that such strikes can and may occur, and the law providing for voluntary arbitration having broken down, the public welfare demands some stronger measure. Probably the next step in advance should be the passage of a law similar to the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act, providing that no strike or lockout which will interfere with railway service may be declared until some tribunal representing the public has investigated and reported upon the matters in controversy. The duty of conducting such investigations might be delegated to some new body, but it would appear that it could be best and most appropriately performed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Wages are the largest element in railway expenses, and, so far as there is to be regulation of them, it would seem that it should be intrusted to the body that regulates railway rates and earnings.

The recent crisis directs attention forcibly to the extraordinary influence which labor organizations are securing in the public affairs of the United States. Some years ago the nation began to feel concern regarding the power which was being acquired by large aggregations of capital. This has led to the enactment and enforcement of numerous laws for the control of the activities of capital, and the political influence of large corporations has been largely destroyed. Meantime, organized labor has been resorting to methods similar to those which aroused the fear and indignation of the public against organized capital. The American Federation of Labor and the railway labor brotherhoods are constantly represented by lobbyists at the various State Capitals and in Washington. The results of their activities have been writ large in the statute books of almost all the States. For example, the railway brotherhoods have secured the enactment of numerous State laws, such as those providing for the employment of extra men in train crews, which tend directly to interfere with the efficiency of railway operation and to increase railway expenses.

One of the worst examples of the legislation which has been secured by labor unions at Washington is the provision of the Clayton Act exempting such organizations from the operation of the Federal anti-trust law. The anti-trust law prohibits conspiracies in restraint of interstate trade and commerce. The recent order of the railway brotherhoods for a strike grew out of and would have given effect to a conspiracy not merely to restrain but to suspend all interstate trade and commerce. And yet, because of the class legislation embodied in the Clayton Act, it was assumed, and perhaps correctly, that those who formed this conspiracy could not be proceeded against under the anti-trust law. When organizations of labor can secure such class legislation as this provision of the Clayton Act and without interference can enter into such a gigantic conspiracy against trade and commerce, and when, in addition, they can extort from Congress such legislation as the so-called "eight-hour day" law, they have acquired a control over our Government far exceeding that ever possessed by the "malefactors of great wealth" in their palmiest days.

It may be said that organized labor at least constitutes a larger part of the public than the managers and bene-

ficiaries of organized capital. But the railway brotherhoods comprise less than 20 per cent of railway employees, and a large majority of all railway employees do not belong to any labor unions. Furthermore, it is estimated by Prof. George E. Barnett of Johns Hopkins University that the members of all labor unions comprise only 6 per cent of the "gainfully employed" persons in this country. Therefore, the power which the labor unions have acquired over American Government is a power which is possessed and exercised by and for a comparatively few people and at the expense of the entire nation.

The whole situation raises a question as to the future of democracy itself. Democratic government does not consist in government of the many by and for the benefit of a few, whether this few be members of the capitalist class or members of labor unions. It consists in "government of the people, by the people and for the people." It can hardly be contended that legislation such as that for extra men in train crews, for exempting labor unions from the operation of the anti-trust law, and for an eight-hour pay-day for only 20 per cent of railway employees without regard to the effect on the other 80 per cent of railway employees or on the public, affords an exemplification of "government of the people, by the people and for the people."

SAMUEL O. DUNN.

PROHIBITION'S LEGISLATIVE EFFORTS

BY L. AMES BROWN

THE new means by which many of the prohibition States have sought to make their laws effective has been the enactment of legislation limiting the quantity of liquor which a citizen may import into a prohibition State from an adjoining State. This legislation utilizes the power opened up to the States by the Webb interstate liquor shipment law through the suspension of inter-state commerce safeguards from liquor shipments intended for illegal use in prohibition territory. North Carolina has the "two-quart" law, which prohibits the importation of more than two quarts monthly by an individual. Practically all of the prohibition States have either adopted or given serious consideration to laws of this character. West Virginia has gone still further in availing herself of the new State power and has adopted a statute which makes it unlawful for a carrier to deliver a shipment of liquor ordered from without the State in response to an advertisement. The constitutionality of this law is about to be passed upon by the Supreme Court. President Taft, Mr. Attorney General Wickersham and many important legal authorities question the constitutionality of the Webb law, but, on the other hand, there are lawyers and jurists of high standing, including Chairman Webb of the House Committee on the Judiciary and at least one United States Circuit Judge, who hold the opposite view. The import of the West Virginia case in the Supreme Court is that if the Webb law is declared constitutional and the West Virginia law viewed as a valid application of it, there will be no ready excuse for the failure of a legislature in a prohibition State to make that State very nearly "dry," except that its constituency does not sincerely believe in such aridity.

Already it is evident that these State enactments are to have an important influence upon the future of the prohibition movement. In the months since they have been in operation they have constituted a definite and effective force for the abatement of drinking. States which have been listed as "dry" for several years have experienced a rigorous approximation of actual prohibition, since their so-called "quart" laws were adopted. The Southern prohibition States have entered upon the staunch enforcement of their new laws, with the result that great progress has been made in eradicating unlawful selling agencies and in reducing the consumption of liquors.

But regardless of the future effect of the new State legislation upon the national prohibition movement, there are ample grounds for the supposition that there has been an abatement of Anti-Saloon League enthusiasm in the period during which this legislation has been mooted. It requires no great mental effort to perceive that thoughtful voters, who have been centering their mental energies on a test of a newly available remedy for the drink evil, will not at the same time continue at a high pitched fervor for another remedy.

All of the foregoing relates to the general causes by which the abatement of the prohibition movement can be explained. It is in the nature of circumstantial evidence. There are, however, direct and unquestionable indications that as a movement it has not gone forward, in the period under examination, to the extent designed by the Anti-Saloon League leaders.

The House Judiciary Committee at the present session of Congress adopted a motion indefinitely postponing consideration of the prohibition resolution. In explaining that act, which was heralded in the newspapers as an important set-back for the prohibitionists, a member of the committee said:

"The committee's action was taken and concurred in by the members of the committee who favor prohibition because the prohibitionists realize that they can probably get more votes after the November election than before. It would mean nothing to us to have another test of strength in the House and get no more votes than we got in the roll call on the Hobson resolution in 1915."

Practically the same explanation has been given of why

the prohibition leaders did not make sincere efforts to force a vote on the Shepard prohibition bill for the District of Columbia at the session of Congress just adjourned. In the Senate nothing worth while is to be gained by another failure, even though the failure be due to technical obstructions and reveal surprising strength for the prohibition forces. An important admission is implicit in these explanations; the prohibition cause is no stronger now than it was a year ago.

Turning to election results on the prohibition issue in the various States, we observe strong grounds for the belief that the propaganda is not making the desired headway. In Ohio, in the fall of 1915, a prohibition amendment to the State constitution was defeated by a majority larger than that registered against it in the 1914 election. It was quite evident from the Ohio returns that the prohibition cause had experienced a set-back in the previous year of campaigning. The outcome was sufficiently decisive to convince students of the political situation that a considerable period will elapse before Ohio enters the prohibition column.

In Vermont a prohibition amendment to the State constitution was turned down by a decisive majority in the early part of the present year. The people of Vermont have relied upon the local option system since their repudiation of the prohibition law adopted in Neal Dow's time. They have elected to continue this system. In the April local option election in Illinois, fifteen wet townships excluded saloons, whereas ten dry townships returned to the license system. It was the first time since the adoption of the Illinois local option law in 1912 that any important number of the dry townships had changed back to the license system.

The Anti-Saloon League has waged a most energetic campaign in New York State for the adoption of a local option law during the session of the 1916 legislature. The campaign has been wasted effort, however, except for its possible educational effect, for the session closed with the Anti-Saloon League State Superintendent assailing the controlling influences of both the majority and minority in the Assembly. Governor Whitman promised to sign the local option bill if it should come to the State House for his signature, knowing well that the Assembly was certain not to pass it. In Maryland, a local option State, a sensational campaign was waged by the Anti-Saloon League in favor

of a State-wide prohibition referendum. The legislature's enactment approved in February is recognized as a makeshift, however, and its authors have been denounced bitterly by the prohibitionists. In Kentucky, Augustus U. Stanley has been elected Governor on an anti-prohibition platform.

A sheet of campaign literature issued by the Methodist Temperance Union from its headquarters at Topeka, Kansas, November, 1915, announced that in the present year State-wide campaigns would be carried on in Delaware, Florida, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, New Mexico and Utah. Thus far the campaigns have not achieved political importance in any of these States except Nebraska.

In the prohibition debate in the House of Representatives, December, 1914, Representative Hobson of Alabama, spokesman for the Anti-Saloon League and floor leader of the prohibition forces, declared:

> I here announce to you that the great temperance and prohibition forces of this whole nation will make this question the paramount issue in 1916, not only to gain a two-thirds majority in the two Houses of Congress, but to have an Administration that neither in the open nor under cover will fight this reform.

In 1915 the national officers of the Anti-Saloon League issued this statement from Washington:

> Just at this time, when the party leaders are looking for available candidates for the Presidency next year, it will be well if they will carefully consider one or two things. The united prohibition forces of the country will oppose the candidacy of any man who voted against the Webb interstate shipment law or voted against the resolution to submit the national prohibition amendment to the States, or who advocates only the States' rights policy of dealing with the liquor traffic.

These were fairly definite pronouncements of an ambitious plan the Anti-Saloon League had to make its influence felt in the present national campaign—a plan which has come to naught. The political parties have completely ignored prohibition as a national issue and completely disregarded the announced wishes of the prohibitionists' organizations. The Democratic National Convention renominated Mr. Wilson despite the dire threat of the Anti-Saloon League officers, and then proceeded to adopt a platform which omitted to mention prohibition. The Republican National

Convention nominated Mr. Hughes without thinking once whether he was in favor of or opposed to constitutional prohibition. There were several subjects on which Mr. Hughes's views were awaited with the liveliest curiosity by the Republican leaders, but prohibition was not one of them, and hardly anybody at the convention gave a thought to placating the political leaders of the prohibition movement. The platform committee of the Republican convention refused to insert a prohibition plank in the party campaign declaration. Not even the Progressive platform took up the subject of prohibition.

The implication of the proceedings at Chicago and St. Louis is that for the time being the prohibition organization has been shorn of a considerable part of its power in national politics. The basis of this power always has been the ability of the prohibition leaders to draft men out of the political parties and have them assert the paramountcy of the drink issue. In times like these, when political discussions are given over mainly to the vital matter of international relations, in which the national honor as well as the national welfare is concerned, men have a diminished interest in things unrelated to it, and the number of men who are willing to regard prohibition as the paramount issue of the campaign is so small as to be negligible. All of these generalities are put forward in full knowledge that the Prohibition party under the leadership of Mr. Hanly of Indiana, its Presidential candidate, is destined to arouse a great deal of popular interest before the close of the present national campaign; it seems likely that the "vote of protest," certainly a goodly portion of it, will turn to the Hanly candidacy as the most efficacious available instrumentality for liberating its resentment at the existing order.

L. Ames Brown.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

BY ALAN SEEGER*

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

*(*Killed in battle at Belloy-en-Santerre,* July, 1916).

THE CREATIVE MYSTERY

BY WILFRID L. RANDELL

THE first written story, probably scratched on a tablet of smoothed bark or slate, must have been a record of an actual occurrence. Even if it merely reproduced in rough, almost illegible characters, the legend of past battles or of heroes hitherto commemorated only in ballad or in song, it was no less the fixing of a fact; and we can amuse ourselves by picturing the student with his tools, the centre of an admiring crowd, successful and happy in having constructed a visible, tangible memory—something that could be handled and carried about, circulated, scanned again and again. For many centuries after this great event, this first meeting of the author in the pride of composition with the public eager to read his work, the "book," if we may so term it, was concerned with the setting down of facts—hard, irrefutable, unimaginative facts. It told, for the benefit of others who were not present, what somebody did, and later on, doubtless, what somebody said. Not until other centuries had rolled round, we may suppose, did that lightning-flash of inspiration illumine some especially receptive mind whose owner suddenly, in a fine frenzy of invention, bethought himself of putting on record what somebody *might* have done, or *might* have said. As yet, every book was a work of reference.

The moment which marked the possibility of describing things that *could* happen, or that *might* have happened, buried as it is now is in the irrecoverable deeps of time, marked also the onset of a wonder-working change that stretched down the ages, until, by a thousand tentacles, it entangles the life of today. It implied the dawn of imagination, the beginning of the creative mystery by which a myriad differing visions are clothed with flesh and blood

and given to the vital breath. The teller of stories began to perceive—very slowly, indeed, that within his own limited being lay a strange, unsuspected, unlimited power: that he possessed a magic crucible by which all things he observed, all things he heard, might not only be stored as memories, but might be transmuted, re-cast, projected and given forth in a marvellous semblance of life. Astonishing vistas were henceforward opened to his fascinated gaze, though stumbling indeed must have been his first bewildered steps in the effort to explore their endless, lonely labyrinths. Yet, as from the crude, imitative daubs of the troglodytes rose the glorious realm of pictorial art, and as from the ancient poets and *trouvères* grew the stately palaces of literature, so, from these hesitating attempts to ensnare the bright gleams of imagination, the vast enterprises of the fiction of modern times may trace their lineal descent.

It is of permanent interest to endeavor to follow, even for a brief period, the results of this enormous development of human appreciations, to consider what is meant, and to glance at certain difficulties immediately evolved by its progress. And first, a pretty problem in psychology confronts the student, a problem as full of latent argument as the recurring assertions that the actor should, or should not, feel the emotions he portrays. It is indeed rather of a kin with this favorite puzzle of debate, though, by leave of the dictators of the stage, we may set it upon a higher plane. If, for convenience of treatment, we momentarily narrow it down for illustration to a familiar example—that of Charlotte Brontë—it will not mean the revival of any unprofitable discussions or dissensions as to claims of authorship. The bare statement is this: a young woman, living quietly in a country parsonage, conveys into her novels far more than she has ever seen or heard or experienced, and conveys it so convincingly, so strongly, that few flaws can be found with the presentment and arrangement of her material. Her one-sided correspondence with her Professor will not suffice to explain the mystery; how then shall we approach it, how comprehend it?

Since Charlotte Brontë lived and wrote, the course of prose fiction is strewn with illustrations, not, perhaps, as striking, but certainly quite as curious. Characters in fiction may be roughly divided into two broad classes; those based on observation of a particular person, sometimes to

such an extent that we can recognize them; and those based on general observation—imagined, yet bearing authentic attributes of human nature. To the former class belong Vernon Whitford in *The Egotist;* Mr. Micawber; certain personages in recent novels of Mr. H. G. Wells; and, we believe, sweet Milly Theale in *The Wings of the Dove.* To the latter class belong an immense number of characters, ranging from Sir Willoughby Patterne and Mr. Rochester to the Prince in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and the heroes or heroines of innumerable unimportant stories of amorous or political intrigue. It is odd to recall the blunders some writers have made when attacking this problem. Trollope, rarely a sound critic (he was much too plodding and level-headed to be that, for all critics should have reckless and splendid enthusiasms) when he was analysing Blanche Amory in *Pendennis* came across this passage: "For this young lady was not able to carry out any emotion to the full, but had a sham enthusiasm, a sham hatred, a sham love, a sham taste, a sham grief; each of which flared and shone very vehemently for an instant, but subsided, and gave place to the next sham emotion." He was moved thereupon to write: "Thackeray, when he drew this portrait, must certainly have had some special young lady in his view." It may or may not have been so; but nothing is less likely if we are to suppose this a rule. Thackeray was one of the creators; in the general flow of his mind he, in common with others, was able to imagine and to "describe" almost at will those who should best carry on his scheme. Incidentally, a few pages earlier in the book Trollope unconsciously assumes his proper aspect by stating didactically: "The object of a novel should be to instruct in morals while it amuses."

It would seem that in many cases the strenuous efforts made by certain modern writers to obtain "local color" are unnecessary. "The description of the characters is well done," says the routine reviewer—as though he referred to a joint of beef; and perhaps the characters, speaking strictly, were not "described" at all, but were subjective, called into being by that ready inward vision, to be scrutinized and noted as fit themes by the brain, half producer, half critic. Introspection, at its most subtle stage of refinement, is here in full employment; but it is not precisely the faculty or process depicted by those whose business it

is to study the intricacies of the mind. "Introspection," wrote a noted psychologist, "is very often the direct inspection and perception of experience, whereby its different elements and their aspects are classified, tabulated and compared. When we have to deal with complex experiences or trains of experiences, we must often reconstruct them gradually in repeated trials by memory, and if we fancy our memories may deceive us, try to register their simplest or most distinct effects, and by the study of these ensure a better and fuller remembrance and description of them." This, however, will not help us at all to comprehend the inward vision of the creative artist; so far from finding the elements of his experience "classified, tabulated and compared," he has often *to make his experiences for himself.*

It is perfectly true, of course, that we cannot imagine anything of which we have previously had no knowledge. We can picture a flying cow, but we are familiar with cows and with wings; we can see with the mind's eye distant rivers and mountains and icy wastes as described by explorers, but we are familiar with their component parts. We cannot conceive, try how we will, an animal lacking head and body and tail; nothing so extraordinary has ever come within our range. Even the strenuous ingenuity of Swift could merely exaggerate humanity in the Brobdingnagians, diminish it in the Lilliputians, and distort it in the Houyhnhnms. From the persons and places and objects which we have seen and read of, from the conversations we have heard, it is possible, however, to construct any number of combinations and elaborations. On a basis of fact, the imaginative artist builds a structure so firm and shapely and imposing and sometimes so beautiful that he wins from the world the final, incontrovertible title of creator, even though we know quite well that what we behold is but his dreaming made manifest.

The mediocre novelist, entertaining though he may be, and skilful at his task by using the impalpable, diffused "material" accumulated by his busy brain, never reaches this stage. His characters may have individuality, may be recognizable and well differentiated, but they fail to move us. Individuality and personality are two very different attributes: the one is the mechanical working model, the other the living, breathing man. Illustrations may easily be drawn from the books of acknowledged masters. Trol-

lope, for instance, was a master of the art of mere story-telling, but his people are organisms of a low degree of vitality. Their movements interest us exceedingly, but they never become as intimate friends or arouse a definite enmity; we meet them with pleasure, we leave them without a sigh. Even Mary Thorne, perhaps the most attractive woman he has given us, losses her value the moment the tale closes with her marriage to Frank Gresham—we feel that she has accomplished her life's work, has held out bravely until the last knot of a clever tangle has been unravelled, but that the impact of her personality has been very trifling.

To examine, by way of contrast, the work of a master such as George Meredith is to realize a difference that is startling. Despite the almost metallic brilliance of the conversation in such a book as *One of Our Conquerors*—a brilliance which has at times even a disruptive tendency—we are forced to feel the problem of Victor and Nataly; we are smirched with the lost honor; the crash of the terrible final collapse rings in our ears; and, though we prefer to regard Meredith as artist rather than moralist, the message thunders at us from the ruins. Here is a triumph of personality in fiction. The creative mystery is no less vivid in the work of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Who can fail to visualise Tess as a suffering human being? We set the story aside to think of her and her troubles; the grim pursuit of fate reacts upon the reader; the creation of the novelist's brain has achieved the garb of flesh, has walked and talked with us. And in one respect Mr. Hardy has the advantage of Meredith: his minor characters, almost without exception, are as convincing as his heroes and his heroines. If we take another example, from the work of Mr. Henry James, we are on more delicate ground; he has his select circle, and it increases but slowly. Few would venture to deny his paramount creative power, his projection of a score of living fictional personalities. Turning back to Charles Dickens, we find the line of demarcation between individuality and personality difficult to draw; in so many cases Dickens invented some easy, exaggerated peculiarity for his characters and let it stand as a label of sure identification—a mean way of shuffling out of the true creative task. Certain of his chief characters—Uriah Heep, for example—simply " give away " the trick—albeit the trick of a superb craftsman. Yet we are bound to concede that creation went

hand in hand with observation in so amusing a couple as the Wellers, and that in some instances, such as the Cheeryble brothers, Captain Cuttle, Mr. Pecksniff, Mary Tapley, and others that will be brought to mind by a moment's reflection, Dickens succeeded in reaching a more purely creative plane.

Is, then, the creative mystery exhibited so freely by so many exponents, explicable as a matter of practice or perseverance? The men whom we have considered were men of the active world, competent and shrewd; Charlotte Brontë, compared with them, was a secluded flower in a country garden. Wherein lies the secret?

For a satisfactory reply to this question we should clear from our minds the notion that travel and wide experience of the world are necessary elements in the composition of the creative force; we must contemplate the point briefly in the light of pure psychology. Tremendous adventures of the soul may take place in an armchair by the fire. "The man's true life," said Robert Louis Stevenson in an inspired passage, "for which he consents to live, may lie altogether in the fields of fancy. The clergyman in his spare hours may be winning battles, the farmer sailing ships, the banker reaping triumphs in the arts." And if, as a modern poet-philosopher has put it, "all that happens to us is divinely great, and we are always in the centre of a great world," we may be certain that the creative impulse has abundance of material to labor upon when its subtle urgings begin, scanty though its field may seem to the superficial observer. Scorning the limitations of the body, the mind sets forth, exploring, hovering, selecting and rejecting, exulting in the perpetual variety of its vision and the perfection of its freedom. Placing its own conceptions within other imagined minds, it watches them develop and move independently, and thrills to find them suddenly endowed with separate life, working out their unearthly destinies, equipped with volition and a sphere of action.

Can it, then, capture this wonder, snare it confidently in the net of words?—for without this entirely distinct and final process all far flights of creative fancy must be in vain. The artist, controlling, patient, persistent, compels himself to answer this question, which is ever before him. The sculptor, seeing the statue in the block of shapeless marble, may know inspiration and despair; but with quick, careful

hand he chisels away the rough surface until the desired outline appears. So is it with the creative literary artist: sometimes eager, sometimes downcast, he strives to finish that last necessary labor by which alone his dream may be sent abroad to enchant his fellows. Yet, just as miracles might be termed the language of heaven, whose transcendent alphabet we mortals are able to scan and puzzle out letter by letter, so the human creator feels that he is but piecing together faithfully the smallest sentences in a majestic language which as yet is not clearly apprehended. One who has spent a long life in the exposition of complex relationships and interactions assures us that he is compelled to realise that so far he has touched the merest outer fringe of his chosen subject; yet he has penetrated farther than most men into this mysterious region of wraiths, fantasies, echoes and undertones. He is humbled, as we all are when a glimpse of the truth takes us by surprise, at the splendor of the vision and the incompetence of the interpreter; he feels that the greatest of us suffers a sense of artistic destitution—he sits, poised, hesitant and abashed, with pen in unready hand, before the presence of beauty that makes him ache to record its lightest reflections—to *create,* in an earthly medium, the fashion of spiritual things.

Astonishingly, indeed, have we travelled in our quest: We have seen that the creative artist may be the silent central point of a brilliant universe; that his experiences may be love-laden without love; convivial without companions; spacious and assured without wanderings in strange lands; agitated and impetuous without discordant voices; furious and wounded without the shock of battle; and that the secret thoughts of a man, his memories and fancies, incommunicable unless he pleases, compose, in the most profound and significant sense, his life itself, wherein as to friendly shelter he may withdraw, secure, unapproachable, supremely content, to give forth in due time the adventures of his soul.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

SOME BROWNING REMINISCENCES

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

In *Memorabilia* Browning wrote:

> Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
> And did he stop and speak to you,
> And did you speak to him again!
> How strange it seems and new!

He wrote these stanzas on the poet and the man whom he admired beyond most other poets; whom he praised in prose, speaking of "this young Titan of genius, murmuring in divine music his human ignorance, through his very thirst for knowledge, and his rebellion, in mere aspiration to law. But I prefer to look for his highest attainment, not simply the high,—and seeing it, I hold by it. There is surely enough of the work 'Shelley' to be known enduringly among men, and, I believe, to be accepted of God, as human work may." So it is I who write these words who had high privilege, denied by Shelley's death to Browning, of meeting Browning once, and once only.

My *Introduction to the Study of Browning* was printed in 1886, when I was living in the country. I sent copies of the book to George Meredith, Robert Browning and Walter Pater. Before then I had written to Meredith, sending him, with the printed proofs, my intended dedication. He answered in this noble and august letter, saying:

> I am honoured by the proposal to dedicate your book to me, and accept with a full sense of the distinction. Permit me, however, to name one reserve. I should be pained by your public statement that I am the "greatest of living novelists." It rings invidiously. As to Browning, my love of him runs beside yours: yet even in his case, whatever you and I may think, the term "greatest" strikes a harsh

note in many ears. Your just eulogy sufficiently establishes that high poetic worth. It seems to me that the measure of greatness belongs to posterity. As regards me, personally, there is, you are aware, a heavy opposition that would not brook the epithet. I may well shrink from superlatives of praise.

I changed the terms of the dedication, which satisfied him. In reply to my sending him my printed book, he wrote:

I have gone through it with advantage—with some of my old thrills of love for him, when as a boy I chafed at the reviews of *Bells and Pomegranates*. You have done knightly service to a brave leader.

Browning wrote to me from Llangollen, saying:

How can I manage to thank—much more praise—what, in its generosity and appreciation, makes the poorest recognition "come too near the praising of myself"? It does indeed strike me as wonderful that you should have given such patient attention to all these poems, and (if I dare say farther) so thoroughly entered into—at any rate—the spirit in which they were written, and the purpose they helped to serve.

Pater wrote to me from Brasenose College, saying:

Accept my sincere thanks for your very interesting and useful volume on Browning, one of my best loved writers.

He gave me his address in London, adding:

where I should be much pleased to make your acquaintance, should you be able at any time to give me a call.

I called on Pater two years after he had written to me: the result was an intimate acquaintance with him which ended about two years before his death.

James Dykes Campbell had read all my proof-sheets, covering them with a network of criticisms, to the immense advantage of my prose. I must, I think, have made his acquaintance at least a year before that unforgettable Sunday, August 25th, 1889, when he introduced me to Browning. And here I give a few words in regard to the most helpful and judicious friend whom I could possibly have had at my elbow.

To the general public he was scarcely a name, at most a set of initials, "J. D. C."; and it was not until the recent publication of his extraordinarily careful edition of Coleridge's poems, and of the minute and masterly Life of Cole-

ridge, that his name was ever seen on the title-page of a book. Yet he was a specialist in a particular branch of literary scholarship, the greatest living authority on Coleridge, Lamb, Wordsworth, and their circle; and his general literary knowledge was probably as extended, and certainly as exact, as that of any contemporary student and critic of letters. Widely read in modern literature, with a strict taste in the appreciation of it, he discovered for himself most of the eminent writers of his time, long before the public had become aware of their existence; but it was no part of his province, as he conceived that province, to proclaim his discoveries. Few men so widely and so profoundly gifted have ever subordinated themselves so completely to the most thankless of literary duties, and to the helpfulness of a disinterested literary conscience. Never professing to be a scholar, he gave his life to the drudgery of a minute, and for the most part unrecognized, literary scholarship. He desired no fame, sought for no rewards, allowed himself no privileges but the passionate satisfaction of an absolute exactitude. People who wrote books on any of the subjects in which he took especial interest came to him with their proof-sheets, and he rewrote their books for them. No name is so frequently referred to with gratitude at the end of prefaces, but few are aware how much is meant by these acknowledgments of help received. He was Quixotic in his disinterestedness; and as truly as it may be said that he devoted his life to an idea of scholarship, so truly may it be said that he devoted his life to an ideal of friendship. He would not allow his friends to do without him. Nor was this helpfulness confined to literature. There are some who look upon him as at once the guide and comrade of their lives: tireless in kindness, constant and unerring in counsel, such a friend as a man may hardly meet twice in a lifetime. And for those even who knew him but slightly he had the charm of a gentle, humorous, and instinctively winning nature, the entertainment of a singularly vivid and varied personality. That personality is scarcely to be realized from his published writings: it can only be truly apprehended from his private letters, which, in their pithiness, wit, and felicity of conversational style, might be taken as models of familiar letter-writing. Here, again, he gave the best of himself to his friends, who alone can estimate at their true value the fineness of a nature, the keenness of an intellect, the charm of a tempera-

ment, which were never submitted to the general judgment of the world.

As a matter of fact, in November, 1887, I had sent Dykes Campbell a poem of mine called *The Revenge*. I quote from his letter this anecdote:

> I wanted, before writing, to get a chance of showing your *Revenge* to Browning. Opportunities came, but were always interrupted—but this afternoon late I caught the great man alone with his sister and handed him the MS. without a word. Until he turned the leaf I believe he thought the lines were mine. He read them through and said: "That's very good," and he read them again and said, "*very* good, very good *indeed*." The story he knew in Stendhal, "but the ending is original and very fine indeed." I told him how thoroughly I was of that opinion, and asked if I might gratify you by telling you his. And he replied: "Certainly. I hope you will tell Mr. Symons that I think very highly of the poem. I have only one suggestion to make—to alter the rhyme at the ends —*then* and *vain*. That's a trifle, easily managed."

Of course I took his suggestion and changed the wrong rhyme into the right one. The lines run now as follows:—

> and lo,
> She rose, she caught it, all her face one glow,
> And clasped it to her bosom, and smiled again,
> And died.
> So my revenge had been in vain.

On the 22nd of August, 1889, I wrote to Campbell proposing that I might, if it were convenient to him, run up to London the next day. I received a wire: "Please come, delighted to take you to see Browning. Campbell." I arrived at Victoria Road early on Sunday morning: the arrangement was that we were to go to 29 De Vere Gardens, where Browning lived. On the way Campbell said to me that he had just looked in to see if Browning would be willing to see me, and that Browning had said: "I am *always* glad to see anyone that you bring to me, but I shall be *particularly* glad to see Mr. Symons."

As soon as Campbell had introduced me, Browning shook my hand, saying how delighted he was to see me; and he drew me right across the long room, holding me by the hand; then he thrust me, in a way peculiar to him, into an armchair by his side. There sat beside me the great Poet whom I had adored to the point of idolatry: the man in the Poet visibly

there; for in the greatest of poets the genius is seen in the man.

I still recall Browning's violence of voice; it had the whole gamut of music, it vibrated, it thrilled me, by certain touches of rare magic in it. His gestures were sudden, spontaneous, wrenched out of him by the need of adding gesticulation to words, after the fashion of foreigners. And foreign enough he seemed to me then!

While we were talking of Poe's prose, I referred to *The Raven,* and to his curious analysis of that strange poem's creation. In spite of his use of a classical metre, the form of the stanza and the use of triple rhymes are inventions. "My own," he wrote proudly on it, "has at least the merit of being my own. No writer, living or dead, has ever employed anything resembling it." Baudelaire wrote: "Certain people who have read the singular poem *The Raven* might be scandalized if I analyzed the article, where our poet has apparently ingenuously, but with a slight impertinence that I cannot blame, minutely explained the form of construction he has used, the adaptation of the rhythm, the choice of a refrain,—the briefest possible and the most susceptible of varied applications, and at the same time representative of melancholy and of despair, with one sonorous rhyme (*Nevermore*); the choice of a bird capable of imitating the human voice, the raven, usually supposed by one's imagination to be fatal and funereal; the choice of sentiments of melancholy and of love for one that is dead. So he placed the hero of his poem in a poor position, because poverty is trivial and contrary to the idea of the Beautiful. So has melancholy had for abode a room magnificently and poetically finished." "I have said," he continues, "that this article seemed to me salted by a slight impertinence. The partisans of inspiration perhaps may not fail to find here a blasphemy and a profanation; but I believe that it was for them that the article was specially written."

Poe himself, with his usual insolence, wrote, when this poem was printed in 1845 in *The Evening Mirror,* signed "Quaker," a note, unsigned, in which he says: "The following lines from a correspondent, besides the deep, quaint strain of the sentiment, and the curious introduction of some ludicrous touches amidst the serious and irrepressible, as was doubtless intended by the author—appear to us one of the most felicitous specimens of unique rhyming which has

for some time met our eye. Alliteration is nearly the only effect of a kind of unrhymed verse which the ancients had in common with us. It will be seen that much of the melody of *The Raven* arises from alliteration, and the studious use of similar sounds in unusual places."

Mrs. Browning, then Miss Barrett, wrote of it in a letter:

> This vivid writing! this power which is felt! *The Raven* has produced a sensation—a fit horror here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it, and some by the music. Our great poet, Robert Browning, the author of *Paracelsus* and *Bells and Pomegranates,* was much struck by the rhythm of that poem.

Now it was Browning himself who told me and Dykes Campbell that a certain Buchanan Read had said to him that Poe had described to him the whole process of the composition of his poem, and declared that the suggestion of it lay wholly in a line from *Lady Geraldine's Courtship:*

> With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain;

a line he compared with his:

> And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain.

"'And every word a lie,' said old Read," said Browning to me.

Browning talked of his grandfather—so original a man—and of Tennyson, whom he praised generously. Then began a discussion between the three of us concerning the question of long and short poems. I audaciously contended that poems ought to be short; evidently remembering the saying of Poe "that a long poem does not exist." Browning declared that he saw merit in magnitude, with picturesque comparisons. One comparison that greatly struck me was that between "a nut and a mountain." I saw then that he was thinking of *The Ring and the Book;* and I imagined that, always, the entire throng of his creations were moving in the hollow of his mind.

Then he spoke of a letter he had just had from Tennyson: "it was something *sacred,* he would not on any account that it got into the newspapers; even the fact that he had it; he could not show it to us, it was too sacred." All this he said in a voice of genuine emotion. By hazard I spoke of Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm.* "Have we

read it, Sis?'' he asked Miss Browning, who had joined the group. No, she had not.

All this while Campbell had been conversing with Sarianna, to give me the chance of having my whole talk out with Browning. Nor did any of us imagine for an instant that we should never again see Browning. For, as we left, he shook my hand very warmly, expressing the hope of seeing me again when he had returned from Venice to London.

So it was with a great shock that I heard from the lips of my mother that Browning was dead.

II

In their later work all great poets use foreshortening. They get greater subtlety by what they omit, and suggest to the imagination. Browning, in his later period, suggests to the intellect, and to that only. Hence his difficulty, which is not a poetic difficulty; not a cunning simplification of method like Shakespeare's, who gives us no long speeches of undiluted, undramatic poetry, but poetry everywhere like life blood.

Browning's whole life was divided equally between two things: love and art. He subtracted nothing from the one by which to increase the other; between them they occupied his whole nature, in each he was equally supreme. *Men and Women* and the love-letters are the double swing of the same pendulum; at the center sits the soul, impelled and impelling. Outside those two forms of his greatness Browning had none, and one he concealed from the world. It satisfied him to exist as he did, knowing what he was, and showing no more of himself to those about him than the outside of a courteous gentleman. Nothing in him blazed through, in the uncontrollable manner of those who are most easily recognized as great men. His secret was his own, and still, to many, remains so.

Browning's letters have been condemned by those who are ashamed of the nakedness of truth. It was out of human charity that Browning allowed the revelation of this gospel of love. It leaves all other love letters in an outer sanctuary. And they are almost all written as asides. As Mrs. Browning noted in *Sordello,* his mind worked forward in circles, illustrating and developing every idea with a kind of tenacious imaginative ingenuity. He cannot state a fact simply, or express an idea without lingering over all its corollaries.

In his desire to be minutely explicit, he uses what are never found in his poetry, italics for emphasis, further complicated by a multitude of dashes, with notes of interrogation meant to give a subtle new turn to a statement nearly completed. He labors to say more than words can say; and is now dragged back by them, now sets them gloriously alight. Some of his finest flashes of poetry, his rarest images, his most intricate intuitions, almost terrifying in their certainty, are to be found in these letters, annihilating a crammed pedantic discourse. Under all this flowing and tossing to and fro there is visible a steady current, which no obstacle can keep back from its course to the sea. This mind, which whirls, never hesitates. Whatever is, to Browning, is from eternity. No man was ever more sure of himself, so certain of right and wrong, so confident in God, so content with life. He knows love at sight, and then has only one height to climb after another, one glory after another to put on. A sober and unbending ecstasy runs from end to end of the letters, like continuous lightning. They are the stammering of the divine child Love.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

CULTURE

BY WILLIAM CHASE GREENE

THAT this is the age of the child, we can no longer doubt. His pretty lisp has become our text-book; our very gospel bids us seek his smile. The old-fashioned teacher has learned to go to school that he may sit at the feet of his pupils. Nor is there any hypocrisy about the relation. We have not forgotten the proud manifesto of the pedagogue who declared, "I don't try to teach my pupils anything; I try to educate them by encouraging them to express their personalities." Indeed, in the doctrine of the Roman lady who personifies the children's movement may be recognized only a guarded application to children of the motto devised for the cultivated inmates of the Abbaye de Thélème—"*Fay ce que voudras.*" We have brought the elective system from the university to the cradle.

Yet it is not only in the school and in the nursery that the child reigns. In the theatre, in the Sunday paper and the illustrated magazine, amid the monstrous *bonhomie* of the smoking-room, one may hear his amiable prattle. But it is a serious child, grown old in the art of introspection. "Let the other fellows alone," says he, "and come and hear me talk. You know I'm not really a bad fellow; I have seen a great deal of life, and my sense of humor is sublime. As for culture, I have some of the latest ideas, including a number of my own."

Though the cult of the child has triumphed, there are still some who think it worth while to do battle for the cause. A contemporary essayist, Mr. Randolph Bourne, would have us believe that we in America are still in a state of unhappy tutelage; he calls upon us to throw aside our humility in the presence of our elders and to assert our native culture. "Let the children be heard, as well as seen," he seems to

cry. Too long we have carried the ancients upon our shoulders; let us get rid of the strangling burden. Above all, he would have us repudiate the notion, the responsibility for which he attributes largely to so recent a writer as Matthew Arnold, that culture is something that can be acquired by conformity to alien standards. In order to foster our infant culture, he would favor, one is tempted to infer, high protection against foreign culture.

The effect of Mr. Bourne's argument is seriously damaged, however, when we reflect on the small extent to which the alien culture has penetrated our life. It was not long ago that the rich man in a Western mushroom town decided to use some of his newly-earned money for the common good; Leadville should have a theatre. When he went to see the completed building, he found a large bust in the entrance hall. "Who's that?" he asked of the architect. "The bust? Oh, that's Shakespeare," was the reply. "Shakespeare? What did he do for Leadville?" he retorted with some irritation, and directed that his own photograph be set up in the place of the bust. There is a sad bit of truth in the murmur of this child. What, indeed, had Shakespeare done for Leadville? What has he done for most of us? It does not seem worth while to castigate us for offences that most of us have hardly contemplated; we do not know this alien culture too well.

Or is it the few who are leading astray the many? The academic world is accused of fostering a false ideal of culture, because of its preponderant interest in accepted classics, with its partial neglect of the modern thinkers who have not yet been canonized. This patent form of the protectionist argument assumes, what is by no means true, that forms of culture are engaged in rivalry, and that domestic production suffers from the competition of foreign brands of the same article. Of course exactly the opposite is the case; culture is not a commodity, nor can it be measured in terms of quantity. Certainly, it is "not an acquired familiarity with things outside, but an inner and constantly operating taste, a fresh and responsive power of discrimination, and the insistent judging of everything that comes to our minds and senses." Such a quality the child of genius may possess, and may develop without any assistance from without; but it has been left to our generation to discover that every child is a child of genius, and that it matters

nothing whether he make himself familiar with great works or with little. The order in which we are to appreciate works of art should proceed, we are now told, from what is contemporary and minor to what is remote and austere. True, we do not need to be reminded that, to the average man, Hecuba is less than Huckleberry Finn. But to some it will not appear absurd to suggest that one's appreciation of Huckleberry Finn may be more complete if one has already learned to know Hecuba. Moreover, the argument for beginning with the minor work is not that the understanding of what is good breeds understanding of what is better, but that for the child-like mind it is easier to be interested in what seems to be its natural environment than to journey to more distant fields. The argument is an appeal to the vanity of suburban provincialism; that is at once its weakness and its strength. For although motives of expediency may suggest that we try to build the larger interest on the foundation given us by the smaller, to convert provincialism into national or international devotion, to persuade the child to turn his attention gradually away from himself, there is at least an even chance that our attempt will be checked in mid-course. If we try to approach Dickens by way of the current magazine, we may never progress further than the works of O. Henry.

The whole appeal to the remote and the foreign is perhaps that at which Mr. Bourne lashes with most determination. The "tyranny of the 'best' objectifies all our taste," he writes; it is in opposition to "that inner taste which is the only sincere culture." Here we seem to have come to the heart of the matter; what our critic is really concerned about opposing is the " objectification " of taste. Is there then any measure of permanency in the standards of culture? It is Mr. Bourne himself who has said it; for, as he tells us, the classics in France are not a canon; "but each successive generation finds them redolent of those qualities which are characteristically French." From such a position it seems to be an exceedingly small step to the classical view of art, which believes not in a closed canon, but in various types of experience which every generation finds to be characteristically human. If there be such types of experience, we are happily done with the question of objective standards of taste; we have learned that a great book is not of perennial interest because it is a classic, rather it must be

called a classic because of its perennial interest. Further, it is France, the country that is commended for wearing her culture so lightly, that has in recent years shown the most remarkable concern about her failing hold on the culture of the past. For she has still the wit to see that what is worn lightly must yet be held securely. It is the late-learner, not the life-long scholar, who becomes the pedant.

One is therefore inclined to feel little indignation at our subservience, whatever it may have been, to the culture of the old world. If we have not mastered it to such an extent that it is no longer a burden, we can not have made it our own to an excessive degree. We need not be afraid of knowing the old world too well; if such knowledge crushes our individuality, it must be an individuality unworthy of preservation. And to resent friendly comparison with the old culture must be the mark either of cowardice or of churlishness. If we have produced thinkers of power and originality, as indeed we have done, we need not fear the co-operation of others.

Such an ideal by no means involves a quantitative notion of culture. A new book read, a new friendship gained, these mean more than numerical accessions to a catalogue of experiences; they mean that all the past and all the future must be surveyed in a new light. The prejudice against the "tyranny of the 'best' " is an academic phase of the child's unwillingness to learn from the experience of others. A contemporary critic has reminded the world that "*on ne peut pas porter partout avec soi le cadavre de son père.*" Never was a witty saying more false. We all carry with us, wherever we go, the bodies of our fathers, not, it is true, lifeless and on our shoulders, but living within us, wrought into the fibre of our being. And we could more easily walk without our ancestral bones than we could get rid of the heritage of culture which is ours by right, and which encumbers us only because we have not learned to take it for granted. It is ours because, try as we will, we can not get rid of the common humanity that is the fountain of all culture. We may ignore it for a time; it may take a burned child to make a wise child. But whether we learn by education or by intuition or by the buffets of hard experience, we must come to recognize, sooner or later, the social character of all true culture; and then in a kind of humility that is akin to pride we shall subscribe to a declaration of dependence.

If we bear in ourselves at every step the bodies of our fathers, we are nevertheless at all times something more than reincarnations of them. Not only do we live their old lives anew, but we make them our own by our constant discovery of new meaning in the experience that is both theirs and ours. Nevertheless, there is no absolute gap between the old and the new, no point at which humanity must stand still, unable to comprehend itself. The genius that planned the Parthenon is not the same as that which shaped the Cathedral of Chartres; neither are the two immeasurably removed one from the other.

It may be that we lose something by caring a little, if we do care, for the immemorial forms of beauty and of life. It may be that a perverse interest in the dead has blinded us to the living; it may be that we have been too ready to regard the genius in our midst as a mere freak. Such a misfortune is not impossible; to many it will not appear imminent. To many we seem far more ready to hail the freak as a genius, to elaborate fads into solemn dogma, to humor each fancy of the eternal child. Few things, it is true, are more delightful to watch than the spontaneous dance of children, if it be unhampered by the prompting of older folk. Some serious-minded people maintain quite literally that the child's dance should be the model of all art, simply because it is a free and unpremeditated expression of joy. If we could remain children all our lives, the free and unpremeditated expression of joy might remain our highest form of art; certainly, it is a pity ever to outgrow the love of it. Yet if our faith in the cult of the child is shaken, if the horizon of the nursery window seems to grow, we can not forever find the same delight in the dance of the nursery. The mature dance of the ballroom is doubtless an imperfect expression of joy. Yet it may have graces of its own; nor should we ever forget that it is not the lady that has danced her half-score of seasons, but the school-boy, who is annoyed by its conventions, and who finds his feet "in the way."

That our national culture should be characteristically American, may be important; it is of far greater importance that it shall be the expression of our interest in common humanity. Further, a mature and well-balanced interest in humanity, and that is what the distressing word "culture" means, is of necessity a personal matter; one can not be

interested in anything by proxy. Any artist who is worthy of consideration expresses what he himself feels, whatever his feelings may be: in the same way, the public, unless it has a greater power of self-deception than one is inclined to believe possible, will for no long time profess a regard for something that it despises. The danger of our generation is not a prejudice in favor of an imagined "best," but a tendency to assume that all our judgments have the finality of the Last Judgment. Is it not better to test, without prejudice or arrogance, the worth of many types of experience? It seems fruitless to reproach any man for having found his interest in humanity by devious paths. Wherever he may have found it, however strange the manner of his quest, if it is in itself valuable, and if he has made it his own, that is all that we have a right to ask.

William Chase Greene.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE DESCENT OF A POET[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

In an essay upon the painter Watts, that humane and gifted Irishman who writes under the pseudonym of "A. E." observes that Watts "was not the first distinguished man whose intellect has not proved equal to explaining rightly its sources of power." Now A. E. is himself not only a man of indubitable distinction—one of the first of living Irishmen: he is a man spiritually distinguished above any of his compatriots who are visible, at this distance, to foreign eyes—a man of noble and magnanimous imagination, a devout mystic, a poet of genius; and of him it might be said that, like Watts, he mistakes the true sources of his intellectual power.

We found A. E.'s enlightening comment in the newly published collection of his prose-writings, and as we read it, we related it to another passage in the same volume which had perplexed and disturbed us. This other passage occurs in a study of the poetry of James Stephens, that fantastically charming countryman of A. E.'s whom he discovered and sponsored. "With writers like . . . Stephens," says A. E., "the Celtic imagination is leaving its Tirnanoges, its Ildathacs, its Many Colored Lands and impersonal moods, and is coming down to earth intent on vigorous life and individual humanity."

We shall not say that this sounded to us a little petulant, but rather that it sounded amazingly and disconcertingly like an echo from our own cherished Philistia of criticism: we almost fancied that we could hear in it the voice of any one of our various champions of "red-blooded" art, those robust and confident souls whose intellectual hardiness is

[1] *Imaginations and Reveries*, by A. E. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1916.

manifested chiefly in their deathless affection for the epithet "virile." We had supposed, however, that this sturdy contempt for the aërial was peculiar to that cultural state which reverences Mr. Jack London and Mr. Kipling, at his worst; yet here is A. E., that dreamer of dreamers, that priest of the esoteric, that most subtle of poetic metaphysicians, girding at those "fastidious scorners of everyday and its interests," those "poets of the transient look and the evanescent light," who, he complains, "do not help us to live our daily life" [a phrase that sounds as if it had been born at Northfield, Mass., in the heyday of Mr. Moody]: those poets who, if they were in love, loved a woman "less for her own sake than because some turn of her head . . . . carried their impetuous imaginations past her beauty into memories of Helen of Troy, Deirdre, or some other symbol of that remote and perfect beauty which, however man desires, he shall embrace only at the end of time."

And so it comes about that A. E., incorrigible visionary, mystic rhapsodist, initiate of spiritual solitudes: A. E., who might once have been overheard saying, with Shelley, to some adored and ineffable Loveliness:

> Beloved and most beautiful, who wearest
> The shadow of that soul by which I live,—

A. E., who was wont to listen with exaltation to the voice that sings out of the *Bhagavad Gita:*

> I am Beauty itself amid beautiful things,—

this, we say, that was once A. E., is now made happy by the "human quality," as he cheerily calls it, in this line by Mr. Stephens:

> . . . . O, it was sweet
> To hear a cart go jolting down the street.

It was twenty years ago that we first came upon certain poems by A. E. that seemed to us as nobly and rapturously lyrical as anything in Blake, and with an idiosyncrasy of beauty and a quality of spiritual passion which suggested no precise analogue. There was nothing in English poetry at all like them, in fact. The art of A. E. was not so exquisite, nor was the verse so transporting in sheer tonal charm, as the art and verse of the magician Yeats; but this poetry spread its wings in altitudes unvisited by the

singer of enchanted woods and faery seas, and in its fusing of mystical aspiration and intensity of utterance it was, at its best, without precedent or parallel. Here was poetry that flowed from the deepest fountains of the spirit, yet poetry that was not merely noble and devout, but of entrancing loveliness: poetry which gave us some things that will remain unforgettable so long as English is used as an instrument of exalted speech—such things as:

> The vast and wandering dream of night
> Rolled on above our tears. . . . .

or this:

> I am the heartbreak over fallen things. . . . .

or this verse of wonderful and most moving inspiration:

> We kiss because God once for beauty
> Sought amid a world of dreams.

Such was the A. E. of a score of years ago: a poet who was at once sage and artist, a master of life and a weaver of beauty. But to be merely a seer and a singer was not for A. E., apparently, a satisfying destiny. It would be impertinent to dispute the supposed need for an extension of that destiny; but it is permissible to remark and to regret it. A. E. is no longer the mere philosopher and poet, the uplifted visionary and rhapsodist, of two decades ago: he has, in his own surprising phrase, "come down to earth." He is now George Russell, "co-operative economist," agricultural reformer, industrial theorist and organizer, enlightened publicist; an expert in creameries, credit-banks, fertilizers; and his *Co-operation and Nationality,* as Mr. Ernest A. Boyd told us with a fellow-countryman's pride a year ago in these pages, "has been affectionately termed 'the Bible of the Irish Co-operator.' "

Well, one cannot—or one must not—quarrel with a poet who elects to devote himself to social amelioration, to practical public service; and yet . . . . there are many kinds of service, and even a poet may serve. Also, there are many enlightened economists, many experts in creameries and credit-banks; there are even many efficient idealists: but there are few poets of genius—even in this day of the Awakened Muse, when the poet is a man of property, and has a ticker beside his writing-desk, and can quote you yesterday's closing price in Steel or Union Pacific as readily as

a stanza of Keats'. Yet you will perhaps end by agreeing with A. E.'s chronicler, Mr. Boyd, that, being "a born teacher of men, it was a characteristic impulse that led him to flee from the possible sterility of a purely meditative, literary activity, and to throw himself into the world of agricultural reorganization"—it being known to all, of course, that no teacher of men can possibly function as a mere poet.

So today A. E. writes chiefly prose, and makes that almost wholly a vehicle for the promotion of his social and economic doctrines. But we who remember the A. E. of old cannot but wonder if he ever thinks now of that Ireland which is remote from the Ireland of the enlightened co-operative economist—that Ireland not built by hands—of which, in the forgotten nineties, he wrote with so clear a vision. "The faculty of abstracting from the land their eyes beheld," he said then, "another Ireland through which they wandered in dream, has always been a characteristic of the Celtic poets. This inner Ireland which the visionary eye saw was the Tirnanoge, the Country of Immortal Youth, for they people it only with the young and beautiful. It was the Land of the Living Heart, a tender name which showed that it had become dearer than the heart of woman, and overtopped all other dreams as the last hope of the spirit, the bosom where it would rest after it had passed from the fading shelter of the world. And sure a strange and beautiful land this Ireland is, with a mystic beauty which closes the eyes of the body as in sleep and opens the eyes of the spirit as in dreams; and never a poet has lain on our hillsides but gentle, stately figures, with hearts shining like the sun, move through his dreams, over radiant grasses, in an enchanted world of their own; and it has become alive through every haunted rath and wood and mountain and lake, so that we can hardly think of it otherwise than as the shadow of the thought of God. . . . ."

If all Irishmen of genius are to turn into co-operative economists, or are to emigrate to America, or be executed by the British Government, what is to become of Tirnanoge?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL

(From a speech by the editor of this REVIEW at the Waldorf-Astoria on May 8, 1913, replying to an address by the Vice-President, in which he attacked New York as a city of the rich and declared that the power of taxation should be used to reduce individual fortunes to a maximum of $100,000.)

EVERY statesman who comes to this town nowadays from as far west as Rahway feels it to be not only his privilege, but his most distinct obligation, to "warn" New York. He calls it bearding the lion in his den. That is the way he invariably begins. It is a good way, too, because he thus avoids wounding the sensibilities of our traditional tiger and at the same time conveys to the folks at home a sense of his own dauntless spirit. He really has no need to manifest either courage or defiance. We never think of hurting such an one. We never even indicate disapproval of our own chastisement. We simply sit and listen, and when it is over we return placidly to our homes and yawn ourselves to sleep. In other words, we here have become so used to being reprimanded that scolding has become noticeable only by its absence.

And we never complain. What's the use? We know we are bad and we know that those who chide us and the communities from which they hail are good. Else, of course, they would not be so presumptuous as to mark the distinction to our faces. So we take our medicine in halls like this about twice a week, on the average, during the speaking season, and we ask no questions that we may hear no lies.

But what does the stateman from west of Rahway warn us about? Ah, gentlemen, that we never know. He does not tell. Mind you, he never threatens. Always he speaks in sorrow rather than in anger. Usually, being himself broadminded and worldly-wise, he disavows personal responsibility for his utterances. He merely reflects the opinions of others—the "great mass" of others who live at a distance and think loudly. He deprecates the tendency among his fellows. It gives him a pain. But there it is. It exists. And what can he as a patriot and a statesman do except to admonish us who are of the inferior flesh and not of the superior spirit?

Our latest monitory visitor was our worthy Vice-President. He had come almost directly from the place of his nativity, Columbus City, Indiana, which rests on the banks of the river Eel. His pur-

pose was to inaugurate a four-years' period of perfect silence. He did it admirably. The aching void was filled to overflowing. As a Democrat, I was proud. I had to be. We are in power. At least, some of us are. And the occurrence is sufficiently rare to make gratification obligatory. So it was some occasion. We were all from Missouri that night. We wanted to know. And we found out.

True, some of the things we learned were not entirely new. The fact, for example, that inheritances can be regulated by law was not startling as a discovery. We knew that,—long before the Wabash was christened, to say nothing of the river Eel. Why, it is not necessary to wait 'til a man dies to take his property. That can be be done while he is living, with full sanction of law, too. There may be some question of principle or perhaps of morals involved, but there is no legal difficulty under our form of government. It is simply a matter of votes. So if we are going to inaugurate a policy of confiscation at all, or to suggest one in the guise of a warning, why not, in the trenchant language of the prairies, go the whole hog? Surely the proposal would be no less popular than Mr. Marshall declares his to be. And if there be nothing in usage sanctioned since the days of Solon, the proceeding would be equally unobjectionable. When you once admit that might makes right there is no end of opportunity.

Obviously to Mr. Marshall's mind there are but two distinct classes of humankind. One he depicts as the "thoughtless rich." The other presumably is the thoughtful poor. Patiently one inquires, What is the basis of the assumption that the successful are incapable of reason and that the unprosperous are full of wisdom? Whence spring tangible evidences? From intelligence and thrift or from obtuseness and sloth? Do attained results possess no meaning? Is achievement barren of credit? Does failure evolve philosophy? Are those whom Mr. Marshall describes as the "have nots" necessarily imbued by an inexorable law of Nature with a sagacity withheld from those who have that which they have earned or inherited? Mr. Marshall does not say. Possibly he has not thought.

What he does know is that the number of those who have large fortunes is much smaller than of those who have small fortunes or none at all. But there is nothing new in that. It always has been. It probably always will be. The question he raises is, How much ought one to be permitted to possess, or, rather, to bestow upon his descendants? All he can earn in the one case, all he has in the other, has been and still is the answer of ages of experiment and experience. But Mr. Marshall finds that this idea is now held only by backward or inward looking men. The great mass of those who wish to go forward, presumably into affluence, feel differently. Precisely where the line should be drawn he finds uncertain. But "seven men," not of the East, surely, but nevertheless men "of

judgment," with whom Mr. Marshall has conversed, are convinced that $100,000 is the proper amount and Mr. Marshall seems to coincide, reluctantly, of course, but firmly.

But why $100,000? Why not $10,000? The number of those who are not able to bequeath $10,000 is infinitely larger than of those who have more? Why, if we are willing to embark upon confiscation at all, should we restrict our activities? And would we if once started upon the road? Did this point, I wonder, arise in the minds of the seven men of judgment? And if so, could their opinion possibly have been made to conform to their means? Even Mr. Marshall will have to admit that, so long as natures continue to be human, there almost invariably comes a time of limit when one feels that the Golden Rule does not apply to his particular case. And it is then that he resorts to what Mr. Marshall designates as the reprehensible practice of employing a lawyer.

But what does Mr. Marshall want us six millions of thoughtless rich in New York to do? Wherein have we so erred of late as to deserve rebuke or require a warning? Were we in his view looking backward when we gave to him as a candidate a plurality of two hundred thousand? Was our legislature at fault when it approved a constitutional amendment providing for a federal income tax? Did that action, which imposes one-tenth of the entire burden directly upon the residents of the Empire State, evidence churlishness or avarice? Was New York out of step with what Mr. Marshall regards as progress when it declared for the election of United States Senators by popular vote? Surely in none of these things can he find occasion for rebuke.

Why, then, the warning? What is the iniquitous attitude or proceeding which Mr. Marshall views with such apprehension that he perceived the need and duty of official admonition? Unfortunately, we are obliged to make our own deductions because he submits no specifications. In a general way he seems to have concluded that the people of this community are opposing or are preparing to antagonize the policies of the Democratic dispensation. But how can that be when the representatives whom they sent to Congress are acting in perfect accord with the leaders of their party? Perhaps it is the tariff. Truly this is the greatest manufacturing city in the Union, and surely if any industries are imperiled by reduction in duties they are those of this vicinity. But where are the signs of opposition? Public journals are commonly recognized as the spokesmen of their communities. Can Mr. Marshall point to a single New York newspaper, Independent, Democratic, Progressive, or Republican, that is denouncing the Underwood bill? On the contrary, each and every one has insisted steadfastly since the day of election that the policy decreed by the people must be made effectual, and practically no adverse criticism has been passed upon the measure now pending. The sole comment has been the natural

one, " If 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly." Surely no exception can be taken to that.

You must admit, gentlemen, that even to those of us who pretend we should like to do what is right it is all very bewildering. But I think I have the solution. That is why I take care to refer to our recent guest as Mr. Marshall and not as the Vice-President. I doubt if he quite realizes yet that he has been elected. So, naturally, he keeps on campaigning. Then, too, I know Mr. Marshall and value the record he made as a level-headed, courageous Governor. The trouble with him seems to be that, like Mr. Bryan in former days, he must needs talk occasionally through a cocked hat. He is like what we used to call in New England a fine door-yard horse—one that prances up to the stoop in the greatest style imaginable and starts off with the highest of steps, but as soon as he turns the corner drops head and tail and settles down to a good steady gait.

So there is no need to worry. Experience, gentlemen, is quite as good a schoolmaster as a—well, as a Vice-President, anyway. And I am confident that it is only a question of time when Mr. Marshall will discover that the chief menace to our country today lies not so much in the activities of the predatory rich as in incitement of the predatory poor.

Do not suspect, gentlemen, that I am venturing to chide or even to reply to Mr. Marshall. I am only trying to indicate the causes which impelled somewhat injudicious remarks from a truly worthy man. We cherish no resentments here. We haven't the time. But we cannot accept his suggestion that we wear masks when we visit the East Side. That may be advisable on the part of a resident of Columbia City when he goes down to the banks of the river Eel after dark, but there is no such need in this vicinity. And instead of rebuking Mr. Marshall I would apologize to him. I fear he took away the impression that we did not catch the humor of his remark that the chief occupation of a Vice-President is to keep a sharp watch over the health of the President. But we did. We are not so dull as all that. We saw the joke. We didn't laugh because we could not feel certain, in view of Mr. Marshall's self-revelation, that it was a laughing matter. Indeed, I may go so far as to admit that, if somebody had proposed the health of Mr. Wilson at the conclusion of Mr. Marshall's speech, the toast would have been drunk with rare enthusiasm.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

OUR EASTERN QUESTION. By Thomas F. Millard. New York: The Century Company, 1916.

For two reasons Mr. Millard's book about the internal conditions and the external situation of China is worthy to be read and carefully pondered.

In the first place, the author views events through a long perspective. Though he has a thesis to maintain—the thesis, namely that the United States should defend the "open door" doctrine in China, both for the protection of China and for the safeguarding of American interests—it is not apparent that his historic resumé of Chinese affairs from the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war to the present is in any way biased by prepossession in favor of the policy he advocates. On the contrary, this resumé is of independent value as an uncommonly thorough and intelligible summary of facts, extending through a period of sufficient length to warrant the drawing of inferences. The patience and skill with which the author reduces Far Eastern problems to their simplest terms, the evident moderation and maturity of the judgments he passes upon men and events, the freedom of his narrative from any merely jingoistic or alarmist tendency, are qualities which recommend the book to the reader who desires knowledge rather than argument.

In the second place, Mr. Millard, who has long resided in the Far East—formerly as correspondent for American publications, and for the last five years as editor of the *China Press* (Shanghai) —gives what may be called an American view of Chinese affairs from the inside. Although it may be that Mr. Millard's peculiar point of observation leads him to overstress the importance of American interests in China and the obligation of the United States to join in the solving of geographically distant world problems, or to overestimate the danger of America from Japan, the picture he makes from this standpoint of the Far Eastern problem as a whole is coherent and in its logical outlines convincing, whatever may be thought of its shading and color.

The dominating thought of Mr. Millard's treatise is, that the Hay Doctrine is a morally sound and practically sufficient policy—

good for China, good for the United States, good for all the European Powers if they could be brought to accept it and *without exception* to observe it faithfully. As has been said, however, the value of the work as a whole does not hang altogether upon the truth of this leading idea.

The author begins with a discussion of the shift of policies and conditions in the Far East which, after the end of the Russo-Japanese war "upset the quasi-stability gained by general acceptance of the Hay Doctrine" and resulted in a "slump back to the sphere policy," fraught as that policy is with injustice and danger. In this connection, he reviews the failure of the Knox plan for the neutralization of railroads in China, maintaining that Mr. Knox's efforts resulted at least in a sharp and timely definition of fundamental issues. It became clear, as a result of this failure, Mr. Millard concludes, that foreign nations asserted "the right to interfere in business transactions between American citizens and the Chinese Government, in violation of treaties between the United States and China, and of covenants of those Governments with China and the United States; a doctrine which is susceptible of world-wide application."

Mr. Millard then proceeds to tell the story of the Chinese Revolution and of the period of reconstruction which followed it. He describes, with what appears to be a real grasp of the situation, and with manifest sympathy, Yuan Shih K'ai's difficult game of political finesse, while he dismisses Sun Yat Sen as "a sincere and patriotic man . . . ignorant of conditions in China, of Chinese political problems, and of Chinese popular psychology." The result of the rebellion of 1913, in fact, convinced foreign residents of China that the alternative lay "between Yuan Shih K'ai and chaos." It became evident, too, that "Chinese opinion was with the government and against reform by revolution." Moreover, in the opinion of Mr. Millard and other observers, it revealed the fact that Japan was "intriguing in a disturbing way in Chinese politics."

At this stage in Mr. Millard's discussion the reader probably will have been pretty fully convinced that the path of safety for China in its present state is that which Yuan Shih K'ai attempted to follow; and that there exists in the country a body of conservative popular opinion that might have made that policy entirely successful. Young China, to be sure, "has fretted under Yuan's conservatism and so-called reactionary tendencies"; and "it is to the Young China element," adds Mr. Millard, "that China must look for regeneration . . . . but the day when Young China can be intrusted exclusively with the direction of the nation has not yet arrived."

Very interesting in connection with the whole problem of China's reconstruction is the author's discussion of the six-Power loan and

of the effect upon China and upon American prestige in China of the withdrawal of American bankers from that loan. With great fullness the author develops his view of China's political and financial position and of the duty toward her of a friendly nation. In brief, since China must have loans if she is to become stable, and since loans are impossible without the security that government backing gives, it was not a friendly act on the part of our Government to withhold that backing. In other words, Mr. Millard holds, not illogically, that the same method which may be, and has been, used for the disintegration of China may be and ought to be used as a means to preserve her integrity. It is obvious that here is one of those cases in which the righteousness of theory (as represented by the principle of non-interference in another nation's affairs) and the righteousness which regards the immediate end do not coincide.

From this point onwards the treatise advances upon still more controversial ground; it becomes an effort to prove that Japan is by fixed policy hostile both to China and to the United States, while the United States, by right and logic, the best friend of China. Mr. Millard's analysis of Japanese policy, beginning with the seizure of Kiaochou, is thorough and impressive. His discussion of the effect upon the United States of Japan's belief in "irrepressible expansion" seems better founded than most of the arguments which advocates of preparedness have found to justify their fears of war. If the facts have not been generally appreciated in the United States Mr. Millard would find the explanation in those causes which he explains in his outspoken and interesting chapter upon "International Publicity and the Far East."

At lowest, it may be said of Mr. Millard's book as an argument for preparedness and for a positive American policy in China, that it makes a far deeper impression than do most arguments of similar tenor not only through its massing of important facts but also by virtue of what seems an unusual frankness—a quality that is easy to distinguish from mere rhetorical assertiveness.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE: Letters and Reminiscences. By James Marchant. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1916.

The place of Alfred Russel Wallace in the first rank of thinkers is forever assured. In spite of his modesty, his anxiety that the chief credit should always be given to Darwin, Wallace has been highly and justly honored as the co-discoverer of the great principle of Natural Selection. He himself might have objected even to the term "co-discoverer," in so far as it might seem to imply coincidence in time between Darwin's flash of insight and his own. Just how the matter stood, Wallace explained, not for the first time

but most fully and most publicly, on the occasion when he received the first Darwin-Wallace medal, presented by the Linnean Society in 1908. His speech of acceptance, hitherto unpublished except in the *Proceedings* of the Society, besides much more that is fresh and interesting, is printed in the book of letters and reminiscences entitled *Alfred Russel Wallace* which James Marchant has recently given to the public.

"The one fact," said Wallace, "that connects me with Darwin, and which, I am happy to say has never been doubted, is that the idea of what is now termed 'natural selection' or 'survival of the fittest' together with its far-reaching consequences, occurred to us *independently* and was first jointly announced before this Society fifty years ago. But what is often forgotten by the press and the public is that the idea occurred to Darwin in 1838, nearly twenty years earlier than to myself (in February, 1858); and that during the whole of that twenty years he had been laboriously collecting evidence from the vast mass of literature of biology, of horticulture, and of agriculture; as well as himself carrying out experiments and original observations, the extent of which is indicated by the range of subjects discussed in his *Origin of Species* and especially in that wonderful storehouse of knowledge, his *Animals and Plants Under Domestication.*"

Owing to the perfect candor and justice which characterized both these great men, there has never been any real conflict of claims between Wallace and Darwin. The facts of the case are well established. But Wallace's specific statement, though it tells nothing new as to the facts, tells much about the man: it is of the highest value as an expression of character. The same sort of value attaches in even greater degree to the whole of the Darwin-Wallace correspondence, which forms what is undoubtedly the most important section of Mr. Marchant's book. Some of these letters have been published before: others have not, and the desirability of bringing them all together in proper sequence is obvious.

In the lives of no other great thinkers and writers is there anything that quite parallels the friendship of Wallace and Darwin. The two men were equal in high-minded devotion to the truth, and at the same time both were capable of an enthusiasm, a generous warmth of feeling, that makes their much-respected friend and co-laborer, Herbert Spencer, seem by contrast a mere frigid thinking machine. As a result, they longed to reach complete agreement, while they were doomed perpetually to disagree, not indeed as to the fundamentals of the thesis they held in common, but as to some of its subordinate features. "I grieve to differ with you," wrote Darwin to Wallace, "and it actually terrifies me and makes me constantly distrust myself. I fear we shall never quite understand each other."

It is rather interesting to note that so far as the letters show,

it was generally Wallace who struck the dominant note in the harmony of the two. It is he who hopefully raises difficulties and suggests happy solutions; it is he who is ever cheerfully confident of ultimately bringing round his friend to his own point of view. It is Darwin, on the other hand, who is most painfully conscious of the difficulties of his task and of the limitations of human understanding. If Darwin were the greater scientist, Wallace seems to have possessed the more adventurous and, one is tempted to say, the more fertile mind.

The main fact, however, is that the essential harmony of the two was never broken. The long series of letters that passed between them during the period from 1857 to 1881 not only traces with a peculiar poignancy of interest the advancement of the idea of which both men were prophets, but forms a lasting monument of character—of loyal friendship cemented by intellectual honesty.

In addition to the Darwin letters, the book contains a large quantity of Wallace's other correspondence. In expressing to various friends his views on biology, on social and political topics, on astronomy, on spiritualism, Wallace introduces one more directly and familiarly into his intellectual life than he does even in his autobiography. His letters reveal a mind that united breadth with exactness, versatility with earnestness. Wallace had a way of seizing upon issues that were vital and that have remained vital. His words have an urgent, contemporary ring, and in reading his letters one seems to be listening to the voice not of one man but of many. No more than John Burroughs could he close his eyes to the essential mystery of life. To a correspondent who had made some inquiry as to the cause of the varying colors in hairs and feathers, he wrote: "The purpose or end they serve, I have, I think, sufficiently explained in my *Darwinism*. . . . But the 'why' which goes further back, to the directing agency which not only brings each special cell of the highly complex structure of a feather into exactly its right position, but further carries pigments or produces surface striae . . . also to their exactly right place, and nowhere else—is the mystery which if we knew, we should (as Tennyson said of the flower in the wall) 'know what God and man is.' . . . . All theories of heredity, including Darwin's pangenesis, do not touch it. . . . ." No more than William James (to mention another scientist who could not be suspected of being obsessed by the mysterious) could Wallace acquiesce in the dismissal of all "spiritualistic" phenomena as inconsequent and profitless. He was as vehement in his denunciation of "landlordism" as was Henry George or Joseph Fels. In one passage we find him predicting (1878) that whatever power the Turks retained in Europe would "most certainly involve another war before twenty years are over." In another, he suggests that, "perhaps in the not distant future, Russia may become the most advanced instead of the most back-

ward in civilization—a real leader among nations, not in war and conquest but in social reform." In one letter he criticizes Professor Lowell's views on the habitability of Mars; in another he argues strongly for an eight-hour day. All this from a man who was so whole-souled a naturalist that "in describing his first sight of the *Ornithoptera crœsus,* he says that the blood rushed to his head and he felt much more like fainting than he had done when in apprehension of immediate death!"

The narrative parts of Mr. Marchant's book, though adequately informing, are somewhat labored and over-cautious in style. In particular is the author's rather half-hearted attempt to compare the lives and minds of Wallace and Darwin unsatisfactorily weak and tentative. The book as a whole brings a welcome addition to our knowledge of a really great man.

French Policy and the American Alliance of 1778. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1916.

No sort of history is more difficult of satisfactory analysis than that of international relations, for the historian is in this case obliged not only to determine matters of fact and to trace causes, but also to ascertain motives; and the motives of a foreign policy are notoriously hard to penetrate. To begin with, it is sometimes by no means easy for the student to understand exactly what is meant by the motives of a nation in its foreign relations. Vagueness on this point, or uncertainty of emphasis on the part of the historian, leads to discouraging vagueness of conception in the mind of the reader. If it is clearly understood that by the policy of a nation is meant the controlling ideas of those who guided its destinies in a given period—the ideas that were actually effective—the matter is simplified; but then it becomes a task of peculiar delicacy to reduce to their basic elements the conflicts of contemporary opinions, theories, and interests; to distinguish between ostensible and real motives, and finally to avoid being unduly influenced by the natural assumption that what would seem to modern minds the obvious motives were really those which had weight with the statesmen of a past age.

No sort of history, however, is more fascinating, or potentially more enlightening, than this of international relations; for it is precisely through the shifts and pretenses, the often mistaken aims, and the inadequate principles of diplomatic action that the outlines of world-history may be made out.

The notable success of Professor Corwin in overcoming the difficulties just referred to and in eliciting the full interest and value of his subject, in his recently published study of the Franco-American alliance of 1778, is due to his thorough mastery of the

principles that governed French political thinking in the period he traverses. Once the leading ideas of the time are grasped, it is remarkable how perfectly all the main facts fall into line, and how susceptible of easy and natural explanation all minor difficulties become.

Public opinion—the ideals of the people of each nation—is destined, one may hope, to become a more potent factor in international affairs than it has been in the past, and even in the eighteenth century it may be admitted that French popular sentiment—itself influenced by the philosophy of the time—exerted upon French official action an influence that was favorable to America. "Nevertheless," writes Professor Corwin, "the idea that France ought to intervene, if chance offered, between England and her North American colonies in behalf of the latter, came in the first instance, not from the *salon*, but from the Foreign Office." Again, the notion that France was actuated merely by traditional hostility toward England and by jealousy of her growing power, will hardly suffice except for those who are content with half an answer. For the reader of Professor Corwin's treatise, the flat and superficial view embodied in this statement is replaced by a far more satisfactory tri-dimensional knowledge.

In order to comprehend French policy in the eighteenth century, one has to grasp fully the prevailing doctrines of Mercantilism and of the Balance of Power, and one has further to understand thoroughly the meaning of the fact that during the period in question Europe was still organized on the dynastic principle, with its corollary—"especially noteworthy in the case of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon—that position and influence were the essential objectives of diplomacy even in the age of 'Benevolent Monarchy.'" In reading the documentary extracts which Professor Corwin has embodied in his narrative one is more and more struck with the preponderating influence of these three groups of ideas. The premises of Choiseul and Vergennes are practically identical, and the same kind of thinking underlies the narrow, self-seeking policy of Spain as that which governed the larger and in some respects more generous views of France. Accordingly, one soon becomes satisfied that Professor Corwin has dug down to the root of his subject and that his treatise is no less sound as an ultimate view than it is thorough and intelligible as a formulation of the facts.

In brief it was the aim of French diplomacy during the period of the American Revolution, as it had been before, to restore to France that influence and prestige in Europe which she had enjoyed in the palmy days of Louis XIV. In order to accomplish this end, it was held that the Balance of Power must be kept favorable to France, while Mercantilism taught that power depended upon a

favorable balance of trade. The policy, therefore, which the French Foreign Office on the whole consistently followed was to weaken the power of England by helping to deprive her of her American colonies, the source, as was universally believed, of her commercial greatness.

In this larger view of French motives—a view the correctness of which is confirmed by the facts at every turn—the notion that France was simply concerned for the safety of her Caribbean possessions, in view of a possible attack by combined English and American forces (supposing the rebellious colonies to be satisfied by British concessions), fades into relative unimportance. The arguments of Vergennes on this point appear to be not altogether consistent with one another, nor with opinions expressed by the same statesman in other connections; and it is pretty plain that Vergennes used the defense argument largely for its value as propaganda—for countering such objections, for example, as those of Turgot, and for overcoming the timidity and the scruples of Louis XVI. Thus French intervention in America is seen to be not "an episode in the British-French struggle for colonial dominion in the Western Hemisphere," but "an episode in the European policy of the *Ancien Régime.*"

Closely related in conception to the foreign policy of France, though in a measure offsetting it, was the attitude of Spain toward Great Britain and toward the British colonies which had revolted. For though Florida Blanca, the Spanish Secretary for Foreign Affairs, seems to have agreed with Vergennes as to the desirability of weakening England and as to the efficacy of the means proposed, his fear lest the growth of a strong American state should endanger Spain's possessions in America, as well as his aversion to encouraging revolution, kept him from co-operating heartily with the French programme.

The story of the Spanish complication sheds interesting light upon the fact that the victory at Yorktown was not directly the result of plans formed by the French Foreign Office, but of the independent action of Rochambeau and Grasse; and it helps also to explain how the American peace commissioners came to violate their instructions. Informing, too, is the author's estimate of the real worth of the aid eventually given by Spain, as well as his acute analysis of the effect upon American interests of the secret agreement between Spain and France.

So clearly cut are the logical lines of Professor Corwin's treatise that a single reading proves more instructive than the laborious study of an equally scholarly but less lucidly reasoned work could be. In an unusual degree the author possesses the skill to probe deeply into the details of a subject without diverting attention from the main issues. His work as a whole is shapely and possesses great continuity of interest.

THE WAR FOR THE WORLD. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

It may be that the war, with its unsettling of preconceived ideas and its demand that facts of a hitherto unconceived frightfulness be squarely faced, has somewhat affected our sense of literary values. Any theme connected with the war, at all events, seems at present too grave for eloquence, too grave for mere criticism, too grave for a literary manner, too grave to admit of anything except the discussion of facts and causes and remedies. In view of this, it would not be strange if a number of persons should experience a certain impatience in attempting to read Israel Zangwill's, *The War for the World.* Mr. Zangwill's burning earnestness seems almost like levity; the caustic sarcasm he habitually uses in the interest of high ideals—unwilling, perhaps, that the devil should have all the fine sarcasm to himself—seems in this case somewhat out of place; his manner—a manner as elaborate as that of literary controversy—is even irritating. To be sure, it is good for us sometimes to be irritated, because we need to be stung to action; but to be told through a series of brilliant and artfully pointed paragraphs, and through striking metaphors, that civilization is at stake in the present war, that no nation can afford to become Prussianized, that competition in armaments is ghastly foolishness, that arbitration will not prevent nations from flying at one another's throats, is in this third year of the European conflict simply nerve-racking.

Such a thing, too, as Mr. Zangwill's essay upon "Rosy Russia" seems somewhat more bitter and somewhat less informing than the kind of discourse about Russia one would, in the mood induced by the war, desire to read. Mr. Zangwill is perhaps right in believing that the attractive picture of Russia which is just now being rather persistently held up to the world is in some respects false or exaggerated. Yet the facts he adduces hardly suffice to remove the impression which certain apparently well-informed books have produced that in Russia there is splendid human material and that a transformation is going on there which may mean much to civilization. Further than this in the idealization of Russia few of us are probably inclined to go. It is not likely that Mr. Stephen Graham, for instance, has deluded many Americans into making a fetish of Holy Russia or into growing unduly sentimental over the Russian *moujik.* It is probable, on the contrary, that this writer by revealing some traits of the Russian peasant that are deserving of admiration or sympathy has really benefited the world. It is unfortunate that Mr. Zangwill should have thought proper to quote against Mr. Graham, who happens to be Scotch, those sneering lines of Defoe's about the "True-born Englishman." It is true that Mr. Zangwill's wrath on this occasion is excited not primarily by

Mr. Graham's view of the Russians, but by Mr. Graham's attitude toward the Russian Jews. But whatever the provocation, the passage is regrettable.

The fundamental defect in Mr. Zangwill's essays is that, while they very effectively emphasize principles and very skillfully disentangle logical snarls, they seldom go deeply into causes. Thus his discussions not infrequently issue either in truisms or in somewhat arbitrary assertions. The statement that "the love of law must yield to the law of love" is uncontrovertible if the Christian ideal is true—though perhaps not everyone would feel obliged to accept as an immediate inference the conclusion that "if Germany desires of our [British] territory she must have it." The statement that for those who question whether or not it is right to kill men in a national cause the answer "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" is sufficient, is, to say the least, debatable.

There is good thought in Mr. Zangwill's essays: ethically, the author is usually clairvoyant. There is suggestive thought in them: the whole discussion of the place and function of the Church, for example, is full of insight. Characteristically keen, too, is Mr. Zangwill's argument that the extension of liberty which the granting of female suffrage would mean is particularly needed in England now, since victory or defeat may equally bring a "wave of militarism, of conscription, of further reduction of liberty." There are brilliancies of phrase in the essays without number—pointed ironies, witty formulations of truth. To those who, in reading of war-themes, can concentrate their minds upon ethical preachments, upon thought-provoking suggestions, upon verbal brilliancies, this book of Mr. Zangwill's will prove edifying.

THE FREE MAN AND THE SOLDIER: By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.

The function of the philosopher is not merely to labor toward that ever-receding goal of philosophy—the explanation of the universe as a whole—nor to trace intelligibly the development of philosophic thought from remotest times to the present. The man of philosophic mind has a more directly valuable work to do. He may play a useful part in society by applying his gift of analysis to the ideas which most persons uncritically accept and by keeping before men's minds those general truths which too often escape notice in the confusion of particular interests. Seldom, indeed, does truth as seen from the philosophic viewpoint immediately prevail; yet it is of the highest consequence that it should be expressed.

That a philosopher may be a charming essayist has been shown by certain writers of the type of John Fiske and William James. The fact is reëmphasized by the high merit and readability of the

group of essays by Ralph Barton Perry, professor of philosophy in Harvard University, which have recently been published under the general title, *The Free Man and the Soldier.*

As explained by the sub-title, the essays are really studies in the reconciliation of liberty with discipline. They deal with subjects as apparently remote from one another as war, education, and woman's suffrage.

In the title essay the author lays bare the fallacy of the common assumption that universal military service is opposed to an individualism that is worthy and admirable. In "The Vigil of Arms" he discusses compendiously the question, "How shall we be as strong as the hazard of war requires, with the least prejudice to our peaceful pursuits and our constructive humane ends?" An analysis, in another essay, of national culture as a motive for aggression, "When aggression takes high ground," gives him occasion to define with uncommon clearness the saving idea of tolerance. Not less admirable for its pointed and lucid statement of essentials is his essay on "What Is Worth Fighting For"? The creation of "some greater unit of civic life," capable of controlling the nations, is obviously the means by which the peace of the world is ultimately to be secured. "But how," asks Professor Perry, "shall we go forward to this end? Not by abandoning what has already been achieved, the integrity of the nation. For what we seek is something greater than nationality, not something less." Following a similar vein of thought, the author, in his essay upon "Non-Resistance and the Present War," riddles the pacifism of Bertrand Russell.

Professor Perry's discourses upon education and his essay upon "The Useless Virtues" are even better worth reading than his discussions of peace and war. One would have to look far for a wiser defense of liberal education than his "Education for Freedom," while the distinction which he establishes in "The Useless Virtues" between "long-range and short-range practicality" is really illuminating.

Though the thought expressed in these essays is not, in general, of striking novelty—the ideas for the most part being of the sort that are now much in the air—the clearness and grace with which the author sets forth fundamentally sound views, the freedom of his exposition from doubtful or irrelevant complications, make his book valuable as a guide. Far from being a plodding demonstration, each essay is rather a succession of clarifying remarks.

DEMOCRATS AND PATRIOTS

THE FOUR MEMBERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY WHO VOTED AGAINST HIS SURRENDER TO THE LABOR UNIONS

James P. Clarke, Democrat, of Little Rock, was born in Yazoo City, Yazoo County, Miss., August 18, 1854; second child and eldest son of Walter and Ellen (White) Clarke; was educated in the common schools of his native town, in several academies in Mississippi, and studied law at the University of Virginia, graduating in 1878; began the practice of his profession at Helena, Ark., in 1879. He entered the political field in 1886, being then elected to the House of Representatives of the Arkansas Legislature; in 1888 was elected to the State Senate, serving until 1892, and being president of that body in 1891, and ex-officio lieutenant-governor; was elected attorney-general of Arkansas in 1892, but declined a renomination, and was elected governor in 1894. At the close of his service as governor he moved to Little Rock and resumed the practice of the law. He was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Hon. James K. Jones, and took his seat March 9, 1903; re-elected in 1909. Elected president pro tempore of the Senate at the beginning of the Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Congresses. His present term of service will expire March 3, 1921.

Thomas William Hardwick, Democrat, of Sandersville; born December 9, 1872; served two terms in Georgia Legislature; was elected to the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-first, and Sixty-second Congresses, and re-elected to the Sixty-third Congress; was nominated by the State Democratic convention of Georgia on September 2, 1914, to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator A. O. Bacon, and was elected to the United States Senate on November 3, 1914, by the people of Georgia for the term ending March 3, 1919.

Henry J. Steele, Democrat, of Easton, was born in Easton May 10, 1860; was educated in the public schools and at a business college; was admitted to the bar in 1881, and has practiced law continuously to the present time. In 1914 was elected president of the Pennsylvania Bar Association; received the degree of A.M. from Lafayette College and LL.D. from Muhlenberg College; was elected to the Sixty-fourth Congress, receiving 15,118 votes to 8,306 for John D. Hoffman, Republican; 4,671 for Edward Hart, Washington Party; 718 for Howard Flagler, Prohibitionist, and 668 for Peter V. Cargill, Socialist.

Eugene Black, Democrat, of Clarksville, son of A. W. and T. A. Black, was born near Blossom, Lamar County, Texas, July 2, 1879; received a common school education in the public schools at Blossom, and taught school for three years in Lamar County; is a lawyer, having graduated from the law department of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., and located in Clarksville to practice his profession; was married in 1903 to Miss Mamie Coleman, of Blossom, Texas, and they have five children—Margaret, Lydia Gene, Adelle, Rachael, and Harold. He was elected to the Sixty-fourth Congress, never before having held public office.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A LAWYER'S OPINION

SIR,—Not long ago you urged the nomination of Mr. Hughes upon the ground that the people wanted him; after reading the ideas of Mr. Worthington in the current REVIEW I am not so sure that you are still of the same mind, but I hope you are—there is every reason why you should be.

Mr. Hughes's *courteous* reception at Nashville brings out into sharp relief the intolerant partisan spirit of that section of the country—and his behavior under very trying circumstances was admirable; he spoke with coolness, courage and vigor.

One of the hecklers referred to Huerta as "that assassin." A few days ago Secretary Baker, I think it was, spoke of him as a "bloody monster." Is it not time that the people should be made to realize that there is not one jot of evidence as to Huerta's murder of Madero beyond the occurrence itself, at that particular time? No jury could possibly convict him, and whether he was concerned in it or not will probably never be known to a certainty.

Madero had plenty of enemies: relatives and friends of those whom he had marked for execution, or of the two officers he shot with his own hand when he was first arrested. Moreover, Huerta "stood to lose" more than he could possibly gain by such an act—he was certain to alienate the foreign Powers, and to damage his reputation and standing irretrievably. No one has denied him ability and shrewdness, and leaving morals aside, it is most unlikely that the murder was at his instigation.

Whether recognition of the Huerta Government at once would have been the wisest course or not—personally I think it would—certainly it would have been wiser than the most unwise one followed, viz.: an assumption in an un-American way of unproved guilt, and a meddlesome interference with Governmental organization in a most positive way—a course which has led to all the disastrous and tragic events which have followed; the bloodshed and disorder, the utter anarchy. It is idle to speak with horror of Huerta as a "bloody monster" and then to approve the giving of arms to Villa, a notorious cutthroat, whose deeds on both sides of the border have shocked humanity! To determine, against all our way of thinking, that a man is guilty, instead of giving him the benefit of the doubt until something like proof is brought against him; to treat him as a criminal and all concerned with him as accessories before or after; to refuse to allow others to aid him; and on top of this, to come to the assistance of an infamous bandit whose guilt has been proven time and again, and all in a country over

which and over whose criminals public or private we have no jurisdiction, is a course so unprecedented in American annals as to astound and appal any thinking man! Upon the plea, *ex post facto,* that the United States not only has a Constitutional Government, but is the champion of Constitutional Government everywhere, it is sought to justify not merely a negative position—failure to "recognize" the Huerta Government—but a most positive interference, in the shape of messages to the "*de facto*" President that not only would his Government not be recognized, but none set up by the existing Mexican Congress or elected while he (Huerta) was in power would be; and all this while the forms and requirements of the Mexican Constitution had been strictly complied with.

Somewhat later on, after the departure of Huerta from Mexico, when confusion worse confounded reigned, and Carranza, Villa, Zapata and others were making a hell out of the country, we were told that our strength and Mexico's weakness did not entitle us to interfere in her internal difficulties!—while almost at the same time United States marines were being landed in Haiti to suppress a revolution there! Sometime before this, after a long period of "watchful waiting," during the Huerta incumbency, when all the world was beginning to be restless and impatient over the continued upsets, a trumpery incident took place at Tampico, magnified into an "insult to the flag"—and a demand was made for a salute, with an offer to return gun for gun—this not being acceded to promptly our forces were ordered to occupy Vera Cruz, which they at once proceeded to do, at the cost of some nineteen American and nearly two hundred Mexican lives—we even sent troops to encircle the city. After some rather laughable bickerings as to the character of the salute, nothing was done—though Mr. O'Shaughnessy, our Chargé d'Affaires, worked earnestly to get Huerta to comply with our demand—a demand upon an unrecognized Government! Now we are told, long after the fact, by Secretary Lane, that the purpose of the occupation of Vera Cruz was not to enforce the salute—but to show Huerta that he must go!

For his special advisers during all this time the President had selected a gentleman, a native of Sweden, who had passed the greater part of his life in one of the Northern border States, and who had never had any diplomatic experience, or knowledge of the Latin American countries or peoples. Is it any wonder the President's course was so wrong-headed? That such prolonged anarchy, such destruction of life and treasure ensued? And yet Mr. Lane has boldly stated that there is no part of this Administration's record of which he is so proud as of the record of its dealings with Mexico! And another Cabinet member has had the audacity to say that in Mexico we have done as we would be done by! Why, the hands of this Administration are red with the blood of those on both sides who fell at Vera Cruz: with the blood of all those who have fallen in Mexico and across the border, after it prevented the only Government in existence from exercising its functions—and it is directly responsible for all the ill-doings recited in the preamble of Mr. Lansing's note to Carranza—the prelude to the decidedly Pyrrhic "victory" which followed!

The "flag" has become a joke and a by-word to the Mexicans, and alas! to others—alone among the flags of the Powers, it fails to command respect, or in the eyes of others to symbolize any of the qualities for which it used to stand.

Worn-out platitudes, dressed in new and becoming words—so-called "Idealism," but real unpractical and pernicious bosh—have succeeded to the virile, strong common sense, fairness, and practical methods of other days—and it can only be hoped that the People have come to their senses and will no longer be dazzled with brilliant phraseology, ingenious and disingenuous word-juggling, and have had enough of the greatest *poseur* the world has ever seen, the most inconsistent doctrinaire, and the most adroit politician that ever put on a hat.

LUCIUS S. LANDRETH.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"CHRISTIANITY AND THE SWORD"

SIR,—In the REVIEW for August I find another of those attempts, under the heading, "Christianity and the Sword," to prove that Christ, Socrates and other great men were fighters. And as I read this nth. attempt to show that Christianity was anything that we might severally fancy it to be, I fell to wondering why there were not more of our so-called learned men who saw the case in its more logical aspect. It seems to me that we may reasonably suppose that Christ, while here on earth, partook of both the human and divine natures, and that, consequently, he said and did things in the earlier part of his earthly career that he saw and did differently later. At no time did he claim to be perfect. Why can't we, then, give him credit for having improved in his ideas and acts as we are supposed to? He is quoted as having said: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." But wouldn't it be more in keeping with good judgment and reason to suppose that what he really said was "*become* ye therefore perfect"? Surely there is a vast difference between being and becoming, and it seems quite logical to assume that Christ understood that difference.

In the garden Christ prayed: "If it be possible, take this cup from me." and in that prayer he not only betrayed his human kinship but made it the closer. For my part, I prefer to think of Christ as having been a man, but at the same time one who was capable of leading other men onward and upward to higher and better things. He was, to my mind, an idealist, in the true sense of the word. He said: "My kingdom is not of this world"; that is, the kingdom that I hope to attain to—my goal. And there was another characteristic about him that is quite generally overlooked, and that is that he was not an organizer but an individualist. He taught that each one of us had an individual part to perform and that we should perform that part, regardless of what others did or said. Our great danger lies not in isolation but in organization. We prefer to go forth in parties and armies and fight for what we want, regardless of whether or not we are really right or wrong, rather than go forth alone and trust for results in the Power that Christ trusted in.

We fail to see the fact that we cannot really win if we are wrong.

Granted that Socrates, on three occasions, went forth in shining armor and fought for his country. But we should not overlook the fact that that was previous to his trial and condemnation. What did he do then? It was after he had traveled the road of resistance that he put into practice the Christian admonition, "Resist not evil." And accordingly he made no resistance when asked to drink the hemlock. It was at the time of supreme

test, when it was a matter of choosing between human life and divine Life, that both Christ and Socrates looked evil calmly in the face and chose the divine. They both finally learned that this life is not worth fighting for—that the *real* Life is attained through *not* fighting.

Shall we, then, go on fighting for the vain and transitory things of this life, or part of Life? That depends upon the viewpoint. The essential question is: *What Shall We Do Eventually?* In other words, What is it that we really want? It seems to me that it makes all the difference in the world what that something is, and whether or not we believe it to be worth the price that God sets upon it.

C. E. Koser.

Boonville, N. Y., Aug. 12.

KANSAS AND PROHIBITION

Sir,—As a reader of The North American Review, and an open-minded American citizen, I want to thank Mr. Albert J. Nock for his excellent article on "Prohibition in Kansas." Seldom, if ever, have I read more lucid exposition of cause and effect with regard to the liquor question.

For years Prohibition agitators have declared Kansas to be the real Utopia—a perfect State, free from poverty, immorality and corruption. In Kansas everything good (and everything in Kansas is good, according to the Prohibitionist) is said to be a direct result of the anti-liquor movement. When we hear Prohibition orators shout the praises of Kansas and read lengthy statistical statements to prove the wonderfully beneficial effects which have resulted from the abolition of the saloon, we cannot restrain a shudder at the thought of the terrible conditions which must have prevailed in years gone by, before "bootleggers" and "blind tigers" were known to the people.

There is no doubt that, as Mr. Nock declares, "initial advantages" and the continuance of the methods and customs of Puritanism have had a great deal to do with present conditions in Kansas; and that too much importance must not be attached to the Prohibition movement. I sincerely hope that Mr. Nock's article has been carefully and extensively read, especially by Kansans, for it tells a few truths which have been missing from the specious arguments of the propagandists.

Joseph Walters.

New York City.

Sir,—If your contributor, Albert J. Nock, will read *The Peace of the Solomon Valley*, by Margaret Hill McCarter, he will find that a bright Kansas woman can portray New York snobbishness and egotism in a more pleasing manner than he depicts Puritanic Kansas ignorance in his article, "Prohibition in Kansas."

I think Kansas has reason to be proud of being one of the forerunners in disposing of the villainous American saloon with its attendant vice and depravity.

Like all apologists for the booze traffic, Mr. Nock suggests a better way, but we, who have labored to reform the saloon, know there is but one effective way to regulate it: Debar it.

D. H. Gillmore.

Shawnee, Okla.

A MATTER OF BOOKKEEPING

SIR,—The articles appearing in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, since the January, 1916, issue on the subject of the Chicago & Alton case have been of special interest to me as an observer of the trend of public opinion in railroad matters.

On page 540 of the April issue, Professor William Z. Ripley states, "Profit and Loss on the *liability side* of the balance sheet for 1915 stands at $7,451,000." As I see it, in the light of the Interstate Commerce Commission's rules for railroad accounting, an amount of this nature on the liability side of the balance sheet would indicate a surplus to the credit of Profit and Loss. The facts are that the amount shows on the asset side and represents a deficit in the Profit and Loss account; reference to the Alton report to its stockholders for 1915 will verify this.

RAY HUSTON.

NEW YORK CITY.

SIR,—Attentive reading will show that my statement was absolutely accurate. When I said the company was $7,451,000 to the bad on the *liability* side, I naturally cared *not* on which side of an accountant's sheet of paper it was entered. I said it was to the bad, and so it was.

W. Z. RIPLEY.

NEWTON CENTRE.

PRAISE AND BLAME

SIR,—I indulge the hope that this note may fall under the eye of the editor, Mr. George Harvey.

I consider THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW the highest type of magazine. I have read it for many years and have drawn inspiration and instruction from its able articles.

I particularly enjoy the style of Mr. George Harvey in everything he has to say except about politics, but I really feel that the pen that wrote the splendid articles on Justice Brewer, Goldwin Smith and Whitcomb Riley ought not to be betrayed into criticism of the Nation's President, nor lend his magazine to spread such opinions as those by David Jayne Hill or even by O. G. Villard, although the last writer has told his message in such a superb way that a Democrat (myself) can read more praise than blame into it.

Now this is not merely an opinion. There is a principle involved: Our magazines should not be channels for political influence either for or against a candidate. We can not escape that in the daily newspapers, the more's the pity, but when we sit down for communion with the highest minds, such as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S standard is, we do not want partisan politics. There are many weak people in the world that are easily influenced erroneously.

I wish also to commend the fine work of Edith Wyatt. What she has to say about Thoreau and Muir is said as a man would say it.

The September number, excepting the politics, is worth much more than the year's subscription.

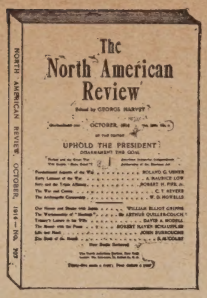
JOSEPHINE GREENWOOD.

NEW YORK CITY.

[We do not aim to please our readers.—EDITOR.]

1916

November Contents



ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR

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The price of The North American Review, published monthly, is thirty-five cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price 36c. for postage, and those in foreign countries 96c. Remittances may be made by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. Renewal orders if sent in promptly insure no break in the receipt of copies.

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HUGHES or WILSON?

In 1904 Mr. George Harvey predicted that Mr. Roosevelt would receive 314 electoral votes—he received 336.

In 1908 he predicted that Mr. Taft would receive 338 votes in the Electoral College—he received 321.

In his editorial, "The Political Predestination of Woodrow Wilson," which appeared in the March, 1911, number of The North American Review (over eighteen months prior to election) Mr. Harvey said:

"The finger of Predestination, guided by Logic, Circumstance, Conditions, and History, points unerringly to Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, as the opponent of William H. Taft, Republican, in 1912."

In October, 1912, Mr. Harvey predicted that Mr. Taft would carry only Utah and Vermont, as the event proved, and forecast the general results as follows:

	Prediction	Result		Prediction	Result		Prediction	Result
Alabama	W	W	Maine	W	W	Ohio	W	W
Arizona	W	W	Maryland	W	W	Oklahoma	W	W
Arkansas	W	W	Massachusetts	W	W	Oregon	D	W
California	R	R	Michigan	D	R	Pennsylvania	D	R
Colorado	W	W	Minnesota	W	R	Rhode Island	D	W
Connecticut	W	W	Mississippi	W	W	South Carolina	W	W
Delaware	W	W	Missouri	W	W	South Dakota	D	R
Florida	W	W	Montana	W	W	Tennessee	W	W
Georgia	W	W	Nebraska	W	W	Texas	W	W
Idaho	D	W	Nevada	D	W	Utah	T	T
Illinois	D	R	New Hampshire	D	W	Vermont	T	T
Indiana	W	W	New Jersey	W	W	Virginia	W	W
Iowa	W	W	New Mexico	W	W	Washington	R	R
Kansas	W	W	New York	W	W	West Virginia	W	W
Kentucky	W	W	North Carolina	W	W	Wisconsin	W	W
Louisiana	W	W	North Dakota	D	W	Wyoming	D	W

States correctly placed	36
" incorrectly placed	1
Classified as doubtful	11
	48

KEY: W—Wilson R—Roosevelt T—Taft D—Doubtful

In the belief that George Harvey's editorials and forecasts will be a help to a better understanding of the vital issues at stake in the coming election, the most important since that of Abraham Lincoln, the publishers take pleasure in offering a special pre-election subscription of five months for one dollar—almost one half the regular rate.

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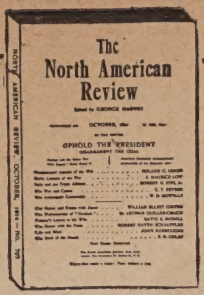

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was born at New York in 1857, and has spent his life in that city as a student, teacher, and author. He has for many years specialized on certain phases of American history, particularly the territorial expansion of the American domain, and the diplomatic relations of this country with the rest of the world. He has for some years been Honorary Professor of the History of American Foreign Relations in New York University, of which institution he is a graduate. Among his books are *America's Foreign Relations, A Century of Expansion,* and *Four Centuries of the Panama Canal.*

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS
was pioneer educator in Japan from 1870 to 1874. He organized the first public schools and educated several of the leading men now in the Japanese Government. He is the only living white man who from the interior of Japan saw the feudal system in operation. He had repeated audiences with the late Mikado and was decorated by him with the Order of the Rising Sun. Among Dr. Griffis's books are *The Mikado's Empire, The Japanese Nation in Evolution,* and *Korea, the Hermit Nation.*

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Professor of International Law at Princeton University, was instructor in the same subject at Harvard College. Mr. Brown since his graduation from Williams College

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Florence B. Pelo
is a writer now living in Minneapolis. She has made a special study of the letters of Shelley, and was fortunate enough to have access to the collection now in this country of which she writes in this issue. Sir Sidney Colvin has expressed the hope that this collection may at some time be placed in the archives of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association at Rome.

Joseph S. Auerbach
is a member of the well-known law firm of Davies, Auerbach & Cornell, of this city. Two volumes of his *Essays and Miscellanies,* to which Mr. Joseph H. Choate wrote the introduction, met with much commendation from the more important critics.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1916

THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE

CHARACTER

BY THE EDITOR

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan.—
He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself;—
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote for Gineral C.

SINCE the political situation in 1848, as thus depicted by James Russell Lowell, bears a striking resemblance to that of the present time, observers of the tendency of history to repeat itself will be interested to recall that the vote of John P. was offset by the vote of the State of New York and Gineral C. was defeated. Whether a like fate awaits the "dreffle smart man" who now bears aloft the Democratic banner which fell from the palsied hands of Mr. Cass sixty-eight years ago may be a matter of opinion, but in all other respects noted by the poet the analogy is perfect. We have no less authority than that of the esteemed Dr. Eliot for Mr. Wilson's manysidedness on public questions, and the "*one* party" to which he is "true" is clearly indicated by his "pledge" to the Pennsylvania Dutch on October 14, of "absolute devotion to those ideals which have animated the

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Democratic party in *the last three years,*"—a truly significant limitation, which can hardly escape the attention of Mr. Henry Watterson as the living personal representative of the shades of Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland.

But it is as a "dreffle smart man" that Gineral C. by comparison fades away; to say little or nothing of our Peerless Follower, who seems to have learned at last when and before whom a cocked hat should be doffed with becoming deference. Truth to tell, we had begun to fear that Brother Bryan had "come out for Wilson," only to emulate the forlorn example of our own Judge Woodchuck before the radiant face of the Hon. James E. Martine and go in again; but happily our apprehension is relieved by a news dispatch from some place in Utah saying that Dr. Ira Landrith, the well-known druggist and dentist, had heard him speak somewhere in Colorado and had reported exultantly to the folks at home, "Bryan is not dead, he is only resting; Bryan is the only man who can keep both ears to the ground and continue marching on."

It may be so. But granting that so marvelous a physical feat could hardly be expected of any but a Chautauquan performer, we still maintain that the mental agility displayed by Mr. Wilson in the present campaign has never been surpassed. Take, for example, the Shady Lawn speech, delivered yesterday, which we have just finished reading. This address, we are informed but do not believe, was composed expressly for the enlightenment and discouragement of the late Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Mr. William F. McCombs, who now thinks he is running for Senator from New York, but a quick turn was rendered necessary by the unavoidable detention of the exclusive auditor, who began to gag after he started for Long Branch and, according to the papers, was taken into the Hotel Lorraine and treated for what they politely termed tonsilitis. So, after the briefest imaginable delay, it was spoken finally to a remarkable aggregation of "Pennsylvania business men," headed by the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, who will be remembered as the recipient of a letter clearly defining Mr. Wilson's divergent views on the second term and later as an inquisitive agent at the White House of certain New York firms whose foreign business was susceptible of acceleration by advance information concerning the intentions of the Gov-

ernment. Mr. Vance McCormick was also among those present; so there is no reason why we should not proceed.

After felicitously complimenting the Pennsylvanians upon their having "again and again attempted"—in vain, up to date—"to demonstrate to the rest of the Union that they believed that we had come into a new age, that they believed that this new age required new elements of policy, that they desired men to lead them who would lead them to the light," etc., Mr. Wilson said plainly:

> Upon the surface, the present campaign seems to grow more and more complex, if you are to judge by the number of contradictory and divergent things that are being said. It becomes daily more and more incomprehensible. But, after all, underneath the surface, behind the noise of the vacant talk, all the elements of the campaign are being infinitely simplified. It is one of the simplest campaigns that we have ever seen. [Laughter.] I told you you would understand some things without my putting them into words.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding the perfect understanding of those present, as evidenced by their laughter at the twinkling witticism, there still remained a few things in need of explication. "You know, my fellow citizens, what happened, for example, when Mr. Vance McCormick was a candidate for Governor." Indeed, they knew—590,701 for Brumbaugh to 452,882 for McCormick, to be exact. But that was not the point. The question was, why had the Progressives who contributed 140,329 of the losing 452,882 now gone back to the Republicans "openly," and "without apology" to Mr. McCormick or anybody else, thus shamelessly rendering the State less surely doubtful than it might otherwise have been? Because their leaders made "abject and unconditional surrender." That was why. (No laughter.)

And what was "happening in New Jersey"? Instantly the vivid imagination of the audience leaped to the latest happening, which revealed by a vote of two to one the comparative standing, in the regard of Democratic voters, of the Hon. James E. Martine and the Administration; but that was not what Mr. Wilson had in mind. His memory carried him back to the good old days when he "had the pleasure of going about the State," calling for the election of Martine and the diffusion of other luminous rays and denouncing "those men in both parties" who were "co-operating to divide the spoils," and whom later, he was "very happy to say," he "was privileged to have a part in showing the

door." At this point the perfect understanding of the audience enjoined silence in sympathetic recognition of the speaker's tact in not referring by name to Mr. James R. Nugent, the only one of "those gentlemen" to whom the door was literally shown upon a memorable occasion, and the only one who is now a happy co-operator in the distribution of spoils and a welcome guest at Shady Lawn.

Naturally the wicked Republican gentlemen fared less well. They, it appears, represent "influences which came out of lawless communities," and have "for years together"—i. e., through the administrations of Governor Woodrow Wilson and his personally selected successor—"been in the confidence of the very men" who "refused to obey the laws of the State," which for some reason or other seem not to have been enforced.

But a brighter day is about to dawn. "The thing is open, the thing is obvious, the thing is impudent; but, my friends, it can't be done after the light is turned on. There is only one place where such counsels thrive, and that is in darkness and concealment. And now the light is beginning to burn into these places, a light which not only illuminates but which cleanses, a light which not only displays the elements of corruption but disperses the elements of corruption." So that will be all right. And since "exactly the same thing is happening in Pennsylvania," despite the iniquitous desertion of the Progressives, we turn with relief to a larger field, only to learn, alas, that "the same thing is being attempted in the Nation."

What "the thing" is we are not informed, but presumably it is the dislodgement of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Redfield, Mr. William Joel Stone, Mr. Jay Hamilton Lewis and the furtive Colonel Mouse from power,—an undertaking which obviously Mr. Wilson regards with distinct, though quite lofty, displeasure. The orator did not refer to Mr. Hughes by name, but shrewdly induced the audience to identify either him or Senator Root as the "private counsel" of special interests,—a clever stroke involving no direct responsibility—while simultaneously he more openly and bravely let go at Mr. Roosevelt as the "vocal part" of the opposition that had brazenly declared "we wanted war." Now Mr. Roosevelt never said anything of the kind, but the mere fact that the audience accepted the statement, not only as applying to him, but as gospel truth, serves to

indicate how easily a false accusation may be disseminated if it be put forth with masterly adroitness. And when Mr. Wilson added succinctly that " the best way to avoid suspicion is to condemn the thing that you are doing yourself," not a living soul suspected that the adage sprang from his own experience in sternly denouncing Republicans for making war in Mexico. Gineral C. himself could not have turned a sharp corner with less skidding.

The meeting came to a happy conclusion when the visitors were cheered on their way home to carry Pennsylvania, to the end that " the whole world " might say, " America is redeemed, and the future belongs to those who see the light upon the horizon." Mr. McCormick remained overnight.

But the three ten-strikes that stand forth most conspicuously in Mr. Wilson's series of non-partisan speeches are his Exposure of the Old Guard; his Smash at Wall Street; and his Forecast of War if he shall be defeated. His first assault possessed a distinct news value. There was a strong suspicion at the time of the Chicago convention that what is left of the Old Guard was not really in full control. But Mr. Wilson knew better and quite rightly determined to take the public into his confidence. " Back of all," he declared, " sit the men who have control, the Old Guard. These gentlemen were in control of the last Republican convention at Chicago. These gentlemen made all the choices that were made. They wrote all that that convention put forth by way of commending itself to the confidence of the people," etc., etc. Most shamefully, shockingly and distressingly to Mr. Wilson, they nominated Charles E. Hughes for President.

We can but wonder where Mr. Wilson obtained this surprising information. He was not there himself, of course. Nor was Colonel Mouse, so far as anybody knows. Mr. Dudley Field Malone blew in gustily one morning, but only for the day,—and there you are. But hold! We have it. Undoubtedly, in his search for the whole truth and nothing but, Mr. Wilson must have perused the teeming columns of his most valiant supporters, the *Times* and the *World*. So we turn patiently to the files of the *Times* and read as follows:

May 5.—A majority of the most resourceful Republican politicians who participated in the perpetration of " The Crime of 1912 " are now actively engaged in promoting the Root boom. The work is being conducted on countrywide lines, and special efforts are being made to win over delegates known to lean toward Justice Hughes.

The Old Guard leaders do not as yet regard the Hughes danger past. Some even expressed fear yesterday that some public declaration from the Justice might upset all their carefully laid plans.

May 18.—Despite the reports from many States and from Washington indicating strong sentiment for Justice Charles E. Hughes for the Presidential nomination, Old Guard leaders in this city yesterday persisted in professing a belief that he would not be nominated.

May 23.—From now until the opening gavel falls at the Chicago convention the combined energies of the Old Guard leaders in the Republican organization will be directed toward obtaining second choice pledges in favor of Elihu Root from delegates committed to favorite sons who will be eliminated after the first ballot. This is a piece of Old Guard strategy in connection with the concerted movement to prevent Justice Charles E. Hughes from getting the nomination.

Chicago, June 1.—In the opinion of the long-headed leaders who will wield a decided influence in the Republican National Convention next week, the situation, as affecting candidates has practically narrowed down to Roosevelt or Hughes. Neither is wanted by the chieftains of the Old Guard.

Chicago, June 6.—With Hughes sentiment growing and a majority of " favorite son " delegates said to be for Justice Hughes as their second choice after pledged obligations have been discharged, Old Guard leaders of the opposition, headed by William Barnes and James W. Wadsworth Jr., were marshaling their forces to-night for a terrific drive to break the Hughes line.

Chicago, June 10.—When the Republican Convention met this morning the nomination of Justice Hughes was inevitable. The forces of the Old Guard had begun to disintegrate during the night. In the wee small hours of morning the leadership of men who had formed a close corporation within the Republican ranks faded away. They could not control their following, and sadly but with resignation they reached the conclusion that organization methods would avail nothing against the desire of the majority of delegates to follow their own course, which was to get on the Hughes band wagon as quickly as possible.

But perhaps Mr. Wilson perused the *World*. If so, he read:

May 15.—The problem confronting the straight goods Republican leaders three weeks in advance of their nominating convention is to devise means for " stopping " Supreme Court Justice Hughes from running off with the Presidential prize ahead of time. Having " shelved " Colonel Roosevelt for the time being they plan to turn

the trick with Root. . . . The leaders, primarily intent on " trimming " the Colonel, have developed the movement in favor of Justice Hughes to the maximum of their calculations. Despite the astonishing growth of sentiment favorable to him they are of the opinion they can keep it well in hand and hold back enough votes to prevent the consummation of the plans of his sincere supporters to compel his nomination.

Chicago, June 3.—The indications are that Perkins' invitation will be accepted without prejudice to either side, which means that the regulars will listen and then, according to the present plan, go ahead with their programme. This, in substance, is:

1. Line up an overwhelming majority of the delegates against the Colonel so as to convince even his most enthusiastic supporters among the " straight goods " leaders and delegates that he cannot win.

2. Manipulate the situation to prevent the nomination of Justice Hughes.

3. Anything to beat both of them.

June 4.—In his appeal for the nomination of Justice Hughes, which is printed elsewhere, George W. Wickersham quotes from an editorial of the *World*, July 27, 1908, which said:

" Mr. Hughes is the first Governor of New York since Grover Cleveland who did not owe his nomination directly to the favor of the machine and the bosses."

This is an actual statement of fact, but we doubt if its reiteration at this time will do much to bring about the nomination of Hughes for President. The Republican leaders are not looking for a candidate who is independent of the machine and the bosses. They want a man who will work with the machine and the bosses. That is why many of them prefer Roosevelt to Hughes, in spite of everything that Roosevelt has done to wreck the party.

No Republican boss ever had anything to fear from Mr. Roosevelt as long as he could make himself useful, and no boss ever had anything to expect from Hughes. That is why the Old Guard looks upon him with deep distrust. . . .

The qualities that make Hughes strong with Republicans like Mr. Wickersham antagonize the kind of leaders that profess to control the party.

May 12.—There are four obstacles to the nomination of Justice Hughes for President. The first obstacle is the undisguised opposition of the Old Guard which controls the Republican organization and will control the convention. The Old Guard does not want Hughes. It knows that if he is elected he will smash the Republican national organization as he smashed the Republican State organization when he was Governor of New York. The Republican organization needs wrecking. It ought to have been wrecked long ago, and

the certainty that Hughes would do the job intensifies the Old Guard opposition to his nomination.

Is it not extraordinary that, in the face of all this evidence from his own journalistic household and of common knowledge of the fact, as we saw stated somewhere at the time, that "Nobody wants Hughes—but the People," a President of the United States should utter so palpable a misstatement? Imagine Washington or Lincoln or Cleveland doing such a thing!

We pass shamefacedly to the more artful assault upon Wall Street. There was nothing new in this procedure, of course; it has been for long the last refuge of a desperate candidate. Brother Bryan, in fact, made a business of it for years and does still for all that we know, in his prolonged absence from the limelight; but Brother Bryan was clumsy as well as honest. He never was compelled to separate the good rich sheep who aided him from the bad rich goats who opposed him and, while he never waved away support, he did not attempt, so far as we can recall, to trade appointments for "the Jew vote" and the financial assistance which is supposed to go therewith. What was easy and natural for him, therefore, became a difficult task for Mr. Wilson,—yet behold the skill and delicacy with which it was performed! Mr. Wilson said:

> I do not like these words, "Wall Street." Because there are some men in Wall Street who have vision, there are some men who see things large and see them true, there are some men with fine statesmanlike gifts, and I do not like to include them, but the main impulse in Wall Street is not given to it by them. When I say "Wall Street" I mean some parts of Wall Street, and I leave you to select the parts.

One could readily have picked Mr. Paul M. Warburg of the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who may or may not be slated for Chief Justice to succeed Mr. White, and Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, as a few of the parts endowed with vision, statesmanlike gifts and purified lucre, on the very day when the speech was made,—but lo! another appeared against the light of the horizon immediately thereafter in the person of Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, the greatest speculator on the Stock Exchange, who was named for membership of the important General Defense Board and whose advent to public life was signalized by a prompt change in the betting odds, to the advantage of Mr. Wilson.

The candidate concluded somewhat hastily with the remark that he "would not have you consider me prejudiced against the City of New York, one of the vital parts of the United States." Not at all. Much depends upon New York City on November 7, whether Mr. Vance McCormick finally convinces Mr. Charles F. Murphy that he can deliver the Postmastership over the dead body of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard or not. Taken as a whole, Mr. Wilson's observations were excusatory rather than condemnatory, but they sufficed to enable the *World* and other faithful journals to spread aloft the headings "WILSON LASHES G. O. P.'S OLD GUARD AND WALL STREET—WARNS PEOPLE OF "ONE OF THE MOST SINISTER COMBINATIONS AMERICAN POLITICS EVER SAW," etc. Surely a clever bit of work!

But the most telling of the ten strikes was the conjuring from the vasty depths of the grim specter of war. This was "a very serious thing, indeed." But since "there is only one choice as against peace and that is war" and since "a very great body of supporters of the Republican party"—unrevealed, except to Mr. Wilson—"outspokenly declare that they want war," it followed necessarily that "the certain prospect of the success of the Republican party is that we shall be drawn into the embroilment." If the prospect of Republican success is, in fact, certain, there would appear to be small occasion for further speculation. But that is not the idea which Mr. Wilson intended to convey. What he really meant to say was that only his re-election could keep the United States at peace with all the world, Mexico and Haiti, we assume, included.

This reminded our neighbor the *Tribune* of the remark of Thad Stevens to the husky colored lads who bore him up the Capitol steps in his last days: "Who is going to carry me up these stairs, boys, when you are gone?" But the *World* took its cue with assumed seriousness and asked loudly in a horrifying double-leaded voice, "Do the American people want peace with Wilson or war with Hughes?"

Was ever such balderdash? What nation, in all conscience, is going to get so mad at us for electing Charles E. Hughes President that it will forthwith make war upon us? The Allies? If so, we suppose they would begin by withdrawing England's fleet from the North Sea and sending it over here to demolish the munitions factories at Bridge-

port and Chester. The Central Powers? Why not? Austria has only a few millions of Russians, Roumanians and Italians on her hands at the moment, and the Germans would like nothing better than to pack their pent-up fleet and their western army upon Zeppelins and sail them across the Atlantic for a bit of sport.

Yes, it *is* Germany, we find upon reading further. Possibly because the Almighty does not express Himself so explicitly in firm, declaratory notes, the fear of God in the Kaiser's heart is as nothing to his fear of Woodrow Wilson. Consequently, according to the *World's* special correspondent, Mr. Swope by name, "pretended American organizations" in Germany are raising money for propaganda work among our gullible citizens and "the report is freely circulated in Berlin that St. John Gaffney, the discredited former Consul General at Munich, took with him money to use in supporting Hughes among the American Irish and Catholics." This, we have to admit, is "very serious, indeed." But suppose the Kaiser should succeed in his desperate attempt to buy the election of Mr. Hughes! What then? Why, then, he is going to make war upon us for "repudiating Wilson." So you perceive it is all quite clear. Oh dear, oh dear!

But the President found "a more serious aspect even than that." There was "an immediate result of this thing, my fellow-citizens. From this time until the 7th of November it is going to be practically impossible for the present Administration to handle any critical matter concerning our foreign relations, because all foreign statesmen are waiting to see which way the election goes, and in the meantime, they know that settlements will be inconclusive." While few will be able to detect any striking novelty in the "inconclusiveness" of "settlements," the awkwardness of the situation is apparent. But clearly the only way to relieve it is by postponing the election indefinitely or by giving our present indispensable magistrate not only a despised second term but a tenure for life—and that, however desirable or essential, seems now to be hardly feasible.

It is true, of course, as the *World* complains, that "Mr. Hughes will be without power until March 4 and the Government of the United States will be adrift"; but while this circumstance is undeniably regrettable, it is not easy to see how the Government can be any further adrift than it

has been. Mr. Wilson will not only continue to be vested with all the powers of his high office, but he will be relieved of the handicap of having to shape his course along vote-getting lines. Instead of being obliged to keep both ears to the ground, Bryan fashion, as he informed the Washington Press Club some time ago he was too proud not to do, he will be enabled to hold up his head and be President of the United States for four months, at any rate. That, we venture to assert, is an opportunity not to be undervalued if he would, as we sincerely hope he may, retrieve for his native land what Mr. Jefferson quaintly described as "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

While, then, we might, if pressed, feel constrained to admit, with our neighbor the *Globe,* that Mr. Wilson "stretched a candidate's privileges in his prediction that if he was not given a second term the country would be plunged into war," we cannot withhold admiration of the astuteness of his appeal to shivering unintelligents.

Perhaps the most impressive psychological aspect of this interesting campaign is that afforded by Mr. Wilson's personal attitude, depicted by himself with characteristic frankness, with respect to the result. He is really bored by the whole business. Twice at least he has declared quite impatiently that it was a matter of utter indifference, and once he said he did "not care a peppercorn" whether he was re-elected or not. It was wholly natural, therefore, that he should resolve to continue to live as one apart and to do no thing that might seem to indicate a willingness to influence the judgment of his fellow-citizens. Prevented by his fine sense of fitness from forgetting for a moment "the larger matter of the President's dignity," as our adoring neighbor the *Times* put it, he announced his firm determination "to accept invitations to discuss public questions only from non-partisan organizations." Under no circumstances would he demean his great office by appearing like a mere campaigner upon rear platforms.

But the most laudable of resolves cannot withstand the effect of stupid management. As we write, Mr. Wilson is speeding West to make three academic discourses in Chicago before as many non-partisan societies hastily organized by Mr. Roger Sullivan and, as luck would have it, his special car is attached to an accommodation train scheduled to make thirty stops for back-platform appearances—all most annoy-

ing, we are sure, but clearly the unavoidable consequence of inefficient management.

The fact is that Mr. Wilson has been seriously handicapped from the beginning of his Administration by the incompetence of his helpers. We recall most uncomfortably the widespread sympathy which welled up in his behalf when he confessed sadly to the Washington Press Club last May that he simply had "to deal with some men who know no more of the modern processes of politics than if they were living in the eighteenth century." They were "blind," he continued, "hopelessly blind; and the worst of it is I have to spend hours of my time talking to them when I know before I start as much as after I have finished that it is absolutely useless to talk to them. I am talking *in vacuo.*" There was some idle speculation at the time as to whom Mr. Wilson had in mind. Obviously, the field was restricted to leading Democratic statesmen, who incidentally hope to be retained for another four years, but few if any of the able Cabinet members were suspected, least of all Mr. Daniels, who still holds the "confidence and admiration" of his chief.

There was, of course, the volatile Vice-President, who frankly admits that his chief interest since 1913 has been centered in the health of the President and who wishes to continue in the direct line of succession, and this surmise is borne out in a way by his sharp response to Mr. Hughes respecting the sinking of the *Lusitania* in these words, as reported by the Kansas City *Gazette Globe:*

> Mr. Hughes was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court when the *Lusitania* was sunk. Why did not he, as Chief Justice, with his great, sweeping knowledge of international law, advise the President? That would have been the patriotic thing to do as long as he was a part of the Government.

That Mr. Wilson must, indeed, have felt that he was talking "*in vacuo*" when he conversed with a Vice-President whose knowledge of the functions of the Supreme Court was equaled only by his ignorance of the name of the Chief Justice we must confess a gloomy comprehension, but if further evidence be required it appeared in Mr. Marshall's final crushing rejoinder, apropos of what we do not pretend to surmise, that "I would not have eaten the apple in the Garden of Eden, either."

Of one fact, in any case, we feel indubitably certain—namely, that Mr. Wilson could not have referred to those

most adroit of secret agents, the Hon. William Joel Stone and Mr. Norman Hapgood, to whom was entrusted by somebody the delicate task of corralling the German-American vote while their chief was sternly demanding the excision of the hyphen from the English language. For ante-professional reasons we scrupulously refrain from touching even lightly upon Mr. Hapgood's first startling disclosure that the Ridder boys were writing speeches for Mr. Hughes to deliver; let us rather present his own words and punctuation marks as carefully dictated by himself, after his story was denied, to wit:

Carefully refrain from saying that I believed that Mr. Hughes would allow a German editor actually to write a speech for him comma close quotation. Start quotation I do not believe it comma but I did believe at the time dash September 16 dash and I believe now comma that it is—no, will be—no, was clear that there was—will be—no, was an understanding.

Now you may say without quoting me that Mr. Hapgood said that the whole process of reasoning was simple to him. Better make that a paragraph by itself.

One need not read this gem of lyrically lucid expression more than six times to appreciate the aptness of Mr. Hapgood as an emulator of style. More we cannot say; we have a heart.

We could write a book about the Machiavellian performances of the Hon. William Joel Stone, but since the *World* and the *Times* did not regard his fervid appeal, in a Third Avenue beer garden between the hours of 8 p. m. and 3 a. m., as worthy of publication in full or in part, we would rest content with the following graphic account from the *Evening Sun:*

"If Hughes should be elected President who would be Secretary of State?" A chilly air must have blown the nicotine vapor to the ceiling as he answered "Root" in reply to his own query. "Then"—Ossa upon Pelion—"who will be chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations? Undoubtedly Henry Cabot Lodge, . . . a stalwart American Tory of Brahman blood . . . who could not be more devoted to the cause of England in this European struggle if he were a member of the British House of Lords." The pleader's voice must have sunk to husky tones as he summed up the harrowing prospect:

Hughes, Roosevelt, Root, Lodge—a fine quartet for you to think about when you are asked to condemn Wilson on the ground that

he is unfriendly to Germany. I might extend this statement so as to embrace others of almost equal prominence likely to surround Hughes if elected. But the list I have given is enough.

Before you German-Americans make up your minds to vote for Hughes and against Wilson would it not be well to stop and think? Ask yourselves whether you should act on impulse based on a passing resentment or whether you should pause to think just where you are going and where you might land.

That the possibility of Messrs. Hughes, Fairbanks, Root, and Lodge succeeding Messrs. Wilson, Marshall, Lansing, and Stone should dismay the Hon. William Joel we can recognize cheerfully in view of the sense of reconciliation which surely would possess the souls of others.

Postmaster General Burleson's particular job seems to have been to convert Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, editor of the subsidized *Fatherland*. He did not, however, seek Mr. Viereck; he "was asked by a mutual friend"—name not given—if he would see him and replied with the unvarying courtesy for which he is justly celebrated, "Certainly." So the meeting was arranged at Democratic headquarters. "There was no secrecy about it," continued Mr. Burleson, although to the best of our recollection no bulletin of the significant conference was issued to the press. Nothing came of the interview of sufficient importance for Mr. Burleson to recall. "I did not come as an emissary of the President," Mr. Burleson concluded with scrupulous, if not superfluous, caution; and yet, refusing for once to play the part of the goat, "the President did know about it either before or after the interview." Thus did the traditional chicken come perilously near home to roost—which possibly accounts for the fact that the editor of the *Fatherland* was the only one really captured, lending point, indeed, to the remark of the *World* on July 20 to the effect that "it is a relatively small matter whether Charles Evans Hughes or George Sylvester Viereck is the instrument by which [the Kaiser's] imperial revenge is wreaked." Nevertheless, while the Postmaster General undoubtedly earned the iron cross, we firmly insist that the skillful endeavors of Messrs. Stone and Hapgood should receive suitable commendation from the master of his craft.

Very early in the game—*i. e.*, in July—we implored our contemporaries to leave Abraham Lincoln out of the campaign, but, as we frankly anticipated, in vain. We can only

groan, therefore, when we pick up our rural journals and find a campaign-plate picture of Mr. Wilson, gazing into space over a note to somebody held in his hands, while overhead the shade of Lincoln says consolingly in graven letters, "Patience, Mr. President, they criticized me, too." This, of course, was inevitable as a part of the canvass for sympathy, which began when Mr. Samuel G. Blythe was induced to perceive misty eyes from the rear through a quite solid head and ended with Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's heartrending idyll in *Collier's*. For ourselves, we do not find these time-honored aberrations objectionable, but neither do we resent earnest deprecation such as Brother Mark Sullivan visited upon his own contributor in these words:

Why is it that Mr. Wilson is so often painted in somber colors by his admirers? Other Presidents took the office earnestly, but with at least a pretense of good humor. They were attacked vigorously, and their friends repelled the attacks with wholesome energy. But when Mr. Wilson is defended we are invariably invited to weep over him. With the tears rolling down their cheeks his eulogists direct our attention to "this strong sad soul," "this lonely figure bent double under the awful responsibilities of his office," "this weary man painfully treading the path of duty," "his face is pale and lined with care," "his eyes are heavy with sorrow for the suffering of mankind," yet he "is patient and serene." He doesn't resign or refuse renomination. All such eulogies invariably refer to Lincoln.

Yet Lincoln was cheerful and almost commonplace to those who saw him during the war, and as little expected, and as little got, compassion as a blacksmith for his hard task. He would have thought anyone mad who sobbed over him, and he probably would have resented with a good deal of vigor an allusion to the changes in his physical appearance brought about by increasing years and cares of office, compared with which Mr. Wilson's tasks are about as important as the chores of a farmhand. He went about his work manfully, made his jokes, and told his funny stories, offended Stanton by reading "Artemus Ward" or "Josh Billings" while the election returns were coming in, and talked as little about himself and his duties and obligations as any man who ever lived. But Mr. Wilson's admirers insist on martyrizing him while he is still alive. He is the only living martyr President. His anguish is almost unbearable.

We expect momentarily to see one of the Washington correspondents wire to his office that "the martyr President, after a consultation with Roger Sullivan and Charles F. Murphy, presided over the Cabinet meeting. In the afternoon he played a round of

golf with Dr. Grayson. In the evening the martyr President and Mrs. Wilson entertained a few friends at a musicale."

Mr. Baker learned with approval that Mr. Wilson's favorite poem is Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior." The President finds in it a comforting mirror of his own excellences. "Doomed to go in company with Pain and Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train! [He] turns his necessity to glorious gain. Is placable because occasions rise so often that demand such sacrifice. More pure as tempted more; more able to endure. As more exposed to suffering and distress, thence also more alive to tenderness."

The reader may recall the lines. We have no doubt that when the poet wrote them his vision penetrated 110 years. But if the President will look back a few pages in his Wordsworth he will find something on his "key word," "his interpretative chord" of "Duty." One of the stanzas runs:

> *To humbler functions, awful Power!*
> *I call thee: I myself commend*
> *Unto thy guidance from this hour;*
> OH, LET MY WEAKNESS HAVE AN END!

Granting, as we fear we must, full warrant for Mr. Sullivan's application of rugged common sense, we still feel that "the martyr act" would be comparatively inoffensive but for the fact that it leads straightway into the realm of halos. Out West they have clear perception of proportionate values if we may judge from the headline in the *Sioux City Journal* of October 3, "WILSON LIKE CHRIST—THE TWO GREATEST WORLD'S BURDEN BEARERS—VOTE FOR WOODROW AND ED, URGES DEMOCRATIC ORATOR," Ed being the candidate for Sheriff. Whether Mr. Wilson really had the gregarious and fun-loving Lincoln in mind when in Kentucky he touched feelingly upon what he termed the "holy isolation" of the great emancipator or was subconsciously portraying the studied aloofness of another, we would not venture to surmise; but when such a reference is followed by a contribution to campaign literature like that of Professor Stockton Axson, one can hardly be blamed for stopping to wonder whether the odor be that of sanctity or of sanctimony.

But, taken as a whole, the campaign has been quite creditable and fairly wholesome. Having already instanced the conclusion to which unprejudiced consideration of the living issues points irresistibly, we have only to repeat, what we said at the beginning, that all resolves to a question of

character; whether as our President a Hamilton is to be preferred to a Burr, a Cleveland to a Blaine, or a sturdy faithful and true scion of fine old American stock to "a dreffle smart man."

HUGHES or WILSON? That's all!

A LETTER TO THE TIMES

To the Editor of the NEW YORK TIMES:

I address this communication to you at the instance of my neighbor, Mr. John O'Hop, who was born in Galicia, came to this country a few years ago, is engaged chiefly in raising potatoes, chickens, and future citizens and will cast his first freeman's ballot at the forthcoming election. My warrant for encroaching upon your valuable time is to be found in the circumstance that, when Mr. O'Hop sought my advice as to how he might best equip himself for correct performance of the duties of citizenship, I recommended to him diligent perusal of the columns of your great journal, which, I ventured to assure him, had become an American institution of the first magnitude, whose enlightenment and guidance of a fallow mind he could safely regard as eminently trustworthy and advantageous. You will rejoice, I am confident, to learn that Mr. O'Hop received my suggestion gratefully and heeded it with that particularity which so often characterizes the striving of a somewhat primitive intellect. From time to time, I may add, as we met at the rail fence which marks the boundary line of our respective landed possessions, I have been deeply gratified by the evidences of Mr. O'Hop's constantly increasing understanding of our variegated political problems.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when yesterday evening he informed me that, despite his faithful study of your lucid expositions of the living issues, he found the existing situation quite incomprehensible. I should not say that his faith in your infallibility, which he considered I had guaranteed in effect, was shaken; he was simply perplexed and distressed by his inability to reach a conclusion with respect to his specific duty as a conscientious citizen at the polls on November 7th.

Should he vote for Mr. Hughes or for Mr. Wilson? That was the concrete question whose pondering was depriving him of much needed sleep. Did I think so great

an institution as his revered *Times* would deign to inform so humble a person? You should have seen his face light up when I confidently assured him that he need have no doubt whatever upon that score. He grasped both of my hands and I fear, but for the fence, would have embraced me. One slight difficulty arose from Mr. O'Hop's distrust of his proficiency in spelling, but this was resolved after a fashion by my volunteering to act as his amanuensis,—a task which I assumed gladly in my zest to hear what he had to say. So it transpired that, after we had finished our eight hours' work, leaving the patient cows to wait sixteen hours for another milking, Mr. O'Hop came over to the house with an armful of your papers and discoursed at such length that I am able only to present as succinctly as may be the substance of his remarks.

It seemed that Mr. O'Hop had inferred from something you had said that you thought he should vote for Mr. Wilson, and it was upon that assumption that he proceeded to consider the issues involved and your elucidation thereof. He recalled at the outset the President's statement of a general purpose to serve mankind, uttered with impressive fittingness at his birthplace on his birthday just before his inauguration, to this effect:

"All the world is turning now, as never before, to this conception of the elevation of humanity, not of the preferred few, not of those who can by superior wits or unusual opportunity struggle to the top, no matter whom they trample under foot, but of men who cannot struggle to the top and who must, therefore, be looked to by the forces of society, for they have no single force by which they can serve themselves."

This conception, you will remember, you found to be "a very old one which many men in many ages have striven to realize and toward which the evolution of the race, with some inevitable reaction, has tended." What interested you most therefore was his notion as to how to apply the conception, to wit:

"The one thing that the business men of the United States are now discovering, some of them for themselves, and some of them by suggestion, is that they are not going to be allowed to make any money except for a quid pro quo, that they must render a service or get nothing, and that in the regulation of business the Government, that is to say,

the moral judgment of the majority, must determine whether what they are doing is a service or not a service, and that everything in business and politics is going to be reduced to this standard. 'Are you giving anything to society when you want to take something out of society?' is the question to put to them."

To this you said: "Here is implied a view of the function of Government, and especially of the Government of the United States, to which the public mind is not accustomed and which opens up infinite possibilities in many directions. We do not ourselves find explicit warrant for it in the Constitution which the people have set up as a standard of conduct for their elected representatives, legislative or executive. Mr. Wilson seems to think that it is a view 'which the fine men who set up the Government of the United States had in the beginning,' but it is hardly one that can be found in the writings of Thomas Jefferson, to whom the President-elect paid the most glowing tribute. Indeed, in the form chosen by Mr. Wilson to present it, the view is one that might well make Mr. Jefferson, were he living, first gasp and then rage. The convinced individualist who believed that the Nation was best governed which was governed least would look with dismay on the notion that the Government could say on what terms men are to 'be allowed to make money.'

"Looking forward to the duties that await Mr. Wilson, the plain, old-fashioned, needful things he will be called on to do, and reflecting on the obstacles he will have to overcome to do them reasonably well, we are inclined to think that the realization of the 'vision splendid' by which at present he 'moves attended' may wisely be—and probably will have to be—for a considerable time postponed."

Mr. O'Hop was deeply impressed at the time by what he regarded as your sound, common sense. Now, looking backward, he wonders whether you would consider that the President was right and you were wrong, and, if so, why the "unshackling" of business which Mr. Wilson then guaranteed should again be advanced as a continuing reason for his re-election. "What," you asked, "would Jefferson think of his chances of success were he forced to select agents for the general regulation of all business on the basis of the Golden Rule?" And now the question is, What is the measure of Mr. Wilson's success achieved by such agents

as Mr. Bryan, Mr. Daniels, and Mr. Lind, notably in Mexico where, according to Secretary Baker, the only policy has been the very Golden Rule to which you referred? You answered this in a leading editorial on June 21, when you said of Secretary Lansing's note:

"The note reviews the deplorable conditions that have existed in Mexico in the last three years, and dwells in detail upon the many outrages committed and the wanton destruction of American life and property. It enumerates the murderous raids made upon our garrisons and border towns within nine months, and recounts the negotiations of our Government, ever patient and still hopeful that Carranza would keep his promises and restore order, with the de facto Government looking to the suppression of the unattached bandits to whom the raids were attributed. It shows that, in spite of the assurances given by Mr. Arredondo, only one Mexican personally connected with the massacre of eighteen Americans at Santa Ysobel last January has been brought to justice by the Mexican authorities. While Villa openly and defiantly conducted his operations in the North and proclaimed his intent to destroy American life and property, he was never intercepted and his movements were not impeded by troops of the de facto Government. Yet the Mexican authorities were fully and confessedly cognizant of his movements. The Columbus raid capped the climax. . . .

"The Secretary has been reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Carranza did not and does not intend or desire that the outlaws shall be dispersed by American troops or at the request of our Government by Mexican troops.

"The note leaves nothing unsaid. It answers Carranza completely, and states our position in regard to Mexico in unmistakable terms. We do not want war, we are still hopeful that war may be avoided, but our national rights must be maintained."

Have our national rights been maintained? Did Carranza recognize them when he ordered the massacre of our soldiers? And have conditions improved? On September 23, eight full months after you approved the Administration's stern pronouncement, you said frankly:

"The fact that Villa is armed and abroad and has a band of murderous followers is sufficient evidence of the utter failure of Carranza and his troops to restore order in

Northern Mexico. The outlook is as bad as ever. General Pershing may have to begin his task anew, and, with that prospect in sight, who can fail to remember Parral and Carrizal? "

So it is now as at the beginning,—only worse, with absolutely nothing gained from the sacrifice of the lives of our soldiers. And yet you say, on October 3, that " Mr. Wilson's stand is now and always has been perfectly understandable and has been approved throughout the country except by the outspoken interventionists." Not being an " interventionist " himself and not knowing anybody who is, Mr. O'Hop was puzzled to know whether this extraordinary assertion should be accepted as a statement of fact, and he seemed relieved when I suggested that, in the circumstances, it might be well to regard it as a mere campaign opinion. He is a simple soul and loyal to a degree,— only bewildered, as I remarked at the beginning.

Passing from the Mexican imbroglio to a subject in which he feels deeper personal concern, Mr. O'Hop dwelt at some length upon the recently enacted labor legislation. He had read the President's reference to it, in his message to Congress, as an " eight-hour " law and his later declaration that it had been passed, conformably to a decree of society, not because it was essential to the prevention of a strike, but because it was right. Whereupon he unfolded his copies of the *Times* and read as follows:

June 17.—" There is nothing about the eight-hour day that is beyond arbitration."

August 21.—" The eight-hour day should be achieved by economic means, not by the boycott or statute or strike."

August 22.—" It has been made as plain as daylight that men are not agitating for eight hours of work and no more. Their real purpose is to secure higher pay."

September 1.—" A National Humiliation.—The strike is over before it had begun. The project of law compelling the railroads to increase the wages of their employes who are members of the brotherhoods, falsely called the eight-hour bill, will be at once enacted by Congress. The chiefs of the brotherhoods will then revoke the strike order. It is altogether probable that they would revoke it anyway, or at least postpone its beginning. They have had time to measure the magnitude of the crime they were about to commit and the depth of public indignation it would arouse,

and to weigh the consequences to themselves and the brotherhoods. . . .

"But what will the President do to make good his declaration in the letter to Colonel Pope, that 'this situation must never be allowed to arise again'? What will Congress do to empower him to prevent its recurrence? Apparently, while Congress is to enact the demands of the brotherhoods, it closes its ears and its mind to the demands of 'society,' the word which the President employed in his quite mistaken statement that society, meaning the public, favors the adoption of the eight-hour principle. . . .

"What will the President do, we ask again, and what will Congress do? The greater evil, the greater menace of 'society,' is this act of extorting legislation by threats. To put up with it would be a disaster to the nation incomparably greater than any the strike could inflict. . . .

"Unjust laws may be put upon the statute books through the agitation of factions or groups strong enough to make their political influence felt. But there is no other instance where a Congress of the United States has been forced to make laws under threat of a small part of the people to do immeasurable and irreparable injury to the others. If such an outrage can be put upon us unresisted we have lost our republican form of government. . . .

"It is the general opinion that the President erred grievously in not insisting, with equal firmness, that they consent to arbitration. Instead he appears to have yielded to their demand at once and then to have employed his time in seeking to compel the railroads to yield. An increase in wages is eminently a fit matter for arbitration, certainly for deliberate examination and inquiry, to the end that justice shall be done. That the President should have insisted on. The railroad Presidents proposed arbitration, were willing to arbitrate, the brotherhoods refused. That is the net situation and the public understands it perfectly."

September 2.—"What lynch law is to orderly judicial process the method adopted by the brotherhoods, and we have very great regret in saying with quite too much assistance from the President, is to the constitutional method of lawmaking. With one voice and unsparingly the people must and do denounce the means by which this legislation was forced upon Congress."

September 16.—"As was foreseen, the railway brother-

hoods are appealing to the voters to support Congressmen friendly to the eight-hour law. The goods were delivered when the law was passed."

October 1.—" The President says that he supported the trainmen's eight-hour law because it was ' right '; that ' the judgment of society, the vote of every Legislature in America that has voted upon it, is a verdict in favor of the eight-hour day.'

" The President did not say that any Legislature was ever elected on the eight-hour issue, but it is known that several electorates have rejected the eight-hour day. The votes of the electorates which have rejected that proposal are more truly indicative of what society thinks about it than the action of Legislatures. Votes are cast by those who must pay for the eight-hour day. Legislatures have no financial responsibility for their enactments. They simply establish the eight-hour day at the cost of others, whether taxpayers in the case of public employment or investors in public utilities. No case is known where any Legislature imposed a ten-hour wage and an eight-hour day upon any private employer. Until such a case has happened and worked well, the claim of social sanction is premature.

" Although the President asserts his belief that the trainmen's law is ' right,' he discounts his own convictions by support of an inquiry into the subject. A thing that is right, that has social sanction, should be done regardless of economic consequences. They can be taken care of afterward. If society orders the eight-hour day, it is right also that society should bear the burden, and not coerce payment by employers any more than it coerces work from wage earners."

The difficulty experienced by Mr. O'Hop in reconciling your advocacy of Mr. Wilson's re-election with your opinion of his conduct was enhanced, oddly enough, by reference to your issue of June 25, 1913, when, speaking of the " rider " to the Appropriation bill, the precursor of the legislation which you now condemn, you said:

" Physical weakness is pitiable, but such moral weakness as the President exhibits in signing the Sundry Civil bill ' rider ' arouses other feelings than those of compassion. Mr. Wilson's explanation—it is not an excuse—is a better one than we thought he could make. But that only heightens the discredit. There is a natural distrust of a

man who can command so adroit a pen for the defense of so bad an act.

"President Wilson weakly submits. He insists that the law shall be unequally enforced, he permits Congress to control his will and his act. . . . If the enactment of the 'rider' was a public crime he is an accomplice. Yet he assures the country that he will evade this new law which constrains him to the evasion of an old law. Seeking palliation he thus blunders into a double offending.

"President Taft denounced this legislation as vicious and vetoed it. With what stern condemnation Grover Cleveland would have resented such an invasion of his prerogative! President Wilson takes himself out of the company of these honorable men.

"When during the campaign Mr. Wilson publicly accepted and preached doctrines condemned in his early teaching it was hard to maintain belief in his sincerity. By signing this vicious bill he has made it still harder."

Mr. O'Hop was disturbed when he read this sharp comment three years ago. His old-world experience had taught him the propriety of recognizing good faith at least on the part of the rulers. What he would like to know now particularly is whether President Wilson's action with respect to the Adamson bill has made it any easier for you to believe in his sincerity.

Other issues upon which, according to Mr. O'Hop's modest understanding, Mr. Wilson seeks re-election are as follows:

Civil service reform. Having been convinced by your persistent championship of the excellence of the merit system, Mr. O'Hop was disturbed to hear that the present Administration is the first in many years which has failed to extend it; also to learn from the *Times* of August 10 that the President himself, formerly vice-president of the League, officially approved the Post-office Department's policy of secrecy respecting appointments regardless of his own insistence upon pitiless publicity; also to read that Vice-President Marshall, sneering at "snivel service reform," regretted only that the Administration had been unable under the law to "pry out" more of the merit appointees; while the record of Mr. Hughes in this respect was without blemish.

The Shipping Bill. The impracticability of building up

a mercantile marine by injecting the government as a competitor of private concerns was established so conclusively by your lucid arguments that Mr. O'Hop earnestly hoped that your determined opposition to the McAdoo proposal might prevail. Naturally he was disappointed to read in your issue of August 22 that, although the case against the bill had "grown stronger" in consequence of events, the President still possessed sufficient power to jam it through a "listless" and unwilling Senate. In common with yourself, he could not but regard the appropriation of $50,000,000 for this purpose as "worse than useless." His plain common sense also impelled indorsement of your convincing demonstration of the futility of the Seaman's act and of your judgment, expressed on September 9, that the highly-lauded Rural Credits law is "of doubtful benefit," that the Good Roads bill "distributes Federal largess in an inequitable manner" and that the Child Labor law "invites condemnation because it stamps innocent commodities with a fictitious guilt in order that Congress may by indirection exercise a power over State affairs withheld from it by the Constitution."

Income tax. If evidence be required of Mr. O'Hop's appreciation of free government it appears in his honest resentment at being deprived of the privilege of paying his fair proportion of taxes. Your reasoning on this point he had found conclusive and he fully concurred in your opinion of September 9 that "the fundamental mistake of the emergency revenue law is that it largely increases the burden upon the one-half of 1 per cent. of the people who pay the tax, while refusing what justice and equity demanded, the lowering of the exemption limit."

Extravagance. Needless to remark, a thrifty and prudent farmer was shocked beyond measure by your exposure in detail on June 21 of the wasteful appropriations made by a Democratic Congress, with the approval of a Democratic President for costly public buildings in tiny villages. That he approved your stern denunciation of such practice you may be assured.

Preparedness. Mr. O'Hop had rejoiced to observe that in one particular, that relating to Preparedness, you had seen your way clear quite recently to accord full credit to the Administration. He had been fearful that even here you might find small occasion for commendation since, as

he recalled, on May 2, you had remarked the Democratic party's need of "the whip and spur to overcome its sluggish inertia" and had applauded the "great and needed work" of Mr. Roosevelt in "arousing the nation to the firm resolve to put itself beyond the hazard of disaster and humiliation." Mr. O'Hop's sole regret sprang from the impairment in effect of Mr. Roosevelt's inspiring work through inefficient administration, as exampled by your reference on April 4 of Mr. Daniels "clinging obstinately to his idea that 15,000 men will be enough for present needs," by your disgusted conclusion on September 20 that "the military law enacted this year leaves much to be desired" and by your sharp comment on September 26 to the effect that the spoils-jobbing armor-plate plant would "probably turn out to be a costly white elephant" and was "condemned by all well-informed persons from the beginning."

American honor. Although just become a citizen, Mr. O'Hop is proud of his adopted country and jealous of its place among nations. Nothing had been more gratifying than the strongly American position which you took on April 4, denouncing impotent "waiting" with respect to the *Lusitania* outrage, and demanding prompt reparation in connection with the sinking of the *Sussex*. They were good words, as you will recall, namely:

"Whatever may be the attitude of the Government at Washington, the American people find an increasing difficulty in crediting Berlin with good faith, and Berlin has itself to blame for that unfortunate condition. We remember the German reliance upon false affidavits about the *Lusitania*. We remember the *Persia* and the *Arabic*. But we remember, too, the official pledge and promise that vessels like the *Sussex* would not be attacked. Our willingness to believe has endured shock after shock until it is ready to give way. It would not be too much to say that it has given way. An assurance from Berlin of the nature we have indicated, that the *Sussex* could not have been attacked by a German boat without flagrant disobedience of orders, would have had a reviving effect. It was not forthcoming. We are waiting, as we have waited in the case of the *Lusitania* for many months."

And we are still waiting, as you remarked only the other day—October 9, to be exact—when again you recalled "the black crime of the *Lusitania*" and added somewhat plain-

tively, " The murder of the hundred Americans who went down has never been atoned for." You concluded with these words:

" We have given our last warning. The time for forbearance has passed. The people know that they can trust President Wilson to safeguard the rights and the interests of the country prudently and wisely but firmly."

Mr. O'Hop was grateful for this reassurance. But he wondered. Was this particular warning the " last " or only the " latest "? While readily trusting President Wilson to safeguard American rights " prudently and wisely but surely," he would deeply appreciate an authoritative response to this specific inquiry.

Trade expansion. Mr. O'Hop had been duly impressed by the President's expressed purpose to " open the markets of the world " to our struggling producers, but was quite unable to perceive how American manufacturers could be induced to enter foreign fields in the face of the definite refusal of their Government to safeguard their properties or even their lives. Unfortunately he had mislaid the paper containing your comment upon the undoing by the Administration in its early days of all that Secretary Hay had done in the Far East, but the concrete effect of its policy he found stated in your issue of September 30, in these words:

" In 1907 China bought from other countries $343,000,000, in 1913 $427,400,000 worth of goods. Meanwhile, Great Britain's part in that trade grew from sixty to seventy millions, Germany's from twelve to twenty millions, Japan's from a little less than forty-five to eighty-six odd millions. The exports of the United States to China dropped from $29,400,000 to $25,700,000. Then came the war, the great American opportunity to recover trade with China. American sales there, the foreign department of the National City Bank tells us, were $26,346,000 in 1914, $17,540,000 in 1915, in 1916 $26,358,000, $3,000,000 less than in 1907."

To this you remarked, with seeming lack of reverence, if not a tinge of sarcasm, " What of it? Let the exports sag. So long as the sacred Door is open, who cares how little Yankee stuff passes in? The Door is open. The United States can snore again in peace."

Presidential primaries. Whether or not President Wilson has abandoned his scheme of Presidential primaries or

is only biding his time to press it again upon Congress Mr. O'Hop had not been informed, but he recalled with satisfaction your determined opposition on December 9, 1913, and noted with interest your flat pronouncement on May 2 that "the primary is a fraud."

Prosperity. Whether in your heart you believe that prevailing prosperity is attributable, as claimed by Mr. Wilson, to the beneficent legislation enacted by the Democratic party at his instigation instead of to the war, Mr. O'Hop was not so presumptive as to surmise. He recalled, however, that as long ago as January 10, 1915, you uttered the following warning:

"There is one idea about which President Wilson will do well to take serious thought, for it has become well rooted in this republic, and which strikes its roots deeper as the opportunity is given for a careful study of the composition, the capacity and the aims of the Democratic party. It is the idea, the belief, that on the whole the people of this country are better off, more prosperous, and have less cause for anxiety under a Republican than under a Democratic administration."

Oddly enough, the fact upon which this corollary might have been based appeared at a much later date, namely, on September 9 last, when you said:

"Like its predecessor, the Sixty-fourth Congress is not conspicuous for ability and statesmanship. The Democratic party was so long out of power, so long under the shadow of Bryanism, that large numbers of its best men, there is reason to fear, have definitely taken themselves out of politics. If the party would keep its hold upon power in the nation, if it would continue to deserve and retain the confidence of the people, it must raise the quality of its Representatives in Congress."

This gave rise to two queries in Mr. O'Hop's practical mind: First, are there any indications of such an improvement in the quality of a Democratic Congress as you consider essential? and, secondly, what reason is there to suppose that prosperous conditions would not be as likely to continue under Republican, as under Democratic, control? Your opinion on these two points he would value highly as affording him guidance in casting his first ballot.

The tariff. Having been fully convinced by your repeated disquisitions of the preferability of a tariff for

revenue only, the one point relating thereto upon which Mr. O'Hop would appreciate enlightenment is whether Senator Underwood's assertion that the Democratic party abandoned the principle when it created a tariff commission and enacted duties avowedly for the sake of protection should be accepted as a fact.

Summarizing his observations, my perplexed neighbor found that, while generally approving, though at times specifically disapproving, the President's conduct of foreign affairs, your judgment is at utter variance with Mr. Wilson's either in policy or in practice, upon the following issues: Labor legislation; civil service reform; appointments; mercantile marine; seaman's act; federal road building; rural credits; federal regulation of child labor; income tax; wasteful appropriations; effective preparedness; trade expansion; the open door; primaries; continuance of prosperity; and finally and perhaps most vitally of all, as to the competency of the Democratic party.

In a word, then, the question to which Mr. O'Hop, a first voter, would greatly appreciate an answer from you, his guide, his philosopher and friend, is this: Shall he vote for your principles or for your candidate?

Trusting that you will perceive, in the responsibility which I assumed to Mr. O'Hop in making my original recommendation, adequate excuse for the length of this communication, I remain, as ever,

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE HARVEY.

DEAL, N. J., October 14, 1916.

ELECTION EVE

Now, vote!

The exhortation is familiar. It has been repeated innumerable times at the close of every national campaign, and so it will be in the closing hours of this one. To deprive a man of the right to vote is one of the severe penalties imposed upon convicted felons; yet thousands voluntarily incur the same disability. Hence the need of the exhortation, Vote!

Before that, however, there is something else. There is another exhortation no less important; from some points of view even more important; which should always precede the

call to the polls, and be pressed home with equal earnestness:

Now, think!

It is always eminently desirable for citizens to give careful thought to the issues and the candidates before they vote. Even if the candidates are the best two men in all the land, there is some difference and some choice between them, if not in intrinsic merit at least in fitness for the office. Even in the most placid and uneventful year, there is some issue worthy of consideration. Generally, and happily, the issues are altogether domestic. In one sense they should always be altogether domestic. Alien considerations have no place in American politics.

On some rare occasions, however, not the affairs of foreign lands but the foreign policies of our own Government become a legitimate issue of a campaign.

Such is the issue of this campaign, in a degree unsurpassed in all our history. We pointed out this circumstance last month, and indicated the present need of standing for America before and above any personality or any party. We indicated, too, the reasons why it was necessary, for the welfare of the nation, that Mr. Wilson should not be returned to the place where in this supremely essential respect he has been weighed and found wanting, and that he should be replaced by a man capable of regaining for America the confidence, the respect and the friendship of the world.

It was not surprising but it was highly significant that at that very time a striking confirmation of our estimate was in preparation, and that before our pages had reached and had been read by our most remote subscribers, there came another object lesson to the same effect, an exposition of Mr. Wilson's ineptitude which must have stricken with dismay and despair his staunchest supporters.

Let us review the circumstances.

A military submarine, in fighting trim, entered an American port, was welcomed and hospitably entertained, and then departed. A little later the same vessel, presumably, or another like it, in the coast waters just outside our three-mile line attacked and destroyed a number of merchant ships, including two belonging to neutral Powers, and at least one carrying a number of American citizens. Some of the belligerent Powers at once requested our Government

that it should follow the example of the neutral Powers of Europe in forbidding further entry of submarines into our ports. The reply to this was a refusal, on the ground that there was no reason for discriminating against that class of vessels.

Now let us recall some antecedent facts.

About a year and a half before the practice of attacking and destroying merchant ships with submarines was begun, and concerning one notable incident in that warfare, the destruction of the *Lusitania,* Mr. Wilson on May 13, 1915, wrote in a diplomatic note:

> The lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unarmed merchantman. . . . They cannot sink her without leaving her crew and all on board of her to the mercy of the sea in her small boats. . . . Submarines cannot be used against merchantmen without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity.

Nearly a year later, in connection with the destruction of the *Sussex,* on April 16, 1916, he again wrote:

> It has become painfully evident that the use of submarines for the destruction of an enemy's commerce is of necessity, because of the very character of the vessels employed and the very methods of attack which their employment of course involves, utterly incompatible with the principles of humanity, the long-established and incontrovertible rights of neutrals and the sacred immunities of non-combatants.

Note that he did not speak of the "abuse" of submarines, but of their "use." It was intrinsically impossible for them to be used as commerce-destroyers without the intolerable offense which he so well described. Therefore he very properly declared that unless the use of submarines against merchant ships was at once abandoned, this country would have no choice but to sever relations with the offending Power.

Note now the sequel. On October 8 a submarine belonging to the same Power that had formerly so grossly offended and to which those notes had been addressed, attacked and destroyed off our coast a number of unarmed merchant vessels in the identical manner against which Mr. Wilson had so vigorously protested and which he had so scathingly denounced. A submarine was used against merchantmen in violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity.

The action of that submarine off Nantucket was utterly incompatible with "the principles of humanity," "the long-established and incontrovertible rights" of the United States, and "the sacred immunities of American citizens."

Such, *mutatis mutandis,* was Mr. Wilson's accurate and convincing characterization of that episode. Yet when he was asked to exclude from the hospitality of our ports the vessels which "of necessity" did such unlawful, inhuman and unfriendly deeds, what was his reply?

> In the opinion of the Government of the United States, the Allied Powers have not set forth any circumstances, nor is the Government of the United States at present aware of any circumstances, concerning the use of war or merchant submarines which would render the existing rules of international law inapplicable to them.

Note that he had previously declared in the most deliberate and explicit way that the use of submarines against merchant vessels was necessarily unlawful. It was impossible to use a submarine against merchantmen without violating many sacred principles of humanity and justice. Yet in the face of that he declared that he knew of no circumstances in the use of submarines which made them exceptions to international law! There was no reason for discriminating between vessels which obeyed the law and were amenable to the principles of humanity, and those which broke the law and violated those principles.

It would be superfluous to enlarge further upon the matter, or to discuss the question whether the utterances of May, 1915, and April, 1916, or of October, 1916, were correct. The monstrous discrepancy between them is obvious without demonstration; and it is sufficient. A statesman, however flawless his integrity, however pure his motives, however profound his erudition, however impassioned his patriotism, who so radically contradicts himself cannot be regarded as a safe guide, and one whose policy in the gravest of international affairs is so fickle and uncertain cannot command for himself, for his Government, or for the nation, that confidence and respect of foreign Powers which are essential to the honor of the nation and are indispensable to its comity with other Powers and to its efficient service to humanity throughout the world.

So, think!

"Think on these things!"

Think; and then vote; for Charles Evans Hughes.

AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

Lord Bryce has recently reminded us of the greatest problem in the world, and of America's relation to it.

That problem is, *How humanity is to protect itself against a recurrence of this war, or the occurrence of another like it.* That is the problem which directly concerns every nation in the world, over and above every other issue of the war; and upon the successful solution of which the welfare of humanity depends to a paramount degree. In seeking a solution of it we are not adopting a "peace at any price" pacifism, nor hinting at immediate and universal disarmament. We realize that man is naturally a fighting animal. As "the child is father of the man," so the man is father of the state. A nation composed of men individually inclined toward fighting will be a fighting nation. We do not look for a transformation of human nature. Men have quarreled and fought in all ages of the world, and so in all ages there have been wars. But while we may not prevent two men from fighting each other occasionally, we do expect to keep all members of the community from joining in a general mêlée; and we hold the two men who do fight amenable to the law for their acts. So we may not avoid the occurrence, now and then, of a war between two states, for the settlement of some controversy which diplomacy, mediation, adjudication and arbitration have all been unable to compose; but we may expect to hold such belligerents amenable to the laws of nations in their conduct of the strife. That is a very different thing from having all nations, or a great number of them, plunge into a general embroilment, in which treaties and international law are swept aside and civilization is resolved into chaos. Against such a catastrophe as this, it ought to be, it must be, possible for the world to find some measure of secure protection, just as the

state or the community protects itself against universal riot. To do that is one of the primary and paramount duties of a municipality or a state. It is one of its very reasons for existence. To fail to do it is to abrogate its title to sovereignty. To do the same is no less the paramount duty of the world.

The consummate crisis which the closing of this war portends calls for the best counsels of all the nations, and chiefly the greatest of neutrals. It is too mighty a question for the belligerents alone to deal with. Upon that the neutrals should insist, if there were need of it. But there will not be need. The belligerents themselves, or the chief of them, will insist upon it. Let us realize that any premature meddling in behalf of peace, however well-meant, would be rejected and resented; as it should be. The nations which are fighting are bent upon fighting the quarrel out, to their own satisfaction.

But when the time comes for making peace, and especially for the one supreme settlement, they will not only admit, they will not only welcome, but they will earnestly request, they will imperatively demand, the co-operation of the neutral Powers. Lord Bryce makes that unmistakably clear. There is no voice more authoritative, and there is none to which Americans would more gladly listen, than that of the author of *The American Commonwealth*. Let us recall his words:

> If there is to be a recurrence of wars, becoming more terrible with the unceasing advance of science, we may well despair of the future. . . To establish any machinery for preserving peace would be impossible without the co-operation of the neutral states, and especially the greatest of all the neutral states. We have been waiting and watching to see whether America would, in view of the immense interests at stake, abandon her old policy of complete isolation and bear her part in the efforts for procuring a permanent alliance for peace.

The purport of that is unmistakable. It is expressed with all of Lord Bryce's clarity of thought and directness of speech. Substantially, its meaning is this: "Great wars must be stopped or the world is lost. They can be stopped only with the aid of America. Now, what is America going to do about it?"

America, in this view of the case, is the "last hope of the world." We should hesitate to estimate how often it has

been called that, in a political sense. For more than a century men have been so regarding it, as an example in popular government, and as an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. Now it is to be called upon to play that role in an irenic sense. Having been—more or less—the "last hope" of freedom, it is hailed as the last hope of peace. Why? Note Lord Bryce's characterization: "The greatest of all neutral states." But there is another neutral state, three times as great—in population—as we. Why is China ignored? Why is not that immense neutral and most pacific state looked to as the "last hope"? Why is China a negligible cipher in the solution of the greatest problem in the world? For reasons which it will be uncommonly profitable for America to consider at this time.

China is negligible in the world's greatest crisis because she has been given to watchful waiting and nothing more; because, while wishing to hold other nations to strict accountability for their dealings with her, she has ever been unprepared for defense, if not indeed too proud to fight; because the spirit of Josephus Daniels has prevailed in her navy and in her army: in a word, because of pacifism. That fact not merely suggests but unerringly indicates the indispensable qualifications which alone can make this country measure up to the standard which Lord Bryce has set for us, as the irenic savior of the world. We must get rid of the shallow sophistry that American ideals thrive only in pacifism. We need to show that a democracy which was founded by strong men, not one of whom was too proud to fight, can be maintained on its original basis by strong men, who can make their words mean what they say. On a pacifist basis, America would be as negligible as China. On a basis of rational preparedness, of "America first and America efficient," we should be a force making for peace and righteousness which no Power nor combination of Powers would venture to defy.

It would be a noble thing to respond to the call of the nations which Lord Bryce has voiced, and to establish in the world a *Pax Americana* by giving our co-operation in the establishment of a league for peace. But to do so we must measure up to the standard, and we must be represented by a chief of state who measures up to the standard and who is so recognized by the world. We could not hope to do so with Mr. Wilson as our President. It may be, as the

Editor of The North American Review justly observed last month, no disparagement of him to say that he has no friends abroad. We do not choose our Presidents to please other nations. Mr. Cleveland was probably not liked in Great Britain when he ordered hands off in Venezuela; but his mandate was respected, and he kept us out of war. Mr. Roosevelt probably had no friends in the Wilhelmstrasse when he told the Kaiser that a German fleet arriving in the Caribbean would find our "far-flung battle line" awaiting it; but his warning was respected, and he kept us out of war. It is perhaps a negligible thing that an American President is not liked abroad. It is decidedly not a negligible thing that he is not feared nor trusted nor respected. To be thus regarded rules him hopelessly out of the serious councils of the nations; and the nation bearing him as an incubus could not hope to be a potent factor in solving the world's greatest problem.

The prime essential, then, for this country, if it is to play its part in the transcendent world-issues of the next few years, is worthy leadership. It is not enough that the mind and heart and will of the people be right; as they are and always are. The people do not sit, in mass, in international conferences nor write notes to the other Powers. They must have a spokesman, who will represent them and interpret their will, both personally and through suitable ambassadors. He must be a man of candor, of courage, and of consistency, who can both conceive and execute a definite policy, in the interest not of himself nor of his party but of the whole nation. He must be a man who commands the trust and the respect of his own country and also of the other nations of the world; who does not mistake petulance for power or hesitance for prudence; who both intellectually and morally will have among the rulers and statesmen of the world some recognizable measure of that preëminence which we claim for America among the nations.

In these circumstances it is most auspicious that America is able to present to the world a man who, judged by every known and available rule, gives ample promise of measuring up to the necessary standard. Nobody in his senses, either at home or abroad, ever questioned the candor, the courage, or the consistency, of Charles Evans Hughes. Nobody ever doubted that he knew exactly what he meant, or that he meant exactly what he said. Nobody ever had cause to doubt

that he would fulfil his word, to the final letter. In the councils of the nations his personality would stand at par. Having worn the ermine for years unspotted, and having at the call of the people laid it down unspotted in order that he might perform the other duties which they required of him, he would retain in administration and in diplomacy the integrity and the judgment of the highest seat of justice. With such a man America might well respond to the call of the world for help, and might successfully assume the moral hegemony of the human race in this great crisis.

Lord Bryce says that Britons "have been waiting and watching to see whether America would, in view of the immense interests at stake, abandon her old policy of complete isolation and bear her part in the efforts for procuring a permanent alliance for peace." Now I shall not hesitate to say that if the question were what Lord Bryce conceives it to be, it should be answered in the affirmative. The interests at stake, "for all we have and are," are so immense: the issues, for ourselves as well as for all the rest of the world, are so tremendous: that if our policy had been one of "complete isolation," as Lord Bryce implies, we should abandon it without a moment's demur, with emotions resembling those of John Adams when he signed the peace treaty of 1783 in defiance of the instructions of Congress: "It is glory," he exclaimed, "to have broken such infamous orders!"

But the implication in Lord Bryce's question is erroneous. In responding to the call of the nations we shall not be abandoning our "old policy of complete isolation," for the reason that we never have had any such policy. There are always those who are "more royal than the King." There are those who, catching upon a part of Washington's meaning in his Farewell Address, would enforce a partial conception of his policy to an extent which he never contemplated and which he doubtless would now be the last to approve. It would be preposterous, and it would be offensive and derogatory to his fame, to insist that he meant that the prudent rules which he prescribed for three or four million weak, struggling colonists on the Atlantic littoral should be perpetually binding and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, hard and fast forever, upon one of the largest, richest and most powerful nations in the world, with a domain continental in extent and with possessions and inter-

ests encircling the earth. He meant no such folly, any more than he meant that the United States should forever be confined to the original Thirteen. He made it clear that his policy of partial—by no means complete—isolation was intended for the country *in the circumstances and conditions of that time,* leaving the future in the lap of the gods.

The founders of this Republic had no thought of making it a "hermit nation," after the fashion of Korea or Tibet. They had vision. They anticipated its growth, and the growth of international relationships which we could not avoid if we would, and would not if we could. They meant this to be a world Power, concerned in the common welfare of mankind. "Free and independent states," wrote Jefferson in the Declaration, which "have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do": in that there was no hint that we were to be forever a dwarf nation, a cripple nation, a perpetual minor among the peoples of the earth. There was no self-imposition of fetters. We were a nation, fully fledged, the peer of any other nation in all the attributes of sovereignty; and we were to adapt to ourselves collectively the profession of Terentius: *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

Participation in the world's affairs, and not "complete isolation," has been our consistent policy, from the beginning—in war and peace. We began our national existence in alliance with a European Power. We have fought wars with European and with African Powers. We have participated with European Powers in the settlement of international controversies to which we were not ourselves a party. We "opened" Japan and Korea. We took part in the international tribunals of Egypt. We were a party to the Algeciras Conference and the resultant treaty. We have entered into a multitude of international acts and conventions which were and are tantamount to alliances, for a multitude of purposes—for amelioration of the condition of the wounded in war, for the protection of telegraphic cables, for the control of wireless telegraphy, for the suppression of the slave trade, for prevention of the importation of spirituous liquors into Africa, for international sanitation, and what not else.

The suggestion, which has been made by some, that our participation in international affairs would compel the

abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine, and would involve us in all the evils which that instrument was designed to avert, is to be mentioned only to be dismissed as doubly groundless. It seems to have arisen from a notion that the Monroe Doctrine is a part of international law, which would be automatically repealed by our entry into an alliance of any kind with a European Power. It is, of course, nothing of the sort. It is simply a statement of our own national policy. It was made in entire independence of all other Powers, and has never relied for validity upon their assent. It would no more be abrogated by our making an alliance than, for example, would England's national policy of free trade. If it had been thus subject to alien influences it would have been abolished long ago, for this country has repeatedly made what were practically treaties of alliance with numerous European Powers.

This point was raised in connection with the first Hague Convention, and also with the Algeciras Convention, and while it was pretty authoritatively regarded as of no consequence, it was deemed fitting to make a declaration to that effect. Thus in signing the Hague Convention the American Plenipotentiaries made, in writing, a reservation declaring that nothing in the instrument should be so construed as to require the United States to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign state, or so as to imply a relinquishment by the United States of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions. And when the Algeciras Convention was ratified by our Senate, a resolution was adopted declaring that there was no purpose to depart from the traditional foreign policy which forbids participation by the United States in the settlement of political questions which are purely European in their scope.

Now these declarations were in a sense superfluous, since they merely repeated what had long been a matter of course. Yet they served the useful purpose of a reminder, and for that purpose a similar declaration might well be appended to the text of such a convention as that which Lord Bryce has in view. This could the more fittingly be done for two salient reasons. One is, that the question of maintaining peace, or of preventing another world-wide war, is not a "political question of policy or internal administration of

any foreign state," nor a "political question purely European in scope." It is a matter of world-wide interest and scope, and therefore pertains to America as much as to Europe, entirely regardless of the Monroe Doctrine. The other is, that there is not the slightest incompatibility between the Monroe Doctrine and an irenic alliance, but on the contrary there is the closest possible harmony. The Monroe Doctrine is not belligerent, but distinctly irenic. It was the first great international peace decree, at least in our history, and as such it was effective. In nearly a century of existence and force it has not caused a single breach of the peace, and it has directly prevented several wars.

We may therefore respond to the call of the nations for aid in the making and keeping of peace, not in spite of, but rather because of, the Monroe Doctrine. There is no "old policy of complete isolation" in the way. The consistent records of the past and the logic of our traditional declarations of policy, as well as the imperative exigencies of the present and the world's hope for the future, all sanction our favorable reply. We are already committed to it. We should be false to our faith, recreant to the spirit of the Founders, if we should shirk the duty. Hitherto we have often—perhaps too often—vaunted ourselves upon our service to humanity in offering here an asylum for the victims of political oppression, if they could and would flee hither. It would be a noble complement now to render the service of carrying influences of peace to the other nations of the world. We have heard of peace imposed upon the world for a time by the might of some overbearing autocracy. The *Pax Americana* would be a peace sanctioned by the judgment and welcomed by the desire of most if not all of the nations of the world, to which this nation would sustain the relation not of an arrogant dictator, but of a sympathetic co-operator in the execution of the general will. To achieve such an end may well be an inspiration to American citizens in these last days of a national campaign which is to determine not only our domestic policies, but also the status of this country among the Powers of the earth.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

OKUMA AND THE NEW ERA IN JAPAN

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE best hated and the best loved man in the Japanese Empire has resigned the premiership, though still a leader of the people. According to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, feudalism is dead, but the clan spirit is alive. No more than among the land-holding classes of England and Germany, has the feudal system been abolished in Japan. As in Russia, the bureaucracy in Nippon still holds the power. That ideal of the union of the throne and the nation, set forth in the revolution of 1868, is still far from complete.

The resignation of Okuma (October 2, 1916) marks the end of an era. Of the original half hundred or so re-creators of Japan, who put the "Charter Oath" into the mouth of the boy-emperor Mutsuhito, who lived until 1912, but four remain. These *Genro,* or Elder Statesmen, despite Constitution, Diet, parties, or nobility, have virtually dictated for nigh fifty years the policy of the new Japan.

From this time forth, a new element enters into the executive branch of the Mikado's Government. With faint memories of feudalism, or none; educated abroad; and with mental habits wholly modern, the bolder policy of the future premiers will be in the line of national expansion. Especially in the relations with Japan's nearest neighbors—China, Russia, and the United States—will vigor and justice, from the native point of view, be looked for. Japan is the middle term between Orient and Occident, and the world must know it. This is the meaning of party contention in the Diet, of recent native literature, and of diplomatic and military activities on the Asian mainland. It is these latter that have so disturbed some American writers and multiplied their books and deliverances through voice and pen.

Auspiciously for Americans, the new premier, Terauchi, is looked upon in Japan—as was also the late premier Katsura—as loyal son, promising pupil, and approved successor of Prince Yamagata, born in 1838, and still a power in politics behind the throne. It was Yamagata who carried through several friendly arrangements with the Government of the United States, including the "gentleman's agreement." Terauchi's record in Korea—despite the unsavory history and limping conclusion of a certain judicial process, for which he is hardly responsible—is, all things considered, fully equal in efficiency and justice to that of Lord Cromer in Egypt or of Lord Curzon in India.

In considering Okuma's career, the key to it is found in his faith in the power of education. He has ever urged the duty of society to afford equal opportunity to both man and woman. Opportunism has been the chronic object of his hostile contempt. For long views of statecraft he believed in a university rather than an electioneering canvass, even though he has gone on speech-making tours in palace cars. He has ever believed in sending a root downward, as well as a branch upward. Ever contending for the national ideal, none can better express in word and life what that ideal is. His acceptance of the best culture, handed down from the ancients, is as sincere and thorough as is his hospitality to foreign thought.

This patent fact puzzles one who is merely alien, partisan or nationalist, for Okuma has the international mind. When his was a voice crying in the wilderness, and military strength was supposed to be the nation's only salvation, he urged the elevation of woman as the nation's safeguard. In this, he was the truest of patriots. It is not "belated Rousseauism" to assert for the daughters of Japan equal right and heritage in national honors, for the page of history is too manifestly open. Confucian notions, crusted into routine, when introduced in Japan, distinctly lowered the status of woman from her high place in ancient Yamato.

The animus and motor of Japan's modern transformation are missed if these facts are forgotten, for no other Japanese has so incarnated all, and not merely a few, of the forces, new and old. Okuma is not veneered or varnished with imported modernism, but is a Japanese of the Japanese. He knows his nation's record. He acts from inherited and not exotic principles. One familiar with his early life can-

not doubt the sincerity of his oft-repeated profession that, even while confessing vast debt to American friends and teachers, he is still supremely loyal to Emperor and country. His first political study was the Constitution of the United States, and he was a "Mikado reverencer," when that term was the battle cry of those looking forward to a new national life.

The printed accounts of Okuma's formative period appear to be copied one from the other. The author of this article, familiar with the letters of Okuma's teacher, Dr. Verbeck, from 1859, and knowing Okuma in the early seventies, sees not change, as of a cloud, but growth as of a tree. There is visible none of that fickleness vulgarly supposed to mark the typical Japanese. The time for considering the Japanese as funny little human curiosities has gone. The day for serious study of them, as well as—if so be—of discernment of menace and of malignant misrepresentation, has come.

The biographies and reference books, now in many lands, tell us that Okuma went to Nagasaki and came under the influence of "some Englishmen"—that is, the American missionaries there, whose names we know; but the alleged plurality centers in Guido Fridolin Verbeck, born in Holland, who used freely French, German, English, and Dutch, and was conversant with three classic languages. From New York he reached Nagasaki in 1859, after a voyage of 127 days, almost on the day that the Townsend Harris treaty would allow alien residence. In his letters home, we read that two of his first and most promising pupils were Soyéshima and Okuma, whom he was instructing in two immortal documents, the New Testament and the Constitution of the United States. In a word, Okuma, in 1860, was one of the first to turn away from what was merely odd and quaint in the "hairy foreigners," to discern the underlying principles of their civilization. In 1916 he has probably no living superior as a student of realities among nations and races.

After Nagasaki, teacher and scholar, the man of cosmopolitan mind and the star pupil, were destined to remain neighbors and friends for many years. Summoned in 1869 to Tokyo, to inaugurate Japan's national scheme of education, to start a host of students abroad, to call out from home an army of foreign experts, to dictate the language of medicine and law, Verbeck, in many a masterly, original

writing, initiated the young statesman into the modern mysteries—of freedom of the press and of conscience, of lay trustees for church property, and in details of international usage. Many a "state paper" I have seen is pencilled "Offered to Okuma," on such a date, and "Discussed with Okuma," on another. Okuma was the channel through which the new ideas poured easily into the brain of the older and less enlightened of the builders of the new nation.

It is often asked, "Is Okuma a Christian?" Though the ex-premier has never worn the regimentals of the Occidental Christ, yet all his actions and sympathies, and his boldest public expressions, show that he strives to follow closely the Samurai of the Ages. Perhaps, like others, he waits to see the savagery of civilization eliminated from Christianity, notwithstanding that a greater than he declared that the tares, once in the field, must grow with the wheat to the end of the world. In ethical and personal purity, his private life has been a wholesome contrast with that of certain colleagues, who have openly defied the moralities; while in ferreting out the abundant Japanese scoundrelism in high places, none has excelled this believer in clean poverty.

We remember well, at Tokyo in 1873, Okuma's manifesto against official peculation and the antiquated and slovenly processes of government finance. This was when a forest of swords, equalling any in fairy tales, was a daily reality. Those of us who lived among the still hot passions of feudalism, and to whom the assassination of a cabinet minister was rather an ordinary bit of news, trembled for the safety of both Okuma and Shibusawa; yet both these oft-threatened men, still living, are likely to die in their beds. Okuma's protest, with later achievements, gave Japan a standing in the world's money markets, while his later investigations helped not only to fill the jails with guests of rank and position, but put whole armies of their followers to flight. Flinging away his sword and challenging many an old tradition and custom, Okuma pressed on. Christian or not, he could rebuke the fool's imputation of "coward" when he not only forgave, but in later years made a pilgrimage to the grave of his would-be murderer and laid a wreath upon his tomb. The enlightenment of ignorance, the removal of prejudice—a passion with Okuma—seemed to him greater victories than those that crimsoned fields or made the sea to bubble with sinking ships. He leaves office now,

because of a battle not lost, but with its full issue only postponed. His cure for war and other indecencies of civilization is more education, or, as an American would say, more democracy. In his view more liberty means more solidity. A solid basis of education means national permanence.

Such inherent convictions, early formed, seem to me to solve the alleged enigma in Okuma's character, of which certain recent publications of foreigners, octavo and duodecimo, make so much, even charging that as Premier he became turncoat and renegade. Yet if there be a *volte-face*, as it is charged, in this man ever loyal to his sovereign, it must be in the minds of aliens who take their cue from native critics of the other party. I have never seen it. If to carry out his policies of protecting the people and the hopes of democracy—shall we use that term?—Okuma has invoked the potencies of Mikadoism and the throne, what is that but turning his enemies' guns upon themselves? It is no new trick in politics—to beat the foe with his own weapons. We all know how Dr. Johnson, with his eye on men that had their price, defined patriotism. If anything is clear, in the history of modern Japan, it is that Mikadoism has been made the same "last refuge." In Tokyo of the twentieth century, as in London of the eighteenth, it lies too often on the bargain counter.

Okuma, as I remember, was in 1871 as genuine an upholder of the throne as the foundation of Japan's unity as he is now. When in that year I first met him in Tokyo, he was Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs. My three years' educational contract with the great daimio of Echizen referred to the "Government" of the chief city where I was to organize a school of science and languages. The feudal system was still in force. Okuma's quick eye, sharpened by jealousy for the Mikado's honor and the Imperial prerogative, at once ordered the document to be recast, and the words "local authorities" substituted for a phrase which should be reserved solely to designate the sovereignty of the Empire.

This incident sufficiently explains the whole career of Okuma Shigénobu, with which his actions, as Premier, from April, 1914, to October, 1916, are in no way inconsistent. Moreover, ordinary perspective protects one from rumors and falsehoods. His record, when scrutinized, shows unwavering adherence to principles which his predecessors

have not always emphasized, even though Okuma's acceptance, as a native, of Japan's nursery tales as "history," and his low opinion of the Chinese, can hardly be shared by the critical mind of an alien.

Okuma's passion has been Japan—to make her great at home and to extend her influence in Asia and the world. Yet his methods have been those of the statesman, not the politician. Unless he be a consummate hypocrite—there is no other alternative—he lives and labors that his country, standing as the interpreter of the East to the West and the West to the East, may help notably to solve humanity's great, perhaps greatest problem: the union and reconciliation of East and West.

It is perhaps less important to give (in naval language) Okuma's "detail," than to attempt to fathom, if possible, the meaning of parties and policies; yet so far a "party" in Japan, whatever its name, means primarily a personal following. Our main present anxiety is Japan's political morality, the purpose and significance for the future of the recent change. A statesman supposed to be a pacifist and a believer in government by party has stepped out, and another, of alleged clan instincts and inheritances, a military man believing in government above and apart from parties and backed by the warlike Elder Statesmen, has stepped in. Is this a relapse, a halt in the evolution of constitutional government? How will the change affect the interests of the United States in the Far East?

Nominally Japan abolished feudalism; but half a million feudal retainers in Japan did not lose their grip upon the Government. Despite constitutions, Diets, and "gifts" of the Emperor, the men of the sword still rule Japan, and militarism crushes the people with outrageous taxation. The feudal system is re-entrenched in bureaucracy, so long assaulted by the ex-Premier, for of opposition to this clan spirit Okuma is the incarnation.

Okuma, after serving eight years as head of the Treasury, left his post because his colleagues in power rejected his memorial pleading for responsible government. He was disappointed that the Emperor had not kept, in letter or spirit, his "Charter Oath" to form a national assembly. On the contrary, Ito and others seemed more and more enamored of the Prussian, as opposed to the Anglo-Saxon, idea of making the ministers responsible to the Diet instead of to

"the Sovereign"; which latter, to the American mind, means the supremacy of the impenetrable secrecy of the Palace and the intrenched power of the ring of politicians surrounding the Mikado.

Seen in the perspective of over forty years, Japanese popular education has been swamped in militarism. Japan's once splendid scheme of a university in each of the eight great divisions of the empire has come very close to disgraceful failure. Academic freedom is yet far from a reality. Labor has not been honored. Military glory has been transfigured and war-making honored beyond its deserts, while against money-grubbing, at the expense of health and life, there is scarce protection by law. The fighter is still esteemed above the inventor, healer or artisan. The manifest result is, that Japan is still curiously deficient in high grade machinists, in intelligent mechanics, and in the finer lines of the newer industries. She is far from being able to compete in the more elaborate machinery or products, while her statutes for the protection of the factory laborer are weak apologies for what they should be.

Against the intrenchment of clan-politics in the Government—the old feudalism now pretty much the same in spirit, even when baptized "Imperialism"—Okuma has ever fought persistently and with valor. In 1888, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was maimed by a dynamite bomb that was carried, hidden in an umbrella, by a partisan clothed in the evening dress of Occidental civilization. Thus, without going to war, Okuma lost a limb. When, in 1889, the promised Constitution came forth, after being deferred during twenty-one years—"the gift of the Emperor," but made in secret by a conclave headed by the Prussianized Ito—it scarcely disappointed the forewarned Okuma and Itagaki, when they found it defective in a vital feature: namely, the ministers were responsible only to "the Emperor."

Nevertheless, these two men, who for thirty years had fought the Satsuma-Choshiu-Tosa clan combination, then in possession of the Government, tried honestly, in 1898, to form a coalition ministry. They quickly realized, like their predecessors, that the time for parties founded on principles, rather than upon instincts and persons, had not yet come. The passionate instincts of clanship were too strong in the men of a nation in whom the long training of the English-speaking race was lacking. So this many-sided man re-

signed to carry out his educational plans, founding in 1882 the Waseda University, the largest and possibly the best of Japan's higher private schools, with its four thousand students. In this and in the Diet, Okuma showed a master-hand in rivalry and opposition. In none of the arbitrary measures (carried out, of course, in the name of " the Emperor ") did any ministry in power dare to imprison their outspoken critic, Okuma, as they had done so often in the case of others. The Tolstoi of Japan was unharmed; for neither honest nor dishonest men, dressed in brief authority, dared, because of the people, to show too rough a hand. The worst thing about Okuma's criticisms was that they were true, even though not according to traditional etiquette.

Summoned in April, 1914, at seventy-six, following an appalling revelation of graft, Okuma left leisure to take the helm of state, in the year of the collapse of European civilization. The bureaucrats and the war party wanted, not only to eliminate Germany from the East, but to humble China and compromise her sovereignty. This was done with mixed motives, among others, that of getting possession of the iron mines, in which Japan is so deficient. She needs steel badly and is compelled to import seventy-five per cent. of her metals. There were no original Japanese methods to be used. The simple imitation of England, Russia and France would secure what was aimed at. In a word, Japan simply followed the order of " civilization." But whatever was done—and the misinterpretation in American newspapers was great—Okuma was, throughout, the restraining force, and it would be absurd to hold him responsible for the bellicose action of his country when the gravamen of his opponents' charge is his lack of a firm policy. Their demand for a premier of military mind shows what is in the air.

Okuma has ever tried to show to his countrymen the justice of American complaints, without ever yielding for one moment to the idea that the capital of the United States is anywhere else than in Washington, D. C., or that a treaty made with our Government can be set aside by one of the States.

If, as some fear, the clan spirit, bureaucracy and militarism are now for the time triumphant in Japan over constitutionalism, what then are the prospects for the " open door " and American interests in the Far East?

It would be against all precedents of nature and history

to expect an island race, with an expanding population, rich in reserves of power and with energies long stored up but liberated in a time of supreme opportunity, to remain quiescent, or to obey foreign dictation. No more than England, will Japan consent to being insularly "cribbed, cabined and confined." Moreover, the thinking world has had enough of that false and misleading notion (responsible for so many mistakes in diplomacy and in world politics) concerning "the unchanging East" and "the Oriental calm." The "Oriental" of conventional Occidental notions is pure legend.

Several books recently published in America and written in a spirit hostile to Japan, contain outrageous misstatements and interpretations of events possible only to partisans. They seem to have amply demonstrated, however, that the chief dangers to American interests on the Asian continent lie in our commercial carelessness, or our refusal to study the needs of the markets, or in that lack of enterprise which makes us inferior to our competitors. Not a few of these diatribes read like the complaints of disappointed commercial travellers, who wanted the United States Government to back their schemes. Even supposing that the bureaucrats and military party have for a time captured Japan, I see in this no more of a menace to the United States than a Japanese would find in the vote of our Congress to enlarge armaments under the Stars and Stripes.

No true lover of his race, or of righteousness, can condemn the Japanese for claiming from our Government strict fulfillment of treaty stipulations. Nor is their demand for social justice and recognition of the merits of their civilization aught but just. The encourager of race hatred is the real enemy, both of the United States and of mankind.

It is in the area of mutual rivalry and economic invasion of the unexploited territory of Asia that the real danger lies. Here, at the front of and beyond the threshold of the "open door," there is a real peril. Yet the men who believe in the inherent superiority and ultimate supremacy of moral potencies over physical forces—of which belief, Okuma stands as the embodiment—are firm in their conviction that genuine statesmanship, as earnest as it is sincere, can not only ward off all danger, but can ally Japan with America in a new union of forces for mutual good.

To Japan's new premier, Terauchi, we need extend only

a cordial welcome. His record of just government in Korea belongs among the records of high statesmanship. Long desired in Japan as a national leader, he is reasonably sure to follow the policy of neighborliness toward the United States as Japan's best friend. Moreover, in intellect, methods and sympathies, Terauchi is, in reputation at least, a sort of double to the venerable Yamagata, who has repeatedly shown himself America's constant friend. While Okuma and Yamagata were never close in sympathies or in methods of domestic statecraft, they have run the same course as agreed rivals in persistently claiming, often against jingoism, that the United States is Japan's best friend. So, without misgivings, we draw an augury from the name Terauchi: "Inside the Temple"—the temple, shall we not say, of peace?

In brief, here is a unique opportunity offered to the United States and Japan for mutual benefit and advancement of the race. To extend America's influence and prosperity in Asia, we shall find no better friend and helper than Japan. In the light, therefore, of fifty years' knowledge of the Japanese, I utter my faith that they will be loyal to the letter and to the spirit of every treaty which they have made with us; yes, even more, that they will co-operate with us in extending enterprise and commerce in Asia; and I, with millions of my countrymen, accept in its full meaning the message of Okuma which, as Premier, he sent in 1914 to the American people: "We Japanese, standing at the point where the Eastern and Western civilizations meet, are given facilities to serve as interpreters of the Orient and to represent the former before Occidentals.....Free from any racial or religious prejudices, we have collected, or are trying to collect, what is good, what is true, what is beautiful, from all corners of the earth."

In the same quest, may God speed us both.

William Elliot Griffis.

DEMOCRACY AND DIPLOMACY

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

EXPLANATIONS of the causes of the Great War are naturally diverse, varying with the prejudices, the temperament, and the type of mind of each individual. Some assert with much assurance that it was caused by militarism—a conveniently vague term like socialism. Others claim that it was caused by commercial greed, by ambitions for world-power, by the mutual distrust of nations, or the passions and evil hearts of men.

An explanation readily accepted is that the great catastrophe is directly due to the intrigues and the machinations of diplomacy. It is easy to picture democracy as the helpless victim of evil diplomats who take a fiendish delight in wicked conspiracies, and find their supreme joy in provoking a horrible world-war. The popular cry now is for the abolition of "secret diplomacy," and the "democratization of foreign policies," in the naïve belief that the people are quite capable of conducting diplomatic negotiations in the market-place. Among the able exponents of this theory are Norman Angell, G. Lowes Dickinson—both Englishmen—and Walter Lippmann, in his interesting book, *The Stakes of Diplomacy*. They support their thesis with considerable dialetic skill, and brush away difficulties with an argument to the effect that things could not be much worse under a democratic control of foreign affairs—a kind of reasoning which would justify invoking the services of a veterinary surgeon in a case of appendicitis or cancer when the skilled physician had failed to give entire satisfaction.

At the outset it would seem desirable to note what seems to be a fundamental misapprehension back of this current distrust of diplomacy, namely, a confusion of methods with policy. Diplomacy and its agents have been credited with possessing power they do not possess, particularly

since the introduction of easy means of communication which no longer, as formerly, permit very much personal freedom of action, initiative, and discretion. They are credited with being the directing force, when they are only the instruments, the agents.

It is true that diplomats intrigue at times, and resort to questionable methods to accomplish their ends; but so do lawyers, business men, politicians, and even representatives of philanthropic or religious organizations. One does not feel justified thereby in condemning the profession of law, business, politics, philanthropy, or religion. In many instances, if the firm, society, or organization find that their representatives are behaving improperly, they are quick to reprove, punish, or discharge such unworthy agents. In other instances, if the directing policy of these organizations is found to be dishonest or vicious, criticism is properly centered, not on the representatives, but on the management.

And so it is with diplomacy: the agents, the mere tools, are of slight account; the powers that direct, the policies they formulate, are the supreme factors. National policies in international affairs depend very largely on the character and intelligence of the statesmen responsible for the conduct of foreign relations. A Metternich holding reactionary though honest opinions will resort to methods hateful to democracy. A Cavour, fired by nationalistic dreams for his country, will use various means at hand to achieve his worthy ends. So with Gladstone, full of a moral zeal; a Bismarck seeking the unity of Germany, a Hay trying to apply the Golden Rule in international affairs; and a Sir Edward Grey endeavoring to restrain Europe from the brink of disaster. In all these cases, diplomatic methods are bound to respond to the demands and the policies of the statesmen at the head of the nation. Criticism, therefore, should be centered, not on diplomacy in general, but on the policies which diplomacy is instrumental in carrying into effect.

The problem thus becomes a much larger one than the nature of diplomacy: it concerns the formulation of national policies, and the ability of the crowd in the marketplace to formulate these policies. To grapple intelligently with this great problem, it is necessary first of all to be perfectly clear concerning the functions of diplomacy, in

order to avoid certain common misapprehensions which render discussion of the whole subject difficult, or impossible.

Diplomacy has been well defined as "the art of negotiation." It is essentially the application to questions of an international nature of the ordinary rules of negotiation among men, whether in law, business, politics, or any enterprise requiring relations with other men. It requires the same knowledge of men, the same keenness of insight, the same power of discussion, of persuasion; in sum, the same tact, or what we are accustomed to denote generally as common-sense. It is true that there are special forms of etiquette, of technique in writing, and rules of the diplomatic game, which it is desirable to know; but they are not so obscure or complicated as many would infer. They are forms and rules which clever men master easily, and which are readily communicated by clerks and subordinate officials. Diplomacy is far from being what some would seem to suggest—a kind of "Sacred College" of Roman *Fetiales*, who have been initiated into the mysteries of diplomatic negotiation.

The truth of this fact has been borne out in our own history since the days of Benjamin Franklin, our *first* diplomat in every sense of the term. Franklin, Gallatin, Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, Adams, White, Choate, Reid, Herrick, the Pages, van Dyke, Gerard, and Morgenthau, are all instances of the ability of men chosen from public and private life to master the "art of negotiation." The qualities which made them successful as men of affairs at home were the very qualities essential for the duties of American diplomats. To these qualities of mind, heart and personality, must be added the distinction of being, on the whole, truly representative Americans.

Granted then that democracy can usually find able servants to protect its interests abroad, does it follow that democracy is also able to direct their actions, and conduct its own foreign relations? Is democracy competent to determine in the market-place—as Angell and others would insist—the great policies which its representatives are to execute? Must the President and his advisers hold Cabinet meetings in public, and take no action without first obtaining the approval of the populace?

De Tocqueville in his great work on *American Democracy* remarks:

As for myself, I do not hesitate to say that it is especially in the conduct of their foreign relations that democracies appear to me decidedly inferior to other governments. . . . democracy is favorable to the increase of the internal resources of a State; it diffuses wealth and comfort, promotes public spirit, and fortifies respect for law in all classes of society: all these are advantages which have only an indirect influence over the relations which one people bears to another. But a democracy can only with great difficulty regulate the details of an important undertaking, persevere in a fixed design, and work out its execution in spite of serious obstacles. It cannot combine its measures with secrecy, or wait their consequences with patience.

One may well differ from de Tocqueville in his preference for government by aristocracy, but still find much force in his strictures regarding the incapacity of democracy to carry on foreign relations. Our faith in the representative form of government in the United States may be fully justified; and yet we may well agree with de Tocqueville that there are great difficulties in the way of the "democratization of foreign policies."

A most important reason why democracy is not fitted to conduct foreign relations is to be found in the need, alluded to by de Tocqueville, of secrecy—of at least a certain degree of secrecy—in diplomatic negotiations of a delicate nature, as for example, the recent negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indies by the United States. Those who urge publicity in foreign affairs can hardly hold that publicity in all human affairs is possible or even desirable. It would not be maintained, for instance, that an industrial corporation could be successfully managed through public meetings of its board of directors and the disclosure to competitors of valuable information. The affairs of a university could not be carried on, with due regard for the interests of all concerned, by public meetings of the trustees or the faculty, in the presence of the students and alumni. It is evident that there is hardly a human interest, whether of the family, private business, or public organization, where a certain degree of secrecy is not prudently required, and eminently proper. There is nothing necessarily reprehensible in a wise reserve, a respect for privacy, a regard for sensibilities, a sincere concern for the adequate protection of legitimate interests.

How much truer this is in matters of international concern, where vast interests must be properly safeguarded, and

questions of extreme delicacy, likely to embroil nations, must be handled with consummate skill. If the President should have private and authentic information that a certain Power was intriguing against the United States and ready at any moment to take aggressive action, how much would it help, in dealing with such a situation, to make an official announcement of the fact? If the Administration were reliably informed that another Power was planning to get possession of the Danish West Indies for the purpose of establishing a naval base to menace American control of the Panama Canal, would it be prudent to so inform the American public and the world in general? In either case, dangerous friction would be created, the diplomatic and military measures adopted by the Government to avert trouble would be largely nullified, and war very likely precipitated, by any such extraordinary disclosures.

There is no doubt, of course, that a certain measure of publicity in affairs of state has been most effective at times in checking abuses and preventing corruption. It is clear also that the growth of constitutional government throughout the world, by its checks on monarchy and aristocracy, has been of great value in thwarting the evil designs and eliminating the dynastic wars of irresponsible monarchs. Publicity, the "thinking out loud" of democracies, of which Lorimer speaks, has unquestionably served an excellent purpose. It is not necessary, however, to go to the extreme of saying that all affairs of state should be conducted with absolute publicity: that they are not subject to the ordinary rules of prudence, reserve and secrecy, observed in other human affairs. This would be quite unreasonable; and yet it is the kind of reasoning that vitiates the proposal for the "democratization of foreign policies," the demand for public negotiations in the market-place.

It should also be borne in mind that, by reason of their elevated position, their widened horizon, their comprehensive knowledge of international politics, their confidential avenues of information, the responsible statesmen of a nation are infinitely better fitted to deal intelligently with a trying diplomatic situation, a great crisis, than the people at large. In times of extreme tension created by such incidents as the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Sussex,* the general public of course is at once apprised of the main facts. The President, moreover, yielding to the importunate

demands of the press, is compelled to disclose just as much of the diplomatic negotiations as the exigencies of the situation and the best interests of the country may permit. He cannot, however, take the public completely into his confidence. Even if he gives out the text of important cipher messages before they are received by the other Government, he cannot with prudence or decency disclose the candid though perhaps unauthorized personal statements of the diplomatic representative of that Government, in his loyal efforts to adjust the difficulty on an honorable basis. Partial information is thus worse than no information. The general public may reach entirely erroneous conclusions from the published correspondence, issued in part for "public consumption," when the most important features of the negotiations may have been treated in personal "conversations," which of necessity cannot be made a matter of record, or publicly disclosed. Under such circumstances, democracy must either be discreetly patient, or endanger the efforts of wise and patriotic statesmen to steer the ship of state in time of storm.

As a matter of practice, the American democracy has usually shown remarkable restraint in times of international storm; has reposed great confidence in the President, and rallied in a non-partisan manner to his support. It has thereby confessed its own sense of incapacity to handle foreign affairs by any process of initiative and referendum. And as demonstrating this it will be recalled how, at the time of the crisis with Germany over the sinking of the *Sussex,* when certain interests opposed to the policy of the President endeavored to curb his freedom by Congressional action, the whole country indignantly warned Congress to leave the control of foreign relations where it properly belongs, in the hands of the President and his advisers.

Other suggestive historical instances might be cited to advantage in this connection. Washington was compelled to face a most trying situation at the time of the French Revolution, when many Americans, Jefferson included, felt strongly convinced that the United States was bound by its Treaty of Alliance with France to come to its aid against Great Britain. Washington, however, with as keen a sense of honor, but with a wider range of vision, a keener appreciation of all the factors involved, and a realization of the

permanent best interests of the United States, wisely determined otherwise. As de Tocqueville justly observes, "nothing but the inflexible character of Washington, and the immense popularity which he enjoyed, could have prevented the Americans from declaring war against England. . . . The majority reprobated his policy, but it was afterwards approved by the whole nation."

Consider the situation confronting Lincoln at the time of the Mason-Slidell incident, when the North was exulting over the capture of the Confederate Commissioners from a British vessel, the *Trent;* and the British public, on the other hand, was aflame with indignation over what they considered a gross outrage. Only the patient, courageous, wise policy of Lincoln enabled the United States to reach a prudent and honorable settlement of the difficulty through diplomatic negotiation. It has been asserted, with considerable show of reason, that if there had existed at that moment the same easy means of cable and wireless communication as at the present time, the same degree of publicity, war between England and the United States in all probability would have been inevitable. An inflamed public opinion in both countries would most likely have rendered a peaceful adjustment impossible.

Take the matter of the daring conspiracies on American soil by German official agents, as plainly proved in the cases of von Papen, Boy-Ed, and von Igel, all attachés of the Germany Embassy in Washington. There is little doubt that if the Administration had disclosed to the American people all the mass of incriminating evidence in its possession, which was partially disclosed through British sources, public feeling would have run so high as to demand at least a complete rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany. Some may well believe that this would have been the only self-respecting course for the United States to take under the circumstances. The Administration evidently thought otherwise.

In all these instances, there is every reason to believe that discussion in the market-place and a direct democratic control of foreign affairs would have resulted in very serious difficulties for the country. It would seem contrary to experience and reason to believe that democracy would be any more able to avoid wars than would "secret diplomacy."

Other instances, of course, might be profitably recalled to show the incapacity of democracy to judge wisely, and act with calm, sure confidence in an international crisis, as for example, the stupid intrusion of the French Chamber of Deputies in the policy of the Government when England invited France to intervene jointly in Egypt. It would not seem necessary, however, to stress further this fundamental truth that democracy is ill fitted to conduct foreign relations by market-place discussions. By way of resumé, this incapacity is due to three reasons: (1) the inability of the general public to be fully informed, to comprehend all the factors involved; (2) the supreme need of secrecy at certain moments in order to forward legitimate ends for the security of the State, and to avert trouble; and (3) what has been well characterized by de Tocqueville as the inability of democracy to "regulate the details of an important undertaking, persevere in a fixed design, and work out its execution in spite of serious obstacles."

Except for those who never have carried great responsibilities, who have only looked on from the "side-lines," who have evolved in their arm-chairs splendid theories for the government of the State and the Universe, reasons of the character suggested would seem sufficient to indicate the folly of the proposition to encourage democracy to take control of its international relations from the hands of its trained statesmen. From the point of view of political theory, the issue is to be drawn between those who believe in direct government—the restoration of a pure form of Athenian democracy—and those who believe in truly representative government, which reposes confidence in and gives loyal support to those chosen to steer the ship of state.

But it will be replied by some that, while the captain of a ship is responsible for navigation, the owners of the ship are entirely within their rights in determining the port of destination: that a whole people must be allowed to determine the policy of a nation, whether, for example, it be for war or peace. There would seem to be some truth in this argument, particularly if a people believe in non-resistance, or are gross materialists, whose national motto is "anything for a quiet life," and imagine that war may be avoided at all hazard. But a contemplation of history, of the mysterious, inexorable forces which seem to determine

the destinies of nations; of the sudden storms that arise, the dangers, the tests of manhood, the appeals to honor and sense of duty—all tends to reveal the utter futility of attempting to formulate with any certainty a national policy able to confront any emergency. One is led to appreciate the profound truth of the epigram uttered by President McKinley, that "Duty determines Destiny." And the ready, courageous recognition of national duty must necessarily lie in the hands of those charged with supreme responsibility, who are best able to judge of the exact situation, of the measures required for the protection of national interests, and the interests of international society in general.

This of course exacts a high degree of trustfulness in its representatives on the part of democracy, especially when one realizes the enormous power centered in the hands of the President as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, as well as of the forces of diplomacy—his power to create, by the use or misuse of all these elements, a situation whereby the country may be plunged into war before Congress can exercise its prerogative of *declaring* war. If democracy is ever betrayed by its representatives, it can only withdraw its confidence and visit its scorn on them. This, it must be acknowledged, is a defect of any form of government other than pure democracy, but it would seem, in the light of previous considerations, an infinitely lesser defect than would be involved in requiring absolute publicity in foreign affairs, the consultation of the passengers by the captain of the ship at every emergency, the initiative and referendum, the "collective *un*wisdom" of the market-place.

The question naturally arises whether, if the people are not competent to direct and control diplomacy, there is not therefore a necessity for diplomatic experts specially trained to represent the nation's interests abroad. It is quite common to assume as a matter of course that the United States should have a permanent corps of trained diplomats just as we have a permanent corps of experts in the Army and the Navy. Is this assumption correct? Is there a real analogy between the diplomatic service and the Army and Navy?

In the first place, it should be re-emphasized that the qualities necessary for success in diplomacy are the very qualities necessary for pre-eminence and success in private

and public life; namely, tact, knowledge of men, intelligence, courage, and in general what we are accustomed to call common-sense. These are the possessions of no privileged class, whether of diplomats or business men. They certainly are not the technical requirements which men in the Army and Navy must possess: that expert knowledge of guns and ships, machinery and organization, tactics and strategy. It is therefore most misleading to speak metaphorically of the diplomats as constituting the outer line of defense of a country, and hence requiring to be specially trained into a special corps as a co-ordinate service with the Army and Navy. It is true that diplomats occasionally require the aid of the Army and Navy; and that they often obviate the necessity for either; but it is not true that there is any real parallel between them as concerns expert knowledge and training.

A little reflection concerning certain facts—I am confident from personal experience—will lead one seriously to question the desirability of having a permanent, classified diplomatic service, offering, as the Army and Navy, a life career. One great objection lies in the accumulation of what a colleague in the British Diplomatic Service once characterized as "dead timber." A sure tenure of service, the attainment of a certain respectable rank, a substantial increase in one's family with all its increasing needs, a routine, bureaucratic method of transacting business, a perfunctory attitude towards matters of importance—all conduce most powerfully to a consequent lack of ambition, power of initiative, and to a desire for quiet ease; to that condition characterized as " dead timber." Mere skill in the drafting of notes, in the orderly conduct of chancery work, in social address, can in no way compensate for the loss of that personal initiative, that keen interest and fresh enthusiasm which, as a rule, has distinguished most of the American diplomatic representatives eager to make a creditable record during the uncertain time of their service abroad.

Another great objection to a permanent, classified diplomatic service is the danger to which diplomats are exposed —and for some inexplicable reason, American diplomats in particular—of becoming denationalized to a certain extent, of becoming cosmopolitan to such a devitalizing degree that they cease to be thoroughly representative of their country

in its varied interests, its national characteristics, its feelings, sympathies, and even its ideals. The prime requisite in a diplomat is that he should be absolutely representative, the faithful interpreter of his fellow-countrymen, of their ideas, ideals, and highest interests. Anything which operates to deprive a man of direct, vital touch with the daily life—the swiftly changing life of a country like the United States—and with its intimate concerns, inevitably tends to render him less efficient as a diplomatic representative.

This fact is of special importance when it comes to the question of national policies. It is apparent that the United States has been unable to lay down the broad lines of permanent policies so that they may be automatically developed and carried out by successive administrations. Even the Monroe Doctrine, which is generally regarded as a permanent policy, has been subjected to ever new and extraordinary interpretations that have profoundly altered its original character. Witness the "Receivership Policy" of President Roosevelt, the "Dollar Diplomacy" of President Taft, and the "Constitutionalism" of President Wilson. In all such instances, the President, in the execution of his foreign policies, is fairly entitled to the services of men in direct touch and sympathy with the Administration and its purposes. He is entitled to the greatest freedom in selecting men of affairs, of large vision, and ability properly to represent the nation abroad. He cannot justly be circumscribed in his choice, whether for Pekin, Panama, or the Court of St. James, to a list of men long in residence abroad, and out of vital touch with their country, often without the peculiar qualifications required for appointment at a given moment to some post of special importance. He must be free to choose men of the stamp of Lowell, Hay, Herrick, van Dyke, Reinsch and Francis.

If the President be free, as he ought properly to be free, in his right of appointment—subject of course to the consent of the Senate—then all possibility of a permanent, classified diplomatic service is naturally eliminated. You cannot honestly hold out to a young man the prospect of a diplomatic career if you cannot ensure his advancement above the rank of secretary of embassy, and when superannuated, the right of retirement under a pension. For the reasons before indicated, there can be no guarantee of a sure berth or an embassy, except in case of conspicuous

merit and unusual fitness for the particular post to be filled, as in the case of Mr. Fletcher, appointed Ambassador to Mexico.

It may be objected that such a condition of affairs virtually means that only rich men can afford to represent their country abroad. This does not necessarily follow, however, though it is a fact that American diplomats have in many posts been notoriously underpaid. It is obviously incumbent on the Government to provide permanent embassies and legations properly maintained as residences for its representatives in order that they may worthily uphold the dignity of the country; and also compensate them sufficiently to enable them to render their services without personal sacrifice. It should be remarked, however, in passing, that it would undoubtedly be a misfortune if diplomatic posts were so well paid as to be an object for greedy politicians.

In regard to the positions of secretaries of embassies and legations, which also should be well paid: if men of ambition are unwilling to risk their careers in so uncertain a service, then the United States must be content with such men as can be obtained. But, as a matter of fact, there are always to be found plenty of men of ability who, either because of independent means, or the desire for foreign experience and special opportunities, are perfectly willing to take these minor positions. It is true that some of them will be keenly disappointed because of a failure to secure promotion; but it cannot be charged that they have been misled into believing that they had been assured a permanent career, or eligibility for appointment whenever a vacancy should occur at London or Paris.

The position taken here should not be interpreted as favoring the elimination of merit from the diplomatic service, or a plea for the "spoils system." Exceptional merit should of course be rewarded where men have rendered diplomatic services of special value, and when their retention is essential for the best interests of the country. But even in such cases, it rests necessarily with the President and the Secretary of State to determine which diplomats may be worthy of special recognition.

Nothing could be more reprehensible than the Bryan conception of finding well paid jobs for "deserving Democrats." But where the President may desire to single out

men of his own party who are in sympathy with his policies, and conspicuously fitted to represent the United States abroad, there is nothing inherently objectionable in his having the freedom to make such appointments. A number of President Wilson's appointments have plainly been made in deference to the old " spoils system " so naïvely favored by Mr. Bryan. They cannot be too strongly condemned; but this criticism has also been true of not a few diplomatic appointments by Republican Presidents. The good appointments should be remembered with the bad; and it is especially gratifying to recall in particular the appointment of the Hon. William Phillips, a Republican, as Third Assistant Secretary of State, a man of exceptional training and aptitude for diplomacy, who has been charged with the special task of the efficient organization of the diplomatic service.

The American public does well to insist on able and worthy diplomatic representation abroad. We should be vigilant to demand the highest type of men, and the recognition of conspicuous merit. We should not, however, be unduly critical, or be led into the error of demanding a permanent, classified diplomatic service similar to the Army and Navy. For the reasons already considered, this does not seem either necessary or desirable.

By way of summary, our consideration of the relation of democracy to diplomacy would seem to have led us to the three following conclusions:

I. First of all, it is a fundamental error to confuse diplomacy as a profession with the policies it may be called on to execute: to identify the agent with the principal: to center criticism on the instrument rather than on the man who wields it. The methods of diplomacy will depend primarily on the personalities of the statesmen responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs. The policy which may guide these statesmen and a nation as a whole may be good or bad, wise or imprudent, farsighted or opportunistic, courageous or cowardly in an emergency.

II. The determination of a nation's policy, whether in time of calm or of international storm, must rest largely in the hands of the responsible statesmen chosen by democracy to safeguard the nation's interests. The secrecy required to protect and forward national interests, the comprehensive knowledge of all the factors involved, the breadth of vision,

the keen sense of responsibility to future as well as present generations, the pertinacity of purpose that is needed—all preclude the efficient management of a nation's vast interests by discussion in the market-place. The "democratization of foreign policies" therefore cannot mean that democracy, by a process of initiative and referendum, would commit the folly of refusing confidence and support to its responsible statesmen in times of diplomatic complications and international danger.

III. The large measure of freedom which necessarily must be granted the President in his conduct of foreign relations must also logically include the greatest freedom in his choice of diplomatic agents for the execution of policies and the most effective representation of American interests. This means of course that a classified, permanent, diplomatic service, at least at the present stage of the country's development, is decidedly unwise and undesirable. Conspicuous merit should be recognized, and bad appointments vigorously condemned. The American people have the right and the obligation to insist on a high standard of diplomacy and diplomatic appointments. It still remains fundamentally true, however, that democracy for its own good must not attempt to embarrass the President and his advisers in their conduct of foreign affairs. It should frankly acknowledge, as it usually has been patriotically ready to acknowledge, its own inherent incapacity for diplomacy.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

THE MORALITY OF FORCE

BY HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER

A REMARKABLE book is being read today in France. It is called *L'Expansion de l'Allemagne,* and its author is a Frenchman, Captain Henri Andrillon. The book, which was published shortly before the War, is an earnest effort to gauge the forces, physical and moral, which underlie the threat of German domination, and by analysis of the peril to forearm the author's countrymen to meet it. Captain Andrillon is a loyal soldier and patriot. His style is detached and dispassionate; he lets his facts speak for themselves, or, if he deals with theories and deductions, he presents them with a logical directness that leaves the impression of a philosophic indifference to all save the truth. There is no atmosphere of the tribune about Captain's Andrillon, no political extravagance, no flushed and noisy chauvinism; he writes as, since the war has come, Frenchmen have shown us they can fight: quietly and with a head for the business in hand. On the whole, *The Expansion of Germany* seems to me the fair counterpart of *Germany and the Next War,* and Captain Andrillon himself a good Gallic equivalent for General von Bernhardi.

On the physical and historical side of Captain Andrillon's argument, I shall not dwell. He pictures Germany's material preparations for war, military and economic, and he analyzes astutely her diplomatic policies looking to the same end. But all of these he very properly subordinates to the conscious and highly developed moral ideal of which they are but the outward symptom. The key to recent German history is German sentiment, as he sees it; and he finds this sentiment to be curiously well organized and united.

With the main features of the morality which Captain Andrillon depicts we had already become familiar. At its foundation lies that belief in the natural superiority of the Germanic race and of Germanic institutions to other races and institutions, whose political expression is Pan-Germanism. Our author cites the German historian Giesebrecht: "Dominion belongs to Germany because she is a chosen nation, a noble race, to whom it falls to act toward her neighbors as is the right and duty of all men endowed with more spirit or force to act upon surrounding individuals less well endowed"; and he quotes again from one of the leaders of Pan-Germanism, Herr Schonerer: "We are not only men, we are more, because we are Teutons, because we are Germans." This belief received, as it were, its official sanction in the utterances of the reigning Kaiser: "The genius of Germany aspires to the empire of the world," he said in 1902; and in 1907: "The German people will be the block of granite upon which Our Lord can raise and complete the civilization of the world. Then will be realized the word of the poet:

An deutschem Wesen
Wird einmal noch die Welt genesen.

Very likely William II was thinking, in these utterances, of the peaceful conquests of commerce and science quite as much as of the triumphs of war, but the background of the thought is clearly that of a people whose "national industry is war," as has been said of Prussia. "The great questions of the time," Bismarck had said in 1862, "will not be decided by talk or by the decisions of majorities . . . but by iron and blood." And this dogma of iron and blood became the marrow of Germany's aggressive sentiment. Its outward dress, however, was still cast in the form of a moral philosophy. The simplest statement of it is the phrase of Deputy Schwerin in the Prussian Chamber in 1863, summarizing Bismarck's policy: "*Macht geht vor Recht*—Might before Right; say what you will, we have the power and we will put our theory into practice." But this simple form was too baldly blunt for philosophic Germany. It required that paradoxical air of thought which Nietzsche brought to the problem of conduct really to make the idea carry. Nietzsche, with his theory of the superb *Uebermensch* (that "great blond Beast" in which every Teuton must perforce

see. his own idealized self) magnificently appropriating whatever is desirable of the world's good—Nietzsche, with his Superman, supplied just the needed image to make the philosophic German realize his mighty destiny. And Captain Andrillon finds the beginning and the end, the alpha and omega, of the German ideal in that phrase which Nietzsche had designed for the title of an unfinished book: "The Will to Power"—the will to rule, cost what it may.

II

But it is not in the substance of the German ideal, as Captain Andrillon sees it, nor even in its truthfulness as representing the sentiment of the German people, that I am primarily interested, but rather in the lesson which he draws from it for his own France. The world is moved, history is made, he says, by ideals; it is ideals that engender the power which moulds nations out of peoples. Thus France, the French nationality of today, is the creation of the humanitarian ideal of the eighteenth century. The belief that all men are born free and equal, the belief in the natural rights and dignity of the individual, the belief in the brotherhood of mankind: these were the great tenets of the humanitarian school. "The heroic revolution of 1789 was born of a dream of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, common to all Frenchmen," says Captain Andrillon; and in this dream the French nation still lives: the Frenchman still puts his humanity above his nationality, his manhood above his citizenship.

Is this dream, is this humanitarianism, an illusion after all? asks Captain Andrillon. Above all, is it as a moral ideal inferior in force and impetus to the German ideal, the Will to Power? He answers both of these questions with an emphatic affirmative. The state of liberty, equality and fraternity dreamed of by the French of 1789 was in opposition to the natural law of progress, as sketched by the Darwinian biologists. The idea of it has filled France with utopian idealists and dreaming pacifists; like a disease they have sapped the manly strength of the nation—and he more than hints that this disease has been cleverly fed and spread by German intriguers. "The quest of dominion, war, are the fatal consequence of human nature," he says; " . . . and in the inevitable day of conflict, though the pacific peoples

sometimes defend themselves with heroism, they are invariably vanquished." The German ideal is of more practical value than the French because it rests directly and unaffectedly upon a fundamental law of nature: the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest.

But while the German ideal is incontestably of greater practical value than the humanitarian, is it morally of more worth?—for Captain Andrillon well knows that there are men who prefer death to domination, or to preach the gospel in chains rather than to abjure the faith. Nevertheless, even in this regard the Germans have the better of it. It is a great error, he says, to deny to force a moral value, or to place the two things in opposition to one another, as is so often done in France: force against right, justice against force. History shows us that "in all evolution the triumphs of progress are only the triumphs of force; in the social life in particular, the collectivities which have survived are the collectivities militarily, economically, intellectually and morally the most perfect, the collectivities which have best known how, at the opportune moment, to assemble all their forces and give to them an invincible power; these have survived, and they have survived because this was justice, because they have had not the power but the right. History shows us that if there has never been right without force, there has equally never been durable force without right, nor veritable right that has not ended by acquiring the force necessary for its triumph."

"To be sure," he continues, "we must recognize that the German point of view is not irreproachable from a philosophic and moral point of view; the rule of the strongest, the survival of the fittest, war: all these create for the weak, and indeed for all humanity, a dolorous destiny. But if this ideal satisfies neither the reason nor the sensibility of the honest man, this is because he is not in harmony with the necessities of universal life, and because the realities of the universe are not themselves in perfect accord with all the dreams of the spirit and all the desires of the heart. This ideal fails to satisfy us because universal evolution, if it has rationality, has such a rationality as neither the intellect nor the heart of man may know. And inasmuch as it is not given to men to change the nature of things, inasmuch as the will to live peaceably is incompatible with the will to live, there can be only one moral law possible for those great peoples

who do not wish to succumb in the universal struggle: that of effort with a view to the possession of force."

It is on these grounds that Captain Andrillon urges his native France to abandon her humanitarian tradition, and to adopt as her own that Will to Power in whose Germanic manifestation her existence lies threatened.

III

I have dwelt upon Captain Andrillon's book for the reason that it gives such a clear and contrasting picture of the ideals which are the stake in the Great War. It presents, too, the spectacle of a highly intelligent and thoroughly sincere man deciding against the ideals which have been the tradition of European civilization and which his own nation has brought to their fullest expression. Patriotism, philosophy, his own sense of honor, are obviously hurt by this decision, but reason and the truth of the world as he sees it will not permit of any other conclusion: the slow centuries which have cumulatively pitted the conceptions of law, justice, and humanity against the doctrine of force, have been wrong, he decides; they have only served to imperil the civilization they express; ere it be too late let us advert to the simple and brutal maxim that "might makes right," and save what we cherish by forcing our way into the ranks of the mighty.

No word of mine is needed to point how directly such a conversion affects our own higher interests. We have been educated in the belief in the superiority of law and justice to mere force, in a kind of religious veneration for democracy and humanity. Have we been blindly, nay, perilously so educated? Are our ideals, social, national, philosophical, all founded in error and delusion? Are they all fraught with the peril of false security and poisoned with self-destruction? Is Darwinism true of human society as well as of the bestial world? Is Nietzsche's Will to Power to be the fundamental moral maxim, the Golden Rule, of the culture of the future? Are we to erect his *Uebermensch*, his "great blond Beast," as the image of human salvation to replace the *Christus crucifixus?* Doubtless to many of us the issue seems too preposterous for serious discussion; but it is no part of safety to avert the gaze from present dangers. Pitiless necessity demands of us that we play the part of men, and face the truth, however pitiless.

IV

As I read Captain Andrillon's book, I thought of Plato and the Platonic Socrates, and of the great arguments about justice in which Plato makes such easy disposal of the Sophists who in his day were saying that power is the greatest good and that the only right is the right of the stronger—for there were plenty of Nietzsches in the Athens of Pericles and Creon. Was it too easy, Plato's answer to Callicles and Thrasymachus—too easy to be true? And the great tradition of law and justice which rings back to Plato's voice: is it, also, wrong? Are we deceived about God?

Plato's doctrine of justice has the grandeur of simplicity. In states and societies, justice, as he views it, is order and harmony: it is the law of simplicity in life, of restraint in ambition, of proportionality in desire; it is the law that each man shall have what is his own, his equity in the world's good, and that the well-being of every man shall consist in his participation in the well-being of the whole—the whole state, nation, humanity. But this justice of states, Plato held, is only the external manifestation of that prior justice which is the harmony of man's soul. Justice within the soul is a proportionality of the virtues, of courage and temperance and wisdom; it is the health and beauty and well-being of the soul, just as injustice is the soul's disease and weakness and deformity; truth is its armor and love of truth its defense.

But of what good is this law-and-order justice, of what profit, if a man perish? This is the reiterant Sophistic question: What gain in being just, if a man die for it? Callicles —and here he gives Nietzsche's whole text—cites the divergence of the rule of nature and the rule of men's law: The rule of nature, he says, is the rule of the stronger, and the good of nature is simply the power to gratify desire, and the only dishonor is to suffer helpless injury. The rule of men's law, on the other hand, is the rule of weakness; human law is the device of the weak to protect themselves against the strong, and their praise of equality before the law is their adulation of their own inferiority. In a similarly contemptuous spirit Nietzsche speaks of the Church which has made of "the love story the one real interest which binds all classes together," and the Deputy Schwerin enunciates his modern version of the rule of nature—*Macht geht vor Recht.*

The just man is of all men the most defenseless, sneers Callicles, for he will not commit injustice even to save himself: "For suppose, my dear Socrates," he says, "that some one were to take you, or any one of your sort, off to prison, declaring that you had done wrong when you had done no wrong, you must allow that you would not know what to do: there you would stand, giddy and gaping, and not having a word to say; and when you went up before the court, even if the accuser were a poor creature and not good for much, you would die if he were disposed to claim the penalty of death."

Socrates has three answers which he makes to Callicles —the three answers which are Plato's reply to the Sophists of all time. The first is an ironical retort in kind. "O my wise Callicles," he says, "right you say is on the side of might; very well then, agreeing, right is on the side of law and justice, for the demos which makes the laws enforces them against the few who would break and defile them; the consensus of mankind not only applauds justice, but makes it powerful." This, I say, is irony in the mouth of Socrates; but it may become a very terrible and fateful reality if spoken by the Allied nations against that Germany which has so lightly flouted their conception of international right: We will take you at your own rule, they may say: The law of life is the law of battle; let the fit survive!

But the Platonic Socrates would have stopped short of this, for his mind was set on other things. "True, O Callicles, there is a law of nature which seems often at variance with the law of men; and it may even be that the law of nature will require of a man that he die for his humanity's sake. But of evils, death is not the greatest, nor are all arts but arts of self-preservation. Humanity requires of a man not that he live only, but that he live well; and a little of righteous living outweighs all the extravagances of depravity; God forbid me the spectacle of the patriarch in vice!"

Furthermore,—and this is Socrates' last point,—there is an eternity in righteousness which makes it stronger than any power of a day. In the *Crito,* when Socrates is in prison, facing death, and is urged to escape, he hears the laws of his country, under which he has been condemned, saying: "Listen, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of justice after-

wards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below. . . . Depart a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim, not of the laws, but of men." In the *Gorgias* Socrates tells in a myth of the administration of justice by the lords of death. Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus are seated in the ghostly meadows at the parting of the ways which lead, the one to grim Tartarus, the other to the Isles of the Blest, passing upon the souls that come before them the judgments of that law which is the justice of God. And no man, says Socrates, "who is not an utter fool and coward is afraid of death itself, but he is afraid of doing wrong; for to go to the world below having one's soul full of injustice is the last and worst of evils." The vision of Er, the son of Armenius, repeats the conception on a cosmic scale. There at the world's center he beheld the throne of Necessity, upon whose knee rests the spindle-whorl of the universe; beside her are the white-robed Fates, Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos, spinning out the threads of men's destinies, which are the threads of eternal justice.

Plato's images in these tales are the images of pagan myth, but his meaning is the meaning which after him the whole Christian world avowed as its creed: that the issues of human history and the struggles of men's souls are not decided by the triumphs of a day, but come for their final appraisement before the tribunal of God.

V

But Plato, the idealist, and Socrates, the martyr, are these after all the men who are to set for us measures of conduct? In a world where *Realpolitik* is so often and so bitterly assertive can we afford to rest our causes with the dim justifications of eternity? Men's lips do full oft eloquently belie their deeds: the praise of virtue is easier than her service; the hands of the mighty are seldom clean, and the wrath of the Lord is long delayed. We have a number of harsh maxims: a bird in hand; might makes right; necessity knows no law—wisdom at its kernel, won in the hardship of living. Is it not best to stick to the safe and sure realities—unpleasant as they may be—for what we shall do, if not for what we shall praise?

History has given us at least a partial answer, and in Plato's favor. The whole fabric of European civilization rests for its support upon the structure of Roman law. And

this law, not only in spirit but in source, goes back to Plato for its crucial definitions. *Jus est ars boni et aequi,* law is the art of the good and the fair—the equitable, as we say: this is Celsus' phrase for that external bond which unites men in formal societies; and Ulpian it is who, in the very image of Plato, defines justice as "the constant and perpetual will to render to everyone his right and due." Law is the art of discovering the good; and justice is the soul's self-mastery: these are the sentiments which the Platonic Socrates is forever advocating, and they are the principles which Roman law made into the foundation of a world-civilization.

And law with the Romans, while in the beginning it represented the narrowly national institutions of the city of Rome, in the end came to be the statement of the rights of man. Beyond the boundaries of the *jus civile,* the law of the city, the Roman jurist recognized a *jus gentium,* sanctioned by the customs of mankind, and yet beyond this a *jus naturale,* grounded in the eternal nature of men as human beings, in the divinely implanted instincts of mankind; by the law of the city and even by an international law of races a man might be held as a slave, but by the undying law of human nature man was born free. It is no matter of wonder that such a conception of law should have made possible the establishment of progressive states, or that mediaeval thinkers should have identified the *jus naturale* with the law of God, or that it should have suggested to thinkers of a later day the great doctrine of the rights of man, in whose heredity our own nation was born.

But it would be unfair and untrue to say that this is the sole conception of law which has been and is being tried out by European civilization. For the states of western Europe have grown up in the barbarian and feudal law of the Germanic conquerors of the Romans, as well as in the Roman law. The essence of this Germanic law is the privilege of the strong. In the Salic code the fine for slaying a Roman is half that for slaying a Frank, and in the Anglo-Saxon code of Aethelberht the wite for slaying a carl is only six per cent. of that for a freeman's murder. The whole principle of feudal law is the subservience of the weak to the strong; the feudal hierarchy took form as the expression of the need of the feeble for protection against the powerful and the rapacious. A man was not his own man, nor, as under

Roman law, a state's citizen, but he was his lord's man; and his whole place in society was determined by his overlord's personal ascendency. Correspondingly, rights were mainly the rights of the suzerain, natural rights which the vassal had surrendered in seeking protection. Even in its noblest embodiment, in the law of chivalry, the strong is still the protector of the weak, and the righteousness of the cause of the afflicted damosel lay ever at the peril of the uncertain strength of her knight's right arm. The whole essence of this law is the privilege of the strong. No historic contrast could be sharper, I imagine, than that of the Greek, with his love for the rhetorical pleadings of the courts, or the Roman with his passion for reasoned justice, with the Teuton's dull suspicion of verbal laws and decisions and his hardy determination to fight out his differences, man to man.

VI

And it is just this contrast which is today presented to us in the new guise of international relations. Within civilized states the principles of Roman law and Greek justice have come to be the recognized principles of social organization; citizens no longer go about with sidearms; and the last resort of the code of honor and the duel is in the military caste of militaristic empires. But in the external relations of states with states no similar development has as yet been achieved. To be sure there are customs of nations, uncertain in definition and frail in observance, which have been honored with the name of International Law; but the only sanction that can give validity to such a law must be a general agreement as to what constitutes the natural right of humanity; international law, if it is to prevail, must found itself in a convincing philosophy of nature, just as the *jus gentium* of the Romans was founded in their conception of the *jus naturale.*

And what philosophy of nature will modern peoples and modern nations find convincing? Will it be the Darwinian law of the battle of life, and the righteous survival of the bloodletter, strong in thews or strong in craft? Will it be the law of the unthinking beasts, applied, as Nietzsche would apply it, to thinking men and thinking nations—a *Kulturkrieg,* knowing no rule but its own necessities and no need but conquest? The thing seems to me monstrous and hor-

rible, with the very monstrosity and horror of that Titanism which the Greeks threw back into the dim and lawless era of Earth's parturitions. And yet it is the very principle upon which *Realpolitik* rests; the very principle which Captain Andrillon, coolly convinced of its truth, urges his own countrymen to adopt in place of their hereditary doctrine of the rights of man; the very principle which today is being tried out in Europe by combat, in the ancient Germanic fashion.

But to save us from this, what substitute can be offered that will actively appeal to the truth-loving intelligence? Darwinism has taken a terrible toll of men's faith, and surely this is because it has at its core a convincing truth. Aye, truth it has; and Captain Andrillon is right when he says that "the realities of the universe are not in perfect accord with all the dreams of the spirit and all the desires of the heart." He is right: nature and human nature, fact and reason, passion and intellect, are often out of accord with one another. Plato saw this with unwavering eyes, and he made it the compass of his philosophy: nought is more certain, he held, than the conflict of sense and idea; nought is more sure than the imperfection of unredeemed nature; nought is more inevitable than the partial defeat of justice in the world of affairs. And yet, he maintained, justice alone is worth living for; justice alone represents the godlike in man's soul; and whatever the cost in service, be it life itself, justice is the only secure possession which a man's soul may bring before the tribunal of God.

I have said that the progress of civilization, in spite of momentary surrenders, has been in the support of Plato. Nothing shows this more steadily than the roll of the world's heroes. These are not the Cæsars and Napoleons of history, not the Supermen of War; but they are men who, like Socrates, feared the laws of death more than the laws of life, and so preferred to live well rather than to live long. Socrates, Giordano Bruno, St. Peter and St. Paul, Jesus of Nazareth . . . such are the nobles of our race, whose very names cause the hearts of men to beat high with the pride of manhood; and in the tale of the centuries they have been justified in the emulations of their disciples long after the empires of the warlords have dissolved and vanished.

But there is still a question: Can the law which we apply to human individuals be applied also to human states? Can

the law of justice ever become international, so that a state, a nation, nay, even a race and civilization, may prefer death to dishonor? So far as the internal affairs of nations are concerned, the scale has turned in favor of Plato, in favor of human nature as against Titanism and brute nature, and not all the dogma of Darwin and Nietzsche can reverse it: but is this true also of nations? . . . One cannot answer the question simply, for the world is at war over it; and however the die falls, no man knows what creed, whether the creed of passion or the creed of reason, will be in the blood of the victor. But I can point to one great and undeniable triumph of the spirit of justice eternal, which the war has already created. Heroic Belgium, choosing defeat that is well-nigh death rather than the fatness and ease of a dishonored servitude, is the very image among the nations of today of those qualities which have heretofore given us heroes among men. "What our geographical frontiers will be tomorrow I know not," writes the Abbé Noël in an article on the Soul of Belgium. "But I do know that our moral position in the world will henceforth be other than it was. In the most terrible crisis of history we have suddenly found ourselves confronted by a duty which we little expected. Yet, nourished as it was in reverence for right, the nation understood without a moment's hesitation, and as one man, that this duty was sacred, and instantly grappled it with all the energy of its loyal and believing soul. In presence of brutal aggression the old instinct of freedom asserted itself with the energy of other days, and Belgium, hardly perceiving what had happened, was plunged into a world-war for right and for liberty. She it is who personifies this cause, and to her has fallen the honor of suffering martyrdom on its behalf. She lies wounded, panting, but fighting on. All the nations bend over her with their love and veneration. Tomorrow, when Force shall have yielded to Justice, Belgium will cherish the right to speak and to act in the new world which is coming to birth."

So writes the Abbé Noël; and whatever may be the immediate outcome of the present trial by combat, do we not feel assured in our hearts that he speaks the living truth as it will be pronounced in the final judgment before the tribunal of God?

HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER.

"PURE ASEPSIS"

BY PAUL M. CHAPMAN, M.D.

THE Cardinal's room at the Oratory had no ostentation of simplicity. There was no paper on the walls, but the fact suggested neither a conscious afterthought, nor the disdain of expending any thought at all upon such a subject; it seemed to be a matter of mere chance that the bare plaster was of a color grateful to the eye, and that its surface was pleasing although it was unfinished. The floor was bare of covering, as was the one deal table. The absence of all ornament gave the room an appearance of extreme peace, a peace secured by double doors which excluded all sound from the corridor without. An anthracite stove gleamed redly and in silence both day and night, needing attention only when the occupant of the room was absent saying his Mass. The widely opened windows admitted a plenitude of light and air into a room which was always fresh and clean.

Yet all rooms are eloquent of what the owner considers to be necessaries. So the surgeon thought as he stood there washing his hands for the hundredth time. His mind was often inexorable towards himself, but was wide and tolerant as regards human nature. He looked at the *pantoufles* of red flannel lined with lambswool, and as for the armchair, he himself had tried it, and had slept in it gratefully. What of them? Well! he was very tired when that happened, and he knew that he himself, personally, could think better and write better when free from physical discomfort. Instances to the contrary were only too common, but, in the case of a man content with one glass of wine and water and a biscuit, there was much to be said for comfort. So he thought as he washed his hands. He had operated on Monday; this was Saturday: five days, and the wound had quite healed.

"You will do now," he said over his shoulder to his patient. "You have nothing to do but to get well."

"I am very grateful to you"; the words were spoken with some emotion.

The surgeon, grasping a towel, turned at the words and, while drying his hands, looked from the full height of his health and strength upon the frail figure in the bed; his thoughtful face showed that he had had other experiences than those of success.

"One can never be too grateful to a patient for getting well," he said at last.

The unexpected answer caused a gleam to appear in the Cardinal's quiet face, like lamplight within an alabaster vase.

"I suppose cases like mine are often dangerous?" he said tentatively.

"I lose about one in fourteen," was the simple answer. A remark followed as an afterthought: "it ought to be less than that with improved technique."

"As it is, the praise much outweighs the blame," said the Cardinal.

"In the meantime, both should be put into the waste-paper basket." The surgeon spoke disdainfully, for he recoiled from sentiment as if it were a form of dishonesty.

"Yes," was the quiet answer, "a man may do that if his whole life is a prayer."

There was a momentary pause during which the surgeon had imminent visions of cards in a game, of fencing foils, and of weapons unbated.

"You are using the sword of St. Michael," he said; "it is a big weapon—one does not expect to meet with it in a *Salle d'Armes*. If you think that I go about devoutly and pray for God's blessing on my work, it is only fair to say that I do nothing of the sort."

"Yet you cannot hide divine things behind a veil. Man cannot drop a curtain and act in front of it, as upon a stage. I shall believe your life is a prayer, because you have perfected your skill by reverent study and have been very good to me."

"I don't quite get at that," said the surgeon, after a pause. "How have I been very good to you?"

"Well, to begin with, I am very grateful that you did not take me into a nursing home. I do not forget that you let me retain my room. It was most kind of you. You must

have sympathized with me. I also have a firm faith that you acted rightly."

"So have I," said the surgeon, "but I didn't care twopence about your feelings; that is to say, I never thought of them at all. I chose this room for surgical reasons. On the whole, things have gone very well, with the minimum of discomfort for everybody. The room needed little preparation, it was pretty free from contamination to start with, and it is no trouble to keep it clean."

"Perhaps it is something like an operating theatre?" The Cardinal put the question with a little curiosity.

"Well, it is a little more human than that," answered the surgeon with a rapid glance at floor and walls and ceiling. "Social life is not excluded altogether; there are the *pantoufles* and the arm-chair and the—the Crucifix."

"You did not banish them?" said the Cardinal.

"They are not compatible with absolutely ideal cleanliness, I own; but the risk was infinitesimal, and I preferred to see them there again when all was done. I think that even Your Eminence would not be happy under purely ideal conditions? I had them all turned out of the room when you were under the anæsthetic; but I had them brought back again when the dressing was finished. It is better to be a little human sometimes," he added apologetically, "but, for my purpose, one must have pure asepsis, and such things would be intolerable in an operating theatre."

"I am glad that you are not a fanatic when out of your temple."

"My temple? Well, perhaps in one sense an operating theatre is like one: it is full of rites and observances which the vulgar would not understand. No, I am not a fanatic; if I were, there would be no kissing, and I should sterilize my garments every day." The Cardinal smiled.

"You think it a *reductio ad absurdum*," said the surgeon; "but there is a very close analogy between a temple made with hands and one made without hands; both adopt ideals which are totally unfitted for ordinary life. To the public, absolute morality is as ridiculous as absolute cleanliness; both are like the precious metals which should be adapted to their use and be made active and energizing to their great advantage. Then they would think that they could scarcely have too much of either. On the whole, the world is trying to be clean, but anyone who was ideally clean

might claim to be divine, though he would be a human monstrosity. Surgical cleanliness has a close parallel in the ideals of morality, of—Christianity? " Feeling that he was becoming a little daring, he put the last sentence interrogatively.

The Cardinal's face grew kinder. " I should like you to develop your thesis," he said, " but you must sit at the foot of my bed and talk while I listen. I shall not interrupt you unless you say something very extraordinary."

" I have nothing extraordinary to say," said the surgeon, seating himself and holding his knee in his clasped hands. " One might write a comic sketch on a household trying to be absolutely aseptic; they might, perhaps, be confronted with an overscrupulous cabman, refusing a half-sovereign on the ground that it was not pure gold. The Christian who turned his other cheek to the smiter might be introduced into the story. He would furnish a pathetic element. Each and every one of them would be an ideal egoist and consequently impossible to live with. Yet that is not to say that gold can lose any of its merit as gold by being mingled with alloy. We all know that it can be effective only when it is so mingled that it can retain an impress and pass from pocket to pocket undiminished in weight. Pure gold would be shapelessly dissipated in a short time. In exactly the same way, there is nothing so pure nor so ideal as the teaching of Christ, there is nothing finer; for the purpose of argument, let us say that it is all which gives value to conduct: yet it would be a grotesque misunderstanding of its intention to adopt it unqualifiedly as a standard for ordinary use. It is that notion which gives to mankind its present appearance of complete hypocrisy. There is the same exact parallel in the motion of absolute asepsis; we might as well attempt to carry it out in the ordinary home life of man; but cleanliness, none the less, contains an ideal within it, of which common sense does not desire to make a fetish with a ridiculous application. We know there are ideals in all these things, just as we have pure gold which gives its value to the currency. We cannot substitute something else. Paper money, debased coinage, inevitably lead to discredit and bankruptcy. To lower the standard is the aim of the forger or the coiner. Society instinctively deals with them; but pure gold and pure asepsis are not for common use; they would be absurd."

He paused a moment, then said, "The engine is beginning to race; I am afraid it has been getting overheated?"

"Nay, it is running excellently," said the Cardinal; then, as if to start the machine going again, he said, "There are some things which the multitude can enjoy in absolute purity. I suppose you would give them pure water?"

"Certainly not," was the decided response, "perhaps I might give them normal saline. You would not understand that; but absolutely pure water will inflame an eye; you must make it suitable to the tissues for ordinary use by adding something, even if it be only common salt."

"Would not one, in that case, notice that anything was dropped into the eye?"

"Not if the temperature were the same. What is neutral to litmus paper is not neutral to the human tissues. It is but one illustration out of many in which the absolute may be shown to be harmful to humanity. For instance, a dilution truly beneficial in ordinary use may contain an alkaloid which, isolated in the pure state, may be a deadly poison."

"Your illustration introduces by analogy the idea that attenuated evil may be suitable for man?"

"Yes, I could show that to be true by a multitude of examples. We need the right use of intelligence. I could write a whole book about it if I had the time. Perhaps I shall do so some day."

"What would you call it? 'Human Philosophy'?"

"'Humane Philosophy' would be a better title; it would imply that there was some inhumanity in the absolute."

"The title would be much too savage for a philosophical treatise," said the Cardinal gently.

The surgeon considered for a moment whether what he had said merited such a criticism; but, having thought it over, he acknowledged its justice. "I have spoken with too much *parti pris*," he said, "but I have thought very much upon the subject and it runs away with me."

"You see things very clearly," said the Cardinal; "thinking is not quite the same thing."

"A vision is not thought? Oh, yes, but it is. I always think in flashes. They often come when my body is engaged in small automatic movements, sometimes ambulatory, but chiefly of the fingers—some of my best ideas have suddenly come into my mind while shaving. The attention is diverted

together with the automatism, and then subconscious thoughts arise unhindered—at least, that is my hypothesis."

"The subconscious is ever busy with suggestion," said the Cardinal; "it makes you see things by juxtaposition in large blocks and masses."

"Vividly illuminated!" said the surgeon. He spoke with full conviction, knowing how far on his way his faculty had brought him.

"Yes," the Cardinal went on: "You have the faculty of the poet, of women too, who speak as you do, prompted by imagination, analogy and parallel. All you say is deeply interesting for that reason. Analogy and parallel illuminate and adorn speech, as you adorn it, but they do not guide our thought. They make things very clear, but they cannot by any possibility carry on an argument. They are born of emotion and give us but visualized memories. Whether a man of imagination be a romantic lover or a Macbeth, great emotion strikes out of him metaphor, analogy and parallel. Women are habitually emotional, and owing to that, from their very nature they cannot be argued with: they can only use metaphor, analogy, and parallel in endless succession, under the delusion that they are thinking."

"It makes their conversation very interesting and suggestive," interposed the surgeon chivalrously.

"That may be," was the dry answer.

"You do not mind my talking to you?" asked the surgeon, as if some further response were necessary; "I may never get the chance again."

"Nay, speak as you will. You interest me very deeply. I, too, may never get the chance again."

"Understanding that I would hurt no man's feelings? I am not, perhaps, sufficiently master of my phraseology. I should bitterly regret giving you any offense, for it would be given quite unintentionally. May I feel that I am speaking from mind to mind as one who is on a quest, merely seeking to know?"

"That you are merely seeking to know," said the Cardinal, "cannot possibly be any offense. Speak in what terms you will, so that you make me understand. Our subject is not religion but the heart of man."

"Then, I may fly in a blue sky and meet with no fowler's snares?"

"Nay, what did I say of metaphor?" was the unexpected answer. "You would be at a material disadvantage if at the outset you postulated for me a divine intelligence and limited your own so far."

The surgeon laughed. "You are what a school-boy would call a good sort," he said—"I will imagine that we are both sitting in the same shadow of the tree of knowledge. No!" he said, observing a slight movement of the Cardinal's hand, "I may have to use some metaphor, but if I do it will be solely to make my meaning clear, and you may neglect it except as a means of expression."

"I shall try to take no unfair advantage," the Cardinal remarked good-humoredly. "Anyhow, we are both looking at the same thing, that is, humanity?"

"I think I mean more than that," answered the surgeon; "I am endeavoring to find a reasonable relation between the divine and the human."

"We are looking at the same thing," the Cardinal repeated, "even though the ground upon which you stand seems to me to be unconsecrated ground."

"Why unconsecrated? There always seems to me to be something concealed, a foregranted assumption, in the ecclesiastical mind, over which one stumbles."

"There is none now. I am standing with you upon your own ground, seeing things from your point of view, but I see something different. The secular view of the union of the human with the divine is so ancient that we seem to be taking our stand in antiquity. In the old ages they believed that there was no difference between Man and God. To the student of theology you are in that position. A casuist would not think your position complex, but very simple. But, as I have said, I am content to be with you on your own ground, for all that you say is interesting. You speak in a new language, yet I can understand it without difficulty."

But the surgeon would not give way. "I cannot recognize theology as a specialized study," he said; "it should be simple. The position of theologians is not only complex, but is self-induced by too much rumination. They live surrounded by a quagmire, through which it is not worth while to thread one's way so long as one can help oneself. The road of morality is straight enough to all intelligent men. But I am not an agnostic. I fully believe in the divinity of Christ and in His teaching. My case is this:

He has shown to mankind abstract morality, the thing itself, stainless and undefiled, without alloy. As such it is wholly unfitted for man's use, for, being infinitely pure, it is more difficult of attainment than is pure gold or pure asepsis, which by comparison are infinitely little. Why not frankly acknowledge it? It would not desecrate the written word to make with it a moral standard possible for life and suitable for human reason. The life of man is now so conditioned that he cannot live without hypocrisy. It ought not to be so. Cannot man live with and strive for a pure currency or for home cleanliness without a sense of guilt? In the same way his reason should teach him to lead a higher life, recognizing fully all the time that that which gives to such a life any value comes not from him but from the divine teaching of our Lord."

The surgeon paused, then simply added, "I think I have said all that I wanted to say."

"You have said it very well; it is clear and distinct; I have heard many a worse lay sermon."

"Then you agree with me? You think I am right?"

"That is rather a *non-sequitur*. I do not even see your argument."

"But you said just now that it was clear and distinct?"

"You have called up a series of pictures by the use of relatives, just as the poet uses metaphor and parallel in order to express emotion. What you have done is to give me a very vivid presentment of your own state of mind, but I might think there was matter for comment rather than for commendation." The Cardinal smiled so kindly that he deprived what he was saying of any offense; the surgeon smiled in response.

"You believe I am capable only of stringing together a series of suggestions?"

"No, no!" was the Cardinal's genial disclaimer. "I have no doubt you think in close sequence when your subject is pure asepsis, and that you do not then need the intrusion of religion as a parallel."

The surgeon thought a little, and then said, "I should like to hear your comment on my parallel, notwithstanding."

Towards him the Cardinal suddenly turned his face. It was illumined as if he were about to pour forth a torrent of words, then his expression softened into one of affection.

"Have you not found that when you hold another's hand

for long enough all sense of holding it gradually disappears?"

"Yes, it is so. All differences fade until perception ceases."

"But if either hand be suddenly taken away?"

"Sense is awakened? Yes!"

"You say that some solutions dropped into the eye are unnoticeable?"

"Yes, it is so."

"You would say that tissues react only to a stimulus?"

"Conditionally, yes."

"Does not the poet speak of a cloud 'which with a thought the rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, as water is in water'?"

"Who could forget it? It is in *Antony and Cleopatra.*"

"It is a very clear vision of a subtlety, is it not?"

"Wondrously clear, for what seems to be still there is non-existent to any sense."

"Like the faith, felt not seen, of the divine in man?"

"That is the basis of my argument," said the surgeon. "I feel that being as we are, this muddy vesture of decay so grossly hems us in that of things too spiritualized we can hear nothing."

"The meaning of Pythagoras may have been that the music of the spheres is not heard because it has been always with us from eternity."

"If it is never heard it might as well not be there at all," said the surgeon contemptuously.

"*Supposing it were suddenly taken away?*"

The surgeon crossed his arms and sat thinking, unconsciously gazing at the crucifix.

"It was very subtly done," at last he said, admiring the Cardinal's dexterity.

But the Cardinal was grave. "I think that allegory is no guidance for conduct," he went on; "it makes men interpret things as other than they are. Yet you talk like a poet; it is no mean thing: it is to be richly endowed like a prince. You rightly wear your pride as a brocade; but do not mistake it for the cope of a priest. What is the position of scientific men? I think they may be likened to Greek philosophers secure in the protection of a Roman civilization, but bringing the gods of Hellas with them, ancient deities which are ever being reborn with each new discovery. How good

seems all that you have said! But it is too full of content for man; it would so dull his senses that he would never know that there might have been a place for him in Paradise."

"But I postulated a stimulus."

"As indistinct as water is in water, or your fluid to the eye. You would need a priesthood of your own to recall man to his senses. Better an irritant or a lightning flash. I do not think that you yourself see how little gallant is your position. You would make, through analogy, an abiding excuse for the shortcomings of the society in which you live, nothing more. I cannot understand why you esteem that to be a doctrine fitting to be preached to imperfect man."

"I must acknowledge that it is not fitted for the simple."

"Yet it is an adaptation of divine injunction to a lower level so that 'men may construe things after their own fashion.' You lay the soul open to excuses for dereliction of the duty imposed upon it."

"But the multitude will not accept an impossible standard which they know to be unworkable."

"Yes, they will. An absolute ideal of life is the only thing they can understand. You will be noble enough to accept without offense what I say: but you speak as a child who does not know the heart of man."

"I wonder if I do?" said the surgeon in reverie. "It seems to me that what I have said contains a simple truth."

"You are doing good work in the world, with extraordinary aptitude. From love of the work, is it not? You love it so much that it is sufficient in itself; even my own gratitude is nothing to you, though it is intelligently given. You find in your work something which blinds your inward spirit. You are too self-secure. I dread your analogies even for yourself; they offer you a plausible philosophy which you should not trust even for your own guidance; you would be a better man without them."

"I have to catch the train to Exeter," said the surgeon abruptly, feeling that he had talked enough to a sick man. He looked at his watch and rose at once. "I have but twenty minutes. Good-by," he said with a smile.

"Another operation?" said the Cardinal. "Yours is a busy life."

"And even a railway train," replied the surgeon through the closing door, "may be an oasis of delight."

PAUL M. CHAPMAN, M.D.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MARY SHELLEY

BY FLORENCE BOYLSTON PELO

THIS collection comprises twenty-three unpublished autograph letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the gifted wife of the poet, written to their intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt. Delightful old letters they are, on age-yellowed paper, with broken seals and ink browned by time; they take us back a century, and gladly enough one goes, to be in such excellent company as that of Shelley, Keats, Lord Byron, and Charles Lamb.

The friendship between Hunt and Shelley began about 1812, when the young man Shelley sought counsel from him on a manuscript poem; it ripened at the time Hunt was consigned to jail for libeling the Prince Regent in an article from his pen in the *Examiner*. Hunt says in his autobiography that "the imprisonment brought him acquainted with Shelley." In 1816 Shelley visited Hunt, and after the suicide of Harriet Westbrook, Shelley's first wife, Hunt proved in every way a valued and a sympathetic friend. Shelley was in need of sympathy, and Hunt gave it warmly. A deep intimacy followed, lasting throughout Shelley's lifetime; and after his death the Hunts were close and near to his widow, and Leigh Hunt gave her much valuable advice and assistance in the compilation of the poet's works.

As the years progressed, the Shelleys and the Hunts were frequent visitors at each other's houses. Hunt possessed little business acumen, and Shelley's purse was always at his disposal, while Hunt availed himself of every opportunity to defend his friend against the all too numerous attacks of the press. It was with Mr. and Mrs. Hunt that Shelley passed his last day in London. His last letter

contained a reference to Hunt, and his last literary production was a poem welcoming him to Italy. It is a strange coincidence and a striking affirmation of their mutual affection that Hunt's last public statement had reference also to Shelley. In Shelley's letters to Hunt there are many affectionate allusions. Many times he calls him his best and only friend, and in the beautiful letter dedicating *The Cenci* to him there is a marked evidence of Shelley's appreciation of Hunt's qualities as a friend; Hunt, we know, proclaimed late in life that his proudest title was "Friend of Shelley." Their friendship is a simple tale of an intimacy founded on a sympathetic companionship, on common needs, hopes, sacrifices, and experiences. They were not only devoted friends, but Shelley was the connecting link between Byron and Hunt. Mrs. Hunt disliked Byron, and the aversion was reciprocated. Shelley's tact must have often been needed to create harmony among those diverse personalities.

The Shelleys were so happy in Italy that they wished the Hunts to join them there, and it was at Shelley's instigation that Hunt gave up the editorship of the *Examiner* and started out for Italy. "Put your music and your books on board a vessel and you will have no more trouble," wrote Shelley. The journey proved a disastrous adventure for them all. Shelley went to Leghorn to meet them, and after seeing them well settled in a portion of Lord Byron's palace, which had been placed at their disposal, he started back to Lerici. The boat capsized and he was drowned. With his death perished Hunt's chief hope in life—Shelley's project of going shares with him and Byron in periodical work to be conducted in Italy. Hunt was present at the burning of Shelley's body, and wrote the Latin inscription for the slab on his grave in Rome, while Trelawny added a quotation of his own choosing from *The Tempest*. Hunt's own copy of Keats' last book was found in a pocket of Shelley's coat, with a page turned down at *The Eve of St. Agnes*, indicating that he had been reading it at the moment of the disaster. It was burned with his body.

These letters of Mrs. Shelley's, taken chronologically, illuminate not only many important facts in the lives of these men of genius, but also much that is interesting in the lives of those of lesser greatness—Claire Clairmont and Emilia Viviani, Peacock and Hogg, Sir Timothy and Mrs. Shelley, and the various members of their interesting

circles. But more than all, they give an especial insight into the character of Mary Shelley, and attest her sweetness and gentleness and lovableness. To her, the world's debt is ever great, for her influence was large upon Shelley. It is almost superfluous, therefore, to observe that these letters are of much literary and historical importance.

The first five letters were written in the Spring of 1817, when the Shelleys were living in Marlow. The first is dated March 2, 1817, some two months after their marriage, which was made possible by Harriet Shelley's death. Claire Clairmont, the daughter of William Godwin's second wife by a former husband, is introduced in the first letter. Because of her ability to speak French she accompanied Shelley and his wife to Switzerland in 1814, and in 1816, when they revisited the continent, she also went with them. At Geneva they met Byron, of whose subsequent *liaison* with Claire the Shelleys were quite ignorant. When they returned to England, Claire continued to live with them, and in January, 1817, she gave birth to a daughter—Allegra, the baby mentioned in this letter. Byron agreed to be responsible for the child, who seems to have been the cause of great unhappiness and continued wrangling between Claire and Byron and the Shelleys, which, however, came to an end with the death of the child in April, 1822. Claire is described as a beautiful, romantic girl of brilliant talents. She never married, but became a governess in Russia after Shelley's death.

In this series Mrs. Shelley mentions Thomas Love Peacock, the author of *Palmyra* and other poems. He was a close student of Greek, and he and Shelley were brought together through their mutual love of that language, and became fast friends. He accompanied Shelley and Harriet on a trip to Scotland, and it is said that his sympathies at the time of their separation were with Harriet, though he made no interference. Peacock was the recipient of Shelley's beautiful descriptive letters from Italy, which Symonds says are the most perfect specimens of descriptive prose in the English language. Mrs. Shelley also gives a little advice to Mrs. Hunt in the management of her husband by saying, "Cultivate his affections and cherish and enjoy his society, and I am sure my dear Mary Anne will find her prospects clear very sensibly." Certain biographers say that Mrs. Hunt was a source of great unhappiness to her husband;

she was ill a good deal, they had several children (who, according to Carlyle, were most badly behaved), and she shared with Hunt a certain incapacity for business, and was unable to manage her household. Another reference of Mrs. Shelley is to Mrs. Godwin, her stepmother and Claire's mother. She says: "Shelley mentions Mrs. G's favor; is she not an odious woman?"

The last of the Marlow letters in this collection is a very remarkable one to Leigh Hunt, in which Mrs. Shelley urges them to come to Marlow. She tells him that their house is nearly settled, and that the statues have arrived. This refers, probably, to the statuary with which Shelley surrounded himself in his study. We are told that copies of the Venus di Medici, the Apollo Belvidere, and other replicas of antiquity were always about him when he wrote indoors. In this letter Thomas Hogg is mentioned for the first time. He was an intimate friend of Shelley's early years, and the one in whose care he left Harriet Westbrook at Edinburgh shortly after their elopement, when he was obliged to make a hasty business trip to London. Hogg was a lawyer who is best known today as the biographer of Shelley's youth, and especially of his short career at Oxford. Toward the end of this letter the young poet Keats, who had succeeded in having a sonnet published in the *Examiner*, is mentioned, and the reference to him in this letter to Leigh Hunt, and to one of the first recognitions of his genius, is of great interest and peculiar significance, because it was at a gathering of poets in Leigh Hunt's cottage at Hampstead, one February evening in 1817, that Keats and Shelley met. We know that they liked each other from the outset, and that they were friends throughout Keats' lifetime. What Shelley thought of Keats, and how he and others had loved and admired the dead poet, is, of course, supremely told in the *Adonais*, of which he himself said, "I confess I should be surprised if that poem were born to an immortality of oblivion." This letter to the Hunts is as follows:

Marlow, March 18th, 1817.

My dear Friend:

We have not received any letter from you, but have heard from Claire that your friend Mr. Horace Smith is ill. I hope, however, that when you receive this you will find him so far restored as to free you from anxiety. The *Examiner* of this week also says a great

deal for you. I am glad to see you write much and well, as it shews your mind is at peace. I am now writing in the library of our house in which we are to sleep tonight for the first time. It is very comfortable and expectant of its promised guests. The statues are arrived and everything is getting on. Come then, dear good creatures, and let us enjoy with you the beauty of the Marlow sun and the pleasant walks that will give you all health spirits & *industry*.

Hogg is at present a visitor of Peacock. I do not like him and I think he is more disagreeable than ever. I would not have him come every week to disturb our peace by his ill humour and noise for all the world. Both of the menagerie[1] were very much scandalized by the praise and sonnet of Keats, and mean, I believe, to petition against the publication of any more. It was transferred to the *Chronicle*—is that an honour?

I have a word or two to say to Mrs. Hunt & not having any more paper in the house tonight & it being too late to get more I must with this country excuse cut short my letter to you. Write and if you wish it you shall have a long answer.

Your affectionate Friend

MARINA.

It is very impertinent to give the lady the last place, but I did not know how little paper I had when I began.

My dear Mary Anne:

My little red box is not yet arrived & I am in agony. I hope it is sent; if not, pray send it with the rest of the things I mentioned in the list. What about a servant—if you get one let her be a *good* cook for I think we must have two and I can easily get a housemaid. Do not entirely agree with one until you let me know. Have you given Claire Lord B's letters yet—she mentions that you had not in a letter we had from her today. They will give her so much pleasure.

William is very well & can now walk alone but I am afraid his teeth will put him back again—how is Swynburn and the rest of your babies—kiss them for me and give my love to Miss Kent.

I hope Hunt will criticize Melincourt next week. Have you been to see Cymbeline or the Opera?

Take care of yourself, my dear girl. I long to see you all down here & hope, for Hunt's sake, that we shall by that time have received the long with-held hairbrush.

Most affectionately Yrs.

MARY W. S.

Shelley sends his love to you all.

The next ten letters were written from Italy, and a year elapsed between the last of those written from Marlow, and

[1] In her reference to Peacock and Hogg, Mrs. Shelley first wrote: "Both of these wise men were very much scandalized," etc.; but she changed it to read "the menagerie," evidently as a play on words.

the first one from Milan. The Shelleys went to Italy because of Shelley's failing health, and because England had always been ungentle toward Mary. They did not dream that Shelley would never again see his native shores, or that Mary, when she would recross the seas, would be alone and lonely. But they appear to have had no homeward yearnings, so enchanted were they with the land of their adoption. They went directly to Milan because of Shelley's wish to settle somewhere on the shores of Como, that loveliest of Italian lakes; but as they were unable to find there the accomodations they wished, considerable time was spent in traveling about in Tuscany—Pisa, Leghorn, Bagni di Lucca. The time passed delightfully for them both. They worked together, sang together, dreamed together, played together, and found that which they so ardently sought in Italy—peace and love. The happiest as well as the saddest days of Mary Shelley's life were spent there. The happiest in the companionship of her husband in a warm and sympathetic land; the saddest in the loss of her two children and later of Shelley himself.

In Milan, Mrs. Shelley went to the opera, and she wrote a long description of it to the Hunts; but it was in Rome that she found the greatest delights, and her letters from there are sincere, frank, delicate in observation, and full of unconscious grace. From the point of view of fine prose, the letters from the Eternal City are probably the best that this collection affords. She writes:

> We pass our days in viewing the divinest statues in the world. You have seen the casts of most of them, but the originals are infinitely superior, and besides you continually see some new one of heavenly beauty that one never saw before. There is an Apollo, it is Shelley's favorite, in the Museum of the Capitol—he is standing leaning back with his feet crossed—one arm supports a lyre, the other hand holds the instrument to play on it, and his head is thrown back, as he is in the act of being inspired, and the expression of his countenance, especially the lower part, is more beautiful than you can imagine. There are a quantity of female figures in the attitude of Venus di Medici . . . there is a Diana hunting—her dress girded about her—she has just let fly an arrow and watches its success with eagerness and joy. . . . Indeed it is a scene of perpetual enchantment to live in this thrice holy city. The other night we visited the Pantheon by moonlight and saw the lovely sight of the moon appearing through the round aperture above and lighting the columns of the Rotunda with its rays. But my letter would

never be at an end if I were to tell a millionth part of the delights of Rome—but it has such an effect on me that my past life before I saw it appears a blank, and now I begin to live. In the churches you hear the music of heaven and the singing of angels.

Later she writes:

I suppose that Peacock shows you Shelley's letters, so I need not describe those objects which delight us so much here. We live surrounded by antiquity ruined and perfect, besides seeing the lovely pictures of your favorite Raphael, who is the Prince or rather God of painting (I mean a heathen God, not a bungling modern divinity), and there are delightful painters beside him, Guido would be a great favorite of yours. . . . Rome is stuffed with the loveliest statues in the world—a much greater number than one has any idea of until one sees them, and most of them in the most perfect state. Besides our eternal visits to these divine objects, Claire is learning singing, I painting, and S. is writing a poem, so that the *belle arte* take up all our time.

The poem of Shelley mentioned here is doubtless his greatest one, *Prometheus Unbound,* most of which was written among the beautiful and solitary ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. A reference to Southey is made in the following paragraph: "You seem certain that Southey did not write the number in the *Quarterly,* but if he spares us in print he does not in conversation, as we have good authority to know, and he speaks in the grossest manner . . . but that is all nothing." Shelley's association with Southey was brief, but nevertheless he was an admirer of Southey's poetry, the study of which left its mark in Shelley's early work. The allusion quoted above is to a savage attack on Shelley in the *Quarterly Review.* Shelley accused Southey of writing it, and in a letter called for a disavowal. Southey denied it, and was able to prove his innocence. Mrs. Shelley closed this letter by speaking of Lord Byron and Allegra, who were in Venice: "All goes on there as badly with the noble poet as ever. I fear he is a lost man if he does not escape soon, Allegra is there with a friend of his and ours."

From Rome the Shelleys went to Leghorn, and Mrs. Shelley's letters from there are full of sadness and melancholy over the death of her little son, William, who died in Rome on the seventh day of June, 1819. This bitter loss was a calamity which almost broke their hearts, following as it did the loss of their little daughter, Clara, who died at Venice the year before. She writes:

We came to Italy thinking to do Shelley's health good—but the climate is not by any means warm enough to be of benefit to him, and yet it is that that has destroyed my two children . . . We went from England comparatively prosperous and happy—I should return broken hearted and miserable . . . I never know one moment's ease from the wretchedness and despair that possesses me. May you, my dear Marianne, never know what it is to lose two only and lovely children in one year—to watch their dying moments and then at last to be left childless and forever miserable . . . these were the fruits of this hateful Italy.

In another letter from Leghorn she says that Shelley has gone to Florence to take up lodgings for them. They expect to spend the winter there "somewhat dully . . . since we shall not know a soul there, and there is little to amuse us looking at one another and reading what we already too well know." In a postscript of this letter she mentions the Gisbornes:

I must say a word of Mr. Gisborne whom you will see—you will find him a very dull man—but if you take any trouble about him you will be well repaid when Mrs. G. joins him, for she is an excellent woman, and, what you will think praise, very much attached to Shelley—to me too, perhaps, but I am nothing now, and it is impossible any one can much like so dull a person.

At the time of the death of Mrs. Shelley's mother, Mrs. Gisborne, then Mrs. Reveley, took charge of Mary. Godwin, Mary's father, proposed marriage to Mrs. Gisborne, but she declined. She was a charming, accomplished woman for whom Shelley had great admiration. In later years Mrs. Shelley derived much comfort from an extensive correspondence with her after Shelley's untimely death.

In Florence, Mrs. Shelley's spirits recovered somewhat. Their son, Percy, who succeeded to the Baronetcy, was born there on November 12, 1819, and with his advent the world grew brighter. To Mrs. Hunt she wrote:

I am very well and the little boy also. He is my only one and although he is so healthy and promising . . . I cannot fear—yet it is a bitter thought that all should be risked on one, yet how much sweeter than to be childless as I was for five hateful months.

In this letter she makes an inquiry regarding *The Mask of Anarchy,* which Shelley had sent to Leigh Hunt. She refers to a possible visit of Shelley to England, which was subsequently abandoned, and says: "You may judge

by what Shelley has sent to England that he has been very busily employed, and besides this he often spends many hours at the Gallery admiring and studying the statues and pictures." Besides *The Mask of Anarchy,* Shelley had sent to England *The Cenci,* the writing of which had been suggested by Mary Shelley, who had perceived how his imagination had been affected by the story of Beatrice Cenci. It was begun and finished in Florence. *Prometheus Unbound* was finished and sent, and also *Julian and Maddalo.* It was during this year in Florence that the poet's genius attained its finest expression. One of his chief pleasures while there was to walk alone in the Cascine, and it was there that he received the inspiration for the *Ode to the West Wind.*

Early in the year 1820 the Shelleys went to Pisa because of the severe weather which prevailed in Florence, and because " Vacca, the most famous surgeon in Italy, has told Shelley to take care of himself and strengthen himself, but to take no medicine." Mrs. Shelley's first letter from Pisa to Mrs. Hunt contains a long description of that city, of their apartment on the Lung' Arno where " for the first time in our lives we get on easily, our minds undisturbed by weekly bills and expenses." There is also a denunciation of Cant, " the God or abominable idol before whom . . . the English are offering up a sacrifice of blood and liberty." The Manchester Massacre of August 16, 1819, and attacks on the liberty of the press, moved Shelley to great indignation, which found expression in *The Mask of Anarchy* and in a treatise entitled *The Philosophical Review of Reform,* which was never published. In this letter Mary Shelley states that she prefers to stay in Italy, and adds, " Since I have seen Rome, that city is my country."

Another of the Pisan letters to Leigh Hunt is written in Italian, and in it she praises the Queen and denounces the villainous King. She described a new acquaintance, Professor Pacchani, who she says is " really the only Italian who has a heart and soul." She adds, " There is another acquaintance of ours, romantic and pathetic, a young girl of 19 years of age, the daughter of a Florentine nobleman, very beautiful, very talented, who writes Italian with an elegancy and delicacy equal to the foremost authors of the best Italian epoch." This reference is to Emilia Viviani, whose beauty so deeply stirred the imagination of Shelley

that he wrote the *Epipsychidion,* in which he relates the successive endeavors of his spirit after the attainment of ideal love. This he encountered in the interesting and faultlessly beautiful Emilia Viviani, and set forth in that "supreme poem of unfettered and uncircumscribed love." Mary Shelley also portrayed Emilia in the Clorinda of her novel *Lodore.*

Nearly three years elapsed before the next letter, which was written from Paris, August 18, 1823, to Leigh Hunt in Florence. In the meantime Shelley was drowned (July, 1822), at which time the Hunts had gone to Italy. Mrs. Shelley lived with them at Genoa the winter following her husband's death, and this letter was written while she was en route to England with her little son, the future baronet. In it she describes a three day's visit to Versailles with Horace Smith and the Kennys, who told her all about a recent visit of Charles and Mary Lamb to France, and of how Mary Lamb was taken ill "in her usual way" and Charles Lamb found the French wine too good for him. Kenny was loud in his praise of Miss Lamb, "saying that he thought her a faultless creature, possessing every virtue under heaven. He was annoyed to find L. more reserved and shut up than usual—avoiding his old friends and not so cordial or so amiable as his wont. I asked him about Hazlitt. This love-sick youth, jilted by Infelice, has taken to falling in love. He told Kenny that whereas formerly he thought women silly unamusing toys, and people with whose society he was delighted to dispense, he was now only happy where they were, and given up to the admiration of their interesting foibles and amiable weaknesses. He is the humble servant of all marriageable young ladies." She continues: "Wordsworth was in town not long ago, publishing and looking old" . . . and "Coleridge is well, having been ill." She refers to a dramatized version of her *Frankenstein,* then running in London with some success, and to a song which Jane Williams used to sing, heard on the harp at the Kennys. It affected her so that she entreated them to cease. "How could I bear the mimickry of that voice—the witch, to recall such scenes!" (Shelley had delighted in Jane Williams' singing.) She speaks of her future plans and Lord Byron's wish that she should write to Lady Shelley: "I did not, for one hates to beg." She says: "My dearest Hunt, your letters are a great consolation to me—I will write my last

un-English letter to you from Calais." Mrs. Kenny told her that she was very like her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, from whom Mrs. Shelley inherited many of her ideas. Mary Wollstonecraft wrote one great book: a vindication of the rights of women, in which she prophesied the day when women would have social, economic, and political freedom. It was her opinion, also, that the only love worthy of the name was that which is free and spontaneous, and which lives and thrives because of its own sweetness and purity. After her unhappy experience in Paris with Imlay, however, she decided that it was unwise to offend society, so she became the legal wife of William Godwin.

From London Mrs. Shelley wrote to Leigh Hunt asking him to aid her in the publication of Shelley's posthumous poems, which "we have begun to print." "I need hardly answer what you say about putting off the publication for a year . , . Shelley has celebrity, even popularity now—a year ago greater interest would perhaps have been excited than now by this volume—but who knows what may happen before the next . . . do you, my best friend, assist me in making it complete—send me what you prepare." The book was published in 1824 without the notice Leigh Hunt was to contribute. In this letter she speaks of Mrs. Williams, who is "as impatient as I of England and the rest of it." This is the Jane Williams immortalized in a number of Shelley's poems. Her husband, an intimate friend of Shelley, perished with him. When Mrs. Williams returned to England she became the wife of Hogg. She mentions Miss Curran, and begs Mrs. Hunt, who was skillful in cutting profiles, to send one of Shelley to Miss Curran to aid her in completing the picture she had painted of Shelley when they were at Rome. This portrait had been laid aside unfinished as a failure. It is the only authentic portrait of Shelley in existence. In her journal for September 17, 1825, Mrs. Shelley wrote: "Thy picture is come, my only one! Thine, those speaking eyes, that animated look, unlike aught earthly wert thou ever and art now."

In a long letter to Mrs. Hunt she states that her mode of life in England is little agreeable to her: "My only comfort is in my child's growth and health and in the society of Mrs. Williams." She asks for news of Trelawny and wishes that he had been at Missolonghi . . . "His activity and kindness might have prevented Byron's death." She speaks

at some length of music in England, mentions Proctor and Lamb, and says that she has heard from Claire: "Poor girl, she is dismally tossed about, so much so that perhaps she may return to England." From Kentish Town in June, 1827, she writes to Leigh Hunt regarding his approaching return to England: "You can hardly be more delighted at the idea of returning to Tottenham Ct. Road and the Hampstead Coachmen, than are your friends that you should return, and return with pleasure to these things . . . I think of Italy as a vision of delight afar off. . . . Had you seen Italy as I saw it—and had I seen it as you—we should each be delighted with our present residence, nor for the world's treasure change." Toward the end of another letter to Hunt from Brighton she refers in an affectionate manner to her first meeting with him nine years earlier, "in the bust and flower adorned parlor" in his cottage in the Vale of Heath.

In 1835 Mrs. Shelley went to Harrow to be near her son, who was at Harrow School, and in a letter to Hunt from there in February of that year she mentions her novel, *Lodore,* which was about to be published, and the *Lives of Eminent Literary Men,* on which she was engaged at that time. She refers also to her husband's father and mother: "I wish I could look with the indulgence you do on Shelley's relations. Sir Tim, indeed, were he here alone, I could manage . . . violent as he is, he has a heart and I am sure I could have made a friend of him. It is Lady S. who is my bitter enemy—and her motive is the base one of securing more money for herself . . . besides, her conduct having been very open to censure, she naturally attacks me."

The last four letters were all written in the year 1839 and are addressed to Leigh Hunt. They refer largely to the compilation of Shelley's poems and prose works, on which Mrs. Shelley had been engaged since 1836. In regard to the poems she writes: "Except that I do not like the idea of a mutilated edition, I have no scruple of conscience about leaving out the expressions which Shelley would never have printed in after life. I have a great love for *Queen Mab;* he was proud of it when I first knew him—and it is associated with the bright young days of both of us." In her journal of Feb. 12, 1839, Mary Shelley wrote: "I much dislike leaving out any of *Queen Mab* . . . and even wish I had resisted to the last." She yielded because she was told that certain portions of it would injure the sale. Trelawny sent back the

volume to Moxon in a rage at seeing parts left out, and Hogg wrote " an insulting letter " because the dedicatory verses to Harriet were to be omitted. In thanking Hunt for his offer of assistance Mrs. Shelley wrote: " The edition will be mine . . . in a future edition if you will add any of your own peculiarly delightful notes it will make the book more valuable to every reader, but our notes must be independent of each other." In reference to the prose of Shelley she asks Hunt's advice on several portions of it—especially with regard to the translation of the *Symposium.* She praises Hunt's play, *A Legend of Florence,* which was successfully produced at Covent Garden in 1840. " It is admirably written. It is full of beautiful & elevated & true morality clothed in poetry." In the last of these twenty-three letters, as in the first, Claire Clairmont is mentioned. " I have desired to fix a day when you shall meet Claire, but have not been able." She asks also about some omissions in the letters of Shelley which Hunt had published, and says that " Percy is very anxious to learn " when his play will appear.

Mary Shelley was only nineteen when the first of these letters was written and but twenty-three when she wrote the last of the Italian series. She lived to be fifty-two years of age, and it is interesting to know that her friendship with the Hunts continued throughout her lifetime. She was in her twenty-fifth year when Shelley died, a woman of rare beauty and accomplishment. She had many suitors, among them John Howard Payne, the homeless author of *Home, Sweet Home;* but she did not marry a second time. Her life seemed never to be detached from that of Shelley. Her youth was passed in waiting for him; eight years of perfect companionship were passed with him, and the remaining twenty-eight years of her life were devoted to the publication of his works, and to the care and education of their son.

This correspondence on the Hunts' side is also exceedingly interesting. The letters of Leigh Hunt to Shelley and to Mrs. Shelley throw much light on the character of Hunt, and affirm the generosity and enthusiasm which were his salient qualities. The most interesting are those which contain the accounts of his work on the *Indicator,* a publication which had the support of Hazlitt and Lamb and which contains the finest of Leigh Hunt's work as an essayist. Shortly after Hunt's return to England in 1825 he published *Lord*

Byron and His Contemporaries; with Recollections of the Author's Life and his Visit to Italy. Because of its frank criticism of Byron the book created a sensation, and speedily went into a second edition. From the year 1844 until his death at the age of seventy-four, in 1859, Hunt received an allowance of one hundred and twenty pounds a year from the Shelley estate, which, together with another annuity, made comfortable the declining years of his life.

Mrs. Hunt, who was always frail and ailing, led a quiet and domestic life and lived to be sixty-nine, outliving the great Vacca, who said while attending her upon her arrival in Italy that, at best, she could live but a few months.

Hunt's services to Shelley cannot be overestimated. He was cheerful, enthusiastic, courageous, and these qualities, combined with his unfailing devotion to the poet, were of inestimable value. Shelley, proportionately as frail in physique as he was robust in intellect, needed the generous encouragement that Hunt so unsparingly gave him; and we know of the deep-rooted affection that Shelley and his wife had for Hunt. Probably no one, save Mrs. Shelley, loved the poet as Hunt loved him. He worshiped Shelley's spirit as the finest and the most undefiled in the world. In the following paragraph, as lovely as it is sincere, we have in Leigh Hunt's own words the evidence of his unqualified admiration for Shelley:

> He was like a spirit that had darted out of its orbit and found itself in another world. I used to tell him that he had come from the planet Mercury. When I heard of the catastrophe that overtook him, it seemed as if this spirit, not sufficiently constituted like the rest of the world to obtain their sympathy, yet gifted with a double portion of love for all living things, had been found dead in a solitary corner of the earth, its wings stiffened, its warm heart cold; the relics of a misunderstood nature slain by the ungenial elements.

Florence Boylston Pelo.

THE PASSENGERS OF A RETARDED SUBMERSIBLE

By W. D. Howells

The American People

What was it kept you so long, brave German submersible?
We have been very anxious lest matters had not gone well
With you and the precious cargo of your country's drugs and dyes.
But here you are at last, and the sight is good for our eyes,
Glad to welcome you up and out of the caves of the sea,
And ready for sale or barter, whatever your will may be.

The Captain of the Submersible

Oh do not be impatient, good friends of this neutral land,
That we have been so tardy in reaching your eager strand.
We were stopped by a curious chance just off the Irish coast,
Where the mightiest wreck ever was lay crowded with a host
Of the dead that went down with her; and some prayed us to bring them here
That they might be at home with their brothers and sisters dear.
We Germans have tender hearts, and it grieved us sore to say
We were not a passenger ship, and to most we must answer nay,
But if from among their hundreds they could somehow a half-score choose
We thought we could manage to bring them, and we would not refuse.
They chose, and the women and children that are greeting you here are those
Ghosts of the women and children that the rest of the hundred chose.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

What guff are you giving us, Captain? We are able to tell, we hope,
A dozen ghosts, when we see them, apart from a periscope.
Come, come, get down to business! For time is money you know,
And you must make up in both to us for having been so slow.
Better tell this story of yours to the submarines, for we
Know there was no such wreck, and none of your spookery.

THE GHOSTS OF THE *Lusitania* WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Oh, kind kin of our murderers, take us back when you sail away;
Our own kin have forgotten us. O, Captain, do not stay!
But hasten, Captain, hasten! The wreck that lies under the sea
Shall be ever the home for us this land can never be.

W. D. HOWELLS.

I

TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM

'Mortem virtus communem famam historia
Monumentum posteritas dedit' [1]

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

To victor and vanquished together slain
This epitaph is meed; each be compeer
With the elect of fame, till to revere
Proud feats which immolation crave is vain
Accounted in nobility's demesne;
Till virtue would her treasures auctioneer
To shame, and earth impoverished the cheer
And saving grace of sun and cloud disdain.

Though outer darkness your dear lands enfold
In vision see the yester hate, today
Prevailing love; and 'gainst the morrow's sky
Ensigned renown, whereby shall be extoll'd
A common martyrdom—sentinelled way
For faith's resurgent soul that shall not die.

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[1] Inscription on the Quebec monument.

II

GOLD OF TOULOUSE

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

Fevered desire to pyrrhic quests is borne
    Through circling dust; unprivileged to see,
    How rhadamantine fate, by fell decree,
Ordains that deed, aflower with but thorn
And perished leaf—bereft the fair adorn
    From temperate mind and reverent knee—
    Shall testify the soul's apostasy,
And be of things by rectitude forsworn.

Profane adventure with insensate throng,
    Adverse to the Remnant, would old shrines pass
    With greedy feet; and, loathful to peruse
Dissuading truth, may sacrilegious wrong
Condone and vaunt, and, for reward, amass
    Ill's treasures in the cursed Gold of Toulouse.

Joseph S. Auerbach.

A USE FOR CONTEMPORARY FICTION

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

THERE is more than one way of reading a novel. The old read critically, comparing fiction with life as they have known it, and either enjoying what Mr. James has called the "emotion of recognition," or seeing in their wisdom that no recognition is possible, that the work is not, as we say, "true to life." But the young read for information. They need to find out about life, they think, and all the things that their elders will not tell them they turn to learn from the novels. It is not merely that age is reticent; many of the things that analytical youth is longing to know about, age has never noticed. It very often happens that age is matter-of-fact while youth is subtle; its spectacles are a generation old, and useless for correcting the delicacies of modern astigmatisms; youth does not trust its reports. But in the great modern writers of fiction, youth recognizes a vision as sharp and inquisitive as its own, backed by much greater knowledge, so that it is not strange if it takes their findings with too great docility.

If, then, the young are reading current fiction in order to find out about life, and if lads of twenty are lending their girl friends, say, *The Dark Flower,* what is it that they are learning? For one thing, it would seem, we must suppose them to be becoming sophisticated beyond all conceivable predecessors in the minutiae of conducting a love-affair. Men and women, it is supposed, have always known a great deal about this matter intuitively, but our well-read young people know it by the book Not a look, not a word, not a gesture, not a step in the whole beautiful, new-old figure that they have not read about, that they do not know beforehand and recognize when it comes. Never before were there such books for the young to be reading while in the throes of their first experimental young love-affairs, and it cannot be supposed that they will be wholly void of effect. It is like learn-

ing one's mother tongue by the aid of a grammar: instead of acquiring its use by experience and leaving the rules for later, or never, they begin by learning the rules, and practise for the pleasure of watching them come true. First-love becomes more nearly a *constatation* than an experience. They may say with the young poet of "Oxford 1915," "Life has been a *cliché* all these years—I would find a gesture of my own."

We are facing a situation new to the world. We have at last, after a deal of haranguing (not always the most judicious) against "Victorian hypocrisy" and "British prudery," a kind of fiction that is not for the young person, and the young person is reading it. *Pur troppo.* And what he or she wishes to learn about is love, that being youth's great adventure, as the great adventure of age is death. But she more than he seeks and desires to learn; love and marriage have always seemed more woman's business, and the young girl already before she is grown up has thought much of what they are to mean to her, and of what she hopes they will, for her, be like. She acquires her ideal of them before she knows it, from poetry, from the air, from other girls, from hither and yon, and grows up believing on the one hand that a lifelong romantic love is the greatest gift life can give her, almost too dazzling and precious to be hoped for, and on the other that it is the very lowest terms on which she can bear to accept life or to view herself at all. If she takes her ideal to college with her, she learns to analyze, perhaps even to smile at and to hide it; but she does not surrender it. Instead, she proceeds to use it as a test upon all the prosaic marriages which unite her parents' staid friends, and though they fail to meet it—some deservedly and some not, since her clear young eyes are neither very discerning nor very sympathetic—she does not lose faith in it. Though the relationships which she has opportunity to observe strike her as tepid, gray, unimaginative, she is still not convinced that the thing she covets and believes in does not exist anywhere, and turns for confirmation to contemporary fiction.

And she finds it. In the pages of our great novelists she sees again and again men and women drawn together by a mutual feeling as ardent, as intellectualized, as comradely, as impassioned, as any she has imagined. But—since we must imagine her as reading Wells and Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett and Mrs. Wharton and Robert Herrick—she rarely finds

this coincident with marriage. The gray and tepid bond will always have bound one or other of them before they meet. This discovery, which is both shocking and painful, leaves her cornered between her inherited moral standards, her loyalty to her ideal of love and its rights, and her belief in the best fiction as the best "document;" so her extreme idealism suffers revulsion into girlish cynicism.

> Lo! the greenest girl is frantic
> With the woe of all the earth.

So much for the girl's reading. The boy's is not nearly so extensive usually, and even when he reads these same books his attitude is likely to be more matter-of-fact and critical. Let us be glad that it is; if he took his fiction as seriously as the girl, it would seem to afford excuse for the lightest conduct. What to her is saddening and disillusioning, might well be to him the *apologia* of the last inconstancy. "This is the way men are"—what else could he learn from *The Dark Flower?* But he looks about him on his world and sees little that matches in subtlety or intensity the emotions and situations he has been reading of, and concluding sagely that life is one thing and literature another, he reads hereafter more for entertainment than enlightenment.

Yet we cannot now stop their reading. The boys and girls of today may say with Nanda of *The Awkward Age* that they could not be like those earlier less sophisticated ones if they tried, and that it is accordingly better not to try. But perhaps this sophistication can be turned into real wisdom, instead of leaving them just bewildered and disenchanted. There is another way of reading fiction, after all —and by fiction I suppose we may fairly mean the fictitious representation of life, whether in play or novel form—and if, as we have said, the old read for purposes of comparison, the young girl for information and the boy for entertainment, why should they not all read for edification? The authors may object to our treating their *chefs d'œuvre* as "moral tales," but Mr. H. G. Wells, for one, will not mind; it is what he expressly desires.

For if fathers would read *The Way of All Flesh, Children of Earth,* and almost anything of Bernard Shaw's, if mothers would read *Nowadays* and *The Encounter,* if husbands would read (and without too much laughter, despite its exaggerations) Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' *Confes-*

sions of a Wife, and wives *Marriage* and *Together,* daily life might be a little sweeter and more harmonious in a good many households; while if everybody read Henry James, we should all have better manners. Then what are our boy and girl to read, and what shall they read for? She reads enough, if not too much, already; but accepting too readily what she reads as a complete picture of life, she comes to believe that if her ideal love ever befalls here on earth, it is only when and where it should not. He, on the contrary, reads hardly enough, and thinks little about any ideal love at all, until he fancies—often too inadvertently—that he sees her coming. She thinks too much about it, he too little; he runs the risk of making one of those incomplete unions that will leave him exposed to tragedy later, she, that of being afraid to marry at all. Yet even on her assumption that all these "crucial instances" are to be taken as genuine cases, and reasoned upon to conclusions about life, there is not so much occasion for disillusionment as she thinks. There would be, indeed, if one love had simply crowded out and succeeded another equally deep and seemingly final; but one of them—in *Plaster Saints* it is the first one—is always ever so much richer and more inclusive than the other. In every one of the half-dozen books we think of first, the man married with only a portion of his nature; he married for glamor, for ambition, for domesticity, out of a dim feeling that he was doing his duty by society, by accident, or because it seemed the thing. The time had come. This works well enough unless across his path happens to stray the woman whom he could have loved with all of himself, but if she does, we get an *Ethan Frome,* or a Remington of *The New Machiavelli.* It is not fate, or anything organic in human nature, that brings about the tragedy; it is rather the lack in the man of just that uncompromising ideal of love as it is to be in his personal life, which we thought almost exaggerated in the girl. He has not taken the whole thing seriously enough soon enough, and the goddess is still as hard as in old days upon any who do not sufficiently revere her. Miss Alice Brown shows in *Children of Earth* that she realizes how this failure legitimately cools our sympathy for such heroes, when she makes someone in the play blame Peter for ever having married his "Portuguee," and feels bound to turn the comment to Peter Hale's honor: "Well, I spose some men'd marry a woman to take care of her."

It does not seem too much to suppose that if the young man can only acquire as high an ideal of companionship as the romantic girl seems to have by instinct, he will refrain from the casual marriage that Stevenson likened to selecting the most attractive nectarine on the plate. He will range the orchards, and give himself a wider choice. He will be willing to wait, so that he may have legitimately what all these Remingtons and Peter Hales and Ethan Fromes must either take at destructive cost or not at all. Let him set out, then, to acquire it; let him read all the contemporary novels he can, and build his dream upon the pictured relations of Remington and Isabel, of Peter and Mary Ellen, of Ethan Frome and Mattie; let him realize that the tragedy of *The Dark Flower* is not that no man can be faithful, but that Mark Lennan never learns—what all Wells' heroes, with all their imperfections on their heads, yet know very well—that love is more than glamor, that it must involve the intellect too, and the whole man, if he is to cleave always to one woman only. We ought perhaps to judge our heroes more severely for the marriages they make, and expect them to demand more of the experience, to keep the soul free for something fit to employ it all. Why did Remington and Ethan Frome marry those wives in the first place? we many fairly ask, instead of reserving all our censure for their falling in love with some one else in the second.

But if our youth is to pattern his conception on the successes among these fictitious relationships, the girl will do well to study the failures; for while he is the one more responsible for creating the situation, on her rests more obviously the responsibility for conducting it. Daily life is made up of an infinitude of little things, and little things are woman's province. Her mistake has often been to insist on making them also man's, and most of these contemporary studies of marriage exhibit its consequences. Women and men alike must pay in the coin they have, women in little things, men in big; but women's frequent insistence on being paid in their own, may wreck the exchange.

> A man must partly give up being a man
> With women folk.

To a woman, a continuing romantic relation is the standard of personal success, success as a woman, and she will not admit defeat. It is a kind of point of honor with

her. It is so essentially her business that she might well recognize a failure as essentially hers, a failure often in mere feminine "niceness"; but she rarely does, partly because she will not relinquish her romantic rôle in her own eyes and the eyes of others, partly because to admit that her situation is humanly controllable would be to deny that it is celestially directed—and she is in the habit of conceiving marriage mystically, somewhat as did the eighteenth-century man his universe, as wound up like a clock to run a lifetime. If it runs down before night, she never blames herself in her dismay, but it: the works were imperfect. To have accepted herself the responsibility for keeping it wound up, would diminish its scale among the eternal values.

But it would appear that marriage is less like a clock than like a garden. Apparently it will dry up from neglect, or flourish and bloom under care, and there are infinite scientific precautions to be taken in spading, fertilizing and watering, if she will apply her whole intelligence to it, and acquire what gardening lore she can from contemporary fiction. She can profit by the mistakes, painstakingly set forth, of many unscientific gardeners who have left all to the unaided rains and sunshines of the "cosmic weather." And if she hesitates, as women do, to apply the intellect to matters of feeling, if she feels that a romance tended is no romance: that is but another example of her age-long habits of sentimental thinking, which we must invoke even the problem plays and analytical fiction to help her out of. She has always preferred to say to herself and all the world that her real *is* ideal, rather than to use any human means to make it so; and this falsity of thinking at the very heart of life has weakened her powers of dealing intellectually with it at any point.

We must conclude, then, that if the reading boy and girl are to take fiction as we suggest—as a kind of twentieth-century *Cortegiano,* or "conduct-book"—they will profit best by making opposite applications of it. The boy should learn to look at love and marriage more romantically, the girl more intellectually. He is to shape an ideal by which to criticize whatever possibility he may desire to turn into a reality; she, bringing her ideal with her, will study from many modern instances how to make her future reality approach more closely to her dream.

Ruth Shepard Phelps.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

ADVENTURES IN MOTLEY[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It was fundamental in Edward Raynes that he was bent upon maintaining, inflexibly and incorruptibly, an attitude of ironical detachment toward life. When he read, for instance, it was through a telescope that he regarded his author, with the other eye significantly closed. It was his way to keep genius at a distance. Henry James, to be sure, suited him very well indeed, "for he gave Edward's brain the kind of movement that he found most acceptable"; but never with any of his authors did he allow himself to become personally involved—not even with Henry James; and that this was an extraordinary triumph, Edward could have pointed out to you: for has any other author possessed so remarkably the trick of personally involving his adherents?

Edward, you perceive, besides being an incurable satirist, was almost unbelievably modern: for even modernity was a little *vieux jeu* for him. He wanted to read some one who was not perpetually conscious of his period, who did not seek to impress him as speaking with the latest possible speech; who did not go in for "contemporary social forces." He was particularly annoyed, in a certain type of fiction, by such words as "perdurable" and "emprise," and such phrases as "her whom he thus happened on." As for Mr. Chesterton—poor, dear, harmless Mr. Chesterton!—he was only "a curious and rather notable freak," who contrived to simulate brilliancy of statement by the ingenuous expedient of observing, for example, that "A spittoon is just as much at the heart of the Universe as the

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[1] *The Buffoon*, by Louis U. Wilkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1916.

Milky Way," thus gaining an enormous reputation for originality, though he was at bottom inordinately respectable. But even toward those whom Edward found especially attractive, he tempered his enthusiasm with raillery, " so as to be able to support it without wincing." Temperamentally he was against all reform: the emancipation of labor, of the poor, of women, of the lower races; the curtailment of privilege; democracy—all this was abhorrent to him; yet intellectually he was converted at every point to the most enlightened liberalism, though modern propagandist writing bored him.

Being a Cambridge man (as he pointed out to his Aunt Amelia), he lacked " the art of being frivolous and wise at the same time "—we Cambridge men never, he observed, " really attain to that." He was an intellectual *farceur*, repelling emotional exactions as an Imagist poet repels subjective sentiment. The tormenting imp of farce that inhabited his brain was ineradicable, yet vaguely irritating. All contacts of whatever kind " shook his cap and bells," and in time he began to see dimly that he obeyed a control not wholly within his own field of government—" his pantaloon impulses and grotesque ribald stirs jerked him about on their strings, making him feel uncomfortably a manikin now and then."

But, as a general thing, Edward did not disconcert himself by a too-curious introspection. The Calvinistic morality of a forgotten day would have said that he played with life; but his case was hardly so simple as that. He would have delighted that indefatigable collector of strange spiritual anatomies who created the Perfect Egoist. But unlike the superlative Meredithian original, he was a self-conscious egoist, with a delicately sadistic sense of comedy. We see him as under the entomologist's indecent and dreadful lens in this unsparing exhibition by his creator: " He lived in fear of the personal indignities which invade us always along with the intense sensations that come of going far, whether in thought or in emotion." Such as he " cling to a surface made as secure and as habitable as possible, while they make fools, when they can, of others, in order to cover their own terror of the motley. Again, they will inoculate themselves with a prophylactic mild dilution of recognized absurdity, will cultivate certain whims and foibles to throw off ridicule that would otherwise strike

too deep. By an irony almost tragic these men end in being the most completely tricked by whatever cosmic spirit there is; themselves the buffoons who have lost most."

Normally, Edward's existence was smoothly, pleasantly, and meticulously conducted. Nice adjustments, exact completions, symmetrical roundings-off, were essential to his well-being. He kept watch over surplus half-sheets of note-paper; he refused to eat honey at breakfast when some one else was drinking ale (though why even an Englishman should want to drink ale at breakfast is, happily, one of the few negligible problems of these congested times). That Edward was an artist in his cyrenaicism is made clear by the loving notation of his chronicler, who records not only his use of a hot-water bottle however warm the weather, but his carefulness in not washing his hands while taking his cold bath, for fear of the resultant distraction—an example of the *finesse* of epicureanism which fills us with envious admiration. Indeed, our only misgiving as to the exquisiteness of Edward's hedonism is caused by the knowledge that he waxed his moustache.

His spiritual downfall began abruptly—almost as abruptly as did Victor Radnor's, when, crossing London Bridge, he slipped upon that classic bit of orange-peel. With the implement of Edward's defeat (which, unlike Victor Radnor's, pointed his way to a new birth)—with this implement, Edward's creator plays as Meredith played with Victor's orange-peel. The instrument of defeat was a beautiful Divinity who wore Futurist dresses, and whose name was Eunice Dinwiddie. Her American friends called her "Eunus," which was an intolerable grief to her, though she had almost succeeded in persuading them to pronounce her name in three syllables. Eunice was adequately tall for her epicene figure (we learn later, in a moment of more confiding exposition, that she also had "epicene knees": a characterization which is, to our mind, inadequately pictorial). Draped in flowing gray, she suggested entrancingly an effect of blown mist, and her small head "was made to be held tenderly and savagely between a lover's hands." Her features, save for an "insufficient" nose, were Greek, connoting a hamadryad. She was, as Edward saw, a posthumous child of Oscar Wilde and Rossetti, but not wholly, after all, of the 'eighties, for she was timeless and eternal,

belonging to no period . . . these " art-circle women " were always the same, thought Edward: " they reacted in the same way from the influence of quite different men; their parasitism did not vary in expression." Edward's encounters with this delectable lady, his ravishment by her, and his eventual discomfiture, are quite wonderfully chronicled for us—with crafty and lethal wit, with incomparable malice.

Edward met her at Raoul Root's, for it was over Root's circle that the Divinity ruled; and it was there that she addressed to him her first remark: " What beautiful thing," she asked, " have you been doing? . . . Later, come to me where I sit, and you shall tell me your beautiful dreams." But this, surely, was flagrantly of the 'eighties and of Oscar, after all; and you wonder what Raoul Root and his circle must have thought of their epicene Divinity and her strangely anachronistic style. For Raoul and his brother poets represented a reaction even from Shaw and Wells; and as for the 'eighties and 'nineties, why, " that is an obsolete period—all the nineteenth century is obsolete: it produced nothing but prettiness and bombast." No: Raoul and his friends were *les jeunes*—" the last word in modernity: *les seuls jeunes authentiques.*" They wrote poetry that read like advertisements; for Root said that " everything should come in: bathroom fixtures should come in, motor busses, telephone wires,—everything." In their verse there were no rhymes, of course; and no " metronome rhythms." . . . As for Root himself, and his circle, they were all very casual, very off-hand—" damned rude, in fact, at times." . . . They had " a pedantic and hide-bound convention of naturalness. *Les jeunes* must be natural. And *les jeunes* must be clever and bright. Seriousness is nineteenth century: *les jeunes* are to inaugurate a new era of wit. But they have no humor. They are deliciously simple . . ." All of which is unsurpassable in its marksmanship. That it has been read with no interest whatever by that entertaining and naïve soul, Mr. Ezra Pound, we can easily believe.

After his fateful evening at Raoul Root's, Edward, no longer serenely detached, called upon Eunice, experienced mental and physical devastation as they embraced, and afterward talked to her frankly, with determined liberalism, of the delusive pacifications of sex, and of its ideal

co-operations. It is tragically recorded, however, that Eunice failed to understand. Later, we find Edward doubting horribly whether she would ever get further than " the very Victorian notion that he labored lovingly to raise and expand her spirit, with the end in view of beautiful vague gains to both of them—to her through him, to him through her, wrought upon and perfected. . . . All the old satin assonances! " The truth, of course, was that Edward, as he dreamed of union with her, aimed at " a sport of souls, a sport as little as possible shadowed by motive, but colored provocatively and ambiguously with intimations of all sorts of chance results . . . a sport entirely in Nature's line."

In what manner our hero was brought low—in what manner the Divinity became that treacherous bit of orange-peel—we do not feel called upon to divulge. That, as a proved buffoon, Edward was perhaps a genuinely tragic figure, was, he told himself, something that he might hope. But, even though he had worn inveterately his grinning mask,—though he had played the buffoon at every step, " with love, with companionship, with art, with intellectual and sensual toys, with every kind of conduct and of thought,"—was he perfectly a buffoon, after all? For he was a buffoon without true abandonment, and it was always abandonment that gave to a buffoon the authentic hue of tragedy.

His rebirth came as the sequel to a mortal incident, when he realized that peace—escape from the futilities and degradations of a buffoonery worn threadbare and insufficient—was to be sought in unsuspected ways. You leave him wrapped in the sudden memory of a dawn he had once seen after a night journey in France—a dawn breaking over flat pastures and straight trees: a dawn " misty-blue and occult, that did not creep, but came up out of the east on slow wings. . . ."

Our idea of the nearest approach to a white blackbird is a book-publisher with a controlling artistic conscience. Perhaps we are mistaken in thinking that Mr. Alfred A. Knopf is one of those prodigious and anomalous beings; but, if so, we shall remind ourselves that certain errors are pleasant to harbor, so long as one may continue to entertain them in good countenance. At all events, we suspect that, in Mr. Knopf's case, publishing books is chiefly an ex-

hilarating æsthetic adventure; otherwise it is quite certain that he would never have put forth this first novel of Mr. Wilkinson's, *The Buffoon:* for he cannot have expected that it would bring him either of the desired rewards of the publisher's profession: either profit or publicity. The exceeding candor of Mr. Wilkinson's narrative is too unpalatably ironic and too astringently intellectual to attract either the general notice of the coprophilous or the stupid malignity of Societies for the Suppression of Vice; and its subtlety as spiritual history will indispose all but the most inquisitive. It is a book that will forever repel and bore the multitude; for it is blistering in its affront to sentimentalism, and it is compounded almost wholly of brain-stuff. In recent fiction we can think of nothing in English to measure it against, for satirical deadliness, save the transcendent *Boon* of Mr. Wells. The author of *The Buffoon* has not the amplitude and the energy of that surprising genius; but he is subtler, more acid, more delicately ferocious.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE FORTHCOMING ELECTION

October 17, 1916

ELECTORAL VOTES ESSENTIAL TO A CHOICE, **266**

We *predict* that Mr. Hughes will carry these States:

California	13	Michigan	15	Pennsylvania	38
Connecticut	7	Minnesota	12	Rhode Island	5
Idaho	4	New Hampshire	4	South Dakota	5
Illinois	29	New Jersey	14	Utah	4
Iowa	13	New Mexico	3	Vermont	4
Kansas	10	New York	45	Washington	7
Maine	6	North Dakota	5	Wyoming	3
Massachusetts	18	Oregon	5		
				Total	**269**

We *expect* that Mr. Hughes will carry these:

Indiana	15	Wisconsin	13	**Total**	**28**

We *believe* that Mr. Hughes will carry these:

Delaware	3	Ohio	24	Maryland	8	**Total**	**35**

We allot to Mr. Wilson beyond question:

Alabama	12	Kentucky	13	Oklahoma	10
Arkansas	9	Louisiana	10	South Carolina	9
Florida	6	Mississippi	10	Tennessee	12
Georgia	14	North Carolina	12	Texas	20
Virginia	12				
				Total	**149**

We regard as *doubtful:*

Arizona	3	Montana	4	West Virginia	8
Colorado	6	Nebraska	8		
Missouri	18	Nevada	3	**Total**	**50**

GRAND TOTALS

Hughes	332	Wilson	149	Doubtful	50

HUGHES SURELY WINS

Probable Majority for Hughes between 145 and 175

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CARIBBEAN INTERESTS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Chester Lloyd Jones. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1916.

Despite the agitation for national preparedness, despite the economic changes which the great war has brought, and in spite of the fact that the United States within a comparatively recent period has undertaken new and weighty foreign responsibilities, it is perhaps still true that the average American citizen does not fully realize the importance of his country's relations with other nations. It has often been said, of late, that our "splendid isolation" has become a myth. Possibly the truth of this statement would be generally admitted. Yet in any able discussion of the connection between foreign policy and national prosperity there is undoubtedly much for the ill-informed to learn and for the well-informed to ponder.

A treatise on this subject that is unquestionably worth while and of special interest just now is *Caribbean Interests of the United States,* by Chester Lloyd Jones, professor of political science in the University of Wisconsin. This book differs from most of those which undertake to explain the interdependence of business and foreign affairs; first, in that it approaches the subject from the economic point of view, and second, in that it deals very fully with an important and somewhat neglected sphere of political and economic interests. Professor Jones gives a general outline of political and business conditions in the countries of the Caribbean which should be of great value both to the political thinker and to the business man of large aims. He also gives a great deal of precise information in regard to trade which is useful independently of the conclusions which it helps to support.

In one aspect the whole treatise is a demonstration of the fact that we are necessarily "assuming responsibilities of complex character intended to stabilize the conditions of Caribbean life, to foster the development of local resources and industries, to promote foreign trade, and to avoid the possibility of incidents which might induce interference by non-American Powers." A weak foreign policy imperils the investments of American citizens in countries weakly governed or discourages investment by Americans in such countries;

it also invites infractions of the Monroe Doctrine. Certain still-remembered incidents, moreover, go to show that the scope of the Monroe Doctrine must be extended. "To obtain an economic concession which by its political results, to paraphrase the original Monroe Doctrine, would operate against American countries so as to 'oppress them and control their destinies,' is an act unfriendly to the United States." Indeed it may be said that the nation has fairly committed itself to a broader and more positive policy in American foreign affairs than was formerly held to be normal.

The general considerations making in favor of this broader policy are immensely strengthened in the case of the countries of the Caribbean by certain arguments which apply to them far more than to other Latin-American countries. Each of these countries is economically dependent upon trade in a single product. The principal product in each case is of such a nature that it cannot be successfully exploited otherwise than by "big business." Any industry of great importance in the Caribbean finds the United States the greatest buyer of the commodity it produces. Correspondingly, the Caribbean is the natural region for the investment of surplus American capital. "Railways, asphalt concessions, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cocoa plantations, mines, port works, municipal improvements, have already been financed by American capitalists, and are likely to be so in the future to an increasing extent." Thus whatever be one's attitude toward "imperialism" one can hardly doubt that in the Caribbean countries conditions tend to create an identity of economic and political interests with those of the United States.

Quite apart from political theory, however, Professor Jones' book is informing to business men. If one wants to know how the opening of the Panama Canal will affect business conditions in one of the Leeward Islands or whether cane sugar is likely to be in the future the economic mainstay of Jamaica, one could hardly turn to a better source of facts than this treatise.

THE WAR AND THE SOUL. By the Reverend R. J. Campbell, New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1916.

It has been said again and again during these later years of war-madness in Europe, and it is perfectly true, that religion cannot die. The present war cannot kill religion, though it will, of course, have a profound effect upon religious belief as upon all else. What this effect will be, depends more than is the case in most human affairs upon what men think here and now. The reasoning of every civilized man from day to day, his emotional reaction to the horrors of Armageddon, will affect the religious belief of tomorrow, and no other cause can prevent this one from acting. A peculiar interest, therefore, attaches to such discussions as the

Reverend R. J. Campbell's *The War and the Soul*—an interest more immediate than that which belongs to economic or political forecasts, for here we see religious opinion in the making: what we read is one man's religious belief, and the outcome will be, not prosperity or socialism, but simply religious belief.

The war has raised no new religious problems; it has simply pressed certain old problems with inexorable force. It has compelled everyone squarely to face the problem of practically unlimited physical suffering. It has led many to re-examine the question of what religion essentially is. When we see not merely the murderousness of war as it is now practiced, but its frightful disregard of our best emotions and our deepest instincts of decency—emotions and instincts that we have been taught to believe a part of the soul—can we continue to believe with Socrates that no harm can come to the good man, or to reassert the saying of Jesus that not those who can kill the body and afterwards have no more power are to be feared, but only he who has power to destroy both body and soul in hell? Or again, in a world of pain and horror can we be content with that sort of lifeless half-assent to religious doctrines, that mild agnosticism, which has been almost all the religion that some of us hitherto have laid claim to? Must we not either define and practice our religion or give it up altogether?

The answer which Mr. Campbell gives to the first of these questions is notable for its frankness, and it is the only rational answer that can be given. It is summed up in the words of a woman who had been told of some of the horrible things that have been done to women in Belgium: "Well, if the worst came to the worst, I think I should not lose my trust in God. The shame would not be mine; the shame would be theirs who subjected me to such a fate; and they could only maltreat my body, after all; no stain would rest upon my soul." To take this high ground is religion: nothing less will serve as religion—now.

The author's answer to the second great question which the war has forced upon us is nearly, though not quite, so satisfactory as the one just noticed. What is religion? We are face to face with a great Mystery which is also a great Reality. Toward this Reality we are constrained to take up some attitude: we *must* believe something. This we feel now more than ever before. But when we attempt to define our belief, we invariably become involved in certain antinomies. We cannot think of God as either caused or uncaused, as either limited or unlimited. Fortunately these philosophical difficulties no longer have power to paralyze faith. While logically we may accept the Spencerian view of the great Mystery, we are beginning to feel that through faith, yes and through the intellect, we may know God in part, even though we are hopelessly unable to conceive Him in His entirety. If we cannot prove the existence of a God "answering," in the words of Paul

Elmer More, "to the clamour of our personal desires," this is seen to be no obstacle to true religion.

Nevertheless, there may be a certain danger in ignoring the aforesaid antinomies—in seizing too precipitately the more human and less goring horn of the dilemma. "Heaven," writes Mr. Campbell, "could prevent anything it chose to prevent taking place on earth. If it does not do so it is because it does not wish to do so, because the alternative would bring greater evil in its train." Thus Heaven is made subject to the law which determines what is evil and how it shall be caused, which is unthinkable. Doubtless, humanly speaking, Mr. Campbell is right; but perhaps at just this point a little agnosticism would be wise.

Mr. Campbell is certainly right in declaring as he does that "the object of life on this planet, so far as human beings are concerned, is not happiness, but the development of latent faculty, the bringing out of the potentialities of existence as a whole," and this is a truth which he splendidly emphasizes. "Perfect happiness, fulness of joy," he continues, "will come later, when we have got up to it, as it were, when we have reached the ultimate goal of all our strivings." Reduced, therefore, to its simplest form, the question which Mr. Campbell discusses is, If God wants us to be happy, why does He not make us happy at once? It is just here that knowledge ends and faith begins. It is as futile to ask why God works through the law of evolution as to ask why He works through the law of gravitation.

The root of the matter lies, after all, in man's moral intuition; and perhaps there is no single lesson to be drawn from life or from the war that is better worth preaching than that which Mr. Campbell brings out in his fine chapter upon "The Higher Command"—the lesson that there is in human life a force which ever and anon "tears the meanness out of us like a tornado sweeping through a smelly township and hurling all its foulness away in a moment on the wings of the blast."

Mr. Campbell's discourses have appeared once a week in the columns of a London Sunday paper. Some of them have been published from time to time in American newspapers. It is cheering to know that so spiritual a teacher may reach so many minds.

THE RELIGION OF EXPERIENCE. By Horace J. Bridges. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

The conviction that men can and must cherish some vital belief, so characteristic of the religious writings of this soul-trying time, is strongly evinced in *The Religion of Experience*, by Horace J. Bridges. Perhaps no bolder challenge to atheism, no more definite exposition of a rational faith than this treatise of Mr. Bridges', has come from any free-thinker in recent times.

Of the fundamental questions to which the world-war has given new emphasis, the author takes up first the one which is most widely discussed—the question whether the church has failed. Mr. Bridges adopts a view that is expressed nowadays with a frequency and an emphasis that are significant. To him the church is not, as it is so often assumed to be, primarily an organization for social service, but an institution for the teaching of spiritual truth. It is no wonder, thinks Mr. Bridges, that able men appear loth to enter the service of the church when the duties of a minister as at present conceived are such that no man can perform them satisfactorily. It is only by returning to its true function as educator, edifier, and unifier of the nation that the church may become really efficient.

But if unity and efficiency are to be attained, it is evident that some agreement as to the fundamentals of faith is requisite. It is the author's conviction that "practical agreement is less impossible as the outcome of an investigation of the psychological and sociological aspects of religion than upon the basis of theological or metaphysical study." On the threshold of the inquiry, however, stands the question, What is God?

Of this all-important question there are two phases: the first has to do with the existence of God, the second with the reality of God. Such at least is the distinction which Mr. Bridges, in common with many of the philosophical thinkers of our time, insists upon. To put the case in technical language, existence is an intellectual category, while reality is a volitional category. It is true, no doubt, that to the "naïve realist" of today, and perhaps to the majority of men always, a God who perhaps does not exist but is nevertheless real is unsatisfactory. Still, the distinction has its uses and may be accepted for what it is worth. It enables one at least to relegate to the misty region of metaphysics and of practical oblivion those antinomies which have troubled the minds of so many seekers after religious truth, and to bring back God into life as a practical reality.

It may be said that Mr. Bridges' discussion of the existence of God is Spencerian and perfectly clear; that his conception of God as a reality is Jamesian and also clear; but that those who are obstinate in believing that truth is truth and not merely "the expedient in the way of our thinking" will be haunted in reading this treatise by an old philosophical difficulty. The trouble is that in making the distinction between existence and reality one is liable to accept reality as a synonym for existence, because reality is all that practically matters. But one need not be a pragmatist in order to derive good from a discussion of religion as experience. As experienced, God may be defined as "the integrated harmony of all the potentialities of good in every actual and possible rational agent"; and perhaps it is safe to leave to the metaphysicians the question whether God is. or is not, simply "a moral ideal."

Next to the questions regarding God, must come in every Christian mind those questions which concern the person and teachings of Jesus. It is a fact too often lost sight of that if we do not believe what Jesus taught we have no business to call ourselves Christians, no matter how religious we may be. Mr. Bridges could not logically avoid a discussion of the New Testament story and doctrine, and though this is really the least satisfying, as it is the boldest part of this treatise, it is not without value. The truth is that the higher criticism may be used to justify many different degrees of belief. Mr. Bridges uses it to strip the Gospels very bare — too bare, one may think. Yet this process of denudation may prove useful to many. If one cannot subscribe, for example, to the doctrine of non-resistance, it may be good for one to believe that this doctrine was preached not to the multitude but to the Disciples alone.

Mr. Bridges is on less debatable ground in his chapter upon inspiration, for this is a topic that is well within the province of psychology. Inspiration, there is reason to believe, is a mental phenomenon quite distinct from the logical process, and the author's discussion of this subject is a real analysis—a criticism both of the naïve belief in special inspiration and of the unintelligent denial of inspiration *in toto*—and not merely a groundwork for the ensuing argument which is to include Socrates with Jesus as among the inspired.

Whether or not one is prepared to go to the length of affirming that the method and secret of Jesus need to be supplemented by the method and secret of Socrates, one cannot doubt that the Athenian philosopher has an important lesson for the modern mind, and one is grateful for Mr. Bridges' clear demonstration of the permanent value of the Socratic thought. "The ultimate anchorage of the moral law," writes the author, "is the fact that it is what the nature of man spontaneously wills *as soon as it understands itself*." It is the emphasis of Socrates upon *understanding*, in connection with moral intuition, that gives its special character and value to his teaching. Moral intuition works through the mind and not as an independent organ of knowledge—that is a truth that we need to grasp if we are to hold fast to faith without stultifying intellect.

History of the American Episcopal Church. By the Reverend S. D. McConnell, D.D. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company, 1916.

It is reasonable praise to say that no history of a single church or denomination is more readable, more generally informing, more closely connected with life than the *History of the American Episcopal Church*, by Dr. S. D. McConnell, of which the tenth edition, revised and enlarged, has recently come from the press.

For the general reader the volume has two rather notably interesting features.

In the first place, the manner in which the author recognizes and traces the effect of other sects upon his own gives the treatise a practical usefulness for the student of religion in America. The value of the work in this regard is, indeed, greater than might be supposed; for while the history of every considerable sect in the United States has been written, little or no attempt has been made to weigh the influence which each has exercised upon another or upon the life of the people as a whole—a historic fact that is in itself, as Dr. McConnell observes, sufficiently interesting to be recorded. Many of the comments which the author makes when he touches upon this neglected theme are original and enlightening. In illustration one may cite the statement that much of the real religious life which was present in the Great Awakening passed into the possession of the Church, and that this "has saved her from being hard and mechanical"; or the remark that from the Presbyterians rather than from the Puritans have come "the popular judgment as to the proper observance of the Lord's Day, and the attitude of the individual Christian towards amusements and recreations." The fairness of the author's mind is indicated by his frank declaration that "a debt which the Church owes to Puritanism upon both sides of the water is the restored reputation of the ministry." Indeed, except for the fact that Universalism is dismissed with a word, the whole discourse is remarkable for breadth of view and for freedom from anything that could be regarded as sectarian prejudice.

In the second place, to those for whom church unity is a vital issue, Dr. McConnell's account of the manner in which the Protestant Episcopal Church has helped to bring this question "out of the region of pious speculation" and into practical ecclesiastical politics, will prove as interesting as anything that has been written upon the subject.

As pictured in Dr. McConnell's narrative, the American Episcopal Church appears comely and lovable—all the more so because her story is told with unsparing truth, while her claims are presented without exaggeration or arrogance. The reader will appreciate the force of the statement that "the Church stands today in the general respect and good will of the people for freedom in truth, order in worship, and righteousness in life."

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1916.

There could hardly be a richer literary theme or one more interesting to the majority of readers than the development of the English novel. The novel today is not only the most popular form of litera-

ture: it is one of the forms of literature most thought about. The question of what the novel is essentially, or of what its best qualities are, is rising above the intelligent horizon of the average man and woman. How can it be otherwise, since the assiduous reader of popular novels during a quite moderate number of years has had his taste trained successively in realism, in romance, and in the modern "life-novel," not to speak of minor varieties? All but the most sluggish-minded of those who make a point of reading the fiction most talked about must have derived from this experience some of the results of a course in criticism.

The Advance of the English Novel, by William Lyon Phelps, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale, should, therefore, meet with a ready welcome. The book is scholarly, but also popular in treatment. The very difficulties of the theme are turned to advantage. True it is that the attempt to deal with the whole history of the English novel from Defoe to Edith Wharton necessitates a very rapid treatment; but rapidity of treatment with Professor Phelps makes for interest and variety. Unquestionably the theory of the novel is a subject too deep and too complex to be dealt with satisfactorily in the space of three hundred-odd pages—if indeed it is at present susceptible of satisfactory treatment in any number of pages; but what the average reader, and often the scholar or teacher, wants most, is, after all, not a theory of criticism, but criticism. Professor Phelps's book is packed with the criticism of common sense and of genuine appreciation, steadied and clarified by the historic view.

A feature of the book is its discussion of modern novelists and its incidental comparisons of the established classics with modern favorites. The author's taste is catholic, and while some modern reputations are placed less high in this volume than the popular estimate, and others higher, the general effect of the book is to sustain and interpret intelligent modern taste and not to discredit it. Professor Phelps's criticisms of the classic novelists are often delightfully frank and pungent—actually taking our part, for example, against those who insist that we should read and enjoy Johnson's *Rasselas;* yet it is written in a spirit of real reverence for genius.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

A FRANK SOUTHERN VIEW

(*From the Richmond Journal*)

Foremost among editors in 1912 to urge the nomination and election of Woodrow Wilson for President, Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has now executed a volte face and in the October issue of his magazine gives his reasons for abandoning the President in favor of Charles Evans Hughes. The deciding issues for him are (1) Military and Industrial Preparedness; (2) Government by and for the People; (3) National Honor and Opportunity. As to the first, the Colonel says it all resolves to this:

"Whether one approves or disapproves the huge expenditures provided for national defense, the appropriations have been made, and the only question now is, Who can utilize the resources in hand to the greatest advantage of the country in obtaining the quickest and most effectual results? The Republicans who are sincere in their advocacy of preparedness, or the Democrats who are not? The question seems to answer itself. . . . While frankly conceding the need of protective measures, they [the Democrats] have only pecked at the problem for political purposes, without attempting in any serious way to effect a solution. Again, we are driven to the practical conclusion that true industrial preparedness, in common with true military preparedness, can be attained only through its sincere advocates and consistent friends."

Dealing with issue No. 2, Colonel Harvey says the brotherhoods did not so seriously menace the railway properties, which had only revenues to lose and properties to damage; they threatened all of the helpless and inoffending people in every city and hamlet with hunger or starvation, unless within a fortnight the government should impose upon their employers, under the specious and false guise of an "eight-hour day," which they themselves would not accept, an increase of twenty-five per cent. in wages. Declares Editor Harvey:

"Having intervened unavailingly, the President recounted the proceedings in his address to Congress. Although the matter had 'been agitated for more than a year,' there had arisen a 'sudden crisis' and 'the country had been caught unprovided with any practical means of enforcing' arbitration, 'by whose fault' he would 'not now stop to inquire.' He, the President of the United States, deliberately proposed the muleting of the great body of his own constituency, the millions of low-paid workingmen, farmers, professional men, teachers, clerks, saleswomen and toilers in sweat-

shops no less than the well-to-do, in the interest, not even of a class, but of a class within a class, comprising four hundred thousand voters, without cost to the companies or to the shippers who were to comprise the other parties to the conspiracy. 'The public,' sententiously remarked A. B. Garretson, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, 'is the carcass and we all perhaps are the vultures,' and Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, by his act indorsed the cynical assertion."

Answering the question, "What would Hughes have done?" Colonel Harvey calls attention to what he did do when, as Governor of New York, he vetoed a two-cent railway fare law, which the Legislature, truckling to the populistic spirit of the time, had enacted, precisely as the Wilson-Adamson wage increase measure was passed, without investigation or consideration of its justice. His veto message ended with these words: "Every workingman, every tradesman, and every citizen believing himself to have aught at stake in the prosperity of the country, should determinedly oppose it. For it not only threatens the stability of business enterprise, which makes our prosperity possible, but it substitutes unreason for sound judgment, the ill-considered demands of resentment for the spirit of fair play, and makes impossible patient and honorable effort to correct abuses." This, points out the Colonel, is precisely the spirit in which Mr. Hughes has denounced the "surrender" of Congress. He adds: "It is not only probable, but a virtual certainty that if, as President, Mr. Hughes had been confronted by the brotherhoods' demand last month, he would have responded with full insistency in words like these:

"I sympathize with the just demands of labor. Personally, I believe in an eight-hour day. But you admit that this is a matter, not of hours of labor, but of wages, which cannot be fairly determined without full investigation. Moreover, arbitration is a principle which I am bound to uphold. I will appoint an impartial commission of arbitration, to which the railroad managers consent to bring their claims. If you refuse to arbitrate, I will publish a brief statement of our negotiations. Then you can strike, if you deem it wise and patriotic. As President of the United States, I will not act and will not urge Congress to act, under threat or duress. In the midst of a campaign for my re-election, I will not allow you or anyone else to put me in a position where I can be suspected of subverting the laws and lawmaking of the nation for the sake of winning votes for myself."

That the President had been warned in advance of what was coming, but had ignored the menace, Colonel Harvey shows by citing the resolution submitted to him by the United States Chamber of Commerce early in July, asking for an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As to the constitutionality of both the exemption clause of the Clayton act and the hastily enacted new law, which in effect fixes wages, that is yet to be determined by the Supreme Court. Coming to "national honor and opportunity," the magazine editor is even more drastic in his contrasts between the two candidates before the people for the Presidency. His contention is that the many episodes of the last three years show indisputably that Mr. Wilson stands for Wilson first, whereas Mr. Hughes throughout his entire career, by his utter absence of self-seeking, confirms the belief that he does, in fact, from the very nature of his being, stand for America first. Presumably, this arraignment of the administration is for campaign consumption. It is, of course, strongly ex parte. The errors of Mr. Wilson are mercilessly set forth; his constructive statesmanship, reflected in many

new laws placed on the Federal statute books in the last three years, wholly ignored. They deserve to be reiterated, for they are of epochal importance to the country. Whether or not the unfortunate Wilson-Adamson bill is to wipe out all the previous meritorious work of the dominant party remains to be seen. One thing stands out with bold certitude: but for that blunder Woodrow Wilson would surely be the next President. He has furnished the opposition its one great bludgeon to attack him. Except for that, the differences of opinion on the Mexican question, the administration's foreign relations attitude and certain unwise appointments to office would not count in the country's scales.

THE LIVING ISSUES

(*From the Springfield Union*)

Colonel George Harvey's article on the issues of the campaign, part of which was reproduced in *The Sunday Union,* merits respectful and candid attention from the American voter. It is a thoughtful and searching analysis of the situation, packed with points that no citizen should overlook. Colonel Harvey's argument cannot be swept away by the rejoinder that its author harbors personal ill-will against the President. Nor is it credible that this meaty and brilliant discussion of our national problems is built merely on personal animus. On the contrary, one must conclude that, though the author conscientiously believed at one time that Mr. Wilson was the right man for the Presidency, he as conscientiously believes upon a survey of Mr. Wilson's record in office, that the path of safety and honor lies in Mr. Wilson's retirement. What particularly counts, from the voter's standpoint, is not Colonel Harvey's personal opinion or sentiment in relation to the President, but the reasons he advances in support of his position. He is at pains to state those reasons in thoroughness and detail, and they should be seriously regarded by voters who are debating where their duty lies in the coming election.

Among the reasons Colonel Harvey gives against voting for another term for Wilson are these: That it means continuing an unfit Secretary of the Navy in office when the department is charged with the expenditure of an immense sum for national defense; that the problems relating to the militia and a general scheme of preparedness as related to our land forces demand ability in handling, such as the present political regime has shown itself incapable of; that right industrial preparedness requires an intelligent acquaintance with our manufacturing industries and the important part that the tariff must sustain in the advancement of these interests, matters that exceed the understanding and capacity of the Democratic leaders; that the right of the American people to self-rule has been violated in the President's action in the railroad strike situation; that the integrity of the Supreme Court is endangered in the event of Mr. Wilson's re-election; that the national honor and the opportunity of this Republic to serve mankind in its time of need prescribes a change in the national administration.

The two last-named points are worthy of special attention, as they relate to matters that have received comparatively little attention thus far in the campaign. Colonel Harvey goes into the considerations involved

in the recent appointments of Brandeis and Clarke to the United States Supreme Court, and points out the vital connection between the Administration's surrender in the railroad situation and the reorganizing of our highest tribunal along the lines of radicalism. He recalls that Mr. Wilson has expressed the view that "judges of necessity belong to their own generation," that "the atmosphere of opinion cannot be shut out of their courtrooms," and that they should prove themselves able "to discriminate between the opinion of the moment and the opinion of the age," and of "assessing the past" in "judging the future." In interpreting the "opinion of the moment" while "assessing the past" and "judging the future" the judges might be expected to look continuously if not consistently to Mr. Wilson for guidance, as he seems to have a special genius in these regards. Having brought Congress to the feet of the Executive, the logical next step in the development of the "New Freedom" is to make the Supreme Court equally subservient. The Colonel does not accuse the President of a purpose thus to dominate the court, but he does call attention to the fact that there are four judges in the court whose ages are seventy-two, seventy-six, seventy-eight and eighty years, and also reminds us that the constitutionality of the Adamson wage increase act and the Clayton act, with its clause exempting labor organizations from prosecution under the anti-trust laws, is yet to be determined by the court. Right decisions, not only on these questions, but on other pieces of legislation that may follow, are indispensable to our national welfare. "For more than a hundred years," writes Colonel Harvey, "this great tribunal has held the full faith of the people as the ultimate bulwark of their liberties under the law and to this day it has justified that confidence while interpreting legal first principles as expressed by the written constitution." How speedily the court could be deprived of its character by appointing unfit men to its membership, and with what inexpressible injury to the American nation!

In the matter of national opportunity Colonel Harvey thinks that the way is still promising for the United States to do distinguished service to the nations in mediating the differences of the belligerents in the present war. For President Wilson to perform that part is out of the question, he asserts, but with the election of Hughes the opportunity, he believes, would be open, as the Republican candidate "in consequence of his previous immolation stands alone among our public men as uncommitted and unsuspected and is known to the outside world only as a great and just judge versed in the affairs of nations and alive to the needs of humankind."

Even if the United States should not render this concrete service, the opportunity of declaring for a higher standard of honor and a firm championship of the right, presented at the coming election, holds in it inestimable value not in its relation to the United States alone but to the ideals of all those for whom the American name and example have meant so much in the past. Liberty, justice, courage—all these characteristics have shown forth in the American example, and it has been an inspiration and light to other struggling peoples. No one man or group can destroy this object lesson without the consent of the American people. But unless they do expressly protest against the standard being lowered and the national ideals blurred and blotted from view, the responsibility will be squarely assumed by them.

FOOD FOR MEDITATION

(*From the Chicago Tribune*)

The editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, who discovered Woodrow Wilson's political possibilities and is sorry for it, has published in his magazine of September a significant survey of Mr. Wilson's democracy which should give Democrats who are Democrats on principle something to think about between now and November 7.

Speaking through a fictitious "Mr. Worthington of Boston," an old line Democrat, in a fictitious dialogue with a young Republican, Colonel Harvey expresses the conviction that Democrats have been absolved from voting for Mr. Wilson as loyal Democrats for two reasons. "Recently, in a speech in Washington," Colonel Harvey reminds his fellow Democrats, "he (Mr. Wilson) appealed for re-election specifically as a non-partisan and declared that, in the present situation, party lines should be obliterated. I surmise that he had Republicans and Progressives more particularly in mind, but of course the rule worked both ways."

This is consistent, Colonel Harvey finds. "Wholly aside from his reiterated profession of independence, his record shows conclusively that he regards the Democratic party as merely a political means to a personal end. He will tolerate the organization during a campaign, but he never fails to disown it on the day after election." Here follow specifications which the Democratic readers may review in the article itself.

But Colonel Harvey has a harder blow than this. He declares that Democrats are absolved from voting for Mr. Wilson because Mr. Wilson has abandoned Democratic principle.

"The President's espousal of protection for protection's sake is, of course, a flat repudiation of the chief Democratic principle of a revenue tariff, but even that sinks into insignificance when compared with federal interference with purely domestic concerns," and he offers the federal child labor law as a striking example.

The support of this measure by the Republicans and Mr. Hughes' endorsement of a federal amendment enfranchising women, Colonel Harvey declares, is consistent with Republican doctrine, which always has been defederalist, but Mr. Wilson cannot do so as a consistent Democrat, though the Colonel says he has heard expressed a strong suspicion that Mr. Wilson would have declared for the federal suffrage amendment if Mr. Hughes had not "beat him to it."

As to Mr. Wilson's strongest popular plea for re-election, "He kept us out of war," Colonel Harvey says:

"Of course, it is not true. The President has not kept us out of war. He put us into war when, before Congress had given him the power, he employed 'the armed forces of the United States' to enforce a personal decree in a neighboring State, and he repeated the operation when he ordered the troops to invade the same country. Battles have been fought and blood has been shed, to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed, by the regular soldiers of both countries."

And as to Europe the Colonel agrees with *The Tribune* when he declares that it has not been Mr. Wilson but the European Governments which have kept us out of the European war.

"Mr. Wilson's notes have been truculent enough to make for war over and over again, but Germany has averted conflict at each psychological

moment out of consideration of her own welfare, not as a consequence of any of the many things the President has written. And has done it in her own sweet way at her own chosen time. Personally, I do not believe that we have been in danger of war at any stage. Nobody could afford to drag us in and nobody has done so. If we had convinced all warring Powers at the outset that we really meant to maintain our rights as a neutral we would have obtained them beyond a shadow of a doubt. But our shilly-shallying with Mexico had indicated all too plainly that they could play fast and loose with us with impunity. And they have done it—both sides."

It is considered by some of Mr. Wilson's partisans a poser to say: "Hughes is critical only, but let him say what he would do as to our relations," Colonel Harvey calls these truculent queries "cheap and tawdry political claptrap." "As well might Nero have stopped fiddling upon a certain occasion and demanded, 'As you may perceive, the city is burning, I may or may not be responsible. What does it matter? It is useless for you to say that another might have prevented the fire, for the deed is done. The only question is, what are you going to do about it?'

"The Romans did nothing; but I suspect that, if they had been Americans, they would have replied: 'We are first going to get rid of Nero. Then we shall save what we can from the wreck and rebuild the city.'"

As to the so-called hyphenated support, meaning the German-Americans, not the hyphenates of Entente sympathies, the challenge is directed at Mr. Hughes: "Why do you not reject it publicly?" Colonel Harvey asks: "Why does not Mr. Wilson reject it?" Answering, "For the identical reason, They both want all the votes they can get."

The majority of Democratic voters will vote for Mr. Wilson, regardless of these pointed considerations offered them by Colonel Harvey. But the men and women who are Democrats on Democratic principles will find food for prayerful meditation in these opinions of a Democratic stalwart.

AN ILLUMINATING ANALYSIS

(*Fom the Brooklyn Times*)

Two sentences strike very forcibly in Colonel George Harvey's article in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. From the text of a singularly illuminating analysis of our political situation they project like two beams of light, one exploring the heart of a man and the other the heart of a problem. One brings into high relief the salient trait of a personality, and the other sharpens the outlines of our economic peril against the somber background of a world at war. Out of his experience, not of Hughes alone, Colonel Harvey says:

"Hughes always means what he says."

We do not know of any contrast in literature more striking than this. What has been in the mind of the American people during these three years of flawless rhetoric? What passion has grown among them as speech followed speech, each of them beautifully phrased, each of them irreproachable in general sentiment, but none of them obviously having any relationship to the deeds of the speaker? What profound desire was developed by the discovery that President Wilson could glowingly condemn military preparation to-day and plead passionately in its behalf to-morrow; could

threaten war and declare we were too proud to fight in the same breath; could blow hot and cold on any subject and any policy? Was it not a desire primarily for a man who means what he says? Was it not a demand for sincerity, for a man who "had thought things out and finally had come to believe something," for a policy steered by principle and not shifted from its original course by every breeze of editorial opinion or foreign suggestion? That was why the demand for Hughes welled up from the people, rising high above the voices of politicians, desiring but one man, and being satisfied with none other. It was simply because a people wanted an earnest, consistent, principled man in the White House and they knew "Hughes always means what he says."

With respect to the economic situation, Colonel Harvey declares:

"In a word, the world proposes to pay its debts to America at the end of the war, not in money, but in products manufactured at low cost of labor with the greater efficiency developed by military training."

Can there be any doubt of it? Colonel Harvey calls attention to the recent plans of the Entente Allies, whose purposes the London Chamber of Commerce makes clear as crystal in the explanation that the Paris Conference scheme is "for regulating, by tariff and otherwise, trade relations with all enemy countries so as to render impossible a return to pre-war conditions, and for stimulating the development of home manufactures and consequent increased employment of native labor." It has been further announced that all treaties inconsistent with this purpose are to be abrogated. Truly, as Colonel Harvey says, it is a close corporation of commercial interests that is contemplated and we are out of it. American competition is to be barred. Not only that, but the American market is to be raided; their necessities driving each of the belligerent combinations to strike for profit in the only undefended market where profit lies, for it must not be forgotten that Japan, which has shared with us the golden harvest of the field of blood, is a party to the Alliance.

Is it any wonder that in view of this state of affairs which is so definitely projected on the future, Colonel Harvey can see benefit to the nation only in the election of a candidate who means what he says, and the empowering of the party that historically is the friend of protection? He points out that the military establishment so necessary to our continued peace and prosperity has made progress only on paper; that under a Democratic administration, at heart opposed to a proper defense program, one ship authorized in June has not yet been laid down, and another is being constructed in a shipyard so far from navigable water that a five-million dollar canal must be constructed to get it to sea. He makes it clear that the election of Wilson means a reassertion of Danielism, and a relaxation of all the military preparation which only the demand of the people and the insistence of the Republican party, combined with the threat of a political defeat, constrained the administration to authorize.

MR. WATTERSON'S ARDENT SUPPORT

(*From the Louisville Courier-Journal*)

"Wilson," says George Harvey, with sententious brevity, and we may add ironic levity, "or Hughes."

It is unfortunate that our politics should be thus personalized. But it is a fact. Three popular leaders, coming in regular order one after the

other, have occupied the stage of national affairs the last three decades; first Cleveland, then Bryan and then Roosevelt. Each to his followers became a hero. Each flourished because he was heralded, or heralded himself, as a Liberal. Now we are threatened with "Wilson, or Hughes."

But Wilson is more eligible for hero-worship than Hughes. Miss Tarbell—and she is high authority—tells us "he is the first real Progressive leader that this decade has produced." And this is true—strictly true. Mr. Wilson is rather a Progressive than a Democrat—certainly more of a Progressive than a Democrat. His Democracy will bear question. His Progressivism none. Indeed, he himself proclaims that in this campaign party lines should be obliterated, which means, of course, that he looks for his re-election to the votes of such Republicans as Mr. Edison and such Progressives as Miss Tarbell.

It is because of this attitude, and some conception of what lies behind it, that the *Courier-Journal* is giving the Wilson candidacy but a qualified support, reserving to itself the right in the event of his election—which it confidently expects—to decline responsibility for what may follow and oppose such of his policies and assumptions as it may not approve.

Mr. Hughes is an upright and a good man, according to his lights. But he is an old-line New England Federalist. He is a cast-iron modern Reactionary. He may not have been as hefty and shifty an office broker as Penrose, or as dyed-in-the-wool a party man as Uncle Joe Cannon. But if he be elected we shall see fat-frying Republicanism, bloody-shirt Republicanism, Wall Street Republicanism come to set the clock back a generation and to lose us the much we have gained by the brief change of parties we have had.

Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, is a clever, highly educated opportunist, who has studied the cue papers, girded his loins and gone after the Interests hip and thigh. He reasons rightly that the Age of Force is gone—or going—and that the Age of Numbers is upon us. He intimates that they did not know everything in the days of Thomas Jefferson, and having perused a trifle cynically his Jeffersonian hornbook, he would improve upon it. He is ambitious and would found a school of Wilsonian Democracy in succession to Jeffersonian Democracy.

This the *Courier-Journal* contests. Seriously doubting the sentimentalism of the New Freedom and wholly rejecting the cant and hypocrisy of the Uplift—still clinging to the simple rescripts of strict construction as all sufficient for liberty under the aegis of law, the regeneration of man to be committed to religious and moral agencies—it stands and will always stand for Home Rule, State Rights, the separation of Church and State, no sumptuary laws and A Tariff for Revenue Only.

But, as between "Wilson, or Hughes," we take Wilson.

HUGHES TO THE FORE

(From the Philadelphia Evening Star)

The fact that Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is so strenuously working for the election of Hughes is one of the significant ones of this national campaign.

Colonel Harvey is no fool. He is generally found advocating a sound doctrine and forecasting the trend of events with a clear eye, a steady hand and a practical knowledge of men and things which is astounding.

Colonel Harvey is this time forecasting the election of Mr. Hughes. He can give you the reasons and the details down to a very fine point. The astounding thing about him is the fact that he has been doing this sort of thing with phenomenal results for many years. The way in which he figured the election of Wilson four years ago was one of the most remarkable things of that campaign.

Wilson was elected amidst the overturning of a national cataclysm. Things were not as they had been but totally different. What had long been established was overthrown. Not-to-be-believed events occurred on all sides.

In spite of all this Colonel Harvey, then editing *Harper's Weekly*, which he owned, was right there with the details, weeks in advance and when he was regarded as out of his mind by many who could not imagine that such things as he predicted could happen.

It was he alone, however, who foresaw the result and who stated it. The manner in which he enumerated all the details of the overthrow was nothing less than astounding, although he had done much the same thing before. Today this same man says that Mr. Hughes will be elected.

It is not because Colonel Harvey is for Mr. Hughes this time and was for Mr. Wilson before. He is not a man to be blinded by partisanship nor to make his examinations and predictions with such prejudice. He would not get very far if he did. He applies common sense and facts to the situation in determining what is to happen and he goes to infinite pains to get the necessary facts. No wizardry nor prejudice enter into his calculations.

It was this same Colonel Harvey who brought Mr. Wilson out and made him President of the United States. Wilson was an unheard of president of a college when Colonel Harvey discovered him and began to boost him as material for the Governorship of New Jersey. There was little at that time to direct attention to Woodrow Wilson and the idea of taking him up for Governor—let alone for President of the United States—was regarded by many as absurd.

Colonel Harvey persisted, however, and he won with Wilson as Governor of New Jersey, immediately thereafter beginning the campaign to make him President of the nation—in which, also, he was entirely successful.

But Colonel Harvey had found out by that time that his protegé was possessed of one quality which was by no means to his liking. Ingratitude had developed and both he and Colonel Henry Watterson dropped off the Wilson band wagon. The Colonel is a fighter and no mean kind of one either, so he still supported the Democratic party despite his differences with the man who had been his friend but was no longer, until that man made clear his Mexican policy.

That was too much for Harvey. He quit then and he sought for someone to back who would put forward another policy. He found that man in Hughes and he had a great deal to do with bringing Hughes to the fore. It is to be hoped that his predilections of the present are nearly, if not quite, as sound as those of the past.

A PATRIOTIC UTTERANCE

(From the Rochester Post-Express)

Colonel George Harvey, who has made THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW one of the most influential periodicals of our country and of the world, has

come out strongly and squarely for Hughes as the candidate best equipped, most likely to render the highest public service and most certain to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

The living issues in this campaign, as Colonel Harvey sees them, are military and industrial preparedness, government by and for the people, and national honor and opportunity. After showing in his trenchant fashion how the President and his party have failed to give the country preparedness of either kind or constitutional government, and cannot be expected to, Colonel Harvey touches briefly but in burning words upon the third of the issues this national battle is to decide.

Without recounting "the many episodes of the past three years which have flushed American cheeks with shame, it suffices," says Colonel Harvey, "to say in bitter truth that no longer can an American stand erect before any tribunal in the world, as Paul stood before Pilate and declare with pride and confidence his citizenship. Not only has the protection of the flag been officially withdrawn from those who have crossed the border line, but the flag itself has been wantonly desecrated over and over again without incurring the swift retribution which invariably hitherto from the beginning of the republic has been visited upon offenders." Considering the President's suggestion that America is the natural, logical, mediating nation to which the warring Powers may some day turn for help in re-establishing peace, Colonel Harvey admits that they might so turn to us in ordinary times, but never will while Mr. Wilson is President. For "in all Europe he is one of the most mistrusted and contemned of men whose tender of aid in the name of justice, fairness and humanity would be rejected unanimously with derision and scorn."

Continuing, this patriotic and impassioned publicist heralds with gratification and gratitude "the dependable assurance of Mr. Hughes that he stands with no less steadfastness for American rights abroad than for equal rights at home." While the happenings of the last two years prove incontestably that Mr. Wilson stands for Wilson first, the entire career of Mr. Hughes confirms the belief that he does in fact, from the very nature of his being, stand for America first; and every American knows and every foreigner will quickly learn that Hughes always means what he says."

When we recall that Colonel Harvey is the original Wilson man who did more than any one else to make him President, his words have all the greater weight when he declares that "upon the clearly marked issues and as between the candidates, there is no reason why any professed Republican, any thoughtful Progressive or any principled Democrat should not, and every reason why every patriotic American should vote for Charles Evans Hughes for President."

DEMOCRATS ABSOLVED

(*From the Portland, Oregon, Telegram*)

That Democrats have been absolved from party allegiance in the coming political campaign is the view taken by Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, who gave Mr. Wilson his full support four years ago.

For the sake of expressing himself more freely through the medium-

ship of the third person, Colonel Harvey has created a character whom he has named Mr. William P. Worthington, of Boston, a retired merchant, a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, firm in his convictions, and patriotic to the core. His views are clearly Mr. Harvey's own.

Two reasons are given for his declaration that the President has absolved all true Democrats from party allegiance: First, by his speech in Washington in which he appealed for re-election specifically as a non-partisan and declared that, in the present situation, party lines should be obliterated. Second, in his abandonment of Democratic doctrine in the two essentials of tariff and states rights.

Of course, in the matter of obliteration of party lines, President Wilson feels he has much more to gain than to lose. Colonel Harvey points out, too, that Mr. Wilson has never been a partisan: "Aside from his reiterated professions of independence, his record shows conclusively that he regards the party as merely a political means to a personal end. He will tolerate the organization during a campaign, but he never fails to disown it on the day after election. He won much acclaim by doing this in New Jersey when, as Governor, he utterly ignored the organization which had achieved his election. He has pursued the same policy as President."

This latter fact is of so recent date that a few sentences will be sufficient to afford the proofs. Colonel Harvey, who belongs to the Henry Watterson school of Democracy, calls the Champ Clark wing of the party "the bone and sinew, the old conservative stock," and the Wilson element "the rag, tag and bobtail former Populists, Bryanites and the like." While the latter secured the nomination, it was the former that gave him the votes for his election.

And what was their reward? Speaker Clark was absolutely ignored by the President until he was needed to put through legislation, and the only Clark Democrats who got appointments were James W. Gerard, who gave liberally to the campaign fund, and Martin J. Wade, of Iowa, a personal friend of the President.

Colonel Harvey also calls the attention of Democrats to the fact that while the nomination in the Baltimore convention was in doubt, Mr. Wilson was planning with his family a visit to England. "It seems never to have crossed his mind that he might owe any service to his party unless he himself were to be the beneficiary. The policy is comprehensible to a student of human nature, but I fear that the consequences in November, in States like New York, Illinois and Missouri, may not be altogether gratifying."

THE VERDICT READY

(*From the Baltimore American*)

No man in the country is better fitted to give an appraisement of President Woodrow Wilson than the man who was first to propose him for the office he occupies, Colonel George Harvey. His appraisement is that of Mr. Wilson as an inconceivable betrayer. Colonel Harvey does not refer to the betrayal of himself by the man who, when launched in his campaign, requested the editor to refrain from further espousing his cause because such espousal might react against his chances. Thus was shown the spirit of opportunism and the spirit of expediency, with callous disregard of the obligations of service and of friendship.

Colonel Harvey refers to another and wide betrayal, that of the nation, by the act of the President in securing passage through Congress of the increase of wage measure under the guise of an eight-hour-a-day labor law for the benefit of four hundred thousand men engaged in railroading. Step by step Mr. Wilson paved the way for his grandstand play for the affiliation of the labor vote with himself. His first step, as Colonel Harvey points out, was at the portals of his administration, when he gave approval to a provision in an appropriation measure that was tacked on as a rider, which made certain moneys therein specified applicable to the prosecution of labor organizations for breach of the law. He made the pretense that the condition was not likely to arise under which the immunity would avail. Yet to be sure that this "unjustifiable" provision should be available in the Clayton law, it was specifically embodied and Mr. Wilson espoused and signed that measure.

When the time came, sheltered under this protection from prosecution for their acts as those of illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade, the labor organizations advanced the railroad dispute as occasion for the exercise of immunity from punishment for otherwise illegal acts. They "held the gun of calamity at the head of the nation." It was a stand-and-deliver message to the American people. Or, as the railroad spokesman, A. B. Garretson, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, expressed it, "The public is the carcass and we all perhaps are the vultures." This act of menace and outlawry, and purely predatory in its character, was made a law by Congress at the behest of the President. Thus were the American people shorn of their safeguards and their rights, betrayed by the head of the nation, in order that Samuel Gompers might deliver the goods—the labor vote for Mr. Wilson. Four labor magnates in the galleries, Mr. Wilson at Shadow Lawn waiting for the close of a perfect day—"It is the climax of a very happy day" were his words—Mr. Gompers at the telephone; thus is pictured by Colonel Harvey the persons in the drama of the nation's betrayal, with Congress frightened and desperate, doing the work of one whose overweening ambitions had led him to prostitute his high office to the mulcting of the multitude of American consumers and the violation of their basic rights.

This strong statement of the case by Mr. Harvey will place the brand upon Mr. Wilson indubitably. What has he to reply? The voters have their verdict prepared in the ballots they propose to cast.

NOT TOO SEVERE

(*From the Philadelphia Ledger*)

In an article in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the salient portions of which are printed in another column, Colonel George Harvey discusses "the living issues" of the campaign. These are military and industrial preparedness, government by and for the people, and national honor and prosperity. Which party and which leader, he asks, are best equipped to deal with all three, and to "preserve, protect and defend" the Constitution?

In the matter of preparedness, he suspects both the zeal and the capacity

of the administration. "Could Josephus Daniels," he asks, "build a great navy in the shortest possible time if he would?" Nothing in his record justifies that assumption. He has been an obstructionist from the start. Whatever energy he has shown is due to pressure from without. Colonel Harvey's review of his career as Secretary is scathing. Yet Mr. Daniels has had, and presumably still has, the confidence and support of the President. There is every reason to assume that if Mr. Wilson is re-elected he will hold his present position four years longer. "A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels." Can any sincere advocate of preparedness cast such a vote? Mr. Baker is a man of a very different type, but his pacifist views make him anything but an ideal Secretary of War. And who can have much confidence in the President's belated conversion to a program of national defense? Nor are his tariff views such as advocates of industrial preparedness can sanction.

Colonel Harvey finds in "the blackmailing of the nation" by the railway brotherhoods to which the President was the first to submit, the most dangerous attack upon the right of the American people to rule themselves since Sumter was fired upon. This is perhaps an exaggeration of the possible effects of the humiliating surrender by Executive and Legislature alike. But there is no doubt as to the danger of the precedent thus set. It is not necessary to believe that there was a deliberate political plot behind the action of Mr. Wilson. The argument against him is strong enough without that. The fact remains that he threw over a principle he had previously accepted at the bidding of a labor organization, that he endeavored to raise a false issue, that he revealed a fatal lack of judgment and determination. Colonel Harvey cites previous utterances of Mr. Hughes in answer to the question, "What would he have done?" The Republican candidate stands for the rights of labor, but he repudiates the doctrine of a privileged class.

The third count in the indictment of the President is his failure to uphold the national honor abroad. Many episodes of the past three years "have flushed the cheeks of our countrymen with shame and humiliation." The flag has been no protection to them. Other nations, whatever they may think of the United States, mistrust and condemn him. They will not turn to us for friendship or counsel while he is President. Is the accusation too severe? Those who know how Europe feels at the present moment will not think so.

INDUSTRIAL PREPAREDNESS

(*From the Washington Star*)

Colonel George Harvey's pronouncement for Hughes is none the less interesting and important because expected, and it should prove all the more effective because of the reasons offered in support of it. It does not rest upon personalities, but principles.

As is well known, Colonel Harvey was the first man having the ear of a wide public to propose Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency. At that time Mr. Wilson was the head of Princeton University, and practically a stranger to the everyday political world. He had reputation only as a teacher and writer.

The Harvey suggestion attracted attention, and then followed the rapid

growth of Mr. Wilson in political favor. His friends, under Colonel Harvey's leadership and with the Presidency in mind, made him Governor of New Jersey, and then began the drive for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

At this stage of the game Mr. Wilson and Colonel Harvey and Henry Watterson met for consultation one day, when Mr. Wilson, in reply to a question, declared that Colonel Harvey's support was proving of injury to his, Wilson's campaign. Promptly, of course, Colonel Harvey pulled up, and Mr. Wilson went on without him, and reached goal.

This, however, had no part in the proposition which Colonel Harvey now submits—that as between Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party and Mr. Hughes and the Republican party the country for the coming four years would be best served by the latter. And in support of his proposition Colonel Harvey, who has always been and still claims to be a Democrat, submits opinions about the Democratic record for the past three years, itemized.

Maybe his most noteworthy observation is about the tariff. He declares for protection, as the policy necessary to American industries in the light of what may be expected at the close of the European war. He has in mind the value of the home markets and the figures of the home wage scales, and wants both supported by legislation bearing directly upon them. And he considers the Republican party, the party of protection, under the leadership of Mr. Hughes, the outspoken advocate of protection, as the proper, the best, instrument for securing the needed protection.

This position could not have been difficult for a Jerseyman to take. Colonel Harvey knows the state of his residence and its place in the manufacturing world; and he is not the first Democrat of influence in the commonwealth to become convinced that a tariff for revenue only is not only unwise, but if persisted in will produce a smashing national disaster to manufacturers, merchants and wage earners alike.

A DEPENDABLE CANDIDATE

(*From the St. Louis Globe Democrat*)

Colonel Harvey, the discoverer of Woodrow Wilson, once publicly thanked by him for making his election as Governor of New Jersey possible, is now urging every patriotic American to vote for Hughes. Even if he did not advance reasons that should be persuasive to every thoughtful citizen, Colonel Harvey's attitude could not be justly ascribed to personal bitterness. Although Mr. Wilson, when he saw that Colonel Harvey's enthusiasm was endangering his chances with Mr. Bryan in the ante-convention fight of 1912, ungratefully kicked away the ladder by which he had ascended, he had the Colonel's loyal support after the nomination. Even in 1914, Colonel Harvey kept urging that a Congress friendly to the President be chosen. He had observed and freely commented upon some of the weaknesses of the President, but, after striking a balance, he decided that Mr. Wilson should be upheld.

His present attitude is taken after long deliberation. No other writer has shown a more intimate acquaintance with public affairs during the present administration. He is a Democrat of long standing. But he is a patriot first. His conclusion that the President stands for "Wilson first" is based

on a careful study of his words and acts. Mr. Wilson has abandoned nearly every position he occupied as a writer and teacher and the statute of limitations has sometimes run on his utterances as President in sixty days. He has never been able to offer any explanation for his kaleidoscopic changes except one of expediency. For two years he has been ready to espouse almost any cause that gave promise of votes. Close students long observed this tendency, but the whole country saw its culmination in the railway controversy. His course with respect to that showed to what length he was ready to go "for the gratification of personal ambition."

The contrast between Hughes and Wilson is striking. As Colonel Harvey points out, there has been an utter absence of self-seeking in the entire career of Hughes. He has been a battler for right and justice, regardless of the consequences to his personal fortunes. He has clear, definite views as to what should be done for economic as well as military and naval preparedness. His party believes in those views. He would have a sympathetic, efficient cabinet. His election means safety.

WEAKNESS AND RECALCITRANCY

(From the Dayton Journal)

The late Marcus A. Hanna in the course of the first extended interview he had ever given for a newspaper, and that was in the campaign of 1896, said that he wanted nothing for himself, that he deemed it a sufficient honor if he could be instrumental in electing a President of the United States. He did succeed in electing William McKinley and it is history that Mr. McKinley never forgot the distinguished services of an unselfish friend. Recent mention of the name of Colonel George Harvey, one-time editor of *Harper's Weekly,* calls vividly to mind one more instance of a man who made a President, but how different the outcome in the case of Mr. Wilson.

Colonel Harvey really began an unselfish service in grooming Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, for the Presidency in 1908. He kept up a persistent hammering on the anvil of public opinion until New Jersey woke up and elected the Princeton professor Governor. There is no question about Mr. Wilson owing his election to Colonel Harvey, and by the further token, it was the continued effort of *Harper's* editor that focused Democratic attention upon the New Jersey Executive as the most available candidate for the Presidency leading up to the Baltimore Convention of 1912. The essential fact remains despite the cross-currents of influence which ultimately controlled that convention and into the merits of which it is not now necessary to enter. It is timely to remember that just before that convention Mr. Wilson gave out a letter wherein he said that he found the "support of Colonel Harvey embarrassing." The history of American politics hardly offers a more conspicuous or gratuitous example of ingratitude and it is no wonder that Colonel Harvey withdrew from active participation in the subsequent campaign which resulted in sending Mr. Wilson to the White House by a minority vote.

Now it is said that Colonel Harvey will give his support in the present campaign to Mr. Hughes, not from any latent sense of injury but because, like a good many others, he is disgusted with Mr. Wilson's weakness and recalcitrancy in connection with warring powers, and particularly with

reference to his misdealings with Mexico, and his utter failure to give protection to American lives and American interests south of the Rio Grande.

ALTRUISM AND POLITICS

(*From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer*)

Some of the substantial, thoughtful supporters of Democracy are not aiding President Wilson in his campaign for re-election, while there are others who are giving him the faint praise that damns. Henry Watterson finds reasons in plenty why Mr. Wilson is not an ideal representative of the Democracy in the Presidential chair. He feels that the President's world altruism is interfering with common justice to his own people, and that much of it is mere scholastic dissertation; he finds the President, also, a shrewd politician and an opportunist who adjusts his altruism to practical political needs. Nevertheless, Mr. Watterson feels that his duty to Democracy calls for his support of its candidate.

Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, one of the strong men of journalism, who helped to elect Mr. Wilson President of the United States in 1912, finds reasons now for reversing his former judgment. To him, also, the President is an opportunist whose professed altruism does not fit in with his political strategy. More than this, he says, "Mr. Wilson has repeatedly shown evidence of temperamental incapacity to grasp and master a critical situation at the psychological moment," and the President's attitude in the railway strike situation may be cited as evidence of it.

Evident, even to the casual observer, is Mr. Wilson's inconsistency. For instance, how can the man whose voice trembles as he speaks of America as the torch-bearer of civilization and the trustee of human liberty, find it expedient to send a committee of Democratic politicians to Tammany Hall to beg Tammany to support him? And why should his fervent support be always enlisted on the side that shows the most votes?

The record indicates that, while the President's heart may often have bled for humanity, he is not above sending notice of the fact to those who may not have heard about it; and it shows that, while idealism and altruism are his stock in trade, he is not above stopping in his reform of a cold and practical world to repair his political fences.

SHARP TRUTHS

(From the Troy Times)

Colonel George Harvey, the discoverer of Woodrow Wilson as a Presidential possibility and the first to suggest the nomination of Mr. Wilson, has turned his batteries upon the Democratic candidate for re-election, and every gun is double-shotted The broadside issued by the distinguished editor is in the shape of an article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in which the Wilson Administration's sins of omission and commission are reviewed in Colonel Harvey's trenchant style. The writer declares that the overpowering issues of the present campaign are: Military and industrial preparedness; government by and for the people, and national honor and opportunity. The Wil-

son Administration, says Colonel Harvey, has fallen far short of meeting such issues satisfactorily. "Since Fort Sumter was fired upon there has been no such assault upon the right of the American people to rule themselves as that of the four brotherhoods at Washington in August of the present year"—and to that assault the Wilson Administration "yielded without a struggle." This is but a sample of the indictments brought by Colonel Harvey against the Wilson Administration, and the entire article is a crushing arraignment of the Democratic Executive and an earnest and whole-hearted laudation of Charles E. Hughes as a man whose word can be depended upon and one who "always means what he says." The Wilson Administration will find it impossible to furnish an effective answer to the Harvey article or to refute the sharp truths with which it bristles.

PREDICTIONS COME TRUE

(*From the Philadelphia Inquirer*)

It was Colonel George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, who first discovered that Wilson was not only of Presidential size, but available material for the Democratic party. This was years ago, when Mr. Wilson was still president of Princeton, but evidently about to be superseded. Colonel Harvey is accredited with making Wilson candidate for Governor of New Jersey and electing him and then pushing him on to the Presidency. In this labor he had the cordial assistance of Colonel Watterson. In spite of these services, Colonel Harvey soon discovered that his thankless child had a serpent's tooth. He accused Wilson of lack of candor and something a great deal worse, although Colonel Harvey continued to support the Democratic party.

This lasted only a short time, for the doughty Colonel, who has just as much brains and courage as the other Colonel, would not stand for Wilson's policies nor some of his personal acts. He disliked his Mexican policy, his foreign policy in general and his attitude towards Germany. Pretty soon he disliked pretty much all of the things for which Wilson stood, and Warwick-like, looked around for a successor. It can hardly be said that Colonel Harvey nominated Hughes, but he certainly did a great deal to arouse public interest in the potentialities of that candidate. Now he has come out squarely for him and in an article filled with withering scorn his former protegé, Wilson, is held up as a worse than useless President who does not deserve re-election.

Colonel Harvey for fifteen years has developed into a political prophet, and so far all of his predictions have come true, both in national conventions and at the polls. He does not now go so far as to absolutely predict the success of Hughes, but he evidently believes that he is to win. As Colonel Harvey has been a lifelong Democrat the position he takes is significant.

IMPERSONAL JOURNALISM

(*From the Buffalo Express*)

Colonel George Harvey is out for Hughes. One of the interesting facts in connection with this is that it was Colonel Harvey who discovered Woodrow Wilson as a person having quality of Presidential value.

For seven years the Colonel howled for Wilson. The columns of *Harper's Weekly,* of which he was editor in those days, were filled with the Colonel's prophecies. He sang many songs of praise and his exaltations were beyond compare. But there came a day when Mr. Wilson was convinced, because someone told him so, that the support of Colonel Harvey was hurting him among the Bryanites and he asked the Colonel to stop it. And the Colonel did stop it. In so doing he might have been very savage, but he wasn't. He was altogether the gentleman. However hurt he must have been, he gave every evidence of trying to see the matter from the Wilson viewpoint.

When the Wilson Administration came into being he sought to be friendly. But as the months rolled by and policy succeeded policy and mistake followed mistake the Colonel found it exceedingly difficult to follow his first love. Finally he had to give it up altogether, and the reasons therefor he sets forth at length in the current number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. And it may be said for Colonel Harvey that they are not personal, but that they commend themselves to any sound-thinking, right-thinking American.

THE LOSS IN REVENUE

(From Leslie's)

War! A Philadelphia reader asks us this question: "Will you tell me why, if we have been kept out of war, we are still paying war taxes to the extent of over $200,000,000 a year? Perhaps the best answer to this inquiry will be found in the interesting opening article in the September issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, evidently written by its distinguished editor, Colonel Harvey, the discoverer of President Wilson. Figures from the books at Washington also cast an illuminating ray. They deserve careful reading: The value of importations into the United States for the year ended June 30, 1916, was $2,197,883,510. The average duty rate was 9.72. In the year ended June 30, 1913, which was under a protective tariff, the value of imports was $1,813,088,234 and the average duty rate was 18 per cent. If the importations under the new Underwood law had paid the same average rate of duty as was paid on imports under the old protective tariff, the amount returned to the Treasury would have been $395,619,031 instead of $211,866,222, the amount actually collected under the Underwood bill. In other words, the country lost more than $183,000,000 in revenue due to the low tariff. This, with extravagance in appropriations, forced upon us the war taxes such as the doubling of the income tax, increased corporation tax and various stamp and license taxes, not previously imposed in times of peace.

"CONVICTING AND CONVINCING"

(From the Boston Evening Transcript)

The hardest blow to fall upon Mr. Wilson during the week, the bitterest disappointment of his whole campaign, came neither from a political enemy nor a personal foe. It was dealt him by none other than Colonel

George Harvey, the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, his long-time guide, philosopher and friend, and a Democrat of Democrats. His pen promoted the president of Princeton to be Governor of New Jersey. His effort, enthusiasm and indefatigable evangelism more than the money of any man or group, more than the machinations of any politician or party, put Mr. Wilson in the White House. His task accomplished, his ambition achieved, the maker of Mr. Wilson and the prophet of the Presidency again took up "the pen that knows no brother." From the last inauguration day until the present he has watched the course of the Administration with irrepressible sympathy and written about it with impressive impartiality, mindful at all times of the everlasting truth of the words of George William Curtis, that

"No office is so great as that of moulding opinion, which makes parties and Presidents; that no patronage is so powerful as the just fear of an unquailing criticism brought home to every word and every act of every public man and commending its judgment to the intelligence and conscience of every citizen."

Colonel Harvey disposes of Mr. Wilson and declares for Mr. Hughes for President in what will turn out to be the most convicting and convincing document of the campaign, among all who in their hearts have hoped against hope for better things from Mr. Wilson and so far from finding satisfaction in his shortcomings suffer only poignant sorrow therefrom.

KEEPING OUT OF WAR

(From the New York Sun)

It was excessively disturbing to find in the September number of Colonel Harvey's NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a conversation between one William P. Worthington, of Boston, and his nephew. Mr. Worthington is presented to us as a Democrat, "a retired merchant of a philosophical turn of mind, firm in his convictions and patriotic to the core of his being." He is represented as saying of Woodrow Wilson:

"The President has not kept us out of war. He put us into war when, before Congress had given him the power, he employed the 'armed forces of the United States' to enforce a personal decree in a neighboring State, and he repeated the operation when he ordered the troops to invade the same country. Battles have been fought and blood has been shed to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed by the regular soldiers of both countries. We are at war now and will continue to be so as long as an American soldier remains on foreign soil against the protest of that duly recognized foreign Government."

Mr. Worthington's nephew makes it clear, however, that he is not thinking of Mexico but of Europe. Whereupon Mr. Worthington declares:

"Mr. Wilson invited trouble when he handed the Austrian Ambassador his passports, but the Austrian Emperor refused to take up the gage of battle. It was he, not the President, who averted hostilities. . . . And it is not the President who has kept us out of war with Garmany. It is the Kaiser. Mr. Wilson's notes have been truculent enough to make for war over and over again, but Germany has averted conflict at each psychological moment. . . ."

We had thought that Venustiano Carranza had kept his country out of war with Mexico and that Woodrow Wilson had kept this country out of all other wars, but in view of Mr. Worthington's assertion we are rapidly becoming confused. The next time any one tells us that somebody or other has kept us out of war we shall ask for minute specifications of when, how and where.

THE WHIPLASH OF WILSON

(From the Hartford Courant)

Among the several real issues of the present political campaign, from the Republican standpoint, is one clearly brought out in Senator Brandegee's recent speech, and in Mr. Hughes's latest speeches. The best formulation of this issue which we have seen is in the admirable summary of Republican issues given by Colonel Harvey in the last NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as follows: "Party Government vs. Personal Government!"

Taking all things into consideration, it is doubtful if any more important question is at stake in this campaign, and that admirable phrasing of the matter might well be a slogan, if not the slogan, or war-cry of the Republican hosts. The "New Freedom" turns out to be, for the President, to do just as he pleases in all things; for Congress, to do just as the President dictates; for the people, to grin and bear it. Since the days of Jackson there has been no such drastic dictatorship in the Executive Department of the Government, no such servility in the legislative department. And this, in the guise of democracy, and with no end of sops of honeyed phrases, complacently flung to "the people."

The Roosevelt brand of personal government, with "the big stick" in evidence, though not so much in use, was not altogether agreeable, but it was not, like the Wilson brand, personal dictatorship. The big stick of Roosevelt was a mere twig as compared with the whiplash of Wilson.

IGNORANT NEW ENGLAND

(From the Louisville Evening Post)

In order to measure fully the desperate condition into which the managers of the Republican campaign have fallen ponder for a moment the following paragraph from the Boston *Transcript* relative to the developments last week:

"The hardest blow to fall upon Mr. Wilson during the week, the bitterest disappointment of his whole campaign, came neither from a political enemy nor a personal foe. It was dealt him by none other than Colonel George Harvey, the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, his long-time guide, philosopher and friend, and a Democrat of Democrats."

If the attack of Harvey was the hardest thing Mr. Wilson had to endure last week, he must be fortunate indeed. Harvey's opposition is a benefit, not a disturbance. It is a contribution to the Democratic campaign fund, not a liability.

This Harvey is the very Harvey whose support Mr. Wilson declared to be an injury five years ago.

So Mr. Harvey undertook to boom Mr. Wilson for the Presidency.

There was something inconsistent in Mr. Wilson's record with the support Mr. Harvey was offering. This occurred to Mr. Harvey himself, and in order to establish an indissoluble relation with the future President, he sought to commit him to unreserved approval of his activities by asking him whether he thought his support was a help or a hindrance. With that plain, blunt way that characterizes the President Mr. Wilson said that he thought the support Mr. Harvey was giving him was an injury.

That a Republican journal in New England should believe that Mr. Harvey's attack upon Mr. Wilson was the hardest blow of the week shows how fortunate Mr. Wilson has been and how little the New England Republicans understand the passing campaign.

A NOTABLE CONTRIBUTION

(From the New York Herald)

"Mr. Worthington, a retired merchant of Boston," in which guise Colonel George Harvey has discussed the relative merits of President Wilson and Mr. Hughes, has at last made up his mind how he will vote. He is unreservedly for Mr. Hughes.

The *Herald* has been favored with the advance proofs of the article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in which Colonel Harvey finally and flatly repudiates the Democratic party and its candidates. The salient features are printed elsewhere in to-day's *Herald.*

It is an almost dramatic parting of company Colonel Harvey and Colonel Watterson, long in advance of the campaign of 1912, brought Mr. Wilson to the front as the hope of the Democracy. Mr. Wilson accepted this support and later secretly asked Colonel Harvey to cease supporting him, as he felt the Colonel's support was doing him injury. In one of the most notable contributions to the literature of the canvass of 1916 Colonel Harvey now gives his reasons for withdrawing his support.

A PHENOMENON OF POLITICS

(From the Detroit Free Press)

Colonel George Harvey's opinion on the Presidential election, of which *The Free Press* prints today some portion, is of interest and value partly because it comes from a man unusually qualified to discuss public affairs, but also, and perhaps more, by reason of the fact that the magazine editor was, as is well known, the original of all the "original Wilson men" in the country.

There is a profound significance in the remarkable situation that so many of the early advocates of Mr. Wilson for President are this year strongly opposed to his re-election. Colonel Harvey has some notable companions in his change of views about Mr. Wilson. William F. McCombs, who was the national chairman in 1912 and whose work was largely influential in the outcome of the campaign that year, has been "on the outs" with his former protegé for quite some time now. To come closer home, Michigan's "original Wilson man" was Louis E. Rowley—and readers of *The Free Press* know that a change has come over Brother Rowley since the last Presidential campaign.

We would ask some of Mr. Wilson's present admirers whether there is not material for serious thinking in this fact that men who were ardently enthusiastic about him four years ago are now as ardently against him. They know the subject they discuss; that must be conceded. Is it not possible that they are better able to judge Mr. Wilson than those voters who can form their views only by remote hearsay?

It seems to us that this phenomenon of politics is worth careful consideration.

DIPLOMATS OF DEMOCRACY

(*From the Lowell Courier-Citizen*)

The failure of Colonel George Harvey to support President Wilson for re-election after making unusual efforts in his behalf four years ago, is less illogical than some of his fellow Democrats would have the public believe. He has been a frank critic of the Administration almost from the beginning, though he speaks in high praise of certain of the legislative measures that Mr. Wilson obtained. When the President made his diplomatic appointments, after giving the assurance that he would select "men without wealth, but possessing every other form of qualification," it was Colonel Harvey who remarked: "With the single exception of Mr. Walter H. Page, all of those appointed are men who, at one time or another, supplied pecuniary aid to the President's canvass." James W. Gerard was credited with a contribution of $13,500, and Mr. Penfield, selected for the important post at Austria-Hungary, gave $10,000 to the campaign fund.

IN DEMAND

(*From the Bookseller*)

For more than a century THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has rendered excellent service to thinking people, but never has it been more valuable or in more capable hands than at the present under the editorship and proprietorship of Colonel George Harvey, who is universally considered as one of the strongest writers in this country on public topics. In view of the approaching Presidential election, and the many vital issues involved, with partisan excitement daily becoming stronger, it is only natural that this great magazine, which stands out pre-eminently above anything else of the kind published, should be in great demand, especially as the campaign draws to a close.

THE PEOPLE WITH HUGHES

(*From the Troy Times*)

Colonel George Harvey's slogan, "Nobody wants Hughes—but the people" might be changed now to "Nobody goes to hear Hughes—but the people." Immense crowds, and with enthusiasm equal to the size, are hearing Mr. Hughes on the Pacific Coast, and wherever he goes he is making friends by his straightforwardness and his manliness. He is recognized everywhere as a sincere man, who with honest courage will serve the people.

MARSE HENRY AT WORK

(*From the New York Herald*)

After reading the lucid analysis of Mr. Wilson's record written by Colonel Harvey, his friend and "co-discoverer" of other days, Colonel Henry Watterson, sat down and indited, for the *Courier-Journal*, an able disquisition on "Cooking an Egg."

GARDEN SAUCE

(*From the New York Sun*)

Colonel Harvey's latest essay on his distinguished ex-protegé wrote itself, we understand, with such facility that the Colonel chose to settle with himself on the length-of-the-run basis instead of the time footing. What's sauce for the brotherhood goose is sauce for the literary gander.

EMBARRASSMENTS

(*From the Manchester Union*)

Still we have a hunch that Colonel George Harvey's support of Mr. Wilson a little more than four years ago wasn't any more "embarrassing" to Woodrow than Colonel Harvey's criticisms of him now.

A DEDUCTION

(*From the New York World*)

After reading Colonel Harvey's argument in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for Hughes, we are convinced that Colonel Harvey intends to vote for Wilson.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GENERAL STEPHENSON ON CIVIL WAR GENERALS

SIR,—I have recently finished reading Charles Francis Adams's Autobiography. It was so interesting that I read it to the last page.

His opinions of some of the generals of the war are sometimes correct and often amusing. Grant, he says, was of a coarse fibre and did not impress him with a sense of character, and he might have added that he was vindictive: any strictly impartial man would have the same opinion; but he gives Grant more credit than was due him when, in his castigation of Butler, he charges him with breaking Grant's plan of campaign.

It was Robert E. Lee, not Butler, that smashed Grant's plans.

I have always believed that if Gen. McClellan had been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, with a force that exceeded Lee's by more than two to one, and relieved of the interference of Stanton and Halleck, he would have captured Richmond in three months; it took Grant eleven months to accomplish the task.

Gen. Charles Griffin, the last commander of the 5th Corps, fought his battery at the battle of 1st Bull Run, and at the close of the war led the corps through the streets of Richmond. One day, during the Grant campaign of 1864, in an impulse of indignation and grief at the terrible losses sustained by his division in an unsuccessful assault on the enemy's works, he said to an officer: "I am not very friendly to Gen. McClellan, but I would throw up my cap if an order should come today placing him in command of the army. I am tired and sick of receiving orders that, at such a time, our troops must attack the enemy's works. It is nothing but murder." Gen. Griffin undoubtedly expressed the feelings of a large majority of the officers of the army.

But to return to Adams' opinion of the character and ability of officers. Meade, he says, was irritable, petulant, and dyspeptic (true at times), but as commander in battle he was cool, collected, and self-poised. Warren left in him a sense of lightness; that might be true at times, but he, Adams, did not recognize, apparently, the fact that at the battles of Bull Run 2nd and Gettysburg he exhibited remarkable force and energy and the skill of a great soldier. For a wonder, Adams gives Hancock the praise that he well earned. Sheridan, he thought, "lacked character"; he might have added that he was arbitrary, vindictive, and cruel. His statements regarding "Joe" Hooker, "Dan" Butterfield, and "Dan" Sickles about hit the truth. A despicable trio!

I think he overestimated the ability of Gens. Sedgwick and Humphreys in comparison with other generals. Probably the reason for that was that they (especially Humphreys) were his personal friends.

Judged by the best standards, Gen. Adams himself had none of the qualities of inspiration and enthusiasm, or the instinct of a real soldier. It seems apparent that the duties of the march, camp, and bivouac were distasteful to him, and that his blood did not rush quickly, his heart did not throb at the thought of meeting the foe on the battlefield. He certainly showed a lack of energy when his regiment was being reduced by sickness on account of the unhealthy location of his camps, yet he made no effort to get a change of location. Surely, the son of Charles Francis Adams, the skilful and loyal Minister to the Court of St. James, could have obtained the necessary permission for a change of the location of his camp, simply for the asking.

When his regiment did leave the unhealthy camp, he obtained the necessary permission (and horses) to mount his men for scout duty, a service which requires intelligence, energy, active minds, coolness and courage, traits which the colored soldiers possessed in only a limited degree.

His regiment proved a failure, and Adams retired from the service.

I would not attempt to criticise his action during the years that followed his military career: his service as a lawyer, and especially as the head manager of the Union Pacific Railroad—which he evidently considered the greatest work of his life; but, as a soldier, I would express my admiration of the moral courage he displayed, the words of justice he spoke, in his admirable eulogy of Gen. Robert E. Lee before the Virginians at their University.

This great soldier, who was equaled only by Gen. McClellan (and possibly by George H. Thomas), among the noted Union Generals of the Civil War, for military skill, for a pure and temperate life, honesty and generous action, was well worthy of the words of praise and respect awarded him by Gen. Adams.

We may blame Gen. Lee for his disloyalty to his country, but, at the same time, the atmosphere in which he had lived, which constantly asserted the principle of "State rights," teaching him that his first duty was loyalty to his State rather than to his country, should be considered in passing judgment on his action at the beginning of the Civil War.

It would be folly to deny that if many of the soldiers who fought for the Union had been born and raised at the South and educated in Southern ideas amid Southern environment, they would have fought for the Southern Confederacy instead of in the armies of the Union.

If Gen. Adams leaves no other memories to perpetuate his name in the future, he will be honored and revered in the South for the brave and generous words he uttered in his notable address on the life and character of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

LUTHER STEPHENSON,
Brevet Brig. Gen'l, U. S. Volunteers.

HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

TRAITORS

SIR,—In your editorial in the September NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW upon the execution of Sir Roger Casement as a traitor to the British Government you show that no analogy existed between Casement and General Washington.

You do this in a few lucid sentences, giving simply the bare facts, in substance as follows:

Washington represented a fully organized government, capable of exercising, and which did in fact exercise, the functions of government, both in authority and responsibility.

This fact placed the Colonies in the category of sovereign belligerents, even though they were in one sense Revolutionists.

The British ministry so interpreted the situation, for it sent Howe to negotiate with Washington, and subsequently expressed a readiness to engage in further negotiations.

Those American patriots who fell into its hands were not treated as traitors or punished as such by it, but both private soldiers and high officers were regarded as legitimate prisoners of war and so treated.

I entirely agree with you, for none of these facts could be urged in behalf of Roger Casement. He had accepted profitable employment for long years from the British Government, also Knighthood and other honors from the King. He properly met a traitor's doom—terrible, yet just.

So far so good. But why spoil an admirable article by one unhappy sentence in your closing paragraph?

These are your words: "Our own nation dealt with treason and with traitors in 1861-65 very differently from the way it dealt with them in 1776-83."

With what treason and with what traitors in 1861-65? Was not the Confederate States a fully organized Government, firmly established? Was it not capable of exercising, and did it not exercise, the functions of government both in authority and in responsibility? Were they not sovereign belligerents, so recognized by the nations of the world, including the United States itself? Were not Confederate prisoners, both military and civilian, treated as legitimate prisoners of war? Indeed, do you not recall that instead of sending Mr. Seward or even General Grant to the memorable peace conference in Hampton Roads, Mr. Lincoln went in person to negotiate with the Vice-President of the Confederate States and his colleagues? True, Mr. Lincoln carried Seward with him, but only as an adviser.

Do you realize that "treason and traitors" are ugly words to apply to some millions of brave, generous and patriotic men? Is not treason infamous? Is not "traitor" the extremest term of infamy?

Can it be that more than fifty years after Appomatox, Colonel George Harvey, editor of the one great journal published in America, who has a very host of sincere admirers in the South, deliberately characterizes our people in terms which if true should bar us from the homes of all honorable men in all the world? If our fathers were traitors, then not even your pardon, "so creditable to you in sentiment," can wipe out the stain. We did not expect such words from you whom so many of us both respect and esteem. Did you really mean it, Colonel Harvey?

A. L. MILLER.

MACON, GEORGIA.

[No, we certainly did not mean any such thing, but quite the contrary. Perhaps our meaning would have been clearer if we had spoken of the way in which this nation dealt with *the subject* of treason and traitors, instead of "with treason and with traitors." Our meaning was that things

which were regarded as treason and men who were regarded as traitors in the Revolution were not thus regarded in the Civil War; or, however they may have been regarded by some in the passion of conflict, they were never practically dealt with as such. In all that struggle, we believe, only one man was ever made to suffer the penalty of treason, and that was done by an officer whose conduct has been criticised by the North as severely as by the South. How such matters were regarded in Revolutionary times may be judged from the fact that Virginia and Pennsylvania in 1785 enacted laws making it treason to attempt to erect a new state in any part of their territory without the consent of the legislature. If this nation had been animated by the same spirit in 1861-65, it might have regarded as traitors all who strove—as of course the South did—to erect a new state within its territory. Instead, it regarded the seceding Confederates as belligerents, entitled to the same treatment that would have been given to some entirely separate nation which for some cause had waged war against us.—EDITOR.]

THE NICARAGUA ROUTE

SIR,—In the September issue of your REVIEW, under "Letters to the Editor," I have read with interest the communication of Mr. Joseph Ferguson, of Philadelphia, and your reply, relative to "The Nicaragua Route." I am especially interested in the Nicaraguan Canal possibilities, having, in years gone by, had relatives more or less intimately associated with the Nicaraguan Government in fostering this route for our canal.

Could you direct me to any records, here or in Nicaragua, wherein I might find the extent of negotiations achieved during the Presidency of Zelaya and the names of some, if not all, of the parties who advocated this route during the ten years (1893 to 1903) referred to in your reply to the above mentioned letter? Frequently, I have made several attempts to get statistics anent this matter, and not until THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW hove in sight did I feel that any of the attempts would be successful.

May I express to you my keen appreciation of the literary excellence of the REVIEW, which I read with genuine delight and anticipate with wonderment and interest?

With cordial and hearty wishes for the Editor and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

JAS. R. GARBER.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

[The Nicaragua Maritime Canal Company of 1889 was under the presidency of Hiram Hitchcock, of New York; and its actual work was done by a Construction Company, under the presidency of Senator Warner Miller, of New York. The whole venture failed in 1893. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, conducted for years thereafter a campaign for Government aid for the rehabilitation of the enterprise, but did not succeed. In 1898 a rival organization was formed to take over from Nicaragua a renewal of the concession which was about to lapse. This was known as the Grace-Eyre-Cragin Syndicate, and included among its members William R. Grace, John D. Crimmins, John Jacob Astor, Levi P. Morton, Darius O. Mills, and other New York capitalists. The State Department interceded in behalf

of the Maritime Canal Company, and secured a waiver of the forfeiture of the concession, pending arbitration. Then Nicaragua cancelled the Grace-Eyre-Cragin Syndicate's engagement. A long struggle followed, in Congress and elsewhere, between the rival interests of Nicaragua and Panama, with the result that in June, 1902, Panama won. See Keasbey's *Nicaragua Canal and the Monroe Doctrine* (Putnams); and Johnson's *Four Centuries of the Panama Canal* (Holt); also voluminous Congressional and other Government reports.—EDITOR.]

A LYRIC PLEA

SIR,—

Last week—how time crawls! it seems like ages
Since I was (waiting for your pregnant pages)
Amazed to find in Boston's *Evening Transcript*—
'Twas Saturday's—that your publisher had tipped
Off that avid owl's prognostication
As to how runs the pulse behind the nation.
Sunday limped on; and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday;
Thursday's no more; now, Friday's setting sun
Tells me that I must put my griefs away,
If on the morrow I expect to don
The armor of Rightonwardness, and press
Toward my hunger's goal—no, not success,
As that be—housed, warmed, fed, clothed. I? Oh, well,
After a fashion; that is, I've survived:
Good mother had: nursed—loved—and cast a spell
Over my spirit, that is not outlived.
But now I'm conscious of a certain power
That calls for strong meat—to sustain high quest.
The hunger-pains are sharper hour to hour—
As time approaches for *The Monthly Feast.*
These be the days—no, not " that try men's souls,"
There's no elastic left in that starched phrase—
When men must be alert to what controls
The throttle of the *push* and *pull,* that plays
Upon the engine of the multitude:
For evil ends—when not to everlasting good!
The World is very sick! but everywhere
Contagion sweeps, the Mighty Ones are *there,*
Slashing the thongs that bind Man from His Own.
But, what of Liberty on her offenseless throne?
See! the deft spiders spin th' transparent tissue,
And wrap it round her, and declare: and issue
Waits on their skill! Use words bled white and dying!
While all about America is crying:
Turn, turn, O People! sleep no more! rise up!
And take deep draughts from the great Fathers' cup
That brims with wine of Hope's emancipation.
And, as it lives, see to it, that your nation
No more shall rest on frail prosperity
Afforded by Affliction's Progeny!

He waits to serve, who lives not by excuse:
One great American—Charles Evans Hughes.
Yes, Sir, I've paid your fee; and small enough
The price you asked for the full-headed cones
That come—or heretofore came—filled with stuff
That puts the iron in blood, and strength on bones.
Send me, O Editor, I beseech you,
TH' OCTOBER NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

ALBERT EVANS.

BOSTON, MASS.

BRANDEIS THE UNFIT

SIR,—The twelve charges brought against Mr. Brandeis, and fully estab lished after conscientious and entirely non-partisan investigation by the most eminent lawyers at the American Bar, should have disqualified that gentleman for a moment's consideration as a candidate for the Supreme Court Bench.

Yet Mr. Wilson, with what amounted to a fairly passionate insistence, pressed him for that high place where, if anywhere in the country's service, Caesar's wife standards should be applied with a rigor that knows no shading or compromise.

Yet Mr. Wilson's astonishing log-rolling campaign for this man's confirmation by the Senate finally won, and if he is not an unfit person for such a distinction, then we may as well hereafter abandon all inquiry by the Senate into a nominee's fitness, and accept the Presidential selection as *per se* binding.

From your masterly study of the Wilson administration in the last number of the REVIEW I select this particular point on which to base my hearty expression of approval of the entire article, because from the time the Brandeis misfortune was inflicted upon us, it has perhaps, more than any other of Mr. Wilson's disastrous mistakes, irritated me as a lawyer privileged to practice before the United States Supreme Court—a privilege in which heretofore I have felt some degree of pride, but which now moves me to distinctly less enthusiasm.

E. R. P.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

SIR,—The twelve reasons given by the highest legal personal authority in the country why Mr. Brandeis should not be made a Supreme Court Justice are in themselves, as you present the entire Brandeis case in your October comment in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, twelve good and sufficient reasons, even if there were no others, why Woodrow Wilson should not again be elected to the Presidency of the United States.

What personal reasons Mr. Wilson may have had for urging this disqualified person's appointment, and for his insistent demand for confirmation by the Senate, we are not permitted to know. Yet that there should have been a personal bond of sympathy between the two is in a measure understandable. Both, by their own records, exhibit a fondness for being on both sides of all controversies and issues that come within their purview

Mr. Wilson, as you so convincingly show, has been for and against preparedness; he has been for and against the preposterous Army Bill as passed; he has been an ally of Villa and at war with Villa; he was avowedly opposed on principle to exempting labor organizations from punishment for crimes committed in violation of the laws against conspiracies in restraint of trade, and he signed a measure explicitly granting them such immunity; he was against a protective tariff, and, if he has not reversed himself again within a few hours, is for a protective tariff. And so on through all the gamut.

As the twelve counts in the indictment against Mr. Brandeis conclusively show, that gentleman appears to have been impartially active on both sides of a large number of the causes in which he appeared from time to time as counsel. Perhaps it is the wobbling tie that binds the twain.

In passing, I beg to say that anybody who can read your absolutely fair analysis of Woodrow Wilson's record, and then vote for him at the coming election, is past my understanding.

E. V. S.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

FUNDAMENTAL UNFITNESS

SIR,—To my mind, your retrospective arraignment of the Wilson régime in the October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is about the most overwhelming indictment ever drawn up against an administration.

Temperate in tone, even rather kindly than otherwise, your presentation of the cold facts most conspicuous in Woodrow Wilson's career in the White House needs no argumentative rhetoric to carry irresistible conviction of his congenital unfitness for the exalted office which your own efforts enabled him to attain. To be quite candid, I have precious little sympathy for you personally in whatever disappointment your protegé has been to you.

At the psychological moment, you dragged out of obscurity a person better calculated than perhaps any other at the time to win at the polls. You selected a mighty good candidate and a mighty poor President. Of course he kicked down the ladder by which he had climbed. That was inevitable, and I have not the least doubt that you fully anticipated precisely that result when you were laboriously pushing him up it. I do not sympathize with any disappointment there, for I do not believe *you* were disappointed. And I do not sympathize with you in your disappointment at the man's pitiful exhibition of himself in the White House. If you were penetrating enough to see through a dense murk of scholastic obscurity a potential candidate of exceptional strength, you should have had enough clearness of vision to see the candidate's fundamental unfitness for the Presidency.

Your arraignment of Woodrow Wilson as a President is a damning one. That cannot be denied. But by the same token, you yourself come under every clause in the terrible indictment. Without you, we would never have had him. You wished him on us.

THOMAS P. WILLIAMS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DID SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IRISHMEN DRESS FOR DINNER?

SIR,—A recent issue of the REVIEW contains an article by Havelock Ellis entitled "The Genius of England," which contains at least one statement creating an entirely false impression of the morals of the Irish people in the seventeenth century and before.

On page 213 appears the following: "The Irish, even of high social class, as Fynes Moryson bore witness, sometimes dispensed with clothing as late as the seventeenth century." He means, of course, that the Irish like the old Indians and African savages, were accustomed to go around naked, or nearly so.

Such a statement must be branded as a lie by any person acquainted with Irish history who is not animated by hatred of the Irish people, and a desire to help the English to pose as civilizers of a people vastly more cultured in olden times than was the conquering nation.

That Mr. Ellis is forced to rely upon the trash retailed by Lord Mountjoy's anti-Irish secretary (he can't be dignified with the name "historian") is in itself suggestive of the utter falsity of the assertion he makes.

Before Mr. Ellis again attempts to write anything concerning the Irish people, let him consult *authorities*. Let him read the History of Ireland by E. A. D'Alton, M. R. I. A.; works of Mrs. A. S. Green, Dr. P. W. Joyce, Mitchell, the "Four Masters."

In the introduction to his *History of Ireland*, Dr. Geoffrey Keating deals with Fynes Moryson and other English writers who spread abroad such criminal falsehoods as that which Mr. Ellis gave vent to. Dr. Keating lived in Ireland in the seventeenth century and wrote soon after Moryson.

C. R. MILLER.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

WE HAVE ALREADY DECIDED

SIR,—The dialogue, "The Political Situation," in your September issue, is puzzling. Your Editor's logic or his conscience needs treatment. What is the determining factor for which he is waiting before deciding whom to vote for in the Presidential election? Certainly he cannot support Mr. Wilson, as henceforward there can be nothing but talk by both candidates. Mr. Wilson's Administration is closed, practically, until after November. Does your Editor propose to decide the vexing question upon the speeches to be made by Mr. Wilson and Justice Hughes? Is it oratory and argument he awaits? To be sure, he will not accept Mr. Wilson's talk as against his record as President. And if your Editor is to be believed, that record is "rotten to the core." Not only is every public act and word of Mr. Wilson's false, dishonest, incapable and demagogical, but he is a miserable character, according to the Editor—the most unworthy and incapable of all citizens for the great office he holds. This being the case, the Editor must have a sorry estimate of Justice Hughes, or his mind would be in no such doubtful state.

To be sure, your Editor has a nightmare. All the Democrats I know believe Mr. Wilson to be one of the greatest (if not the very greatest) Presidents this country ever had; but that is really not the question troubling your readers. It is this: Upon what ground does your Editor propose to

decide how he will cast his vote? It seems impossible to write so long an article, and in such excellent style, and still avoid a semblance of logic; but your Editor has achieved that feat.

THOS. P. STEGER.

BONHAM, TEXAS.

FROM A DISGUSTED DEMOCRAT

SIR,—I beg leave to express my thanks for your editorial comment in this month's NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in its entirety. You do not dwell on the disastrous Underwood tariff quite as strongly as many of us would have liked, but where the whole is so powerful a document, it would be but poor taste to cavil.

Personally I am a Democrat, and have voted for seven successive Democratic candidates for the Presidency, but I can not and will not vote again for a party that has worked such havoc in business by its free trade insanity as has the party of Woodrow Wilson. Of course he is hedging on the tariff, as he hedges on everything else that he thinks he knows his own mind about for twenty-four hours. But that will not work. I'm through with Woodrow Wilson and his party.

And that is why I am asking the privilege of extending my personal thanks to you for your this month's editorial. When anybody asks me why I have dropped Wilson, whom I voted for four years ago, I have in compact form in your article a better explanation of my change of mind than I could ever get together myself in a year's effort at expressing myself.

MANUFACTURER.

AKRON, OHIO.

FROM THE SOUTH

SIR,—I can almost cry for joy when, here among these little, unfair newspapers, I can still find the truth (as by its both-sidedness I am convinced it is) in your editorial: "For President, Charles Evan Hughes." This is not because I am Democrat, Progressive, or Republican, but because I am American.

Do you think it is too much to hope that some just man or men with money will before long invest in a newspaper down here that will tell the truth and the whole truth, whoever it hurts or benefits? It is ignorance that makes the South "solid" like a drove of sheep, thus making ineffectual the votes of those (now a very few) thoughtful and honest men whose convictions are, and whose votes would be, for the best interests, as they understand them, of all the people, regardless of party lines. Four or five editors with your courage, effectively distributed over the Southern States, could in fewer years than might at first be thought, redeem the South from the slavery under ignorance that now binds and retards it.

The Kansas City *Star* has done for its community what can be done here if some persons with grit, and the money to back it, will buy and conduct, as suggested above, some Southern papers.

I am one of your sincere admirers.

C. H. RICHMOND.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

IN MASSED FORMATION

SIR,—As one of your readers both in *Harper's Weekly* and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I have on many occasions admired the forbearance and moderation of your comments on President Wilson's many and deplorable errors of judgment, and, what is far worse, manifestations of instability of principle.

Indeed, I have more than once all but lost patience with a tolerant attitude on your part towards the President's glaring weaknesses and inconsistencies, which I feared might be born of a dread lest you be swayed by personal feelings.

In view of your editorial summing of Mr. Wilson in the last REVIEW, I now appreciate, as I have not done before, your studied impartiality in dealing with all his acts and omissions. That very unbiased fairness in the past, and indeed in the recent editorial itself, lends a weight to your presentation in massed formation of the deadly array of irrefutable facts against the Wilson Administration, which is to the last degree crushing.

I thank you for that splendid piece of editorial work, as I have had occasion to do in my own mind many times for your editorials in the past

FREDERICK R. BLAKE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FROM A NEW JERSEY DEMOCRAT

SIR,—I think the wise Josh Billings one time said: "A man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better calculated for that business than any other." I am very glad, indeed, that you have not joined that class.

I never believed for a moment in the nomination of Wilson for Governor of this State. Elected he was a failure here, as he has been in Washington; but a very dangerous man. That you are to some extent responsible for him will forever stand as one of your errors.

You may recall that when Martine was making his canvas for Senator, Wilson descended from the Executive Chamber here to tell the Democrats in Newark that those who did not vote for him (Martine) would "be marked, labelled and remembered," and he uttered the same warning at a meeting in Jersey City. Now Martine beats his candidate, Westcott, by twenty odd thousand, and right here in Wilson's own county—if he has any county which is his own—by two hundred and forty-six. No more Wilson!

DEMOCRAT.

TRENTON, N. J.

[The writer of the above is one of the most prominent Democrats in New Jersey.—EDITOR.]

DANIELS

SIR,—Yesterday I read a long article in the Arkansas *Gazette* purporting to be an interview with Admiral Dewey in which he said many good things about Secretary Daniels. As there seems to be a difference in the position held by Mr. Daniels in your estimation and the position he holds in Admiral Dewey's estimation, I wish you would give us in the REVIEW

something that can be depended on about Mr. Daniels. If he is the paragon of incompetence you make him appear, then why should Admiral Dewey take time to speak well of him, and why should President Wilson keep him on the job?

JAS. W. MARSHALL.

JUNCTION CITY, ARK.

[Admiral Dewey has been quoted as speaking both favorably and unfavorably of Mr. Daniels. President Wilson has kept him in office for "counsel in intimate fashion" and, if re-elected, will undoubtedly retain him for another four years.—EDITOR.]

UNPALATABLE MEDICINE

SIR,—I have read in the September number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW your dialogue discussing The Political Situation. Frankly, I feel that it savors of unfairness to put forward, in the guise of a Democrat, the worthy (?) Mr. Worthington, and to put in his mouth the words and phrases of a strongly partisan Republican. The gentleman you personify could never have been a Democrat and so grudgingly allow credit to the Party for its notable achievements of the past four years—more remarkable in view of the peculiarly unsettled conditions existing.

Can you not administer this campaign "medicine" in more palatable form?

GEO. A. LOVEJOY.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

A PERFECT JOY

SIR,—You are doing fine things right along. Exceptionally fine was your tribute to James Whitcomb Riley, which came under my eye only yesterday. It is a bit of real literature—a classic of its kind—and I am preserving it for my children and my children's children. Possibly it touched my heart all the more closely because of my love of Riley, developed in Hoosierdom decades ago, when we were "so happy and so pore."

Let me also say to you that I find THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a perfect joy. I impatiently wait its coming and revel in its contents. More power to you! And may the Presidential hand-picking you are doing at this juncture, which I approve most heartily, not go awry in November or ultimately.

SCOTT C. BONE.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

HIS SEVENTEENTH PRESIDENTIAL VOTE

SIR,—Please accept my congratulations to you for having dropped Woodrow Wilson. His heartless treatment of Smith was *damnable*. To stick to one's friends through thick and thin, especially in political matters, is my golden rule. I am ninety-two past, and I hope to cast my seventeenth Presidential vote for a man who, whatever turns up in domestic or foreign affairs, will instinctively know what a President of the United States ought to do, and who has the backbone to do it.

H. H. THOMPSON.

PASSAIC, N. J.

WE WILL

SIR,—I have been reading your NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for the last three months on the Presidential situation, and I wish to express to you not only my hearty concurrence in the same, but my great admiration for the analysis of the situation which you have made.

I have no doubt you will keep up the good work even after the crisis of November 7th, 1916.

OMRI F. HIBBARD.

NEW YORK CITY.

CONSTANCY

SIR,—I so enjoyed your article in the August number of the REVIEW on "Political Pledges" that I sent to a large number of my friends "back in the States" a post card inscribed: "Maud is dead. See NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for Aug."

I followed you through your discovery of Wilson in *Harper's Weekly*, and I am still keeping up with you in the REVIEW.

GEO. L. BURKE.

SAPULPA, OKLAHOMA.

THANK YOU

SIR,—Let me take this occasion to congratulate you upon the striking quality of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW during the last year. Some of the articles written by yourself have been quite at the head of journalistic achievement in the whole of the country.

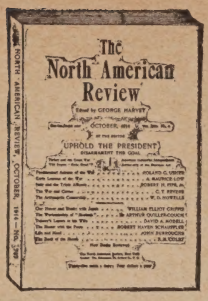
WILLIAM B. HOWLAND.

NEW YORK CITY.

1916

December

ONE-HUNDRED-FIRST YEAR



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The price of The North American Review, published monthly, is thirty-five cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price 36c. for postage, and those in foreign countries 96c. Remittances may be made by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. Renewal orders if sent in promptly insure no break in the receipt of copies.

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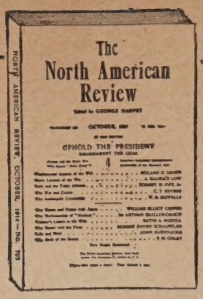

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

SYDNEY BROOKS,
who has but recently come on the latest of many visits to this country, is one of the best known English journalists. His contributions to important reviews and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic have won him an international reputation as an observer and publicist.

MYRON T. HERRICK,
former Governor of Ohio, and ex-Ambassador to France, is an authority on the general problem of rural credits. He was at one time President of the American Bankers Association, and has held that office in the Society for Savings of Cleveland since 1894. In addition to the many services which Mr. Herrick rendered his State he was for some years member of the City Council of Cleveland. Princeton University conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him in June, 1915, in recognition of his work in France while ambassador.

L. AMES BROWN
is a journalist of Washington, D. C., and a correspondent for a number of the important dailies. The University of North Carolina gave him the degree of Master of Arts as a mark of merit.

J. MATTERN,
Assistant Librarian at Johns Hopkins University, was for some time in the Catalogue Division of the Library of Congress. Later he assumed charge of the

Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor. He has contributed to numerous periodicals both here and abroad.

MARGARET SHERWOOD,
Associate Professor of English Literature at Weliesley College, received her A.B. degree from Vassar College in 1886, and her Ph.D. degree from Yale University in 1898. She is the author of several books which include: *An Experiment in Altruism; Henry Worthington, Idealist; Dryden's Dramatic Theory and Practice; The Princess Pourquoi; The Coming of The Tide,* and *The Worn Doorstep.*

CALE YOUNG RICE,
the Kentucky poet, is an old contributor to the REVIEW. His collections of verse are to be found in volumes under the titles *Song-Surf, Far Quests,* and *At the World's Heart.*

CHARLES WHARTON STORK,
a native of Philadelphia, resigned recently from his assistant professorship of English at the University of Pennsylvania in order to devote more time to his literary work. He has written for *The Scandinavian Review,* and has brought out a volume of *Selections from Fröding* which occasioned favorable comment. He is the author as well of *Day Dreams of Greece, The Queen of Orplede* and *Sea and Bay.*

GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER
is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, where she specialized in Greek and Latin. Much of her life has been spent in Paris and Rome, and while a resident in Italy she devoted her time to comprehensive and important critical work in Italian literature. Familiar essays of Mrs. Slaughter's are: *Paserto* and *Recent Italian Literature,* and *A Tale of Orion,* which is an imaginative Greek study.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1916

THE VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE

BY THE EDITOR

THE most striking of the many peculiarities which characterized the recent National Election was the predominance of the element of abstraction with respect to candidates. Never before perhaps has personality, except in so far as the term be regarded as synonymous with distinctive eminence, played so small a part. Neither President Wilson nor Mr. Hughes was a popular idol for whom, as for Lincoln, McClellan, Grant, Greeley, Blaine, Roosevelt, Bryan or even as for Tilden, Cleveland or McKinley, millions of votaries stood ready, if necessary, to sacrifice their all, even to their lives, from sheer devotion. The majority upheld the President, not for himself, but for what he had done or not done and for what they hoped he might do or not do, and an almost equal number voted for Mr. Hughes, from dissatisfaction with those very performances and avoidances. It was Peace (with honor, of course) *vs.* Patriotism (without war, of course)—and Prosperity, barely, tipped the scales. To the great mass of average minds the distinction seemed clear enough, but hardly as vital, while hearts remained untouched, and so the Nation was spared the excitement and shock which attended the similarly close results in 1876 and in 1884. Indeed, if we may speak with frank precision, the country as a whole, believing Mr. Hughes elected, retired complacent, and, waking to hear that Mr. Wilson had prob-

ably won, went about its accustomed tasks, neither glad nor sorry.

We said the country "as a whole,"—not as segregated parts. Far from it! While the first reports of the election of Mr. Hughes evoked expressions of satisfaction rather than of jubilance throughout the East, the unexpected announcement to the contrary came as a shock to millions of people in the cities. The streets became strangely still, as if the silent throngs were conscious of some great calamity about to befall them. It is the simple truth that upon the faces of men and women in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington such dismay has not been stamped since word came of the assassination of McKinley. And the reflection was in but small degree either of sympathy for Mr. Hughes or of aversion for Mr. Wilson; it was of hurt to the spirit, of humiliation and of shame that the Nation should deliberately stand forth before the world as not only selfish and sordid but unmindful of its obligations to either civilization or to its own honor.

We do not assert that the feeling thus displayed, contrary to habitual restraint, was fully warranted; indeed, we recognize exaggeration, if not distortion, in the impelling thought; but it did and does exist and is very real; as far removed from what the *World* calls "the cash-register patriotism of New York" as the sunlight of heaven is from utter darkness.

So much we say in passing, only by way of explanation to the great West, now exulting, according to its chief spokesman in Kansas, Mr. William Allen White, at having finally reduced the envied East to the position of "a subject province," and in the hope that invidious comparison of motives may not be permitted to engender sectional strife at a time when particularly, as the President truly says, there should be complete unity "in the interest of the great country that we all love."

Far be it from us to engage in controversy over the causes of the outcome of the election. Already nearly everybody has voiced his opinion and, so far as our observation goes, nearly everybody is right, at least in part. Since the successful party has no cause for complaint, the bickering necessarily is confined to the defeated opposition and it is not unnatural that each should blame the other and the other, each. Suppose, merely as a matter of passing in-

terest, we consider in turn the chief accusations and explanations advanced openly or furtively by those most directly concerned.

1. *Mr. Hughes.* "It was all his own fault; he ought not to have made so many speeches; his first trip was fatal; he should have stayed at home and made three or four set addresses and—" and so forth. Now let us see. Mr. Hughes first spoke in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota and Oregon, all of which he carried; so there can be no complaint. Of the other States which he visited he lost Idaho by 15,000, Washington by 12,000, Nevada by 5,000, Colorado by 60,000, Wyoming by 3,000, Nebraska by 20,000, Kansas by 30,000, Kentucky by 24,000, Tennessee by 40,000 and North Dakota by 1,700. Could any assumption be more absurd than that he might have overcome any one of these heavy majorities by "staying away"? Is it not far more probable that he barely saved Minnesota and Oregon? In any case, he actually lost nothing; that is clear; eliminating California, which shall have special consideration.

Of the direct advantage accruing from his subsequent speechmaking tours no doubt has been expressed. A more wonderful or more successful personal campaign was never made. Ohio was past redemption by the candidate unaided and Michigan and Wisconsin might have stood fast in any case, but there can be no question that Mr. Hughes personally won the scant majority of 8,000 in Indiana. Of the effect of his speeches in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, climaxed by the most remarkable reception ever known in Massachusetts nothing need be said.

We submit, therefore, that Mr. Hughes did his full part and more, meeting manfully and effectively conditions which imposed the severest physical and mental strain and rising to every occasion with vigor and power such as seldom, if ever, have been equaled and have never been surpassed. When the smoke of battle shall have rolled away, it will be found that he won the respect, the admiration and the hearty friendship of the vast number of his fellow-countrymen who have seen, heard and recognized in him a true American of the highest order in intelligence, sincerity, straightforwardness and courage. Surely this must be reckoned no small recompense for the great sacrifice which he made when he

forsook his exalted and valued place, in response to a call of duty to his country. And no less surely will come a broadening and deepening of realization by the whole people of the signal advantage gained by themselves in having themselves brought into the open and made free a man whom they now feel to be capable of meeting any emergency that may call for the best that the Republic can afford.

By this we do not mean to imply so much as a suggestion of future public service on the part of Mr. Hughes. It is, if we may use the apt designation affixed by Benjamin Franklin, as "one of the masters," that we welcome to our ranks the most notable acquisition of recent years, drafted as a recruit to be held by hand for counsel and in reserve for action.

2. *Mr. Roosevelt.* We have to confess that Our Colonel did not actually win any States for his candidate. Indeed, if the truth must be told, his fervid appeals seem to have produced adverse results, notably in communities where he was supposed to wield the greatest influence. The cowboys of Arizona, for example, increased Mr. Wilson's majority of 354 over all in 1912 to 10,278 in 1916 and in New Mexico changed a Republican-Progressive plurality of 5,643 four years ago to a Democratic plurality of 2,039. Likewise Colorado switched from a Democratic minority of 16,469 to a Democratic majority of 73,443 and Kansas from 51,297 minus to 37,628 plus. In all of the other States which Mr. Roosevelt visited, moreover, Mr. Wilson made distinct gains, Illinois alone responding handsomely to the blast from his horn.

But clearly it was not Our Colonel's strident speech that drove the moose away. It was the peace at any price except the price of hogs accentuated by a certain resentment at his withdrawal from Armageddon. Whether his campaigning did more harm than good no man can tell, but obviously it lost no electoral votes.

The sinister suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt deliberately connived at the defeat of Mr. Hughes through violent haranguing finds no warrant in evidence or attendant circumstance. At the beginning of the campaign he put himself unreservedly at the disposal of the managers. He would make no speeches, he would make a few or he would make many, as they might consider advisable. He must not be

asked to stultify himself by modifying views which he had already voiced as his settled convictions. That was the sole, the proper and the reasonable condition. With that understanding the management called for a greater number of speeches than his own judgment pronounced wise but, like a true rough rider, he went forth as bid and did his levelest.

An angel—and Our Colonel is no angel—could have done no more. We find his conduct without fault or blemish, even to his ante-election promise, subsequently discovered to have been superfluous, to refrain from attempting to influence the incoming Administration. He, too, remains among the masters, acquitted of guile, unsusceptible to the dream from the pipe and surcharged with helpful criticism for future use.

3. *Internal dissensions.* The internecine warfare which began with the nominations of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt four years ago did not end with the nomination of Mr. Hughes. The amalgamation of forces which ensued signified union only of heads and politics, not of hearts and principles, and had but one definite purpose,—to beat Wilson. Early expectation of an easy triumph served only to disintegrate the ranks, to induce strife between the rival leaders for subsequent control of the organization and to incite every secondary candidate to restrict his endeavors to his own canvass.

The most striking instance was afforded by Ohio, where Mr. Herrick had his own committee and organization and Mr. Willis had his and Mr. Hughes had none worthy of mention. This division of forces, supplemented by labor disaffection in the North and extraordinary efforts in Mr. Wilson's behalf on the part of the Miners' Union, brought inevitable disaster upon all. Otherwise, unless utterly neglected, Ohio would hardly have parted company with her neighboring States in maintaining unbroken loyalty to the Republican party.

Like conditions produced a like result in Utah, but elsewhere operated wholly to the disadvantage of the Presidential candidate. So it came about that, while Mr. McCumber in North Dakota and Mr. Poindexter in Washington were elected as Senators by large majorities and Governor Capper carried Kansas by a hundred thousand, the head of the ticket lost all three States.

And here enters California, queen of the Democratic harvest, whose vote would have given the Presidency to Mr. Hughes. With the column upon column of conflicting affirmations and denials of the two Old Guard and Progressive committeemen we need hardly concern ourselves. Nor can we regard as of vital importance, in a great National contest, a point of etiquette as between nominees. Three hundred thousand majority for Hiram Johnson for Senator and less than none for Charles E. Hughes, Hiram Johnson's avowed candidate for President! That is the one overpowering fact which dwarfs all explanations, whether of jealous Progressivism or of petty pique, and which will hardly be forgotten when the triumphant idol of California shall seek in Washington association with honorable men.

4. *Management.* Whether it shall the more profit a campaign manager to win or to lose an election is an academic question, whose timely discussion by Messrs. William R. Willcox and William F. McCombs in the New Rochelle forum we shall go miles to hear. Meanwhile, it is a matter of common fairness, if not of adequate recognition, to note that the task of reconciling irreconcilables which confronted Mr. Willcox at the outset was without parallel in political history and that, if the results in the territory which came under his personal supervision be considered a basis of judgment, he succeeded. And whether the extraordinary efforts put forth by the Western management to carry Kentucky and Tennessee were instigated by hope, expectancy or love of self-exploitation is immaterial, in view of the consequences in neighboring States, of whose political inclination the sapient Mr. Hert maintained an abysmal ignorance to the end. The wonder, under the circumstances, is less that Kansas, Nebraska and Ohio were lost than that Minnesota, Wisconsin and Indiana were saved to the opposition.

The truth of the matter is that the Republican party reaped where it had sowed. Having won at least three National elections since the Civil War through appeals to self-interest as sloganized by " the full dinner pail " and " let well enough alone," it was quite unable to withstand the force of its own plea when the relative positions of the two parties were reversed. If now complaint is made that the West of the present generation places materialism above idealism, pacifism above patriotism and existing conditions

above fundamental causes, the fault is traceable to Republican, not Democratic, teachings of the past. When McKinley won on Prosperity he paved the way for Wilson. The emancipated woman who was not raising her boy to be a soldier contributed much to the result, but nothing like as much as the man who was raising hogs for the slaughter and wheat to be sold at two dollars a bushel.

Mr. William Allen White tells us that Kansas "despised" Wilson, but voted for him because "not even the issue of National honor had its effect," as against what? He does not inform us, for reasons readily surmised; but the omission may with certainty be supplied with "considerations of their own material welfare."

That such a contrasting motive should actuate a great body of American citizens is surely cause of deep humiliation, but when we observe that in the last days of the campaign the Republicans, too, practically abandoned "the issue of National honor" and made higher wages through Protection the sole basis of their appeal to the workers, we find little ground for recrimination as between the East and the West, while the South, regardless of its interests or ideals, continues and seems likely to continue for years under negative negro domination,—for which also the Republican party is responsible.

Clearly, what the whole country needs, from Maine to California, from the lakes to the gulf, is a course in patriotism.

Turning with due deference to the chief sponsors of the Administration for accurate measurement of the mandate conveyed by the people, we note with particular gratification a capacious comprehension on the part of our neighbor the *Times* such as might have been expected from a contrite spirit. "How void of merit now seems the criticism of his policies at home and abroad!" implies more than mere confession of error in the past; it betokens, we should say, unwavering and unquestioning approbation of all that may be done or said in the future,—a resolve, we may remark, that will fetch joy to the heart of Mr. John O'Hop who, having failed to obtain the guidance which he sought, finally chose the candidate of our neighbor in preference to its principles, which now he, too, has reluctantly but definitely abandoned.

The *World's* interpretation is less expansive. Indeed, we seem to detect a note of warning, if not of apprehension, in words such as these:

> We should say that the President's re-election is a national testimonial to his purposes and his tendencies rather than a blanket indorsement of all his policies, for hundreds of thousands of citizens voted for Mr. Wilson who disagreed emphatically with him in many things that he had done. . . .
>
> Mr. Wilson's re-election does not mean that the country approves of everything that he has done. It does not mean that the country indorses his appointments as a whole or his measures as a whole or regards him as infallible.

And suspiciously of relief in the following:

> The possibility that the Republicans may be able to organize the House of Representatives in the new Congress more than a year hence is a prospect that even Democratic partisans should view philosophically.
>
> The Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Congresses have been going pretty fast. They have done many things which all parties have long promised and which the people undoubtedly wanted done, but the popular disposition has been to pause, to scrutinize the work under way and to await results. If these prove satisfactory the forward movement will be resumed later on.
>
> A situation such as this may prove to be an excellent thing for the country.

Here we find a wide divergence of judgment between the two leading advisers of the Administration equally deserving of consideration, the one for holding California, the other for carrying Kansas, and the two combined for the results in this immediate vicinity. Overnight the conservative and the radical seem to have exchanged places and, alas, we cannot but recognize that, circumstances being as they are, attempt at intervention on our part, even in the interest of harmonious team-play, would be resented as unseemly.

We supported Mr. Hughes and the Republican party in the recent campaign because, upon evidences set forth as clearly as lay within our power of expression, we believed they were better equipped to meet and master the present emergency than Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party. We

still think so. But we are none the less convinced of the truth of our assertion immediately following the conventions that "under the guidance of either Hughes or Wilson, the country is safe as a clock." We do not pretend that the hope which we now cherish is as satisfying as the confidence which we should have felt if the result had been otherwise, but we gladly recognize the possibilities, even the probabilities, of praiseworthy achievement under an Administration to whose qualifications invaluable experience has now come to supplement the discernment and resolution which it has never lacked.

President Wilson began his first term as the choice of a minority of his countrymen. He continues by decree of a clear majority, whose approval has been won, as seldom before, by his own acts, in spite of, rather than in co-ordination with, the performances of his associates in Cabinet and in Congress. Whatever of doubt there may have been as to the attitude of the people towards the President no longer exists. The fact that, under our electoral system, the change of a few votes would have reversed the outcome of the election fades into insignificance in the face of nearly half a million majority of the popular vote. Nor to our mind should the disapproval manifested by Mr. Wilson's own region and his own State, extending even to his own county, his own township and his own voting precinct, cause more than a momentary chagrin, quickly dissipated by the evidence thereby afforded by the nationalism, as contrasted with the usual parochialism, of his triumph. Out of the wondrous kindness engendered by fellow feeling, we adduce for his comfort, no less than for our own, the familiar adage respecting the traditional standing of a prophet in his own country.

We have little patience with those in the West who exultingly or those in the East who despairingly pronounce the re-election of President Wilson a sectional event and even less with any American who hesitates for a moment to acquiesce unreservedly in the verdict rendered. Either, as Jefferson declared, "absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority" is in truth "the vital principle of republics" and essential to our own Government or democracy is a ghastly failure. If it shall transpire that a mistake was made last month, we all know that it was not the first and

we must all realize that it cannot be the last. This greatest of republics would have perished long ago but for the ability and readiness of its citizens to rectify an error and to profit from a lesson. Invariably the ultimate judgment of the people has proved itself and so strong is our own faith that we feel by no means certain that even tentatively in this instance it has been at fault. God only knows and Time alone can tell.

For ourselves, while cordially felicitating President Wilson upon the popular approval which he has won, largely, in our opinion, as a reward for the faithfulness with which he has performed his difficult tasks, we tender our hearty congratulations upon his achievement far less of an evanescent personal triumph than of a glorious opportunity. His is now a clean slate. The past is past. Whatever errors have been committed have been condoned by the people. All eyes turn to the future where great events await.

"I want to say," President Wilson declared simply at Williamstown, "that now the campaign is over we must think of only one thing, and that is not of parties but of the interest of the great country we all love. Let us forget all our differences and unite for common service. Only in that way can we work for the great Nation that has given us liberty and peace."

We could ask no better words, no finer pledge. Fulfilment to the letter on the part no less of the President himself than of his subordinates is the one requisite of real success and true greatness.

Four years ago, also as a public servant charged with certain responsibilities, we held ourselves "free and glad to commend generously" all acts of the new Administration that we should deem praiseworthy and "equally free and ready to criticize freely or condemn unsparingly" whatever we should adjudge deserving of censure. That pledge to the people, which thus far has been maintained to the best of our judgment and ability, we now renew, precisely as we should have made it anew if Charles Evans Hughes, instead of Woodrow Wilson, had been elected President of the United States.

This century-old North American Review has no favors to ask nor to grant. It is neither pussyfooter nor neutral. It delights in glowing praise and cannot be deterred from unquailing criticism. It is neither Democrat nor Repub-

lican. It is whole hearted, free and independent. And if it should ever for one moment in its second century or thereafter cease to be a patriot, we pray that it may be struck dead.

GUESSING AGAIN

While modestly disclaiming the slightest disposition to extol unduly our own political prescience, we cannot conscientiously refrain at this time from directing attention to the fact that the recent election furnishes the long-desired exception requisite to the establishment of a rule. Not soon again, we imagine, in view of this timely and fortuitous circumstance, will the most venturesome of our esteemed contemporaries have the hardihood to question the accuracy of any forecast that we may feel warranted in putting to hazard. In any case, though the margin was small, we hold the proof of the exception to be conclusive and a cause rather of congratulation than of disappointment on the part of our daily friends, with whom we have occasion to differ at times with respect to matters of public policy.

Whether or not such was, in fact, the viewpoint of our neighbor the *World* when it remarked with characteristic terseness "Colonel George Harvey also prophesied" we can only surmise; but it may not be amiss, by way of contrast, to mark the distinction between anticipation and realization and to note that what we had merely predicted the *World* actually heralded, after the event, as having happened. Its ingenuous manifestation of amazement at our mistake in prognostication, as contrasted with its absence of surprise at its own error in fact, we accept gratefully as a generous tribute based upon the respective records of the past.

Simultaneously and promptly, lest the requirements of courtesy be disregarded inadvertently, we acknowledge receipt of "a bunch of immortelles" from our neighbor the *Herald*. Unhappily, however, since we find upon examination that the *Herald's* famous and most interesting poll placed in the wrong column fifteen States having 129 electoral votes, while our prediction assigned to Mr. Hughes erroneously but nine States having only 53 electoral votes, we feel constrained to return the flowers.

The narrowness of the margin, indeed, by which we achieved the exception to which we have referred is indicated by the simple fact that Mr. Hughes fell only fourteen votes short of the 269 which we predicted would go to him and would have received 268 and been elected but for the inexplicable contrariness of California. Truly, in the vernacular of the tonsorial parlors, a close shave,—but a poor guess; a very poor guess, indeed.

We have striven earnestly to effect a seeming reconciliation between what the *Evening Post* irritatingly calls our "foresight" and our "hindsight"; we have placed the two tabulations side by side; we have turned them upside down and scrutinized them downside up; we have held them to the light; we have reiterated "if" till the word refuses to form; but quite without avail.

We reprint the following letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr. (or Miss) A. B. Mavitt for the sole reason that it would be ungracious not to do so:

To the Editor of The New York *Times:*

In view of the general tendency to belittle Colonel George Harvey as an election forecaster permit me to say a word in his defense.

Colonel Harvey predicted that Mr. Hughes would carry twenty-three specified States. Mr. Hughes actually carried fourteen of them. I therefore award Colonel Harvey a mark of 61 per cent. on prediction. As 60 per cent. is generally accepted in colleges as a passing mark, it is evident that Colonel Harvey has a margin of safety of 1 per cent. Not a large margin, truly, but margins are being cut smaller this year.

Colonel Harvey expected that Mr. Hughes would carry Indiana and Wisconsin. The doughty Colonel thus scores 100 per cent. on expectation. It is clear that, if he had expected more and predicted less, Mr. Hughes would have been elected.

Colonel Harvey believed Mr. Hughes would carry Delaware, Ohio and Maryland. We give him 33 per cent. on belief. This is his only failure. Faith is generally regarded as a virtue, but Colonel Harvey's faith falls little short of credulity.

Colonel Harvey allotted thirteen specified States to President Wilson. He gets 10 per cent. on allotment. He regarded seven States as doubtful. The fact that President Wilson carried six of them does not militate against Colonel Harvey's original right to an honest doubt. We are compelled, therefore, to mark him 100 per cent. on doubt.

Colonel Harvey's final statement was: "Hughes surely wins. Probable majority for Hughes between 145 and 175." This stag-

gered me at first, but on reflection I perceived that he was speaking of Minnesota and inadvertently omitted to mention the name of the State. We think 10 per cent. a fair debit for this omission, and we deduct an additonal 5 per cent. for inaccuracy, as the Minnesota figures now stand at a little over 200. We therefore award him 85 per cent. on Minnesota.

The candidate's (not the 100 per cent. candidate) general average is, therefore, 76 per cent.—a high mark. For it is a familiar principle of weather lore that all signs fail in dry weather; and this has been an exceedingly arid campaign.

We maintain that on this showing Colonel Harvey is entitled to rank as one of the Major Prophets.

We appreciate the considerateness and admire the ingenuity of the explanation, but find it more soothing than convincing.

We have only to add somewhat drearily that any person apprized by experience of the difficulty of divining what one woman may do should know better than even to guess at what three millions of women are likely to do. Frankly, but for the need noted of parading an exception to prove a rule, as a political Isaiah, we should be up a tree,—a trying position always but, even so, less perilous than falling off a fence at the last moment, after the fashion of the *Evening Post*.

Meanwhile, unless other journalistic submarines resume operations, we shall, in strict conformity with the approved policy of our Government at Washington which still lives, regard the prophesying incident as closed until disavowed.

ELECTORAL VOTE AND ELECTORAL COLLEGE

The election has given rise to a great revival of interest, largely hostile, in the electoral system of choosing the President and Vice-President. The editor of a metropolitan newspaper reports that his desk has been flooded with letters, from apparently intelligent people and non-aliens, asking, What is meant by the Electoral Vote? Of how much importance is it in the election? What is the Electoral College? Why do we have it? Why do we not abolish it? Other letters, from correspondents who know what the electoral system is, urge that that system should be abolished. This latter view is also taken by a number of leading newspapers, demanding abolition of the system as "an obsolete

relic of aristocracy," and calling for direct election of the President and Vice-President by popular vote, as United States Senators are now elected.

Now the letters first mentioned, which were a sad reality, doubtless betray a most deplorable and amazing ignorance of the American Constitution, particularly when we consider that in the common schools children scarce entering their teens are required to study that document. It is well to require alien candidates for naturalization to be able to read the Constitution, as a *sine qua non* of citizenship. But what shall it profit us if all the naturalized citizens read it, and all the native citizens read it not? Moreover, the views expressed by those who do understand what the electoral vote and the Electoral College are, and those of the papers which incontinently demand a sweeping away of the whole system, betray a scarcely less reprehensible misapprehension of the real purport of the system; and those who ask that the electoral system shall be altogether abolished, so that the President and Vice-President shall be elected by the popular vote of the nation at large, as Senators are now elected, disclose an ignorance, or an ignoring, of the fact that no such result would thus be attained.

It is quite true that the electoral system originated partly in a distrust of the impeccable wisdom of the popular vote; or in belief that the popular will could in this matter best be executed through a deliberative assembly. There was then no thought of making the Presidency a partisan political office, or of having the President nominated by a political party. That office was to stand aloof from partisanship, just as a constitutional monarch, or as the French President, does. To that end the people were to choose a body of so-called electors, who should not as at present perfunctorily register a popular choice which was made long before they themselves were chosen, but who should actually meet as a deliberative body, discuss various eligible candidates, and choose those whom they considered best fitted. It was to be actual selection and election by a representative body instead of by popular vote, just as laws were to be and are made by a representative Congress and not by mass conventions of the whole people; excepting that the electors of each State were to meet by themselves in that State, and not unite in a national assembly.

That was a logical scheme, and it had some theoretical

advantages. But it did not last long. After the eight years of Washington's Administration, party politics waxed dominant, and by Jefferson's time electors were being chosen with the distinct understanding that they were to vote for candidates already selected by popular preference, or by the party leaders. For more than a hundred years, therefore, that part of the original purport of the system has been a dead letter. Electors have been chosen to do nothing more than to record the popular will, expressed in advance; a purely clerical function. Such a thing as an elector exercising his own choice or judgment, in distinction from that of the party convention, is unheard-of. In voting for a group of electors, the people of a State vote as certainly and as directly for a certain man for President, as though the electoral college were abolished and only the names of the Presidential candidates were upon the ticket.

This fact is further emphasized by the record. Since the present party nomination system was established there have been only three elections in which the man chosen by the electoral vote was not the one who received the majority, or at least a plurality, of the popular vote of the nation at large. Those three cases occurred in exceptional circumstances, which deprived them of any significance in the direction of defeating the popular will by the electoral college. In one of them, the election of John Quincy Adams, the choice was thrown into the House of Representatives. In one, that of the Hayes-Tilden contest, the election was submitted to an extra-constitutional Commission. In the third, that of Harrison in 1888, the almost total suppression of the votes of one party in a number of States gave to the other party an undue proportion of the popular vote of the nation. In every other case for a full century and more, the Electoral College has ratified the popular preference. The demand that the electoral system shall be abolished because of its thwarting of the popular will, is therefore without adequate foundation.

But there was another purpose in establishing the electoral vote system, quite different from that which we have been considering, and one which has not become obsolete, but which is to-day as vital and as desirable as ever. That was, and is, the preservation of the individuality and the rights of the States, and the giving of the States a certain voice in national affairs as States. In that respect the

Electoral College, or the electoral vote,—for we must discriminate between them, as we shall presently see,—is an analogue of Congress. In Congress States have a dual representation, one on the basis of statehood, the other on the basis of population. In the Senate all States are equal, each having two Senators. New York and Nevada are at par. In the House of Representatives States are not equal. They have representation and voting power in proportion to their population. New York is equal to forty-three Nevadas. Of course that gives, in the joint vote of both houses, the small States a strength disproportionate to their population. But that is simply what we may describe as a perquisite of statehood.

Now exactly that same principle, for exactly that same purpose, exists in the electoral vote system. It is provided that every State, small or large, shall have two votes in the Electoral College in token of its statehood; just as it has two Senators in the Congress. Beyond that, it shall have other votes in the Electoral College in proportion to its population; just as it has Representatives in the House. Thus Delaware, with about 50,000 voters, has three electoral votes —two for its statehood and one for its population. New York, with 1,500,000 voters, has 45 electoral votes—two for its statehood and 43 for its population. If they were all on the basis of population, and if Delaware had three, New York would have 90 instead of 45.

This system also serves as a protection to the smaller States, and to those in which elections are close, against being swamped by some abnormally large majority in a single State, or in a few States. To suppose a case which may seem extreme but which is by no means impossible: Let us suppose that forty-seven of the States, omitting New York, voted for a certain candidate by average majorities of ten thousand; making a total majority for him of 470,000. And let us suppose that, through some exceptional circumstance, New York gave for the other candidate a majority of 500,000. Then, on the basis of direct popular vote, the candidate favored by just this one State alone would be elected, by a majority of 30,000. We do not believe that would be satisfactory. We believe that in such a case the average American citizen would think it better that the other candidate be seated, even though he had a minority of the popular vote. Moreover, there would be far greater

danger of such things happening than there now is of the electoral vote going contrary to the popular vote.

There are, undoubtedly, some grave objections to the electoral system. But they are directed against the Electoral College rather than against the electoral vote; between which, as we have already said, we must discriminate. The Electoral College is an empty and unprofitable form. It is cumbersome. It puts us in constant danger of awkward complications, such as a candidate's proving to be unqualified, or his dying when there is no time to fill the vacancy before election. There is also the very real danger of "split tickets," which has not infrequently been realized, and which is a great evil. It is perfectly safe to say that whenever the electoral vote of a State is divided, the popular will is defeated. This will be obvious upon analysis of a suppositious case. In a certain State there are ten electors. The election is close. The Democrats carry it for nine of their electors, by a majority of a thousand. But the tenth candidate for elector, though quite eligible, has made himself personally unpopular in some one community of the State, so that a thousand Democrats, who vote for all the other nine, refuse on purely personal grounds to vote for him. He is defeated, and a Republican is elected in his place. Yet every one of the Democrats who refused to vote for him wanted the Democratic candidate for the Presidency to be elected. They did not want to refuse to vote for a Democratic President; they simply did not want to vote for that one elector, and that not as an elector but as a man. So the will of the State is defeated. By a majority of a thousand it wanted ten votes cast for a certain candidate, but in fact only nine were cast for him and one went to his opponent. There have been many such split tickets in recent years, and it is quite possible that at any election such a splitting of a ticket may decide the result, and the popular will thus be defeated.

It will be observed that Kansas this year guarded against such a contingency by providing by law that all electors should be voted for *en bloc*. The constitutionality of that enactment has been questioned by some, but we should hope not successfully. Whether constitutional or not, it is in accord with common sense and justice, and with the clear intent of our electoral system. The undisputable intent is that the electoral vote of each State shall be cast solidly.

It was not so originally, when the electors were not bound by party nominations for President and Vice-President; but it is so now. It would be absurd to say that any citizen of, for example, New York wishes the vote to be divided, and forty of the electoral votes to be cast for one candidate and the other five for another. Those who omit for personal reasons to vote for certain candidates and thus cause a splitting of the electoral vote, have no such absurd desire. They want the whole electoral ticket to be elected, though they trust to the votes of others to elect some of its members against whom they have some personal grudge.

It is quite obvious that this serious evil of split tickets could be avoided, along with the other objections to the electoral system which we have noted, not by abolishing the whole system and thus sacrificing its desirable if not indispensable qualities, nor yet by the Kansas plan, which avoids one evil but not the others, but rather by the logical expedient of abolishing the Electoral College but retaining the electoral vote. That means that there would be no electors chosen. There would be no electors' names on the tickets. There would be merely the names of the candidates for President and Vice-President, and the people would vote directly for them. But the result of the polling would be not to cast so large a popular majority for the successful candidate, but to order that the State's quota of electoral votes should be cast for him. Thus in this year's election, New York State, for example, would have been reckoned not as giving 115,000 popular majority for Hughes, to be reckoned among the popular majorities of the other States, but would be reckoned as casting 45 electoral votes for him, to be reckoned among the electoral votes of the other States.

We should thus get rid of the obsolete, cumbersome and actually evil features of the present system, and at the same time should retain and even strengthen its good features. We do not believe that even the strongest opponents of "State Rights" are in favor of abolishing statehood altogether and merging the entire nation into a single electorate. To do that would be a greater revolution than that of 1776. It would abolish the very name of United States. But if that is not to be done, and if statehood, with its distinctions and powers and privileges, is to be preserved, then it is essential that in national affairs each State shall have, as an inalienable quality of statehood, a certain measure of

equality with every other State. We have already referred to the error of supposing, as some do, that abolition of the electoral vote system would be analogous with the abolition of legislative election of Senators. The abolition of the Electoral College but retention of the electoral vote, which we have advocated, would be analogous with it. For while the people now vote directly for Senators, they vote for an arbitrarily fixed number for the State, a number the same in all States and being in recognition of statehood. So under the system which we have outlined the people would vote directly for President and Vice-President, but they would do so with an arbitrarily fixed potency in each State, and a potency which recognized the attributes of statehood. The election of a President would then be exactly analogous with the election of Congress. Each State, small or large, would have the privilege of casting two electoral votes, just as it now elects two Senators; and of casting additional votes in proportion to its population, just as it now elects Representatives; and its popular majority would not be taken into the reckoning, just as now it does not matter whether it elects a Senator by a majority of one or of one million.

And this is desirable, rather than the utter sweeping away of the electoral system, because after all this is the United States and the President is President of the United States. It was long ago decided, once and forever, that States could not by seceding destroy the Nation. We do not think that we are ready to have the Nation abolish the States.

CODLIN AND SHORT IN POLAND

"Codlin's the friend; not Short." Germany's the friend; not Russia. That is the siren song with which the Central Powers now seek to lure ravished Poland into anti-Russian revolt; not for the least love of Poland, but in the hope thus to embarrass Russia and to force a diversion of the pressure which that Power is exerting on the eastern battle front. With a great flourish of trumpets and fine phrases the Poles are told that their "ancient kingdom is reborn," and that "the glorious traditions of the ancient Polish armies shall revive." To all of which, however,

several perfectly obvious and uncommonly strong strings are attached.

It will be remembered that this blandishment of the Teutonic Codlin follows at an interval of more than two years after similar but in some respects more definite and attractive overtures from the Muscovite Short; made for a corresponding purpose, and now officially repeated and reaffirmed with circumstance. It was in August, 1914, a few weeks after the beginning of the war, that Russia proclaimed the restoration of the old Polish kingdom. Nobody supposed that it was for any love for the Poles, or was with a disinterested desire to atone for the wrong which had been done to that nation generations ago. It was recognized to be a war measure, pure and simple; intended to rally the Poles to the Russian standard and to avert the embarrassment that would be caused by having a rebellious or a disaffected Poland on the Russo-German frontier. In those respects it was similar to this German offer, or promise. But in others it was preferable to it.

Thus the Russian proclamation stated frankly that the new King of Poland would be the Russian Emperor; establishing a dynastic union between autonomous Poland and Russia somewhat like that between Austria and Hungary; or perhaps more like that which formerly existed between the Grand Duchy of Finland and Russia. That arrangement would doubtless be quite satisfactory to the overwhelming majority of the Polish people. They have no national dynasty. In old days they were accustomed to elect their kings, often from foreign courts, and from non-royal families, very much as France elects her Presidents; and they would have no objection to the Czar as their king, under constitutional guarantees. But the German proclamation, it will be observed, makes no promise concerning the king, but leaves it to be assumed that he will be a prince of Germany's selection and appointment, presumably a German prince, if not, indeed, one of the Kaiser's own younger sons. That is one of the strings which are attached to the gift, and it may be pretty confidently said that it is not calculated to be satisfactory to the Poles.

The Teutonic proclamation does not indicate the boundaries of the new Poland, but says that they "shall be outlined later." That is the second string attached to the promise; the three-fold strength of which is clearly inti-

mated. First, the boundaries are not to include any part of Posen or Prussian Silesia. Second, they are not to include Austrian Silesia, Galicia or Bukowina; but Austria will give to those provinces a special government of their own, under the rule of her emperor; similar, we may assume, to that under which Bohemia and Croatia have suffered chronic dissatisfaction. Third, therefore, they are to comprise nothing but Russian Poland, and only such portions of it as the Central Powers may succeed in taking from Russia by conquest. At best, therefore, the bid of the German Codlin for Polish favor is only about half as great, if indeed it is half as great, as that of the Russian Short.

There remains to be noted the third German string. That is seen in the statement with respect to the new national army which is to be formed. "The organization, instruction and command of this army," says the German pronunciamento, "shall be arranged by common agreement"; by agreement, that is to say, between Germany and Austria on the one side and Poland on the other. It would not be easy to say, in diplomatic periphrasis and euphemy, more explicitly and unmistakably, that the Polish army is to be under Prussian command and is to form an adjunct to the armies of the Central Powers. If we add to this the statement that the new kingdom is to have its guarantee of independence in "its intimate relations with both Powers," —to wit, Germany and Austria-Hungary—we may translate the whole story into the language of the man in the street, thus: "If the Poles will help the Central Powers take Poland from Russia, they may have it for their own under German suzerainty."

From the practical point of view, the overture comes too late. Russian Poland now exists only in ruins. It has been so ravaged by its German invaders that it can afford no strength nor advantage to its possessor, save to give its citizens to be "cannon fodder." Apart from that, possession of it would be a source of weakness rather than of strength. Save for the "cannon fodder" Germany would be better off without it than with it. We must regard the decree of autonomy, therefore, as a device of desperation. Germany has invaded and occupied Russian Poland, and has reduced it to the condition of a desert inhabited by starving wastrels. She cannot advance beyond it, and she cannot retire from it without acknowledging defeat. So,

since she must remain there, she makes this proclamation; thinking that it may lure into her army those of the Poles who have survived the besom of destruction with which she has swept their land, and may thus do her a little good and cause Russia some embarrassment. But the effect of it upon the progress of the war, or upon the settlement of affairs after the war, is likely to be a negligible quantity.

ARE AMERICANS POOR FARMERS?

Are we poor farmers? There was once a tradition that this was the greatest agricultural country in the world. Yet here we have been for some years actually importing agricultural products for our own consumption. And here is the President, in his first public address since the election, charging the high cost of living against our insufficient crops. "We ought," he says, "to raise such big crops that circumstances like the present can never recur, when men can make it appear as if the supply was so short that the middleman could charge for it what he pleased."

There is no doubt that the President is right. We ought to produce enough from our farms and gardens and orchards to supply our own needs at reasonable prices, and to make us secure against any such speculative manipulation of the market as that which the President alleges.

It is not so obvious, however, that the President is altogether right in another of his statements in the same address. "In the future," he says, "we have got to bring more of the area of the United States under cultivation than is under cultivation now." That may be. Doubtless it will be, with the inevitable increase of population. Of the continental United States, excluding Alaska, only about one-half is in farm land, and only about one-third is actually improved and cultivated. In Germany about 91 per cent of the total land area is under some form of cultivation. We may not be able ever to attain quite to that high percentage. But if we attained only two-thirds of it, we should be doubling our present cultivated area.

All that will come, in time. But there is good reason for thinking that the more immediate need is not what the President suggests, an increase of cultivated area, but rather an increased productiveness of the area now under tillage. Per-

haps this will be made clear through a comparison of the United States with Germany.

Now the United States contains about 17 acres of land for each inhabitant, while Germany contains only about two acres and a quarter for each. Still more to the present purpose, the United States has eight and a half acres of farm land, or nearly six acres of actually cultivated land, for each inhabitant, while Germany has only a slight fraction over two acres. That is to say, we are, in proportion to our population, cultivating nearly three times as much land as Germany. Yet we produce so little that it is possible, according to the President's view of present conditions, for speculative middlemen to corner the market and force prices up to an artificial and abnormal figure, while Germany, girt about by an iron ring, manages to be self-sustaining.

The reason of this contrast becomes clear upon a comparison of our agricultural efficiency, as expressed in productiveness, with that of Germany. Let us take three of the principal farm crops, which are very largely raised in both countries. The United States has long vaunted itself as the foremost wheat raising country of the world, though it is that no longer, having now to yield place to Russia. It has in recent years increased its productiveness from an average of twelve or thirteen to nearly seventeen bushels to the acre. But in Germany the yield averages about thirty-one and a half bushels to the acre. Our crop of oats, too, is large and important, for human food as well as for horses. But we produce an average of only thirty bushels to the acre, while Germany produces fifty-eight. Greatest of all is the contrast in potatoes, a crop which has always been of prime importance for food for both men and animals, and which in late years has become important, also, in the arts, as a source of alcohol for industrial purposes. Its yield in this country varies somewhat according to the weather of the seasons, but averages about ninety-five bushels to the acre; while in Germany it averages more than 205 bushels.

Now it is obvious that if we could make our cultivation of the land as efficient as that of Germany, from our present cultivated area we should produce nearly twice as much as we now do. It is true that the cost of farm labor here is much higher than it is there. Yet there are some compensating conditions in our favor; and if farmers should get twice their present yield from each acre, they could easily

afford to spend more for labor. The least profitable farming is that in which a low rate of production is had on a large area. The most profitable is that in which intensive culture produces a large yield on a small area.

It is in scientific knowledge and adaptation of the soil, and in the use of fertilizers, that we lag behind Germany and other countries. It is in them that we need to make progress. To that end it would have been more to the point for the President to have said, not that we must get a larger area under cultivation, but that we must get larger returns from the area which we already have under cultivation.

THE BRITISH BLACKLIST

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

FEW acts of the British Government during this war have been more widely misunderstood and, as a consequence, less favorably received in the United States than its publication last July of the so-called "blacklist." It staggered some of the warmest among the many warm supporters of the Allied cause in America. The pro-Germans fell upon it with a whoop of joy. The Press all but unanimously denounced it. Legitimate apprehensions and fantastic misapprehensions at once gathered around it. Some exceedingly plain-spoken language was used on the subject in Congress and the President was actually armed with certain powers of retaliation which he has not yet thought fit to use. Leagues were formed among traders in New York and elsewhere to urge vigorous action upon the Government. Protests poured into the State Department from places as remote from the scene of the European war as Manila and San Francisco. "Quite the most tactless, foolish and unnecessary act of the British Government during the war," wrote one of the sanest of the New York journals. Both in the popular and the official mind the "blacklist," it was very clear, aroused an equal degree of anxiety and resentment. It was felt to be an unwarrantable encroachment on "neutral rights." That it offended against international law was universally assumed. The discovery was even made that it violated a moral principle. "Morally, of course," declared the New York *Times*, "the thing is indefensible." Nobody apparently had a good word of any kind to say for this unclean offspring of an arrogant diplomacy. The best friends of the Allies could but shake their heads over it in mournful silence or disavowal. The "man in the street" became obsessed with the idea that the "blacklist" was the first clear sign of a British plot to "dominate the commerce

of the world." He had heard of the economic conference of the Allies at Paris. Here, he was convinced, he encountered its results in actual operation and in a highly sinister form. He pictured Great Britain as blacklisting, if necessary, the whole American continent, and he conveniently forgot to ask himself how such a proceeding would benefit British trade. I do not, indeed, know how any subject, least of all one of such transparent simplicity and directness, could have lent itself to greater distortions.

Even the State Department proved to be not immune from the prevailing hallucinations. On July 26, Mr. Polk, as Acting Secretary of State, addressed a note to the British Government that will scarcely, I think, rank among the happiest efforts of American diplomacy. It spoke of "The most painful surprise" with which the blacklist had been received by the people and Government of the United States; of the "harsh and even disastrous effects" it might have upon American trade and neutral rights; and of the limitless possibilities "of serious and incalculable interruption" to neutral commerce that were latent in it. Mr. Polk detected in the blacklist a principle that might render even American citizens in the United States liable to "punishment" should they choose to have business dealings with the proscribed firms. It "brushed aside," he announced, the main safeguards that had hitherto protected neutrals in time of war. It was "inevitably and essentially inconsistent with the rights of the citizens of all nations not involved in the war." In words of a sharpness unusual in diplomatic communications, Mr. Polk asserted of the blacklist that "it condemns without hearing, without notice and in advance." It was, he went on, "manifestly out of the question" that the Government of the United States should acquiesce "in such methods and applications of punishment to its citizens." While disclaiming any intention to shield Americans from the "legitimate consequences of unneutral acts or practices" he was accordingly constrained to call the attention of the British Government "in the gravest terms" to the "many serious consequences to neutral rights and neutral relations" which the blacklist "must necessarily involve." He wound up by opining that the British Government, being much absorbed in other directions, had acted in this matter without due reflection.

If the manner of this dispatch was not ingratiating, its

matter suffered from the more serious blemish of being for the most part irrelevant. A great many of Mr. Polk's arguments were directed to what might happen if the blacklist were something totally different from what it is. Hardly once did he come to close quarters with its actual scope or purpose or effects and never once did he, nor as a trained lawyer could he, challenge the principle on which it rests. The perils he saw, or thought he saw, in it, and against which he declaimed so vigorously, were almost wholly imaginary. The consequences that he assumed as flowing from its enforcement could be produced only by a measure to which the blacklist bears but the smallest resemblance. There was, indeed, nothing in his note to show that he had mastered the case he set out to destroy. He was throughout tilting not at the blacklist as it is but at some legendary caricature of it that never had a genuine existence and never could have so long as the British Government retains even a modicum of political sanity. The real value of Mr. Polk's dispatch was that it summarised most of the fears and not a little of the confusion of thought to which the discussion of the subject has given rise in the United States during the past few months. Those fears and that confusion of thought still to some extent exist. Within the last week or two I have come across statements on the blacklist that were at least as remote from the facts as, let us say, the average communiqué of the German Admiralty.

Yet the facts are quite simple. The British Government has forbidden all British subjects in the United Kingdom to trade with certain specified firms and individuals in the United States. In doing so it is acting, of course, absolutely within its rights. That, I believe, has not been and cannot be disputed by anyone. It is one of the clearest and most fundamental prerogatives of a sovereign State to control in whatever way it pleases the trading relations of its own subjects. No issue of international law can possibly arise in this connection, any more than it can arise when a Government forbids its subjects to import certain commodities, as the British Government has constantly done during the war. Such prohibitions fall entirely within the category of those rights the exercise of which is inherent in every State merely because it is a State. It is not a matter of international law at all, but simply and solely of municipal law. If the British or any other Government chooses to put a stop to commer-

cial relations between its nationals and certain persons in foreign lands and to impose penalties on such of its subjects as may disobey the order, that is altogether its own affair. No outside Government can challenge, none as a matter of fact has challenged, its liberty to do so. Certainly from the United States Government there has come no word of criticism that would even distantly suggest that Great Britain, in enacting these restrictions, was offending against any canon of international law or overstepping even by an inch the privileges that are inalienable from independence. You may criticise the policy of the blacklist from the standpoint of expediency or effectiveness; you may say that its military value is out of all proportion to the irritation it arouses; but you cannot deny its validity as an instrument of sovereignty. The New York journal which observed that the first thing to be said about it was that "Americans do not derive their right to trade from the consent of the British Government," very cleverly missed the whole point. The right of Americans to trade is not affected in any way by the blacklist. What is affected is the right of British subjects to trade with them; and that right can be abridged by the British Government in whatever fashion British interests demand. Great Britain by issuing a blacklist impairs no privilege or liberty of any American citizen, penalizes them not at all. They lie entirely outside its jurisdiction, and it claims no sort of authority over their affairs except such as is conceded by international law to every belligerent. The people whose trade the blacklist restricts are British subjects. The people upon whom falls the punishment for evading these restrictions are also British subjects. It is impossible therefore to pretend that in formulating these restrictions and instituting these penalties the British Government is in any single particular acting *ultra vires*.

That much being established, let us see what the blacklist is and what it does. It forbids British subjects *in the United Kingdom* to trade with certain firms and individuals in the United States. I have italicised the words "in the United Kingdom" because the impression prevails in America that the prohibition applies to the whole British Empire and to all British subjects wherever resident. That is not so. It is confined to those British subjects that are resident and carry on business within the area of the United Kingdom. To make it operative throughout the Empire would necessi-

tate the passing of similar legislation and the publication of an identical blacklist in every Crown Colony, Dependency, and self-governing Dominion under the British flag. Nothing of the kind has been attempted or even thought of. To make it operative, again, in neutral countries and wherever British subjects have planted themselves outside of British jurisdiction, would be flatly impossible. The blacklist, I must repeat, only prohibits trading between British subjects *in the United Kingdom* and certain corporations—about thirty in number—and certain individuals—about eighty in number—in the United States. There is nothing in it to prevent a British subject in Canada, for instance, or the Argentine from continuing and developing whatever commercial relations he may have with the American firms and persons named in the blacklist.

Another misconception which is singularly prevalent in the United States is that the blacklist is aimed with invidious sharpness at America and at American trade. That is the very reverse of the facts. In the first place the American blacklist is only one of many such lists. The British Government has found it necessary to cut down the trade of British subjects with firms not only in the United States but in every other neutral country without exception. More than that, it has cut down the trade of British subjects with firms and individuals domiciled in the countries of its Allies. There is, for example, a blacklist in Japan, readily concurred in and loyally supported by the Japanese Government. That disposes completely of the notion that Americans and American commerce have been singled out for special discrimination. United States citizens stand in this respect precisely on the same footing as the nationals of all other neutral lands. But the idea that the blacklist is directed against American or Brazilian trade or the trade of any other non-belligerent country rests on a hopeless misconception of its purpose. Its purpose, and its sole purpose, is to damage Germany. It has no other object in the world except to hamper Germany's commercial operations, diminish her resources, and so impair her capacity to maintain the war. Until that is grasped, until it is thoroughly realized that the blacklist is a defensive military measure expressing itself in terms of commerce but directed exclusively against the Central Powers, there can be no real approach to understanding it.

It follows from this that no firm has been placed on the blacklist either in the United States or elsewhere unless the British Government is satisfied that it is actively engaged in assisting the enemy. What qualifies a firm for inclusion in the blacklist, what makes it necessary to prohibit British subjects in the United Kingdom from having any dealings with it, is its German nationality or its German associations. A New York house carrying on a legitimate and genuinely neutral business with another house in Argentina or Holland or even dealing in non-contraband goods with Germany itself, has nothing to fear from the blacklist. But a New York house that actively espouses the German cause and uses its trading connections to add to Germany's military strength, is not unnaturally an object of British suspicion. There are many such German or semi-German firms all over the world. Viscount Grey, in his note of October 10, said:

> The experience of the war has proved abundantly, as the United States Government will readily admit, that many Germans in neutral countries have done all in their power to help the cause of their own country and to injure that of the Allies. In fact, it would be no exaggeration to say that German houses abroad have in a large number of cases been used as an integral part of an organization deliberately conceived and planned as an engine for the furtherance of German political and military ambitions. It is common knowledge that German business establishments in foreign countries have been not merely centres of German trade, but active agents for the dissemination of German political and social influence and for the purpose of espionage. In some cases they have even been used as bases of supply for German cruisers, and in other cases as organizers and paymasters of miscreants employed to destroy by foul means factories engaged in making, or ships engaged in carrying, supplies required by the Allies. Such operations have been carried out in the territory even of the United States itself, and I am bound to observe, what I do not think will be denied, that no adequate action has yet been taken by the Government of the United States to suppress breaches of neutrality of this particularly criminal kind, which I know they are the first to discountenance and deplore.

When the British Government comes across a firm of this character and occupied in these activities, what does it do? It says to its own subjects: "This firm is in effect an enemy firm. It is working all day long in Germany's interests. To that we have no objection. It is acting within its rights. We have neither the wish nor the intention to interfere with its operations except when they transgress

our rights as a belligerent under international law. But we are not going to allow you, who are British subjects and under our jurisdiction, to furnish this firm with business facilities and to swell its business profits when we know that those facilities and those profits are being used to help the enemy and damage us. We therefore forbid you to have any dealings with it. It may ship goods wherever it likes, but it shall not do so in British bottoms. It may finance Germany to its heart's content, but not through British banks. It may carry on its business transactions and communications with Germany and with neutral countries to the full limit of its capacity, but not by the help of British cables. It may use its profits in any ways that its ingenuity may suggest to aid the enemy, but it shall do so without the assistance of British traders. We put it on a blacklist and we forbid you to have any dealings with it. We do so because evidence that seems to us conclusive is in our possession that this firm to the best of its power and ability is siding with the enemy and against us. We therefore send it—as far as you are concerned, but not as far as anyone else is concerned—to a commercial Coventry. You are hereby ordered to boycott it, and we shall visit with heavy penalties all of you who disobey this order. No British subject in the United Kingdom, if we can prevent it, shall help to buttress the firms that are actively assisting the enemy of Great Britain."

Is there in this anything unreasonable, anything arbitrary, anything that trenches on neutral rights, anything that interferes with genuinely neutral commerce? Is not the blacklist, indeed, a weapon with which in our modern world of international credit and trading—a world so circumstanced that a German firm in New York can frequently be more useful to the German Government than a similar firm in Hamburg or Berlin—no belligerent can afford to dispense? I was greatly struck with the candor with which more than one of the firms that appeared on the American blacklist admitted that it had no complaints to make. "It is difficult," said one, "to see what redress can be secured, if any. The British Government has a right to tell its subjects whatever it pleases." "I do not see," said another, "what there is to be done about it. It is the fortune of war. War is war, and what the British have done, I dare say the Germans would do if they had the opportunity, or

we Americans either, for that matter." There is a point in this latter remark which Americans, as it seems to me, might well ponder. It is as certain as anything can be that if and when the United States is involved in a struggle of the first-class, the blacklist will be an essential and indispensable instrument of American warfare; and it distresses me, as an old and sincere friend of the country, to see, in this as in so many other cases, the American Government taking up positions that it will be forced to abandon under the necessities of any great crisis.

It is, of course, possible that mistakes have been made in the compilation of the blacklist and that firms have been included in it that are innocent of any pro-German or anti-Ally activities. If so, as it has proved already in several instances, the British Government stands ready to correct the error, to remove the firm from the index and to restore to it the use of British ships, banks, cables and other facilities. But such mistakes must be very rare. How many Americans, I wonder, have any idea of the amount of information that is at the disposal of the British Government in all these matters? How many even realize that all cable communications between not only Germany and her Allies but between all the adjacent neutral countries on the one hand and the outer world of Asia, the United States and South America on the other, are in British possession or the possession of Britain's Allies? It is only and specifically as "an act of grace" on the part of the British Government that any cablegram can pass between Europe and the United States, or indeed between Europe and the rest of the world. I need hardly say that every cablegram is read by the British censors, that all wireless messages are similarly laid before them, and that the examination of the mail-bags supplies the last link in the chain of evidence. One may be pretty sure, therefore, that when the Government concludes that a given firm should be placed on the blacklist it has some substantial reasons for its decision and a very complete *dossier* with which to support them. Nevertheless mistakes must from time to time occur. When they do occur, and when it is demonstrated that they have done so, the British Government is only too happy to correct them.

It is only too happy for a reason that is so simple and so fundamental that a great many people overlook it. That reason is that it is not to the interests, but very much against

the interests, of the British Government to contract in any way the flow of British foreign trade. All British commercial policy is based on the theory that whatever impedes foreign commerce is bad and whatever expands it is good. And at a time like this it is of peculiar moment that Great Britain should maintain and if possible develop her foreign trade. On it she has built up her wealth and on her wealth depends her ability to support herself and her Allies through this stupendous conflict. There is absolutely no expansion of British foreign trade that the British Government just now would not welcome with especial heartiness. Yet this is precisely the moment it has chosen to inaugurate a policy that benefits neutral commerce and handicaps British. Of the many foolish things that have been said about the blacklist the most foolish of all is that it is part of a British campaign to dominate the trade of the world. As a matter of fact it is British subjects that suffer most from the operations of the blacklist through the severance of old connections, and the great difficulties, in such times as these, of forming new ones. It is British shipping companies, British importers, British financial houses, and so on, that find themselves cut off from business in neutral lands with firms that before the war and before the blacklist they traded with pleasantly and profitably. In some cases this business is lost altogether. In others it is diverted into genuinely neutral hands that have no taint of enemy association. In either event the British trader stands to suffer and the volume of British commerce to contract. That was one of the foreseen and inevitable results of the blacklist. But it could not be helped if the assistance that the Central Powers have derived from neutral lands was to be effectively checkmated. The British Government, so far from dreaming of a campaign of commercial conquest, demands through the policy of the blacklist sacrifices from its subjects which make it increasingly difficult for them to hold what trade they have. It does so in the overwhelming conviction that these sacrifices are worth the one object it has in view—the crippling of Germany. But whenever it finds that it can lessen the sacrifice without defeating the object, self-interest of the most compelling character urges it to seize the opportunity. Every name that can safely be removed from the blacklist adds something to the freedom of British trade. Every name that has to be kept on it by so much interrupts

that growth of British foreign commerce which was never of such vital consequence to Great Britain as now.

It is an old principle that the subjects of a belligerent Power should not trade with the enemy. But the definition of what constitutes enemy character has never been a matter of international agreement. France and Germany hold that it is settled by nationality or domicile. The French law forbids French citizens to do any business with enemy subjects wherever domiciled. The German law is to the same effect. No French citizen can trade today with any individual in the United States who owes allegiance to Germany. No German subject can trade with any individual in the United States who owes allegiance to any of Germany's enemies. The British and the American practice in such matters has been different. Great Britain and the United States used to argue that enemy character was determined by domicile alone. Thus a British subject might and still may lawfully trade with a German in the United States or anywhere else outside of Germany, but might not and may not trade with anyone in Germany itself. This rule was derived from the days when communications were bad and when it was practically impossible for anyone to help his country in time of war unless he were actually living in it. But nowadays, as I have said, a wholly new set of conditions obtains, and a German firm in New York or Copenhagen or Rotterdam, or a firm working in those cities in German interests, can often, and particularly in a war like the present, be of greater assistance to Germany than a firm of the same character in Dresden or Wilhelmshaven. The fact is that the old Anglo-American practice of regarding domicile as the test of enemy character has become wholly obsolete. The British Government, however, has not adopted the Continental doctrine that enemy character is settled either by domicile or by nationality. It has not proclaimed all German subjects in the United States or elsewhere to be enemies and as such debarred from all trading relations with Great Britain. It would have been fully justified in doing so by the established principles of international law. But it refrained from taking a course so certain to lead to confusion and mischief. Had it done so every firm and corporation with a German-sounding name would have come under suspicion. British subjects, in order to know with whom they were dealing, would have been obliged to ask for

credentials and guarantees, and the consequent uncertainty would have been little less than disastrous to American and neutral as well as to British interests.

In the blacklist the British Government has devised a weapon so far preferable to either the French and German or to the old British and American practice, that it must always, I should think, find a place in the recognized armory of the leading Powers. Its virtue is that it discriminates. It does not, for instance, place all German subjects in the United States under the ban. It leaves absolutely untouched all firms and individuals, even though of German nationality, that are engaged in innocent neutral trade and that have not unmistakably proved themselves to be working on behalf of the enemies of Great Britain. It is precise and definite and allows everyone to know just where he is. I have seen the suggestion made that there was no need to publish the blacklist, that the same results could have been secured without publicity, by hints and intimations and secret circulars or some sub-rosa arrangement. But in the first place the same results could not have been secured—imagine the British Government in the midst of Armageddon confidentially notifying hundreds of thousands of British traders they were not to deal with such and such a firm in Brazil or the United States; and in the second place, in these as in all other matters, the British, like the American Government, has an ineradicable preference for frankness. Granted that British facilities and British trade may rightly be withdrawn from the persons and corporations in neutral lands that are aiding the enemies of Great Britain, and I will defy anyone to suggest how it could have been done more considerately, more effectively or with less inconvenience to legitimate neutral trade than by means of the blacklist. For it must not be forgotten that the blacklist is only a white-list in disguise. By forbidding British subjects to deal with the few, it invites them to go on dealing with the many. If it condemns, say, thirty American firms, it also by implication exonerates all the rest.

But "the glaring vice" of the blacklist, I read, is that it "threatens something like a secondary boycott", and that it is not merely a blacklist of firms that have traded with Germany, but "amounts to an embargo also upon American firms trading with the blacklisted concerns." That is a complete hallucination. No such secondary boycott as

is hinted at was ever contemplated by the blacklist or can conceivably arise from it. What possible concern of the British Government could it be that an American firm in Wisconsin should carry on its normal and entirely legitimate business with a blacklisted firm in New York or Buenos Ayres? And even if the British Government had the leisure or the inclination to interest itself in such irrelevancies, by what magic arts could it inform itself of the facts? Americans can readily resolve all such conundrums for themselves by remembering that it is only firms which are actively assisting Germany that the British Government is proceeding against, that it is proceeding against them solely by forbidding British subjects in the United Kingdom to trade with them, and that the one and only object of its policy is not to damage neutral interests but to damage Germany. If an American firm were to step into the shoes of a blacklisted firm, were to continue its pro-German activities or to act as its cloak, then of course the newcomer would likewise be promoted to the blacklist. If a neutral ship, carrying the goods of a blacklisted firm, were to put into a British port and to attempt to buy bunker coal, the privileges it was in search of would naturally be refused. There is little enough coal and shipping as it is; and the British Government can hardly be expected to furnish the one and facilitate the other when both are being used to meet the needs of pro-German and anti-British agencies. With these two exceptions the blacklist has no derivative consequences of a kind that can militate against any genuine neutral trader. It is aimed exclusively at traders who have not been neutral but on the contrary the strenuous supporters of Great Britain's enemies. For that reason, and for that alone, they have been denied not the right to trade with Germany or any other country, but the privilege of carrying on that trade through the medium of British houses, British banks, British cables and British ships. The moment they decide that the British connection is, after all, more desirable than a continued conspiracy against the neutrality of the countries in which they are domiciled, that moment will see the restoration of all British facilities and the resumption of the old relationships.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE FEDERAL FARM LOAN ACT

BY MYRON T. HERRICK

THE original object of the rural credits movement was to put the farmer on an equality with any other borrower in money centers. The way this was to be accomplished was the organization of the farmers and the mobilization of their resources.

But "mortgages with interest rates as low as those of government bonds" became the keynote, and the movement evolved itself into a demand for cheap loans through intervention and aid of Government. The result is the Federal Farm Loan act, which has started the Government off on a use of public cash and public credit for private individuals on a scale never attempted in any other country.

For the purposes of the act a bureau in charge of a Federal Farm Loan Board, composed of the Secretary of the Treasury and four other presidential appointees, has been established at Washington in the Treasury Department. Within one month after it was opened it was swamped, according to press reports, with letters from over 100,000 applicants for treasury funds. At $1,000 apiece this first batch of applications would be $100,000,000—a fair indication of what the people may expect from the Government's going into the farm-mortgage business.

And this is exactly what the Government has done, despite protestations that the venture is temporary only, and notwithstanding the complex system that will intervene between the borrower and the Treasury Department. The system covers all continental United States, except Alaska, and its facilities are as freely available for aliens as for citizens who own or seek to own farm land within States

having satisfactory laws. The members of the Federal Farm Loan Board and all its appointees and employees are public officers or servants. The Government's obligations will arise from this fact, and from the direct participation by a bureau of the Treasury Department in the organization and administration of the system and especially in the issuance of "farm loan bonds."

The Secretary of the Treasury is to prepare these bonds. They may bear any interest rate up to five per cent. per annum and run for any period over five years. Government officials are to appraise and hold their collateral, and certify as to their form and issue being approved by the Federal Farm Loan Board and regular and legal in all respects. The bonds are lawful as security for all public deposits and as investment for all fiduciary and trust funds, and they may be bought and sold by member banks and, with certain restrictions, by reserve banks of the Federal Reserve system. Finally the act expressly declares them to be "instrumentalities of the Government of the United States."

The meaning of "instrumentalities" has not yet been defined by the courts, but whenever the decision is made it will undoubtedly be that the word, construed with its context, implies an ultimate if not a direct obligation of the Government. No foreign nation would tolerate a different decision, or to reverse the case, no administration at Washington would let a Central American country, for instance, shirk or shift responsibility. So farm loan bonds is not a correct name for them, in the sense that land values will have anything to do with their salability or supposed soundness. Holders will buy them upon the good faith and honor of the United States, and will have every warrant for believing they are guaranteed by it.

The act provides for two kinds of institutions for issuing the bonds, and for supplying the collateral for them, and for receiving and paying out the money for their interest and principal. These are to be any number of joint stock land banks and twelve federal land banks. Farm mortgages executed to any of them are also instrumentalities of the Government of the United States to the same degree as the bonds. So very naturally the act authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to designate both kinds of institutions to be financial agents and depositaries of the Government, since the machinery for issue and redemption of their credit in-

struments ought, of course, to be in keeping with their high quality.

The circulation of the bonds may equal the full face value of the underlying collateral and extend to fifteen times the capital stock and surplus of joint stock land banks and twenty times the capital stock and surplus of the federal land banks. The Federal Farm Loan Board may permit increases of capital stock indefinitely. In other words, a bureau in an executive department is given absolute discretion to involve the Government in debt at an interest rate higher than ever paid during peace or prosperity and without any limit on amount or period, and this in face of the Constitution which says that only Congress can "borrow on the credit of the United States." Wisdom would dictate that such a power should not be delegated, even were it constitutional to do so.

There may be as many joint stock land banks as the Board deems fit to charter. Each shall have a capital stock of at least $250,000, and divided into double-liability shares, and a territory of not over two contiguous States. The bonds shall be distinctive in color, form, and markings; they are not to be officially certified, but they shall be exactly like those of the federal land banks in all other respects. The Government shall not subscribe to shares nor fill any of the offices. The shareholders, directors, and officers will all be private persons organized solely for profit. In view of this fact, their right to issue farm loan bonds or to take mortgages of the kind specified is liable to attack in the courts on account of unconstitutionality, or at least before Congress because of the wrong and danger in allowing investors, possibly speculators, to use Government instrumentalities for financing a private business or to enjoy the other special privileges. Moreover, they are handicapped by defective and carelessly worded clauses ambiguous at important points, and have purposely been disadvantaged in various ways. So material amendments must be made, before land banks of this kind can be seriously considered as permanent or effective parts of the system. However, they would be a good base for revision, if the act is to remain in some form or other on the statute books, since, differently from the federal land banks, they may lend directly to the farmer without requiring him (perhaps) to become a stockholder or subjecting him to all the other onerous conditions.

The twelve federal land banks shall be established by the Federal Farm Loan Board, which shall prescribe for each a district embracing whole States, select its first board of five directors, and order the Secretary of the Treasury to supply, without dividends, all of its minimum capital stock of $750,000 not otherwise subscribed. The Secretary of the Treasury may make deposits with the federal land banks provided the aggregate does not exceed $6,000,000 at any one time. But deposits of public moneys made under this provision, or under the general provision which authorizes him to designate land banks of either kind as Government depositaries, can not be invested in farm mortgages or farm loan bonds. They are available only for what he may deem to be temporary uses—a peculiar restriction to be explained later on. Only receipts from customs are excepted from the public moneys that may be deposited. Each federal land bank may issue certificates against deposits of public moneys, to be redeemed at the Secretary's discretion with interest not to exceed the current rate charged for other Government deposits. There is no regulation regarding interest or amount for Government deposits with joint stock land banks.

As indicated above, the federal land banks can not make farm loans directly. They are a fifth wheel in the system. Although empowered to open branches in the farthermost corners of their districts, nevertheless, during the first year's life of the act they can lend to the farmer only through national farm loan associations. These are not independent associations. They can not issue bonds nor raise money by any other means from outside sources for farm mortgaging on their own part. Their sole functions are to guarantee mortgages executed by members, and to indorse them over to the federal land bank of their district; and to receive deposits from either members or non-members in any amounts, to be forthwith transmitted to said bank for investment in farm loan bonds. Depositors have twelve months in which to choose to take such bonds. In the meanwhile they may draw interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum. An association can admit only borrowers to membership. All directors and officers, except the secretary-treasurer, shall be elected from among members, no member having more than twenty votes.

Each member must subscribe for one five-dollar double-

liability share for every $100 of his loan or major fraction thereof. On a $2,050 loan, for instance, this would be $105. The shares shall be pledged along with the mortgage for security. Then comes the complexity of the system. The association shall contribute to the capital stock of the federal land bank a like percentage of all money obtained from it on the mortgage. The certificates issued for this stock shall not be transferred or hypothecated. But they may, at the bank's discretion, be retired upon return of the money, provided the bureau at Washington approves. They must be retired upon payment of the loan. In such case the association shall pay off and retire the corresponding shares of its own capital that were issued to the member. As a consequence, the capital both of national farm loan associations and of the federal land banks is variable. It may be increased to meet demands, and decreased to any amount above the proportion to liabilities prescribed for the minimum. This for an association is five per cent. of outstanding loans, and so it must stop lending when the principal remaining unpaid on the mortgages guaranteed equals twenty times the face of the bank's stock certificates that it holds.

Only national farm loan associations and the United States can vote in federal land banks. When the stock certificates of all the associations in a district equal $100,000, they shall elect six directors (of whom one at least must be a farmer) and the Federal Farm Loan Board shall elect three directors. These nine shall replace the original five and take over the management. When the certificates equal $750,000, the bank shall apply semi-annually one-fourth of all subsequent subscriptions to the retirement of the shares representing its original capital stock. This, of course, with the object of letting the Government withdraw as a stockholder. But over $180,000,000 of farm loan bonds could be in circulation by the time this provision becomes effective, and many more could be issued before the last share can be withdrawn. So the right has very slight importance in relieving the Government from responsibility. There is no limit on an association as to number of members or total of all loans, nor as to territory except the confines of a district. The only reason to expect that it will be small is that its incorporators may be ten or more natural persons applying for loans aggregating $20,000, and that the bureau at Washington is urging that one or more of such associations be formed in

every county in the United States. Charters can not be granted, except by the Federal Farm Loan Board with the consent of the district bank. So there will probably be numerous small associations at the start, with consolidations and greater size as time goes on.

The purchase of fertilizers and live stock and the buying, improving, and equipping of farm land situated within its territory are the only purposes for which a national farm loan association may extend credit. But the effect of this restriction is considerably modified by the fact that the Federal Farm Loan Board may define the words expressing the last two purposes, while the association may lift the owner's debt contracted for the purposes mentioned, or for any purpose if the debt existed at the time the charter was granted. The amount to one borrower shall not be less than $100 or more than $10,000. Nor shall it ever be larger than one-half the land's value, plus one-fifth the value of improvements. This of course is too low, except in outlying districts. The period shall be between five and forty years. Payment shall be by annual or semi-annual installments including interest not exceeding by more than one per cent. that borne by the latest series of bonds of the district federal land bank, together with a part of the principal sufficient to extinguish the debt within the agreed period. Thus the interest can not exceed six per cent. per annum. Prepayments in multiples of $25 are allowed, but only after the first five years. Defaults shall draw eight per cent. interest per annum and render all unpaid principal due. No sale can be made, except with the bank's consent and unless the assignee assumes the borrower's obligations on his shares and contract. In case of his death, his heirs or representatives have only sixty days within which to assume these obligations.

Besides subscribing for shares and pledging them, the borrower must give a first mortgage obligating himself, until the debt is paid, to cultivate the property, to keep it insured and free from all back taxes, liens, judgments and assessments, and to surrender possession in case the holder of the mortgage deems its security impaired or its terms violated in any particular. So the conditions are more than ordinarily severe. Should farm properties become generally encumbered with such Governmental instrumentalities, serious consequences might ensue from thus tying up their entire title for long periods for loans barely more than

one-half their credit value. The remedy most likely to suggest itself would be to extend the system's functions to making additional loans with inferior liens, if not indeed even upon character security, just as Denmark has been obliged to do in order to prevent the execution to private parties of usurious second mortgages by borrowers who are in need of larger sums than the Government originally intended to lend them. But this would hardly be land credit.

If the borrower does not care to pay cash for his shares, costs, and charges he may have them added to the loan, provided they do not increase its size above the prescribed maximum. The effect of this would simply be to shave off from the loan a part of its usable principal and make the actual interest higher than its written rate. Besides accommodating borrowers individually in this way, a federal land bank may also advance to any of its associations at six per cent. per annum whatever money it may need for expenses; such advances to be repaid only out of dividends belonging to the association. It must also permit the association to deduct one-eighth of one per cent. semi-annually out of the unpaid principal of every loan, to be paid back from such dividends. Finally it may allow the association to retain one-fourth of its total holdings of the bank's stock, at a charge not exceeding six per cent. per annum. The intention of subsidy and bounty in these clauses is too evident to be mistaken. Government deposits may be used for these purposes. And just as politics made Government aid the basic feature of the act, so such expediencies will be the chief factor in determining the extent of the use of that aid.

If, for these purposes, the bank should employ any of its own capital stock it would have so much the less for true land-credit operations. If it should recoup the shortage from proceeds realized from sales of its bonds, it would have to borrow to pay the holders. It can not take any money from the mortgagors' repayments, since the act specifically sets these aside, when trusteed, for the redemption of the bonds. Nor is the case answered by saying that the bank is protected by the pledging of the shares. For the share contribution cannot be recovered until the debt is paid in full, while there will be no dividends if the system is to be composed, as it is hoped, entirely of borrowers. Moreover, the requirements for reserves and the scant opportunities

for profits will prevent a normal accumulation of disposable surpluses; while heavy losses are not improbable because, although an association may be called upon to make defaults of its members good within thirty days, nevertheless, it can not be declared insolvent until the defaults of all associations in the district equal $150,000, unless it has been in default for two years. Therefore, if the bureau at Washington should pursue a policy of according these favors, the easiest means of financing them would be by Government deposits, unless perhaps private depositors be induced by Government-guaranteed interest to risk their money in this benevolent work.

The possible expenditures of the Government, through such a policy, would far exceed the $9,000,000 contributed for the original capitalization of the system. Indeed the outcome would be that, besides supplying the capital stocks of the federal land banks, the Government would also supply the initial and subsequent obligatory share capital of all national farm loan associations, and bear a large portion of the costs of their organization and lending operations. That is to say, the Government would invest for a long and indefinite time one dollar for every twenty dollars of loans in a way that would be of no practical benefit to borrowers. These singular favors can be accorded only to and through the associations. The provisions for them were inserted in the act, mainly with the idea of assisting the colonization of poor immigrants in rural sections through the aid of the cash and the credit of the Government. Average American farmers will have little use for the provisions. Nevertheless they will affect all who resort to the system, because the twelve federal land banks must mutually guarantee each other's bonds, and the issues have a first lien on their combined assets.

The qualifications for loans are the same for all units of the system, with the exception that joint stock land banks need not observe the restrictions respecting the purpose of the loan, the amount to one person, or the cultivation by the borrower of the mortgaged property. This, of course, must be situated within the unit's area. Beginning with July 17, 1917, *i. e.*, after the act has been in effect one year, federal land banks will not be required to confine their patronage exclusively to national farm loan associations. It will then be lawful for them also to obtain the qualified mortgages by indorsement from banks, trust

companies, mortgage companies, and savings institutions chartered by States and approved as agents by the Federal Farm Loan Board. The total outstanding indorsements of any such agent may equal ten times its capital and surplus. But it must guarantee the mortgages. In most States savings institutions can not, and the best banks will not, make guaranties. So the business will be left largely to trust and mortgage companies. But it will not be very attractive even to them.

The objections are: Such an agent can sell only mortgages containing the harassing conditions of the act; its guaranties must run for five and may run for forty years and be charged against its assets during all the period; the liability so incurred will reduce its capacity for ordinary and more profitable mortgaging; and its fee—one-half of one per cent. at the most—can be paid only in semi-annual driblets out of the unpaid principal, if the loan should bear the maximum rate of six per cent. per annum. True, the Government could advance the fee before being earned and charge it against the borrower to be paid back, however, only out of his dividends. But this practice would not be safe, particularly in case of long-term loans which might be suddenly terminated by death or default. Moreover, the mortgagor must contribute five per cent. of his loan to the capital stock of the federal land bank. Yet, absurd though it be, the shares which he is thus obliged to subscribe will not give him any voting right; although involving him in the risks of the entire system. No provision specifies that these shares shall be retired upon the payment of the loan. They may be a permanent investment. Agents, with State charters, may be completely cut out whenever the Federal Farm Loan Board thinks a district is adequately served by national farm loan associations. So, quite possibly, some too hopeful trust or mortgage company might unexpectedly find itself deprived of access to Government funds, after having piled up a big mass of long-term guaranties against its assets. Nevertheless, it may be required to collect and remit interest and principal payments without any compensation during all the time the loans are outstanding, and to make defaults good upon thirty days' notice.

The system is supervised and directed and controlled through the bureau at Washington. The Federal Farm Loan Board shall appoint one registrar for each district.

All applications to the treasury bureau for bond issues must be made through him, and with him must be trusteed all their collateral. It shall appoint one or more appraisers for each district. No loans on farm land can be made or taken without their approval. It shall appoint the examiners needed for proper supervision, and it may appoint such attorneys, experts, assistants, clerks, laborers, etc., as it deems necessary. As for the board itself, members are eventually to hold office for eight years, subject to removal for cause, their annual salaries are $10,000 with traveling expenses, and no more than two of the four shall be appointed from the same party. But with this slight exception, the civil service rules have been set aside. All appointments, dismissals, fees, and salaries are matters of the board's sole will and pleasure, the Government being compelled to pay all its outlays and the compensation of all its appointees and employees, except the preparing of the bonds and the salaries of the appraisers, which are to be apportioned among the land banks using them. Moreover, the courts have been ousted of jurisdiction. The board is vested with the power of granting and taking away charters, of suspending the business, of declaring the insolvency, of appointing receivers, and of winding up the affairs of land banks and associations.

Such is this governmental and frankly political system, nearly all of whose expenses and risks are to be borne by the people and to be met each year by appropriations, after the Speaker of the House of Representatives submits its report for consideration by Congress. Its special privileges are unparalleled. The aid which it may receive from the Government is unlimited. The unconstitutionality of the joint stock land banks seems to be beyond question. The same thing may be said of the federal land banks, since they also are intended eventually to be composed of and administered by private individuals. The legality of the whole act rests upon the very doubtful right of Congress to read anything into the Constitution—to decide any object to be a function of Government and then to construct, support, and manage the machinery for that object, under the general clauses which empower Congress to borrow or raise by taxation and to disburse money and to regulate interstate and foreign commerce.

In view of the governmental character, the system cer-

tainly ought never to have been authorized to make loans to aliens, especially since the taxpayers must foot the bill. The first qualification of the borrower should have been citizenship and he should not have been permitted, as may be the case, to sell his farm and go back to a foreign country with the profits realized from the Government's bounty. But in spite of the cheap money to be supplied through the Treasury Department and the Government's credit, the system has departed so widely from this course that not even has the declaration to become a citizen been imposed on any member, director, or officer of an association or joint stock land bank, nor upon any of the successors of the first managers of a federal land bank. Japanese of the Pacific slope, Mexicans on the southern borders, and other aliens who are being colonized from Atlantic seaboard ports may resort to it as legally as American farmers. Moreover, the system's operations ought to have been confined strictly to farm mortgaging, in exact accord with the promises and representations made to procure the passage of the act. But ulterior motives, not related to that subject, prevailed while the public was asleep. Let us see if this is not so.

The federal land banks may open branches. They may issue five-dollar non-assessable shares in any amount to any individual, rich or poor, or to any firm or corporation, large or small, or to any government, national or state. The shares can be retired, and they carry no voting right except in the hands of the United States or national farm loan associations. So they are practically deposit certificates. The Federal Farm Loan Board may, at its discretion, prescribe the times and conditions of payment and the total to be issued. Any stockholder, although owning but one share, may deposit money subject to check or otherwise. The associations may receive deposits at four per cent. to be transmitted to their bank. True, these are convertible only into farm loan bonds, and the interest may run for no longer than one year. But nothing prevents them from being withdrawn at the end of the year and placed in a new account. The land banks may also borrow money without any limit as to amount, interest, purpose, or period and give security therefor. This is in addition to bonds, and permits the assets to be encumbered with liabilities up to any extent, contrary to the sane practice of any well-regulated savings or land-credit institution. Such a blunder could have been

committed only on the presumption that the Government can and will guarantee all.

Thus every conceivable private and public source for funds has been tapped. What may be done with them? Farm mortgaging is not an obligatory nor exclusive function; it is merely permissive. A federal land bank may buy and sell United States bonds, and deposit its securities and current funds subject to check with any member bank of the Federal Reserve system, and receive interest at any agreed rate. It may use United States bonds, instead of farm mortgages, as collateral for its own bonds. It may redeem its bonds with any lawful money, but require the farmer to repay his loan in gold. Two very habitually heavy borrowers indeed have been introduced into the system as competitors of the farmer. The funds may be entirely withheld from farmers and used for financing any project or necessity of the Government, or for aiding private enterprises having no connection with agriculture. Much of them must be so used, because their withdrawable nature will prevent their investment in long-term loans to individuals.

The same powers have been given to joint stock as to federal land banks, except the former can not open branches or receive deposits. The federal land banks and national farm loan associations, excluding real estate but including capital and reserve and income derived therefrom, are exempt from federal, state, municipal, and local taxation. This is also the case with the bonds of both kinds of land banks and with mortgages executed to them. The system will be in fact a veritable network of exceptionally privileged and officially managed banks, branches, and local agents for centralizing at Washington the country's savings and stock of gold for such uses as may be determined by a bureau in the Treasury Department. The system will cause credit inflations and give fictitiously high values to farm land. It will upset the business of mortgage companies and brokers, perhaps tempting them to take mortgages secondary to the Government's lien but at excessive interest rates. It will disturb banking under State laws, forcing many institutions into the Federal Reserve system in order to regain access to deposits in this roundabout way. Indeed State banking could be badly crippled if the Federal Farm Loan Board should act with the Federal Reserve Board to that end.

As for any good the system can do farmers, this could

have been brought about as effectively through properly supervising, regulating, and encouraging private enterprise. So from the farmer's standpoint, the system is unnecessary and will prove harmful insofar as it may accustom him to depending upon the Government instead of relying upon himself. Having once been assisted by the Government in mortgaging, he might want such assistance for all other purposes. This could be done by a simple and very probable amendment, authorizing funds to be lent on security other than real estate. Then a long farewell would be given to the hopes for co-operation in which the rural credits movement was born. However, only time and bitter experience can fully awaken the people to the dangers of the system, while the farmers likewise may be slow to realize what they have lost through its detrimental effect on co-operation.

The system was established on the claim that it would be co-operative and managed exclusively for and by the farmers themselves. The claim is based on the provisions which permit borrowers in an association to elect its directors, and the associations of a district to elect the majority of the directors of the federal land bank, one or more to be engaged in farming. But as shown above, an association can not handle its own funds, or make any loans without the consent of Government appraisers. Nor can the bank make any loans without such consent, or issue any bonds unless authorized by the Federal Farm Loan Board. So the farmers would have no control even if they elected all the directors. Moreover, any investor may buy shares and participate in profits.

All this violates cardinal principles of co-operation. The system is purely governmental, with a scheme by which each borrower may be made liable for all the loans in a sum equal to ten per cent. of his own. The purpose of the scheme is, of course, to create a guarantee fund. Such a purpose, however, could have been served equally well by forbidding bonds to be issued in excess of ninety per cent. of their collateral, or by requiring all the reserve or one-fourth or more of capital stock to be invested in liquid securities. This would have been the better way because the borrowers, inasmuch as they can not manage the system co-operatively nor receive all the profits, ought not to be held mutually responsible for its losses.

MYRON T. HERRICK.

THE ELECTION AND PROHIBITION

BY L. AMES BROWN

A RE-ASSESSMENT of the strength of the prohibition movement is necessitated by the recent elections. Because of the advances the prohibitionists have made and the substantial character of the progress they anticipate, it is the part of wisdom for the American public to take stock of the issue anew, and prepare to deal with it wisely. The radical political changes in the country, evidenced so graphically in the election returns, surround all active public questions with a new atmosphere and alone would demand a more modern determination of the potential importance of the prohibition issue along with the others, even if no striking increases in the strength of the movement had been revealed.

The outcome of the elections, as affecting the prohibition movement, is set forth in the following paragraph from a statement issued by the Legislative Committee of the Anti-Saloon League following a meeting at Washington in November, at which the election returns were analyzed and plans made for a new campaign:

Michigan has voted for State-wide prohibition by 65,000 majority, Nebraska by 35,000, Montana by 20,000, South Dakota by 25,000, and Alaska by a large majority. Idaho has adopted a prohibition constitutional amendment by a majority of three to one, after ten months' experience under statutory prohibition. Utah and Florida have elected legislators and governors pledged to State-wide prohibition. Washington, Colorado, Arizona and Arkansas have defeated attempts of the liquor people to secure the adoption of proposals which would have crippled their prohibitory laws, and Oregon not only did this, but greatly strengthened her law. Thus, twenty-five States out of forty-eight—over half the States in the Union—have now adopted or declared for State-wide prohibition, and over sixty per cent of the population and over eighty-five per cent of the area of the country are now under prohibition law. In less than two years just passed, prohibition laws have gone into

effect in States having a population of 12,000,000. The four States which have just voted dry have a population of more than 5,000,000.[1]

The Philadelphia *North American,* declaring that "the liquor traffic met the most overwhelming condemnation that has been visited upon it in half a century," points out other interesting phases of the election outcome. It refers to local option victories in Maryland towns; to a reduction of 100,000 in the "normal majority favoring the saloons" in Missouri; the election of a Republican Governor in Minnesota, who had declared for State-wide prohibition; the election of a Republican Governor in Illinois who had declared for a county local option law, and the election of two United States Senators in Indiana who had declared for national prohibition. The *North American* points out also that Michigan, Nebraska and South Dakota, which adopted State-wide prohibition in this election, had tried prohibition many years ago and repealed their laws.

The twenty-five States which the Anti-Saloon League announces have adopted or declared for State-wide prohibition are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Arizona, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Oklahoma, Maine and Colorado. Thirty-two States must approve the suggested amendment to the Constitution in order that the movement succeed. Upon these facts Mr. Bryan predicates the statement:

"Prohibition is sweeping the country. It will be a Presidential campaign issue in 1920 if a Constitutional amendment is not submitted by Congress to the States by that time."

So much for specific data with regard to the achievements of the prohibitionists. They more than outweigh the belief of astute politicians that Mr. Hughes suffered severely in the recent campaign because the suspicion was entertained that he favored the restriction of personal liberty. The general character of the election itself must be examined carefully in connection with the study of the prohibition movement. Progressive political thinkers consider that the out-

[1] The percentages given by the Anti-Saloon League include population and areas under local option laws as well as State-wide prohibition laws.

come fully authenticates their belief that the political supremacy of the West has been established and that the decisive influence in the next national campaign will be exerted by a group of States, including California, Minnesota, Washington and Oregon, where independent progressive voters are in the majority. The outstanding issues of the next national campaign, it is reasoned, will be chosen by the progressive elements in both of the political parties. The chosen candidates of that campaign will be committed to many of the progressive issues discussed in this campaign, with such addenda as seem best to interpret the spirit of radicalism and to appeal to the sentiments of the West. The next national campaign, therefore, is expected to be a contest for the favor of Western progressives, so the immediate future of the national prohibition movement will depend upon its success in getting itself assimilated into the progressive movement. Thus speculation as to the outlook for this movement must center around the question whether it is yet or is to be one of the accepted progressive issues in our politics.

It cannot be questioned that, broadly speaking, the territory where prohibition sentiment is dominant is co-extensive with the progressive section of the country. While it is true that the South, which until the last few years was the main stronghold of the prohibition movement, is not progressive in the accepted political sense, and that California and Ohio, where President Wilson found a ready response to his progressive policies, have emphatically rejected State-wide prohibition, it is a fact that prohibition's most important strength has been gained in the strongholds of the progressive movement and that it has this close kinship with the acknowledged progressive measures: It is knocking at the doors of the East for consummation.

This first impression that the prohibitionist may expect to establish the validity of his claim to the support of progressives is borne out by an examination of the general character of the so-called progressive issues. It has most of the characteristics of the measures which make up the progressive propaganda. Like the Child Labor Law and some of the human welfare proposals embodied in the progressive propaganda, the prohibition idea presupposes the conviction that the end justifies the means of accomplishing reform; in other words, it justifies the over-riding of the Constitutional

principle that regulatory matters of this sort should be controlled individually by the States. Like the measures referred to, it emphasizes in its arguments possibilities of better living conditions, better standards of home life and of workmanship and of morality, and in general proclaims, as they do, the invigoration and uplift of the rank and file of our Commonwealth. The yardstick of progressivism, applied to the prohibition idea as it has been applied to legislative proposals in the present era, reveals a more than superficial relationship between them. The arguments for both are of a piece, and casual study would seem to justify confidence in the expectation that the next few years will find the prohibitionist at the head of the progressive council table. He is certain to sit at the head if he is admitted at all, for the efficient political machinery which he has constructed and manipulated so skilfully will demand it inevitably.

Though one cannot predict success for the national prohibition movement merely because it is likely to be put forward as a leading progressive issue, it is unfair to close one's mind as to the relationship between prohibition and progressivism without giving a hearing to the self-styled constructive radicalism of the East, which has established the sincerity of its progressiveness by the strokes delivered in behalf of the progressive measures dealt with in recent campaigns. Many of these men avow their opposition to national prohibition and assert that its attainable aims can be better approximated by other means of dealing with the drink evil. Capable of analyzing the unacademic and oftentimes unsound arguments of the propagandists of the Anti-Saloon League, the intelligent radical in the East demands a more complete educational preparation than has been afforded thus far. He demands that progress shall consist in the assimilation of uplift measures instead of the attempted enforcement of the legislation designed to be beneficial. Men who take this sound position of necessity give proper heed to the nation-wide experience that regulatory liquor laws cannot be enforced except where they are supported by public sentiment, and that the difficulties of enforcement are magnified commensurately with the size of the area in which a single standard of regulation is attempted. They consider also that prohibition, even local prohibition, is still in an experimental

stage in cities; that it has never been attempted in any of the great centers of population, and that it is sheer foolhardiness to propose to set up a national standard of liquor legislation until more adequate data have been secured regarding the possibilities of overcoming the obstacles in cities, which Mr. Taft has declared are almost insurmountable. The constructive radical tempers his enthusiasm for reform with the knowledge that the drink evil is as old as any of the ills that beset humanity and that it is unlikely to be overturned by a single mandate. Clearer demonstration of the efficacy of prohibition in States, and particularly in cities, must be given before he will be willing to set up by law the provocation to dishonesty among lesser public officials and to illegality by otherwise good citizens which he discerns in national prohibition.

These things go to the heart of the constructive criticism of the prohibition movement. They invite attention from men who have familiarized themselves with the viewpoint of history on reform movements. Time gradually measures up or measures down the law to the standards of contemporary opinion. These alterations are essentially sound in their general trend. Eventually the public distinguishes between sound and unsound reform measures and eventually the pendulum swings backward, though all of the forward distance be not yielded. Even in the present outburst of approval for the prohibition movement in the States, heed should be given to the fact that in the middle of the last century a great body of the States adopted and later repudiated it, and to the possibility of a parallel between that prohibition movement and this one.

Passing from such fundamental considerations into the realm of practical politics, other considerations are ascertainable which should supply hand-brakes for the optimist. It is as certain as can be that when the final test does come on national prohibition, if come it must, a measurable divergence will be revealed between the strength of the prohibition movement in the States and in the nation. If no other section where prohibition flourishes raises a hand for the ancient traditions of our Government with respect to States' prerogatives, the South is certain to do so. The South adheres to the old order of things governmental even as other sections sweep on cloudily to things more up to date and for the time being called more lofty. The Southern prohibi-

tionist who voted for State prohibition because it furnished a practical means of checking drinking among negro illiterates, will be a tardy recruit to a movement which would inflict his chosen system upon States which oppose it and at the same time would make it impossible for him to alter his own system should he choose to do so at some later time.

However one regards the movement itself, it is impossible not to admire its efficient propagandists for the speed with which they move forward and the sureness with which they strike. Within two weeks after the election they had mapped out their new programme and girded themselves for new struggles, determined to push the fight as rapidly as they can. This programme is set forth in the following:

THE SUBMISSION OF A NATIONAL PROHIBITION AMENDMENT:

With twenty-five States having declared for prohibition, with more than 60 per cent. of the population of the United States living in dry territory, Congress cannot longer deny the American people their sacred Constitutional right of passing upon the question of amending their Constitution in the manner which it provides. Congress should, at this approaching short session, pass the resolution to submit the amendment for national prohibition. Longer delay would be disloyalty to the principles of the Government which Congress serves, and gross injustice to the people who are making an heroic and efficient, though handicapped, effort to destroy the Nation's greatest evil.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA PROHIBITION:

The Nation's capital should be the model city of the world and should express the highest and best governmental policy in promoting human welfare. To allow it to remain, in its moral standards, below the average of the Nation, would be inexcusable and disgraceful. More than half the States and a majority of the people have adopted prohibition as their governmental policy. The capital of the Nation, governed by the representatives of the people, should be dry. Congress should pass at once the District of Columbia Prohibition Bill.

ANTI-LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS:

It is but common justice that prohibition territory should not be handicapped in the enforcement of prohibitory law. It is highly important that the National Government shall not aid and abet the liquor traffic in its defiance of law. The Federal Government should forbid liquor makers and dealers to use the United States mails to advertise their outlawed liquors in dry territory. With all dispatch,

Congress should pass the bill forbidding the use of the mails for advertising purposes in all States in which the laws of the States prohibit such advertising.

PROHIBITION FOR HAWAII:

The native people of Hawaii have suffered, and are suffering greatly at the hands of the greedy and conscienceless liquor traffic of America. Their appeal for deliverance is strong and pathetic. Congress should, without delay, pass a prohibition law for the Hawaiian Islands.

Conservative political observers at Washington concede that the prohibitionist leaders have at least an even chance for accomplishing the major parts of this programme, namely, the passage of a resolution submitting the Constitutional amendment to the vote of the States and the enactment of a prohibition measure for the District of Columbia. Nearly two years ago the prohibition resolution, which requires a two-thirds vote for passage, received a majority of 197 to 189 of those voting in the House, and the prohibition amendment to the District of Columbia bill was held off mainly by technical obstructions. President Wilson did not actively oppose the Hobson resolution, although he had declared against it, and his influence in the matter will be less potent, if anything, in the new Congress. Two years ago I was informed by a man who undoubtedly had the President's confidence that he would veto the District of Columbia prohibition bill, if it were passed, without being conditioned upon a referendum to the people of the national capital.

All of the surface facts support the prediction of the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* that the fight for submission of the constitutional amendment probably will succeed in the next Congress. The objection that the Congress will probably be so wrapt up in measures of national preparedness, especially those looking toward industrial preparedness, that it will not take up any purely domestic matters such as prohibition, on which a bitter fight is assured, is easily met by the prohibitionist leader. He accepts the whole national preparedness movement and tells you that no preparedness scheme is complete which does not embody provision for the fullest measure of physical and mental efficiency, while he himself subscribes to the opinion that prohibition would accomplish a higher degree of preparedness than all of the other proposals put together.

L. AMES BROWN.

PARAGRAPH TWENTY-FIVE OF THE NEW GERMAN CITIZENSHIP LAW

BY J. MATTERN

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HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS in *The New Map of Europe* tells us that "in recent years there has come to the front [in Germany] more than ever the theory that German nationality cannot be lost by foreign residence or by transference of allegiance to another State." To Gibbons' satisfaction "convincing proof of this is found in the new citizenship law, sanctioned with practical unanimity by the *Reichstag* and *Bundesrath*, which went into effect on January 1, 1914." As "the most interesting of all" he quotes: "Article XXV, section 2, of which says: 'Citizenship is not lost by one who before acquiring foreign citizenship has secured on application the written consent of the competent authorities of his home state to retain his citizenship.'" Commenting on this section 2 of § 25 he thinks that "the result of this law, since the war broke out, has been to place a natural and justifiable suspicion upon all Germans living in the countries of the enemies of Germany", inasmuch as, according to his opinion, "a legal means has been given to these naturalized Germans to retain, *without the knowledge of the nations where their oath of allegiance has been received in good faith*, citizenship in Germany."

The subject has been presented in like manner by many other writers. However, when viewed in its historical perspective, i.e., when viewed in the light of the debates in the *Reichstag* during the reading of the prospective law and in the light of comparison with the corresponding laws of other nations, the case assumes a somewhat different aspect.

Unquestionably Mr. Gibbons is right when he asserts that "in recent years there has come to the front [in Ger-

many] more than ever the theory that German nationality cannot be lost by foreign residence"; but he is in error when he claims that a preponderance of opinion opposes also the loss of German citizenship "by transference of allegiance to another state." According to the old naturalization law of 1870, German nationality was lost by a ten years' residence abroad and by acquisition of foreign allegiance. By force of the new law, mere residence abroad does no longer entail the loss of the *Reichsangehoerigkeit,* while in principle and in practice the *Reichsangehoerigkeit* is still lost when its loss is considered as meeting with the intention of the German assuming foreign nationality. Unmistakably clear in this regard is what Dr. Clemens Delbrueck, Secretary of State for the Interior, said on February 23, 1912, during the debate on the first reading of the law in the *Reichstag.* "It has been stated"—so we read—"that we must apply the principle that German nationality acquired by birth, wherever our cradle may have stood, can never be lost. This principle has been expressed in the maxim: *semel Germanus, semper Germanus.* However nice this may sound, applied to practical life it has its disadvantages and, on the other hand, has not the advantages expected. If we accept the principle that who has become a German, or who was born a German, must remain a German, we must at the same time at least admit that he who clearly and explicitly announces that he does not wish to remain a German cannot (or must not) forcibly be kept in allegiance to a country to which he does not desire to belong—especially if such forcible allegiance should create for him difficulties in his relations to the country which, as he rightly or wrongly believes, he should prefer to his own native land. In consequence thereof we have in the new bill eliminated the loss of the *Staatsangehoerigkeit* resulting from lapse of time, but we consider it imperative that the *Staatsangehoerigkeit* be lost when a German has acquired a foreign nationality by means of a formal application." The same thoughts are expressed by Dr. Emil Belzer, member of the Centre party in the *Landtag* and *Reichstag,* during the second reading of the proposed law. Dr. Belzer said:

> This bill intends to make an end of the unhappy state of affairs which permits Germans who desire to remain German nationals while residing abroad to lose their German citizenship [on account of such

residence in a foreign state]. As a rule the loss of German citizenship is entailed only when the individual explicitly declares his intention to give up the fatherland or when such intention must be assumed from the fact that he acquires foreign citizenship or that he neglects to fulfill his military obligations. It is clear that much is to be said against double allegiance. . . I need call your attention only to the international complications which might be the result. . . .

And thus § 17, section 2, decrees that:

> Citizenship is lost—
>
> By the acquisition of foreign citizenship (§ 25).

The § 25 here referred to contains, however, one proviso to section 2 of § 17, in so far as it makes to some extent or in exceptional cases the loss of German nationality through acquisition of foreign citizenship subject to the willingness of the individual to lose his *Reichsangehoerigkeit.*

While section 1 of § 25 stipulates that:

> A German . . . loses his citizenship on acquiring foreign citizenship, provided the foreign citizenship is acquired as a result of his own application. . . .

section 2 provides that:

> Citizenship is not lost by one who before acquiring foreign citizenship has secured on application the written consent of the competent authorities of his home State to retain his citizenship. . . .

This section 2, as far as quoted, has given rise to the opinion, expressed by Gibbons, that thus "a legal means has been given to the naturalized Germans to retain, *without the knowledge of the nations where their oath of allegiance has been received in good faith,* citizenship in Germany."

But in order to give such an interpretation the semblance of merit Gibbons was forced to, and actually did, suppress the rest of section 2 and the entire section 3 of § 25. The closing sentence of section 2 stipulates that:

> Before the consent [to retain German citizenship] is given the German consul is to be heard.

Section 3 states that:

> The Imperial Chancellor may order, with the consent of the Federal Council, that persons who desire to acquire citizenship in a specific foreign country, may not be granted the consent provided for in paragraph 2 [i.e. section 2 of §25].

And Gibbons further suppresses § 36, which orders that:

Treaties concluded by the Federal States with foreign countries prior to the going into effect of this law remain undisturbed.

There is being circulated in the United States a leaflet, apparently of unknown origin, which also gives this § 25 in the curtailed form chosen by Mr. Gibbons. This leaflet then proffers an opinion similar to that expressed by Gibbons, quoting an unnamed "international law review" to the effect that "a text like Paragraph 2 of Article 25 *is a direct invitation to fraud and perjury.*"

The meaning of the parts suppressed is that each individual case, where a German applying for foreign citizenship desires to retain his *Reichsangehoerigkeit,* is subject to the consent of the Imperial Chancellor and the Federal Council, such consent being dependent upon the report of the German consul abroad, who passes on the merit or the demerit of everyone of these applications. From the clauses suppressed it appears further that section 2 of § 25 is not applicable to Germans who have become citizens in countries whose treaties with the "German states" preclude double citizenship in whatever form; that the countries not having any such treaties with the German states know very well what to expect from their new citizens; and that, if the procedure sanctioned by the new German law deserves to be called an "*invitation to fraud and perjury,*" the foreign Governments which, under the given conditions, continue to naturalize German immigrants must be considered as the participants in guilt. Of this last phase more will be said anon.

That the conditions created by section 2 of § 25, while eminently satisfactory from the German point of view, would by no means be accepted without criticism abroad was indeed expected by those responsible for the new state of affairs. But according to the German view this new measure seems to be considered as to some extent retaliatory in character and, in the opinion of the German legislators, seems to constitute a somewhat belated attempt to follow the time-honored practice of Germany's shrewd and experienced rival across the Channel. Such at least are the thoughts voiced in the *Reichstag* by Baron von Richthofen, chairman of the committee appointed to frame the new law. "We also welcome the fact"—so he said during the debate on the first reading—"that the bill permits

Germans who, for motives of an economic kind, are compelled to acquire a foreign nationality, to retain at the same time the *Reichsangehoerigkeit*. This subject has frequently been discussed in the foreign press. It cannot, of course, be ignored that those countries which make the permit of certain economic activities conditional upon acceptance of their citizenship, view it with disfavor if at the same time the *Reichsangehoerigkeit* is retained. The country which has voiced an opinion on this subject is Russia. But I think that we need not pay too much heed to this fact, since the bill provides that a German acquiring foreign citizenship can retain his *Reichsangehoerigkeit* only upon application, so that it is absolutely optional with him to renounce his old allegiance. As far as other countries are concerned the conditions resulting from the new law are extremely desirable. I need but remind you of the fact that in England admission to the Exchange is granted a German merchant only if he possesses English citizenship. It is certainly very hard that every German desirous of doing business at the London Exchange should be compelled to give up his *Reichsangehoerigkeit*. And further, in the countries of Latin South America it is by no means easy for a German who does not possess the citizenship of those countries to compete with those who have become citizens. I also wish to call your attention to the fact that in this respect England, for instance, has shown us the way, inasmuch as that country permits its nationals to acquire foreign citizenship while at the same time retaining their own; and that up to the present one has not heard that this has prompted any other state to voice a complaint."

What Baron von Richthofen here says of English double citizenship applied, of course, to the time this statement was made. Since 1914, however, England seems to have mended her ways in this respect. The British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act of August 7, 1914, in section III, No. 13, states, without any proviso, that:

> A British subject who, when in any foreign state and not under disability, by obtaining a certificate of naturalization, or by any other voluntary and formal act becomes naturalized therein, shall thenceforth be deemed to have ceased to be a British subject.

The loss of British nationality was for the first time, and then only conditionally, acceded to by England in 1870.

Section 6 of the Naturalization Act of that year agrees that:

> Any British subject who has at any time before, or may at any time after the passing of this act, when in any foreign state and not under any disability voluntarily become naturalized in such a state, shall from and after the time of his having become naturalized in such a foreign state, be deemed to have ceased to be a British subject and be regarded as an alien. . . .

However, No. 1 of this section provides:

> That where any British subject has before the passing of this Act voluntarily become naturalized in a foreign state and yet is desirous of remaining a British subject, he may, at any time within two years after the passing of this Act, make a declaration that he is desirous of remaining a British subject, and upon such declaration hereinafter referred to as a declaration of British nationality being made, and upon his taking the oath of allegiance, the declarant shall be deemed to be and to have been continually a British subject; with this qualification, that he shall not, when within the limits of the foreign state in which he has been naturalized, be deemed to be a British subject, unless he has ceased to be a subject of that state in pursuance of the laws thereof, or in pursuance of treaty to that effect.

There seems to have existed among the English legislators a considerable difference of opinion regarding the exact interpretation of this section. According to the Lord Chancellor, speaking to the House of Lords during the second reading of the Bill, "they further recommended that, inasmuch as it would be well to make these regulations retrospective, and clear the whole question at once, it might be advisable to allow a period of time within which any person who, at the passing of the Act, has been so naturalized in any foreign country, might, if he thought fit, give up such naturalization, and return to the country of which he was originally a citizen." Speaking on the same subject on May 9 he said: "The aim of the Bill—though, as he had explained, it could not be thoroughly carried out—was to enable any person with a double allegiance to elect which country he would be a subject of." The Earl of Clarendon, commenting upon the same subject to the House of Lords on May 3, is reported in *Hansard's Debates* to have expressed his opinion to the effect that "his noble and learned Friend on the Woolsack had referred, with great propriety and force, to the evils resulting from a system of double nationality," that "it was in truth an evil which they were

bound, as far as possible, to remove," but that " he doubted whether the Bill now under consideration would have that effect," that " the difficulties connected with the subject were apparent throughout the Bill " as, for instance, " in the first paragraph [of section 6] . . . they would find the system of double nationality," that " it was limited, undoubtedly, to British subjects who became naturalized in foreign countries," but that " we gave what might possibly prove a very large class the privilege of being restored to British nationality, and that without the consent of the country which might have adopted them, and in which they might have become naturalized."

And, as a matter of fact, the Bill, as it became law, provides that Britishers who, before the passing of the Act of 1870, had become citizens of a foreign country were to be re-admitted to the full rights of English nationals and were to enjoy the benefit of these rights at least during their presence in the United Kingdom, while at the same time they were permitted to retain their foreign citizenship.

Thus No. 1 of section 6 of the Naturalization Act of 1870 clearly establishes the principle of double citizenship, though seemingly not quite in the same sense or to the same extent of the German law of 1914.

But there is another passage, section 8, of the law of 1870, which reads as follows:

> A natural-born British subject who has become an alien in pursuance of this act, and is in this act referred to as a statutory alien, may, on performing the same conditions and adducing the same evidence as is required in the case of an alien applying for a certificate of nationality, apply to one of Her Majesty's principal secretaries of state for a certificate hereinafter referred to as a certificate of re-admission to British nationality, re-admitting him to the status of a British subject. The said secretary of state shall have the same discretion as to the giving or withholding of the certificate as in the case of a certificate of naturalization. . . .

And further:

> A statutory alien to whom a certificate of re-admission to British nationality has been granted shall, from the date of the certificate of re-admission, but not in respect of any previous transaction, resume his position as a British subject; with this qualification, that within the limits of the foreign state of which he became a subject he shall not be deemed to be a British subject unless he has ceased to

be a subject of that foreign state according to the laws thereof, or in pursuance of a treaty to that effect.

In his *Nationality* Piggott gives his, and, it is safe to say, the only possible, interpretation of this section:

> The conditions for re-patriation are therefore: residence in the United Kingdom or service under the Crown, for not less than five years, within a period of eight years, prior to the application, coupled with an intention either to reside in the United Kingdom, or to serve under the Crown. . . . The special qualification of s. 7 is reproduced; the certificate of re-admission like the certificate of naturalization, to have no effect in the state in which the British subject has become naturalized, unless he has ceased to be a subject either in pursuance of the laws thereof, or of a treaty to that effect.
>
> The introduction of this qualification [so Piggott continues] was inevitable, as the principle of recognition of the foreign law pervades the Act. Even in the case of those who were naturalized [in a foreign country] prior to the Act, and who were, after declaring their British nationality, held never to have been other than British subjects, the qualification was introduced: it could hardly have been omitted in the case of those who resumed [British] nationality after naturalization [in a foreign country] expressly recognized by the Act. . .

This section 8 then permits any "natural-born British subject" to become, "in pursuance of this act," that is, also after this act has become law, a citizen of a foreign country, and permits re-admittance, at the discretion of "one of Her Majesty's principal secretaries of state," to the British fold while at the same time he is allowed to retain his foreign citizenship, with the only proviso that, when staying within the limits of the foreign state of which he also is a citizen, he shall not be considered a British subject.

The German law, as we have seen, permits a German to retain, at the discretion of the Chancellor and the Federal Council, his German nationality and then to accept foreign citizenship without the limitation of the English law, a limitation, however, whose validity is seriously questioned by none less than Piggott. "There is here to be noticed," he also says, "one point which is too apt to be overlooked. Naturalization involves something more than a mere document declaratory of the fact that a certain person has been received into the new allegiance: the oath of that new allegiance has been taken; and the argument that the certificate does not make the holder of it a British subject outside of the United Kingdom overlooks the fact that there

is in the oath itself no such limitation, and also that there is no provision for release from its obligations."

Both the English and the German law emphasize the validity of existing naturalization treaties with other states.

Concerning the motives underlying No. 1 of section 6—and, by inference, those of section 8—of the British law of 1870, we find very little in the meager debates as quoted by Hansard. And what little we do find there coincides with Piggott's view that the object of the British Government seems to have been to give those who otherwise would have lost their British nationality the privilege to retain the same with its full rights and benefits. On the other hand, Piggott frankly admits that those who now would take advantage of this exceptional opportunity were living in foreign countries and had acquired foreign citizenship in order to enjoy commercial and other advantages accessible only to citizens of the countries in which they have chosen to reside. "There were probably," so he writes on pp. 143-144, "at the time the Act of 1870 was passed, many who had adopted for convenience a foreign nationality—convenience of residence, convenience of commerce: neither of which in some states is so free for foreigners as for subjects. The law, by its non-recognition of foreign naturalizations, by its strict adherence to the old common law maxim, may be said to have expressly sanctioned this: at least it declined to attach any consequence to it. Therefore, when it was decided to recognize naturalizations for the future, and when the logical consequence, the recognition of naturalizations in the past had also been decided on, it became necessary to provide for those who had not intended to cast themselves adrift from their British allegiance, which the law had allowed them to retain. . . ."

Still, the "international law review" quoted in the leaflet mentioned, makes bold to assert that "that which is new [in the German law] and apparently without precedent, is a legislative disposition inviting nationals to secure abroad, through fictitious naturalization, certain material advantages reserved for natives of the country." And still, such naturalization is here spoken of as "fictitious," although the countries where Germans may apply for citizenship, while at the same time they retain their *Reichsangehoerigkeit,* are only those which have no naturalization treaties with the German states, and although even

these countries have it in their power to regulate this matter to their own satisfaction by the means of concluding such treaties, of granting German nationals the same privileges which their own nationals enjoy in Germany, or by way of framing their oath of allegiance in such a manner that those taking the oath must, without reservation, forswear allegiance to their former sovereign.

The difficulty in this respect, however, is to be found in the fact that the countries which are most likely to resent Germany's "bold step" are themselves hardly in a position to "throw stones." Italy and France, for instance, absolve no national who has become a citizen of a foreign country from his own allegiance so long as, according to their own laws, he is subject to military duty; and, according to their laws, every son born to a national, be it on native or foreign soil, is subject to military duty. France provides for an exception in the application of the law by "special consent from the Government." (For a detailed statement of the workings of the French and Italian laws and of the consequences accruing to the individuals held to be subject to these laws and, no less, to the countries whose allegiance these individuals claim by choice of their free will, see: *The Literary Digest* for July 10, 1915.) Russia, as is well known, never releases her natives from Russian allegiance except by special ukase of the Czar. And England, as the German claim goes, was, at the time of the inauguration of the German law, doing nothing less than the Germans proposed to do.

That the oath of allegiance in the form applied in the United States would everywhere preclude the retaining of German citizenship is the opinion expressed by Richard W. Flournoy, Jr., Chief of the United States Bureau of Naturalization, who thus interprets section 2 of § 25 of the German law: "According to this provision, a German residing in a foreign land may acquire naturalization therein without giving up his German nationality unless the laws of that country require renunciation of the prior allegiance." (*American Journal of International Law,* 1914, p. 480.)

To state further, as Mr. Flournoy does on p. 481, that "this provision can have no application to Germans who are naturalized as citizens of the United States, since it is a specific requirement of our naturalization law that an

alien who applies for naturalization must expressly renounce allegiance to all other sovereignties, and particularly by name to the sovereignty to which he at the time owes allegiance", appears almost superfluous unless Mr. Flournoy by means of this specific statement intends to take the wind out of the sails of those who, for reasons best known to themselves, seek to alarm the American public by their attempt to represent the new German law as being applicable to the United States. One of these attempts is found in the alleged quotation from the unnamed "international law review" which declares as follows: "For example in the United States of North America, Article 4 of the Federal Law of June 29th, 1906, enacts that the candidate for naturalization must declare ON OATH *that he intends bonâ fide to become a citizen of the United States, and that he means to renounce, for ever, all allegiance and all duty and fidelity to every prince, potentate, state or sovereign whose subject for the moment he may happen to be.* Such being the conditions imposed, the German who, before soliciting American naturalization, should have made use of the faculty recognized by article 26 [25], paragraph 2, of the German law, would, whatever his motive—the acquisition of economic advantages or the right to landed property in States of the Union—render himself guilty of perjury, and the consul would be in reality an accomplice." One G. De Wesselitsky, in his book *Russia and Democracy* warns us that "this matter seems to be becoming very prominent in the United States just now." The same trend of thought or intention appears to be underlying Sir Gilbert Parker's reference to this subject when, in the *World in the Crucible* he quotes various statements concerning the German-American National Alliance and the Central Society of German Veterans and Soldier societies of North America, attributed to one Herr Witte, former Press Attaché to the German Embassy in Washington, and then adds in his own words that these statements should "be read in connection with the fact that in 1913 Germany passed a law preserving for a German his nationality even when he has become naturalized in another country."

The latest attempt in this direction is the assertion made by Frances A. Kellor in her *Straight America,* where it is claimed that "while there exists a naturalization treaty with Germany, this did not prevent the Ger-

mans from passing the law of nationality of June 1, 1914, which practically nullifies the [Bancroft] treaty." Senator Lodge, writing to Secretary Lansing, is quoted in the *Literary Digest,* July 10, 1915, as stating that "the German law . . . does not create a conflict of laws, but establishes a dual allegiance which, as you point out, is contrary to our laws and absolutely incompatible with our oath of allegiance." This passage, given without its context, seems to permit of double interpretation, and even its reference to Secretary Lansing, as pointing out what Senator Lodge here states, does not remove the uncertainty as to its real meaning. Senator Lodge in this statement may be expressing a view similar to that held by the critics just quoted, to the effect that the German law, being considered applicable to the United States, does indeed sanction a fictitious naturalization of Germans in the United States and, by doing so, nullifies the Bancroft treaty, a view rendered absolutely untenable by § 36 of the German law itself, which explicitly assures the continued validity of existing naturalization treaties with other nations. On the other hand, one may be permitted to read into the Senator's words Mr. Flournoy's verdict: that the oath of allegiance, as rendered by applicants for naturalization in the United States, demands renunciation of fealty to the country from which the applicant hails, that section 2 of § 25 of the German law sanctions in certain cases the acquisition of foreign citizenship without such renunciation, and that, in consequence thereof, section 2 of § 25 of the German law can not be, and is not, applicable to the United States.

Mr. Flournoy suggests that "the whole subject of the law of citizenship, in which there is now so much confusion, or at least, in particular phases of it, might well be made the topic of discussion by the Hague Conference."—Would it be amiss to ask whether or not the coming peace convention, which will have to untangle theories vastly more confusing and will have to counterpoise tendencies infinitely more antagonistic, could legitimately make part of its task the adjustment of the conflicting principles and practice of the laws of citizenship as they are now enacted and enforced by the nations concerned?

J. Mattern.

A CONJECTURE OF INTENSIVE FICTION

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE theorist of intensive fiction must first make reasonably sure that there is such a thing, and when he has done this he must show the reader that it differs from extensive fiction, if he can. Instead, I had proposed to take the first proposition for granted, and then to suppose that the second was a matter of universal knowledge. With such an easy scheme it was quite as simple to inquire who had shown the greatest mastery of intensive fiction, and it was logical to believe that women had shown the same superiority in it as in gardening, say, while men had excelled in the more extensive forms of imaginative literature as in farming. At the same time, it would be candid to leave the whole question in a solution of reasonable doubt whether there was any such literary thing as intensive fiction and to hold one's self ready to renounce one's theory of it. I was moved, somewhat elatedly, to this conclusion by remembering that the most delightful of women novelists allows her most delicately ironical character to question the equally undisputed opinion that "the talent of writing agreeable letters is peculiarly feminine . . . As far as I have had opportunity of judging," Henry Tilney says, "it appears to me that the usual style of letter-writing among women is faultless, except in three particulars. . . . A general deficiency of subject, a total inattention to stops, and a very frequent ignorance of grammar."

Tilney's wit does not pass upon the question of woman's superiority in gardening which had not come up, and I had taken her excellence for granted because the robuster energies of man were more adapted to farming. Woman, I reasoned, is naturally fitted for the intensive culture of a small space of ground, from which by thoroughly enriching and tilling it she can garner the results of a very much larger

area, a quite indefinitely larger area. In fiction by the same treatment of a very limited area of life she could make it yield a harvest as great as a large-sized plot under cultivation by the extensive method. My notion was in fact that women being gardeners rather than farmers by instinct, and more used than men to make the most of a little, would use a few characters, or a few groups of them, to get the effect of a vast dramatic scheme, peopled with a multitude of types. The more I considered this notion the more it pleased me, and I began casting about for instances which would prove it when the cool breath of Tilney's satire smote upon me and chilled the ardor of my supposition. I was going to allege the work of Jane Austen herself as a prime instance of the superior feminine intensiveness in fiction, and I confess that I felt badly to have a main proof of it turned against me as it were by her own hand. Yet what better proof of her own intensiveness in fiction could there be than *Pride and Prejudice, Persuasion, Sense and Sensibility,* and *Emma,* not to name her other books? Or, if I must go further back in time, where should I find more convincing evidence of woman's excelling intensiveness in fiction than in the novels of Miss Edgeworth? Or, if I come forward in time, what supremer instance than in the novels of Charlotte Brontë, who confessedly thought so little of Jane Austen's fiction and probably of Maria Edgeworth's, though she applied in her own work the intensive methods which these authors supremely exemplified. Woman's excellence in intensive fiction was evinced not only by their creative work but by the instructive effect of it, for they seemed to have taught man that very mastery of the art which would seem to tell against my position. Their example did not stop with the limits of the English language and life; all over Europe it wrought, and in *Madame Bovary, Anna Karénina,* the novels of Björnsen and the plays of Ibsen; in such stories of the Spaniards as Valdis's *Maximina,* Ibañez's *La Catedral* and *Sangre y Arena,* and beyond all the rest Galdós's *Doña Perfecta.* No doubt others could name women who excel these men in the intensiveness of their fiction; but as it is I can think only of Pardo-Bazán in *The Angular Stone,* and in *Homesickness.* To recur to the Russians, I may cite all the novels of Turgenieff as illustrative of my meaning: *Smoke, Spring-Floods, Lisa, Father,* and *Sons* are insurpassably intensive. Among Americans I

think first of Hawthorne, and *The Scarlet Letter,* and *The Marble Faun.*

None of these masterpieces, whether of women or men, tell a story, or invent a plot so much as divine the feelings and portray the character of one person in dramatic encounter with a very few other persons. Out of the limited circumstances they gather a harvest richer than the many-acred yield of the vast and wandering field of romance. This is saying it very imperfectly, and perhaps the difference between the two kinds cannot be definitely stated, but can only be felt by the few who are able to feel things of themselves and need not be told what they feel. In later American fiction I think of no example so illustrative of the intensive method as Mr. Booth Tarkington's *Turmoil.* There the action and its implications are kept wholly within two families and their few acquaintances, yet in this small area of character a world of social and psychological import is felt. The scene is always a Middle-Western manufacturing city such as twenty years ago, when polite people who were vainly striving against the greatness of Ibsen, would have been called provincial, but now, with all its qualities insistent, it must be recognized as of the same metropolitan value as Paris or London. The scene is ample for the most important human events and the passions stalk as large there as if they had the world for their theatre.

It is the advantage of the intensive method of fiction that its scene is never cluttered, but when the interests are apparently the simplest and the events the fewest, the stage is never empty. If the characters have their feet on the ground, it is enough; we know them living and feel them real. Take such a story as Miss Sarah N. Cleghorn's story of *The Spinster,* which is no more than the life of a girl growing up in the New England hill-country to be an old maid and continuing the fulfillment of her destiny by way of Radcliffe College in Cambridge. This is finally accomplished among the women-workers on strike in New York, where the spinster joyfully finds herself a socialist. The book is tense with emotion, animated by an unbroken strain of reality, of truth to Puritanic origins throughout the modern circumstance of the story. It is a very touching story which keeps the heart of womanhood palpitant through disappointment from the first stirring of the girlish wish to be desired to the last throe of celibate resignation in devo-

tion to a great, just cause. The New England conscience will not suffer the author to falsify character or misrepresent life, any more than to tell or act any other kind of lie. The heroine is herself very romantic, or rather poetic; life is a dream, a rapture undisguised with her, and in the end an ecstasy of unselfish love for all the poor of the world. Those ultimate chapters where the heroine—truly heroic—is seen turning from the egotism of our actual conditions to the altruism of the world as it shall be, are of thrilling beauty in their simplicity.

The literary method throughout is intensive; there is no waste of the narrow ground; every space is made to grow from life something life-giving. The very pang that the story imparts at times, perhaps most times, is vitalizing; one cannot read such a story without a sense of nourishment such as the fodder from the unlimited acreages of the extensive method cannot impart. It is of the tradition in which most American women-novelists have excelled and have surpassed the American men-novelists; and in the same tradition the women-novelists of England have won their triumphs. There is of course the great, the only George Eliot, who is of the extensive school, but a good deal might be said to show that it is when she gathers her forces into some little nook or corner of one of her wide areas that she is greatest. The novel that first made her universally known, *Adam Bede*, might be fairly claimed as the effect of the intensive method; and all the rest of the novel-writing English women are of that cult. Especially so is that novelist who, upon the whole, must stand next to Jane Austen, and whose method was always an instinct with her, but was perverted at times by the Victorian taste which she perforce addressed, for Charlotte Brontë, far beyond the extensive novelists of her time, lived the truth, and loved the look of life, and desired to tell it and to give it perhaps most when she most failed of it.

The reader experienced in my heterodoxy (as it would once rather than now be accounted) will perceive the slant of this, and will not be deceived by my talk of the intensive method. He will know that I mean romanticism when I speak of the extensive method in fiction, and will be by no means misled by my praise of the intensive fiction of an English authoress whose novels I have been learning to like during some years past, and whom I wish I could praise to a

public here more conversant with them than I can make sure of. It was in fact from the intensiveness of one of her latest-read, though not latest-written novels, that I was moved to imagine the existence of such a method in fiction and the priority of women in it. But no example in any art is scientifically perfect, and *Una and the Lions* by Constance Smedley, as she calls herself, is not so exemplary as I could wish an example of intensive fiction to be; it is not a human drama of that greatness which the harvest from an intensively cultivated plot should be. It is the autobiographically told story of a young English girl, a teacher, who gets to Florence by a stroke of ludicrous good luck, and sees the foreign society-world there through and from the finely graded and differenced snobbishness of the lady-boarders in a genteel pension. It is her practical ignorance and instinctive knowledge of their natures which animate the scene while the certain never-fully-revealed awfulness of a very wicked old English lord, as learned as he is lurid, living in the iniquity tolerated by the easy-going society of the Italian capital, is the darkling background of the stage. The drama is the play of the girl's emotions in the presence of the city's artistic and historic wonders, and the events are her mostly subjective experiences. There is a beginning and a middle and an ending but nothing transcends the autobiographical frame, which is made to include so much that is not autobiographical: a world, indeed, of undreamed-of persons and motives. The spare incident is intensively used and there is a crop of character grown in the narrow plot of life which the extensive method would have left with a surface scarcely touched.

But as an example of what may be done by the intensive method it is not so satisfactory as the author's later book, *On the Fighting Line*. Here again the form is autobiographical, and the supposed autobiographer is again a young girl, generous, glowingly imaginative and ardently trustful of the creatures of her imagination. But the scene now is in London, where the heroine is a typist very hard at work in the office of a rather adventurous financiering company. It is the necessity of her being to idealize some one, and the nearest at hand is the son of her official chief, sufficiently idealizable in his good looks and good nature and willingness to let her be in love with him. This part of it is the least interesting, the least valuable; the best part is that which

has to do with the people on the fighting line, the hard working men and women who while they struggle for a livelihood struggle to keep their souls their own. All are socialistic; some of the women are suffragettes, and at least one is militant; some are harmlessly Bohemian, like the autobiographer, and there are some creatures of the society world who feel the charm of this blithe unsociety world of work and freedom. The intensiveness of the book consists in producing from a few characters and events, results that the extensive method labors for over areas which touch one another only in episodes forcibly rather than voluntarily related. It is not so fresh an inquiry as the Florentine story, and after a moment of valuing it more as a contribution to the story of strenuous and conscientious endeavor in the world of work which tries also to be the world of play, one ends in valuing it less. The interest which centers in the Florentine pension, with the dilletantes in their periphery of aesthetic and historic inquiry, is more convincing of reality, more palpable than the London conditioning of the typist who loses her job by defeating the fraudulent intention of one of her employers. A good and true thing is the essential amicability of this rascal who takes her back into his employ with a half confession and apology when it serves his turn. What is best in it is what is best in the Florentine story, that is to say the autobiographer's girl-nature. You are not always convinced that the things happened, but if they had, this is the way that this sort of girl would have behaved in their occurrence.

The autobiographer who reveals herself is not so convincing as the girl studied in *The Spinster,* and there is not so much convincingness in the events. This may be partly or largely the result in such a witness as myself, because I know the ground better in the American book. But if this is so, I cannot very well say why one of Constance Smedley's other books persuades me of greater reality, greater actuality than the two I have been talking about. I am only certain that I am more certain of the people in *Commoners' Rights.* What is supposed to happen there happens in the little, inflexibly traditioned community of Chippingdun, where the young Gloucestershire squire bursts the bonds of immemorial conformity and marries the beautiful, brilliantly practical and generously idealistic daughter of professional people who has been in the management of a sort of co-opera-

tive art enterprise in London where she has personally sold the work of a Guild of Women Craft-workers. She has gloriously succeeded in this and is beloved and honored by the sisterhood she has benefited, but she has handled money like a shop-woman, and has already been made to feel, obscurely but unmistakably, that she is of the class which she has otherwise transcended. It is not to ease her heart of this pain that she has married the young squire, but it is a quality of her happiness in marrying him for love. He is good, a gentleman of the finest Tory breed, but Chippingdun is his world beyond every other, and her London achievement is something that he endures bravely and proudly, but something that at its best he wishes left behind her, with all its implications. He has no personal conceit, but he cannot imagine that it cannot be enough for her to be his wife and to share his place in the first rank of Chippingdun society. They come home from their wedding journey at the moment when the question of *Commoners' Rights* has arisen between the people and a firm of stone-quarriers who have infringed immemorial privilege by passing the bounds of the squire's land and taking the turf off a few yards of pasturage sacred to the villagers' cattle. The squire himself does not like that, and submits rather than consents to the action of the father and son who have hired their quarry from him. He goes to Canada on business and his wife is left with a retroactive jealousy of a very odious aristocrat whom he was in love with before his marriage. She indulges her humanitarian passion by espousing the cause of the commoners against the quarriers; and the whole case is treated with admirable justice. The gentry of Chippingdun whom the wife has disliked from her own tradition show unexpectedly well, and the lower classes are the first to believe a scandal against her and to disable her efforts for them. But the plot does not matter and the situation matters only as it enables character to show itself. The reader shall go to the book with the edge of such curiosity as he has unblunted; it is quite worth satisfying at first hand. What may be said in anticipation of his conclusion is to the praise of the very clear and generous equity shown in the inquiry. The whole affair is delicately as well as distinctly felt, and the effect is something very new, if not quite new, in the fiction which deals with character as shaped by tradition. There is no *parti pris* except the part of truth and fairness. The

reader's sympathy is with the under-dog, but the under-dog has confessedly his demerits, and the over-dog confessedly his good points. The commoners who are striving so bravely to keep the common from the landlords are shown to have unworthily kept it very dirty and even dangerous. The management of the situation is dramatic and not sensibly didactive, and it teaches, by character and event, as life teaches. Like life it is subtle, but as Lowell liked saying of Shakespeare's subtlety, it is subtle in letters a foot high.

There is no difficulty in identifying the method as intensive if there is any necessity. There is no waste ground, and the culture is close and fine, so that there is nothing lost in the sense imparted of the place and people. It is an excellent piece of work; it would have been called in earlier days a "contribution" to the social knowledge of an English neighborhood where none of the people are either so good or so bad as they are in the habit of thinking themselves and one another. The beautiful success of the heroine in the service of the Women Craft-workers in London is antecedent of the story and is less of the reader's experience and observance in fiction, if not out of it, than the social contacts of rich and poor at Chippingdun. We are more accustomed to meeting such people as are shown us there, than those *On the Fighting Line,* but it is not this, we think, that makes them more appreciable. The like social encounter is studied in another book of the authoress called *New Wine in Old Bottles,* a title which intimates the same sort of enmities and amenities in their activity, but here the facts are not so subtle or so freshly dealt with. There is a breadth in the personification of the different social elements which has rather too much of travesty; there is a want of the restraint which would have better convinced the reader of them, and there is an almost Victorian openness in the characterization; the people are too obvious from the outset. You are obliged too often to say, "No, this did not happen, or if it did, not in this way, or so soon." The scheme is very simple: a brother and sister who have lived nearly their whole lives in Italy, come back to their native country town of Scroose, in Gloucestershire, and try to resume their family importance which has been forfeited by their Italian mother's neglect of English etiquette. But they are not in sympathy with the local traditions of class; they have become socialists, in a way; they have a contempt for the people embodying those

traditions, and they show it in their wish to serve the town without the help of the town's betters. They wish the town to help itself; Miss Valentine plans a pageant exemplifying its growth in civilization through incidents of its industrial history, and she plans letting the people do the pageant themselves in the various characters. She soon feels the need of class favor and patronage; but when she calls upon the ladies of the chief family they snub her unsparingly and utterly refuse their countenance to her scheme. She is a person whom nothing can keep snubbed, and almost immediately the daughter of this topping house meets the brother who is writing the scenario of the pageant, and they fall in love with each other through their common love of poetry. This does not prevent the girl's being a hateful, though gifted person, and she has a cruel pleasure in taking a chief character in the pageant away from a daughter of trade to whom it has been assigned by the inventor of the pageant. The brave, unsnubbable girl assents perforce to the change and to the other changes made by the gentry who have come into the scheme, and to whom the tradesfolks' feelings are mud. Their action takes the best parts from the lower classes and gives one to the hateful gifted girl's brother, who by now is beginning to be in love with Miss Valentine, but not so far as to imagine her feelings in the case, or realize her sacrifices. What manliness is in him, the manliness which surpasses gentlemanliness, appears under the crucial ordeal of Richard Valentine's setting up a shop. To be sure the shop deals in such aesthetic wares as books, pictures, little sculptures and bric-a-brac; but Richard proposes to sell them over the counter himself, and that is a real test of Beverley's manliness.

Of the two intensive studies of the English social conditions *Commoners' Rights* is solider and closer than *New Wine in Old Bottles* and more real. The last is in fact a sort of fantasy with the portrayal of personal character carried to the verge of caricature by insistence upon the traits of the types; the first is intensive fiction of prime excellence, and I could almost allege it as a supreme example. The people in it are of genuine quality and value; and it is worthy permanent survival from the multitude of dead and dying novels of our day. But this is not criticism, and I should like to refine upon my crudity, if I can, by saying that the book abounds in surprises for the reader

which will convince his reason, and keep his interest keen after the story is told. You expect that Georgiana with her socialistic and co-operative experience will achieve a moral triumph over her Tory husband which will give the hope of permanent change in his nature and that of Chippingdun generally. But this is not the result; the good end comes about through the reasonableness in the Tories which helps them to see clearly, point after point, and to deal justly. I should have to tell the whole story to prove this, and I must ask the reader to take my word for it, and to believe me without further proof that this admirable fiction is one of the best of the intensive sort which goes deeper and deeper in the production of its harvest from a narrow plot of life. A real question of duty, of the essential fraternity underlying every community is what enlarges and elevates the conduct of Chippingdun almost without changing the intention of its gentry, who are like gentry everywhere in proposing to make Christian charity do duty for the human solidarity.

Of course the book's essence is socialistic if not socialism; the thinking and feeling are socialistic; this is the beginning of it as much as it is the end of Miss Cleghorn's story of *The Spinster*. The two books are illustrative of the different English and American sense of the impulse stirring the civilized world. The English novelist recognizes it as a matter of taste; inequality, economical and social, is ugly, and the revolt against it is from the love of beauty. The American novelist feels it as the only right conclusion shaping the life of a generous, poetic woman-nature to its fit climax. Both books are intensive in method; but the American book is more poignantly intense; the suffering in it is the pang of a soul heroic in disappointment and sorrow. Naturally the situation is more appreciable to an American, because an American has witnessed the like in the life he has seen if not lived. It is vitally personal; the appeal of the English book is from the first to that social conscience which the American book reaches only in its culmination.

I think it is interesting to note how fiction has arrived through sympathy with the under-dog at criticism of an animal that might well have begun to believe itself impeccable through suffering. Sympathy with it has been characteristic of intensive fiction from the beginning, especially the intensive fiction of woman. Jane Austen herself who

relinquished a certain plot because the protagonist was too plebeian to have a rightful claim to the interest of cultivated people, or people of class, had yet an abhorrence of upper class arrogance, and she made her dearest heroine the daughter of a family only half gentry; and when we come to the next greatest woman writer of fiction, in the order of time after her, we are made to feel the sympathy of Charlotte Brontë as a passion that passes compassion, and thrills for reparation. The dog that she pities almost with tears of blood is not merely the social under-dog; all creatures that suffer wrong of whatever sort share her anguish of pity. A more controlled pathos is as penetrating in Miss Cleghorn's story which carries its consolation with it. That is indeed a tragedy imparting a very "noble terror," and in the best sense of my conjecture it is intensive.

Yet none of these modern fictions begins to be so intensive as *The Scarlet Letter* and *Blithedale Romance,* or so responsive to my ill-defined ideal of that method. I have rather an uneasy conscience in having so defined it as perhaps to have left the reader with the impression that I always value it beyond the extensive method. In the hands of a master the intensive fiction more nearly approaches the drama, perhaps because its limit obliges it to be more explicit and direct, but I am not sure that the Laocoön is greater art than some classic bas-reliefs such as Schlegel liked to liken to epics. I am very sure that no fictions of the intensive method excel the masterpieces of extensiveness. Perhaps if I were to be very, very candid I might own that the greatest fictions are of the extensive method: *Don Quixote,* for instance, *Gil Blas, La Chartreuse de Parme, War and Peace, Middlemarch, Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and perhaps *Vanity Fair* and *Wilhelm Meister.* But it may be contended that these are composed of agglutinated episodes which are separately of the intensive method. Of this method I should like to allege some of Zola's novels, and that very great recent Spanish novel by Ibañez, namely *La Catedral,* which is so narrowly defined that it never passes the ecclesiastical and economical and social limits of the Cathedral of Toledo from which it garners the whole significance of modern Spain. Of course *Marie Claire* must be counted among the foremost of intensive fictions, and Miss Edith Wyatt's beautiful and distinctively humane novel, *True Love.* One cannot read that book without great hope

and consolation, a harvest of faith in the rich possibilities of the democratic, the American ideal.

This recalls me from whatever wandering I have permitted myself in quest of examples and renews my wish to make clear somehow what I mean by intensive fiction; but I am not sure that I can do it. I do not mean a method which produces from a little space the effects of the largest extensive fiction, appreciable numerically, but perhaps a result in the reader which he could not compute as the sum of incidents or characters. It would be a method which should leave abidingly with him a sense of things far transcending the things related. There is perhaps something not finally explicable in this, something mystical, something curiously subjective, which I may suggest by the relation of an experience which I have so often had from my reading of fiction. I find myself carrying from the recollection of a strongly impressive passage a sense of spaciousness which does not correspond with the facts. This would seem to have occupied in statement and treatment several paragraphs, and even pages, but when I recurred to the book I would see that my impression had come from perhaps a few sentences. This exposition of what I mean by intensive fiction does not satisfy me, but I have some hopes that the reader will be less difficult, less exacting, and will be persuaded to bring a more sympathetic intelligence to my conjecturing than I have done.

W. D. Howells.

CONSERVING OUR SPIRITUAL RESOURCES

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

If there is anything apparent in this great crash of war which, logically perhaps, marks the outcome of decades of triumphant material progress, it is our need of utilizing to the full our intellectual and spiritual resources, lest the race go back to savagery. With the quickened insight that comes through suffering, even when shared afar, we get our bearings as we could not in the comfortable years of peace, and, in our swift march toward utmost practical efficiency, we pause, aghast and bewildered: for the natural outcome of certain forces predominant in modern life, certain theories becoming more and more predominant in modern education, is being set forth with awful clarity. That ideal of recent decades, the entirely efficient human being, with every physical power, and every intellectual power that serves the physical, developed to the uttermost, becomes under certain conditions a terrible creature to contemplate, declares himself the greatest enemy that civilization has to face. The menace of absolute efficiency of the lower man when unaware of scruple and of the higher laws that bind the souls of men, is being set forth in blood and iron, shot and shell. What more complete refutation of the claims of the most progressive contemporary training, with its emphasis on the external, its subordination of the ethical, what graver arraignment of its dangers, could be presented than has come in the action and the stand taken by that great nation in which the modern scientific trend has most nearly culminated, Germany—Germany, with her plans for the world of matter so definitely, minutely, precisely made, so wholly at sea in the world of spirit, rudderless, without guide or compass?

As we contemplate this appalling present, and face the era which is coming to be, it behooves us to see what tendencies in ourselves point toward a similar mistaking of

the great end of existence. Our present passion to break with the past, with all that has not to do with the immediate achievement that we call progress, or with knowledge of physical laws of the universe; our contempt for the profounder kind of intellectual discipline which fashions the souls of men are full of menace. Our American worship of "force," of "nerve," of "push," the disrepute in which finer, more scrupulous and less successful types of character stand among us; the undergraduate scorn meted out in many of our institutions dedicated to higher education upon those whose achievements are intellectual rather than muscular; our impatience of thought and passion for action, are, if we could read them aright, alarming danger signs. More and more the restraints imposed in elder days by religious scruple vanish; we have lost the fear of hell, and have not yet attained the deeper fear that attends the contemplation of the beauty of holiness. What can be done to waken the sense that the real values of life are inner values, that character is in itself achievement? What can be done to reinforce the new ideals of social justice, and to save the strangest power now urging on social justice, labor agitation, from a conception of the great issues of life as merely material issues, from methods of force more selfish than those of the old order? What can be done to disturb this absorption of the young in passing things, to check the passion for constant amusement, to rouse them to a sense of the deeper human need?

It is time for us to stop to scrutinize carefully those educational ideals which have, of recent years, been impressed upon us as the most important. There are depths in human nature with which the most progressive theories regarding human development have not reckoned; the young need, both at home and in the schools, a profounder teaching than they are at present getting of the ends and aims of life. Those who are urging the external studies of physical phenomena and physical law to the utmost limit, impatient of the moral and spiritual discipline of an earlier day, forget that their own training gave them a sense of moral values which they make no attempt to hand on in the system they are working out. It would be well for us to stop to think of the consequences involved in a facile change from a culture predominantly ethical to a culture predominantly scientific. Right standards of action do not persist automatically; con-

stant will, endeavor, faith, persistent teaching alone can keep alive in the young those high ideals of conduct without which no nation can really live and grow. In the teaching offered the young at home and in school there is lack of that which feeds the most deeply vital force within them. If the future is to be saved, education must be a more fundamental thing than it is, for the most part, at present in this country, must take hold of the deeper elements in human nature, human feeling, passion, sympathy, pity, hope, aspiration; of the profounder intellectual and spiritual powers; of that imaginative insight that can pierce the husk to the finer inner meanings, the souls of things. It must be less external, less dominated by single-track intellectualism, less confident that the secrets of life can be found out by diligent use of the senses. It must more clearly recognize that something profounder which eludes the eye, eludes the ear. Our greatest educational problem today, that which most deeply concerns the future, is not how to get before the young the best scientific apparatus, the most marvelous magnifying glasses, but how to make them think below the surface and find idea back of fact; how to make them know the finer standards of thought and feeling wrought out by the race; how to foster the deeper insight, the finer sympathy, the nobler scruple; how to make them aware of the wonder and the beauty of their spiritual inheritance and the profound challenge therein.

Many a gallant soul today is fighting a good fight in behalf of our national resources, for preserving the integrity of forests, saving waterfalls from destruction, keeping for our descendants, for beauty and for use, the physical wealth of our great country; and the good wishes of all disinterested folk go with them: for thousands and hundreds of thousands are aware of the issue where a question of waste or neglect of material resources is involved. But are we making a sufficiently determined fight, in the same spirit, to train and to develop in the young the diviner human powers of feeling, imagination, which represent the larger resources of human nature? Within them lie deeper powers, profounder instincts than are being stirred now, powers that reach to the inmost depths of being. Immense potential resources of faith, of reverence are there; how, in this vast encompassing secularization of life, can we reach them, make them available? This deeper nature of the young is, incom-

parably, the nation's greatest treasure. How can it be conserved, and brought into wise activity? Are we trying hard enough to keep before them the intellectual and spiritual achievements of the race in the past, the possibilities for the future? Are we "conserving" the priceless treasure of mind and of soul, dug out in centuries of past life, under varied conditions and different environments, of the hard stuff of existence?

The best of this spiritual heritage, this abiding witness to the reality of the inner life, to what we have gained over the brute, comes to us, recorded in terms of imperishable beauty, in the great literature of our own and other races; and we should endeavor, with profound sense of the greatness of the issue, and the imperative need of action in view of dissipating and corroding forces, to preserve for the young and to bring within their reach its mental and spiritual riches. Who among us value this great heritage at its true worth? Lethargy in regard to its slipping hold; ignorance of its supreme value as a matter of training and the need of our youth for it; active objection on the part of educators who would stake the whole of life and development upon the external chance, contribute to our neglect. Wise nations try to incorporate in the lives of present and future citizens all great inheritance; can we afford to let slip the insight of prophet, poet, and philosopher of old?

Literature, it will be maintained, should be read individually and at home; there is little need for educators to bestir themselves in the matter. But, here in America, genuine literature is no longer to any extent read; the old habit of knowing something of the best and finest, once prevalent in large sections of the country, has not survived our present progress. We all go back with pleasure to Lamb's theory that a library of old books, with the young turned loose therein, constitutes the best education in literature. This is admirable, granted the library, the leisure, the instinct for the good, and the opportunity to begin in childhood, for this kind of literary training is the matter of a lifetime. The situation here today, in the vast conglomerate of races which we have become, calls for different measures. In the majority of American homes in older days there was a certain literary tradition; it may have been slight, but it kept alive a sense that knowledge is not merely a matter of the seeing of the eyes, the hearing of the ears, of reflection upon sense-

impressions. Shakespeare, *Pilgrim's Progress,* some of the poets, used to stand upon the bookshelves, however narrow, and the poorest home had had at least that book which has stood for centuries between the human race and its swiftly stirring savage instincts, the Bible,—the Bible, lending freedom to the human spirit, breaking the bonds of narrow and cramping material environment; warring against our Occidental tendency to be swallowed up by mere things, bringing us the mystic Oriental sense of communion with the divine, —the Bible, with its expression of longing for holiness, its joy of adoration in psalms, its fierce spiritual questioning in Job, its flaming passion for righteousness in the prophets, and the matchless tenderness of the Gospels. Whatever may be the disputes of dogma or unfaith, all that is greatest in its teaching is unassailed and unassailable: its magnificent assertion of the existence of God and of the human soul in God; its great and simple ethic, that the supreme thing in life is duty and the supreme duty love. What unspeakable pity that question of date or fact of authorship; what greater pity that mere neglect should dim the one important thing—its spiritual import! Its demand, its standard for the human being to measure up to, is still the loftiest that has reached the race. Other Oriental literatures have taught the spiritual unity of the universe; none has added the staggering commandment: "Love your neighbor as yourself." Humanity has no need of further challenge, while it still gropes, trying to understand and obey this. Throughout it all, spiritual beauty is wrought out in terms of visible beauty, swift image, noble phrase, making the profoundest interpretation of the soul of man come home in human ways, to eye and ear; the book of holiness, the book of poetry—its neglect today means devastating loss, loss of an incomparable means of literary training, of high ethical standards, of incitements to holiness; and neglected it is in increasingly many of the homes of old American stock, unknown in the great mass of the new. What can ever take the place of that book of revelation of man's greater nature, in speech whose very beauty is in itself almost a divine revelation?

The earlier maturity of child thought in preceding generations was doubtless largely due to coming into contact with that record of inner experience, provoking question, setting standards, making young readers aware of mysterious depths, of exalted heights—so much of the potential

vastness of human life and experience was there. It wakened powers, set souls a-stirring, early quivering to the greatest music, early aware that only as spiritual struggle is life important or endurable. Where today, in all the carefully manipulated childhood of the schools, can you find anything to match its influence?

Most of the young today know little of poets or of Bible, however well versed they may be in the Sunday newspapers and cheap magazines that make part of the appalling tidal wave of printed matter that insults the initial high intent of print. From illiterate homes of poverty; from illiterate homes of luxury; from illiterate homes of hard-working folk who have little time or thought for mere books, they pour into public school, high school, perhaps even college; the fact remains that a vast number come from homes where the records of the inner life of the race are neglected or utterly unknown. Again and again, college freshmen confess to having read, their life long, nothing save the books required for college entrance; for the instinctive hunger and thirst of the young for knowledge of recorded human experience seems to be vanishing. Naturally they have no background, and are unaware that there are aspects of life which the "movies" cannot present; that appreciation of finer values that comes through knowing the best in the best books is not theirs; and they are strangers to that deeper questioning regarding human life and destiny which great literature inevitably fosters. The prolonged childishness of mind and of mood observable in many of the young today comes, doubtless, partly from over-emphasis on observation work, which, however keen it may make eye and ear, can never foster the necessary inner development; partly from lack of contact with older and greater experience. Is there any other educative power so potent, so full of stimulus, of quickening, as that which comes from being in contact with great ideas, partly understood, not fully grasped, full of challenge, of spur to mind and imagination? Life should hold for childhood and youth no fascination so great as coming into the presence of older and wiser minds, perhaps through hearing grown people talk, though, alas, there are few grown people now! Perhaps through hearing or reading Bible, philosopher, or poet. To understand, in part, the grave themes; to feel the quick shock of challenge through the partly understood; to strive to grow and find out.—it is all

a-knocking, knocking at great doors ajar, leading to great highways of the human soul. How shall ways be found to bring maturing influences to bear upon the young, now when thought in regard to the inner life is so largely swallowed up in bland unconsciousness of the existence of an inner life?

We in America today need a Renaissance, a revival of literature for its own sake, for its large revelation of human life and human experience. We need that kind of intellectual awakening that can come in no way save through an awakened sense of the value of letters, of the wealth of our intellectual and spiritual inheritance from the past. No widely-advertised shelf of selected "best books" can serve our purpose; strange that a nation of grown people should be patient with such childishness! We should bestir ourselves, to do our own wide reading, our own thinking, our own choosing, venturing as far as possible into the recorded experience of other peoples and of other times, lingering long over the self-expression of the inner life of our race, to keep our souls a-quiver and alive; to kindle spiritual aspiration; to rouse ourselves out of narrowness and that complacency to which we are so sadly given—that self-congratulation of ourselves as the most admirable of peoples in the most progressive country at the greatest moment of human achievement. For standards of comparison, sense of values, stimulus, for the broadening and deepening of life, we should know the most exalted thought of other peoples who have walked the earth: Hebrew aspiration, Greek idealism, the finer intuition of India, as well as the nobler interpretations of existence of modern races besides our own. We need to measure ourselves and test our thought and our endeavor, by contact with the deeper experiences of the human soul; we need to learn how to think more profoundly and to feel more acutely, growing more and more sensitive to the play of spiritual forces in life.

As a people we have thought too much, perhaps, of the development of the human soul as wholly a matter of dogma or creed, unaware how many of our gifts, our instincts, may minister to our inner need. Something of the old Puritan narrowness lingers here, the early conviction of stern ancestral folk, eschewing art, akin to their protagonist, Cromwell, who was unable to discern the spiritual idealism in the Gothic beauty he destroyed, an idealism as single-minded as his own, and far lovelier in expression. While dogma, per-

haps narrow dogma, was considered by many the only hold of the soul, with dogma shaken or gone all seems lost. With a sense of being at the end of their spiritual resources, and no perception of the many rainbow breakings of the white light, truth, they turn, in sheer desperation, to mechanical pursuits and material pleasures, not realizing that many an intellectual problem of doubt may minister to higher need, and that companionship with those to whom immaterial values are supremely important ministers to soul.

It is precisely because great literature will at once bring the young into contact with those to whom the great business of life is to find the inner values, and who make manifest the fact that the truth reveals itself in many ways, that it is of paramount importance in an educational system and in the life at home. The young need, not mere precept, but the study of character in action, of individuals in the complex of existence, with the outcome uncertain; need to see, from the dismay and the tangle, the glory of the human will flashing out to conquer; to study human defeat in actual presentation and win a larger understanding. The great meanings of literature should be taught, not dogmatically, but with reverent effort to interpret, to become aware of many kinds of insight into the mysteries of existence, to let life grow great in finding how different thinkers, searchers for the light, struggled, won, or failed. That large reading of human life and experience that shows us growth achieved, perhaps, through failure, doubt, despair, must be ours. While we may not always share the conclusion, we are wiser for sharing the struggle; the aspiration of many an one with whose conviction we should not agree may prove the truest stimulus; all is safe so long as the great issues of life are conceived as spiritual issues. Literature is invaluable for its communication of high idealism apart from dogma, checking our over-easy tendency to discard creeds as worthless or to clutch them as final, being lulled to sleep by them; helping us grow toward that larger understanding which is one of the chief aims of existence.

One would fain make a plea, in behalf of the young of today and of future days, for a revival of that old sense of the sacredness of books, and their cherishing at the fireside; for an attempt to stem this passion for the mechanical, distorted, mangled literature of the "movies"; one would

fain make a plea for a larger and more respected place in our national system of education for the study of our own English literature—devout and untiring study, jealous lest large meanings escape us. We need to find ways to make more available our choicest racial possession, to bring it to bear upon the lives of the many, to find methods of teaching it so profound that they shall be profoundly simple, that all may share, in democratic fashion, the best that our race has wrought. It is a wonderful literature, recording the inner life of a great people, a literature whose native genius has been reinforced by profoundest influences: the intellectual insights of Greece, the practical wisdom of Rome, the clarity of thought and manner of France, the philosophic depth of the earlier Germany. Above all else, breathes through it as its very breath of life, the conception from out of the mystical East of life as spiritual aspiration, matter as the handiwork of spirit. Our whole literature, worked out under this inspiration, is full of divinations of great meanings, a literature thrilled through with tremendous hopes: belief in life immortal, belief in holiness; of struggle toward this faith, rebellion against it.

It is frankly for its civilizing power that we need this study, not for remote questions of scholarship involving intellectual gymnastics. The highest type of literature, the most imaginative, the most idealistic, should be brought to bear directly upon life; the young should know their Carlyle and their Ruskin, their Browning and their Keats, their Shakespeare, Bishop Berkeley and Sir Thomas Browne, as they now know brake and lever, pulley and piston, and the wriggling of the amoeba under the microscope. They should be taught that: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Literature should be taught with much of ethical and spiritual purpose, with more emphasis upon the gist of what is said, the significance, its *raison d'être,* and less upon externals. All husks and outer shows and pedantries of teaching we need to slough off, striving to reveal the quick and vital something at the source. We need to teach the message, the supreme importance of literature as soul revelation, with less of the outer covering, more of the divine intent, that the young may be made to feel the impact of the intellectual and spiritual past experience of the race as expressed in terms of beauty.

For the enlargement and the deepening of life each great period of our literature contains great treasure; in each we find certain standards of thought and of feeling that may well serve as a pattern and a challenge, rousing dissatisfaction with our complacent present. It is not well for the race to forget any fineness of insight once achieved, if but by a single individual, writing in loneliness in a moment of divination; much less any great idea or ideal which has swayed masses of mankind.

Of our English literature of the Renaissance and the need of our young to know it, it is difficult to speak in measured terms; impossible, perhaps, to enumerate all its great qualities: the passionate idealism; the sheer joy of mental endeavor; the sense of life as intellectual and spiritual adventure. Lyric, drama, and treatise are thrilled through with the glory of creative activity in realms of mind. Here we find wisdom greater than our own, for the Elizabethans, in shaping their new world, kept the old, honoring classic achievement, eager to save all that they might of earlier attainment to help in their own, and the unsurpassed greatness of their output owes a great debt to this attitude. Their lofty humanism rebukes our modern lack of balance. The scholars, with their reverent quest into old and sacred places; Bacon, with his keen delight in thought, may help our blindness; and we should do well to ponder more deeply our Shakespeare, with his unrivalled insight into life, life apprehended not as mere mechanical play of physical and material forces, but life as struggle, a spiritual glory, perhaps despair,—at least conceived in terms of soul. Of Marlowe's agony and passion, his *Faust,* with its anguish, its thrill of remorse, its profound sense of values in that vision of heaven lost and hell attained; of Sidney's great idealistic conception of the supreme uses of poetry; of Spenser's inability to read life as anything but spiritual quest, there is small counterpart today. Surely in our perfect mechanical equipment, and our satisfaction with the externals of life, it is well for us to remember the spiritual and intellectual breezes a-blowing long ago.

That glorious outburst of English poetry of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is so near to us that its searchings, its questions, its answers, are our own. It stands out, as does the poetry of the sixteenth century, as one of the great moments in human development, full of

passion, faith, insight, imaginative divination of the great meanings of life. Blake's rending the veil of matter to burning spirit; Wordsworth's penetration to the soul of nature; Shelley's ardent quest of the perfect, are but part of the great spiritual uplift, as is Keats's resolute attempt to create his world of the ideal, to search out the utmost ways of beauty as a refuge for the human spirit in that troubled time. These were great souls, of lofty passion, aware of profoundest issues, of ends other than apparent; so ardent in questioning, so sensitive to problems that still are our own, so gifted in expressing them, that their poetry seemed to prelude a great era of imaginative vision and idealistic achievement; but, alas! the spinning jenny was invented in this same period, and the spinning jenny got ahead.

We cannot do without that which our forefathers have wrought; for the great soul-adventure, life, needs constant contact with other soul-adventures, constant rousing, stimulus, companionship by the way with those whose pace is braver and better than our own. There is no safety in any rut of comfortable thought or habit, far less any security in clinging fast to the material possessions held in one's hand. We go from mystery to mystery, and have need to listen to the voices which tell us what others have found out. In a statistics-ridden world of increasing surface information and increasing inner uncertainties, we must know the assurances upon which great souls have greatly built, the deeper strivings of the race. Our task is to find out the highest thought and aspiration and live in it; to breathe the best of the old hopes and make them come true; to draw near the quick and vital experiences of the human soul and share its profounder life as it has been handed on. We can spare none of the spiritual attainment of the past; our instant necessity is to know all that humanity, of whatsoever race, has discovered of the divine, of hope for mankind, consolation for mankind, aspiration that may quicken ours. The coolly amused analyses of life in the literature of the present day and recent decades is insufficient for our need. Most of contemporary writing does not meet the highest uses of literature in stimulus, incitement to mind and soul. The cumulative hope, the cumulative aspiration of all earlier days is not too much; we have therein vested rights, entailed long ago, and it should be our deepest concern to keep and

add. We of today are responsible for the high insights of the past.

The very association with those who lived, and, through their nobly created work, forever live for us in a world of spiritual and intellectual endeavor, has an incalculable effect. Something must be granted us to guide in our human incompleteness; something to help in the next step and the next, in a refining of judgment, a suggestion of standards that have been part of the race-achievement;—for such scruples as we have developed in the face of this long struggle for existence we cannot afford to lose, lest the struggle from the brute have to be done all over again; something to make us wise in the matter of human limitations and mistakes, rousing that sympathy which is a great part of all genuine spiritual attainment. We cannot afford to lose any interpretation of human sorrow, suffering, sin, nobly expressed, wakening our deeper understanding. Here, life is shared with earth's greatest; we live through lives with others of higher stature than ourselves, sharing lyric aspiration or tragic struggle, and through the very humanness of such contact, our lives grow great.

Few can fail to see that the human race is in need of deeper sustenance than the most advanced thought of our time can offer. The dominant intellectualism of the last century is inadequate either to stimulate or to console; the profoundest needs of humanity are not here met. The reasons are not far to seek. Of the two great instincts forever at work in human growth: curiosity, the desire to discover, to find new mental boundaries; and reverence, the power to hold fast to the best that has been found out, made precious through human struggle—surely for many decades the former has been in the ascendant. More specifically, through the increasing passion to find out the secrets of the world of matter, something of the nice equilibrium that means perfect development has been lost; and the tendency to conserve, to keep that which has been achieved has been in abeyance. The trust in the new and startling, the ready exchange, for the latest scrap of knowledge, of that which is far deeper than knowledge is not the mark of a wise people. As, in the material world, where men acquire and heap up wealth but to waste it in great wars and elsewhere, so in the world intellectual, for the curiosity of mankind far outstrips the power to keep and utilize to the last shade of

meaning the inner experience of the race. Alas for the great squandering! One would think that the deepest human endeavor would go into holding fast resolutely to the highest that has been attained, that it might ever touch the will to intenser effort. Who can interpret this enduring irony of the spiritual life, the great difficulty of keeping the fruits of victory already gained, the necessity of fighting the fight over and over again?

For check upon our present exultant materialism, for revelation of the world of beauty, for spiritual insight, for refusal to accept the lesser explanations of existence, the great literature of earlier days must be made known and cherished, lest we go backward, forgetting the finest and highest moments of human experience, moments of insight into the heart of the mystery of things, moments of spiritual struggle, when, through high endeavor of the individual, something was won for the race. We must not lose any high standards dreamed, divined, achieved in the past, of courage, of courtesy, of fair play, of holiness. All that will enkindle the mind of youth to finer and higher aspiration should be kept constantly before them, for many and many an aspect of the great past will enlarge the present and secure the future. A race cannot too vigilantly guard that which has been its profoundest manifestation of inner life: old insights, old ideals made secure for all time in beauty of expression—our country will indeed be poorer for all time if it ignores, neglects, rides over at break-neck pace its chiefest treasure. The austerity, the height of ideals therein expressed, the resolute turning away from all shows and mere outer appearance to the souls of things —America, our America that has forgotten or never known has need to remember. Now is the time to do battle in the name of the spirit, with every possible weapon that can be put into the hands of the young, for the lost provinces of the soul, our *anima irridenta*.

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

THE MAD PHILOSOPHER

CALE YOUNG RICE

They let him wander as he will
By wood and river, vale and hill,
Though snapped by madness are the strings
Of his wan mind's imaginings.

And often his sad spirit's breath
Will chant of life and love and death,
Twanging upon the broken ends
Of strings that some chance moment mends.

" The harlot moon still clings to earth,"
He croons, " the love's of little worth.
Cold as the spirit of a star
Her lips and eyes and bosom are. . . .

" Within some sky beyond the sky
There is a whisper Why, Why, Why?
If I could climb the wind to it,
Of frenzy earth should soon be quit. . . .

" A person lives that men call God.
I caught him once within a clod.
He is not really God at all,
But only atoms that can crawl. . . .

" Hey diddle, many sorrows be
Within the womb of destiny.
That's why the thrush will chant all day—
To keep from hearing men who pray. . . .

" The sweet sweet herb of happiness
Grows ever less and less and less.
I'm sure it is because men look
At their own image in the brook. . . .

" A bride is such a lily thing;
She lets you bind her with a ring.
I see Queen Gwin and Lancelot—
But Arthur's face is all a blot. . . .

" Lean down and I will tell you why
The stars are lighted in the sky.
They are for tapers on the bier
Of—hush! don't say it: He is near. . . .

" The owl is hooting what o'clock
The Judgment Day at last shall knock.
But time who whips us to the grave
Is the one saviour who can save. . . .

" I'll vow it, though to Hell I'm sunk:
God with the whole world's tears is drunk! . . .
That's why He is not God at all
But only atoms made to crawl. . . .

" Yet if you love a maid then all
The atoms do not seem to crawl
So heartlessly: though why it is
Can be no business of His. . . .

So sings he in the little whiles
That health again half on him smiles,
Twanging the sadly broken strings
Of his poor mind's imaginings.

A LITANY

I call Thee not Infinite Love,
For unbeloved vast millions go;
Nor Infinite, Eternal Truth,
Since half our faiths from falsehood flow.
I call Thee not Omnipotence,
Who still let degradation be;
Nor yet Omniscience—else thine eyes
Most vainly see!
I call Thee not Divine—if so
I must bow down to Thee in awe;
Nor unrelenting Fate—nor more
Relentless Law.
I call Thee but the World's Great Life,
Who art myself, and fight with me
The spirit-ward, immortal strife
For what should be.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

GUSTAF FRÖDING, SWEDISH LYRIC POET

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

"ART was born in parochialism, and cosmopolitanism has killed it." So Mr. George Moore is reported to have said in a recent interview on the death of Art, an event which Mr. Moore places with obliging definiteness about 1880. Now Gustaf Fröding's first and most popular volume appeared in 1891. Anyone familiar with the volume is led to wonder: first, whether Mr. Moore had any knowledge of it; and secondly, if he had not, what he would say if he had. One thing is certain; namely, that much of modern Swedish literature, and of Fröding's poetry in particular, is as parochial as the writings of Theocritus or of Burns. As these latter names bring before us visions of Sicily and Ayrshire, so to every Swedish reader the name of Fröding is inseparably connected with his native province of Vermland.

Of course, Mr. Moore might go on to say that, though Art must be parochial, all that is parochial is not therefore Art. This brings us to the real crux of the matter in hand. It will undoubtedly seem daring to assert that the lyric poetry of Sweden during the nineteenth century will compare creditably with that of any European nation in the same period. Nevertheless, few who have come to know the Swedish lyric with any degree of sympathy will hesitate to maintain such a position. Enthusiasts in the cause feel that they have only to overcome the natural prejudice that because a thing is unknown, it is therefore not worth knowing. A particular difficulty is that, despite the small effort necessary to master the language, probably very few persons can be persuaded to enjoy Swedish poetry in the original. This difficulty has been overcome by translations in the case of the Russian novel, and already, in Swedish, for Strindberg in the drama and Selma Lagerlöf in prose fiction. Poetical translation, however, is admittedly a more

difficult field of effort. The only practicable course is to venture on boldly, with the remote hope of being, like Fitzgerald, one of the exceptions that prove the rule.

Though the varied power and charm of the Swedish lyric as a whole cannot be even indicated here, we can hardly approach Fröding properly without a brief survey of his predecessors. The modern Swedish lyric, which had its roots in the folk-song, assumed conscious artistic form about 1750. At first it was largely influenced by German, Italian and French models. The greatest of the early names is that of Karl Mikael Bellman, a consummate master of verse improvisation, who died in 1795. Shortly after 1800, the influence of English and German Romanticism began to be apparent. The most popular writer of this period is Esaias Tegnér, whose masterpiece, the often translated *Frithiof's Saga,* is rather epic than lyric. As in the case of other countries, Romanticism in Sweden was largely characterized by a sentimental interest in the past. In the midst of this, however, appeared a poet of strong native tendencies in the person of Johan Ludwig Runeberg, one of the Swedish inhabitants of Finland. Runeberg turned for his inspiration directly to nature and to the peasant living close to the soil. He was, therefore, the lineal ancestor of Fröding. But though Runeberg was followed by Viktor Rydberg, a poet of much vigor and popularity, there was a dearth of significant names in the period from 1850 to 1870.

Swedish poetry was kindled by the fire of a new personality when in 1869 Count Snoilsky published his poems of travel. Snoilsky, like Goethe, was for a long time a passionate pilgrim in the south, and only returned permanently to Sweden in his later life. In the main, he was an epicurean lover of beauty, and it was rather the combined fervor and elegance of his style than his choice of material which inspired the rising school of young poets. Nevertheless, a number of his later poems deal with the landscape and history of Sweden, and his lyric *In the Porcelain Factory* stoutly declares that it is better to model plain white-ware for the needs of hungry and thirsty working-folk than to design precious trifles for the boards of the idle and overfed.

In 1891, the date of Snoilsky's return to Sweden, there suddenly sprang into being a new school of poetry, which went far beyond him in expressing various phases of the modern individualistic and democratic spirit. "This po-

etry"—to quote Mr. Edmund Gosse—"was manifested almost simultaneously in the works of three very great lyrical artists, Fröding, Levertin and Heidenstam." Without challenging the statement of Mr. Gosse, we may add that, in the universal judgment of the Swedish people, Fröding is now ranked as the greatest poet of his time, if not of the whole range of the national literature. As Heidenstam is still living, and the tradition of Fröding's realism has been preserved by such able writers as Daniel Fallström and Erik Axel Karlfeldt, it will be seen that Swedish poetry is even to-day in a very strong position.

Fröding the man is hardly less interesting than Fröding the artist. He was born in 1860, near Karlstad in the inland province of Vermland, the native district also of Selma Lagerlöf. Vermland is a region of woods, lakes and small mountains; the landscape is full of pastoral charm, and the people are noted for their quixotic love of adventure and their genial humor. The quiet beauty of the summers is shown in the lighter and gentler side of Fröding's poetry; the severity of the winters infused into his style the realism with which he depicts the rude strength and high spirits of the peasantry in their sports, their superstitions and their struggle for existence. It is not surprising to find, as the product of such a climate, a literature full of contrasts more violent than any with which we are familiar. In short, Fröding, the man and the poet, is much what we should expect from an environment that created Selma Lagerlöf's thrilling and tender masterpiece, *The Saga of Gösta Berling.*

Fröding was the son of a retired army officer in moderate circumstances, but from a naturally independent disposition he early began to follow his own devices. He studied at the University of Upsala from 1880 to 1883, but returned to Karlstad to teach school and work on a newspaper. His studies brought English and German influences to bear on his mind. In his collected poems we find significantly two translations of Burns, two of Byron and one of Shelley—a selection of models both democratic and revolutionary. In 1889 he was writing parodies of Heine in German from a German rest-cure establishment. Lenau, who it will be remembered succumbed to insanity, was another of Fröding's favorites. Classical allusions and quotations from Shakespeare are fairly frequent and always

apposite. Fröding's general knowledge of history and literature was wide, though not extraordinary.

The first volume of Fröding's poems appeared, as already indicated, in 1891, under the well chosen symbolic title of *Guitar and Accordion.* Its success was great and immediate. Other volumes followed rapidly up to 1898, when there came a sudden break. The resemblance of Fröding to Burns extended to his life as well as to his poetry. The startling career of the Swedish poet was closed by the results of dissipation; he went entirely out of his mind, and spent several years in the hospital at Upsala. When he was finally restored to himself, his poetic power, or the desire to exercise it, had vanished. He became a strict religionist, and repudiated all of his early work. His attempt to write religious poetry was, on the whole, a failure. Two volumes of prose and verse, *Gleanings,* containing a few good early pieces, appeared in 1910. He died at Stockholm in 1911.

Were we to accept Fröding's final estimate of his poetry, we might in a novel sense repeat the well-worn line, "The evil that men do lives after them." From the publication of his first volume the poet has been idolized with increasing devotion by all classes of his fellow-countrymen. As practical testimony to this, we may note that over thirty thousand sets of his collected poems have been sold, though the total number of Swedish-speaking people is not much over seven millions. Reckoning the inhabitants of the British Isles, Canada and the United States at a hundred and forty millions, this would be equivalent to a sale of six hundred thousand copies for a poet writing in English. After Fröding's death, though he had been for many years unproductive and secluded from the world, his funeral was celebrated with such tributes and general demonstrations as are commonly given to royalty alone. Even now it is said that his grave is kept covered with fresh flowers.

The literary movement in Sweden which Fröding typifies is like the Elizabethan Period of England in this important respect: namely, that in it an influx of new culture came suddenly enough to catch the old peasant spirit. Such a condition is made possible by the fact that in Sweden the strength and independence of the peasantry has been unusually well preserved, as may be seen in Selma Lagerlöf's novel *Jerusalem.* Thus it is that Fröding can unite the

vivid beauty and culture of Snoilsky with the sympathy for peasant life which descends from Runeberg.

The two salient characteristics of Swedish literature as a whole are: first, a remarkable closeness to the earth, reminding one rather of primitive than of modern poetry; and secondly, on the other side, a purely visionary gift, a sort of clairvoyance in the realm of the imagination. It is the former of these qualities which distinguishes Fröding's early poems, the large group dealing with the scenery and the life of Vermland. These often resemble types which are familiar among the poems of Burns. There are supernatural pieces reminding one of *Tam O'Shanter,* scenes of ranting rustic merriment like those in *The Three Jolly Beggars,* and many satires on hypocrisy which recall the keen drollery of *Holy Willie's Prayer.*

Fröding's poetry is too cerebral to indulge often in the artless flow of song so dear to lovers of Burns. As we should expect from their education, the resemblance between the two is not one of style, but of material and temperament. An early victim to wine and woman, Fröding had an understanding sympathy for the whole race of his erring fellow-men, excepting only those of the "unco guid." He finds human qualities in animals, and even in so grewsome a personage as *The Old Troll,* the anthropophagous female giant of Norse tradition. Like Burns again, he has a wide command of humor, alternately genial, grim and ironic.

We shall now attempt to illustrate some of the qualities which we have been attributing to the Vermland poems, offering no other apology than the remark of Mr. Gosse that "few writers defy translation into a foreign tongue more completely than Gustaf Fröding."

A spirited picture of nocturnal merrymaking in the open is found in *They Danced by the Roadside,*[1] of which the last stanzas are quoted. There is a beauty more delicate than Burns could attain in the interlude of natural description:

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[1] The translations used in this article are from *Gustaf Fröding: Selected Poems.* They are reproduced here by permission of the publishers. The stanzas from "They Danced by the Roadside" appeared first in the *American Scandinavian Review,* and are quoted with acknowledgments to the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The quatrain beginning "I only know that the fir-trees" is from Fröding's poem "In the Woods," and has not been previously printed.

They danced there as madly as tow set afire,
All jumping like grasshoppers higher and higher,
And heel it rang sharp upon stone.
The coat-tails they fluttered, the dominoes flew,
And pig-tails were flapping, and skirts flung askew,
While the music would whimper and drone.

Then in birch or in alder or hazel thicket
There was whispering light as the chirp of a cricket
From the shadowy darkness near.
Over stock, over stone there was flight and pursuing,
And under green boughs there was billing and cooing:—
"If you want me, then come for me here!"

Over all lay the twinkling, star-lovely night;
In the wood-bordered bay a shimmery light
Fell soft on the hurrying waves.
A breeze, clover-laden, was borne from the meadow,
And a resinous whiff from the pines that o'ershadow
The crests of the water-worn caves.

A fox lent his voice to the revellers' din,
And "Oohoo!" from Bear Crag an owl joined in;
But they heard not, they heeded not, they.
"Oohoo!" from Goat Mountain the echo rang,
And for answer Nils Utterman's bagpipes sang
Their doodely, doodely, day!

But we are neglecting to mention the field in which Fröding's genius is most conspicuous, that of compressed narrative in lyric form. Here he challenges the supremacy of Kipling, or, indeed, one is inclined to say, of any modern poet. Some, but not all, of the Vermland poems are rough and sinister in tone; many gay and idyllic pieces could be cited. A strain of personal feeling appears in several reminiscent pictures, and this leads us naturally across from the earlier and more objective to the later, more subjective and imaginative division of Fröding's work.

The hard life of the north has inclined many Russian and Scandinavian writers toward realism, and realism means largely first-hand experience. In Fröding's autobiographical poems, however, this groundwork is illuminated by the visionary faculty which we have already noted as peculiar to Swedish literature. With Fröding this faculty is peculiarly subtle and fascinating. Of his autobiographical pieces by far the most important are *The Ball* and *A*

Girl in the Eyes, which are also among the longest of all his poems, running to some two hundred and fifty lines each.

The Ball, which comes first in the series of lyrics *From the City,* is one of the best-known poems in Swedish. Nothing is more contagious in Fröding's personality than the healthy fun he has, and conveys, in describing his own eccentricities. The picture of an unconventional youth, uncomfortably dressed, at a formal dance has seldom been surpassed. Next we have the hero's plunge from Byronic cynicism to Byronic fervor, as Elsa Erne, the heroine, appears on the scene. It may be noted in parentheses that there are eleven changes of metre in the poem, corresponding to the changes of mood. The hero makes a sad failure of his attempt to dance, and relapses into a fit of depression that is delightfully humorous when he begins " to speak as Hamlet does in tragic ire."

> Then, looking at the floor, I said at last:
> " Miss Erne, full well you know that youth is dead,
> That love is vain, and life a desert vast,
> Through which like pallid ghosts we mortals tread
> And see like smoke our fond illusions going,
> In the last rays of twilight faintly glowing."

Naturally the gentleman receives a smart rebuff, and beholds Miss Erne sailing away,

> " A trim yacht on the white wave of the dance,"

under the conduct of a better pilot.

Here most poets would end the story, but this is exactly where Fröding's treatment is most characteristic. Disappointed in fact, the sentimentalist takes refuge in fancy. He and Elsa are transported in spirit to " The Seventh Heaven's festal hall," where they behold angels and lovers dancing. Finally, in a passage of extraordinary daring, the hero describes how he leads his lovely partner before the Throne, and introduces himself and her to the Master of the Dance.

> Then God smiles down with gentle irony
> And good, grandfather-like solemnity:
> " I'm glad that such a pair as you have come.
> Take what you find here, make yourselves at home,
> Amid these other youngsters have your fling,
> And waltz till Heaven's arches seem to swing! "

No doubt some readers will be shocked by what they feel to be the irreverence of the preceding quotation, and it must be conceded that a good deal of Fröding's best poetry is not for the morally fastidious. This fault, if fault it be, is, however, not one of decadence, but simply of boldness and frankness. Other examples of it occur through *A Girl in the Eyes,* a poem by no means as charming as *The Ball,* but even more remarkable as a bit of self-revelation. The underlying motive is, to put it baldly, a love-affair with a bar-maid. But one shudders at seeing the poem so denominated. There is a pathetic ideality about the poor drunken seeker for love that can never be forgotten by those who are not afraid to understand such a creature. As in *The Ball,* Fröding slips from the actual to the imaginary with an ease that baffles analysis. Presto! the bar-maid is an odalisque in a caliph's castle, from which the sordid hero, now become a knight-errant, is about to rescue her with a boat and ladder.

In *The Ball* and *A Girl in the Eyes* we have observed the blending of the real with the fanciful. We may now examine the poet's ability to visualize various themes drawn from purely imaginary sources. This is in some ways his most remarkable field. Here the master shows the full range of his power: we find lyrics of abstract sentiment; scenes from the Bible, from the classics, from various odd corners of history and literature; visions of the Orient (always a favorite subject for northern poets); and even *Dreams in Hades.* And it is most important of all Fröding's poetic gifts that whatever scene or action he undertakes to describe he brings immediately before the eyes of the reader, and invests with universal significance.

He can picture Prince Aladdin when, robbed of his magic lamp and ring, he reels along the street of Bagdad "in ragged helplessness"; and, furthermore, the figure of Aladdin is made to typify the ever-recurring tragedy of genius. This pessimistic note is struck with even greater power in the lines *See Where the Dreamer Comes!* derived from Genesis 37:19, in which the envy of Joseph's brethren is made to represent the hatred of the world for the "son of the Spirit." Not often have eight lines been made to carry a greater weight of meaning:

> See where the Dreamer comes! (they said),
> Turning this way his downcast head.

On lonely paths he wanders far;
He is not as we others are.

He dreams that—curse his lying dream!—
Sun, moon and stars all bow to him.

He is our father's dearest son;
Come, let us slay him and have done!

Thus far we have been considering Fröding mainly from the descriptive and emotional side. We may now try to epitomize his philosophy, his "message." One phase of Fröding's modernity is that he exhibits a more incisive intellect than does any other Swedish poet; in this respect he belongs with Strindberg. No fixed type or institution can escape his scrutiny. His delight in life, his passion for reality, however sinister, has been implied. His manner of making the external world seem to sympathize with human feeling must surely have been suggested by Heine. Does not this quatrain recall any one of a dozen from *Buch der Lieder?*

I only know that the fir-trees
Are wrapped in a mourning-veil,
And the brooks and the fountains darken
When the wind has told them its tale.

Fröding in the main is, like Heine, very sound in distinguishing between genuine feeling and sentimentality. His position on sex, as expressed in *Man and Woman,* is that the descendants of Adam and Eve are destined alternately to love and loathe each other, but always to live together. In *A Love Song* he confesses that his praise of ideal love is homage bestowed on an unknown god. His most emphatic conviction as to humanity in general is that of universal forgiveness. We find this beautifully brought out in *Dreams in Hades,* and again in *A Poor Monk of Skara;* the latter, as a summary of life, is undoubtedly Fröding's masterpiece. His brilliant power of contrast is never more effective than when despair changes to hope in the heart of the hero, who is being punished for the murder of a brother monk:

They shut me up in a gloomy cell,
Then drove me out with beasts to dwel., —
Wild beasts that catch with cruel claw,

And tear their prey, and bite and gnaw.
They taught me hatred, sin and deceit,
While bitterness was my drink and meat.
I felt myself doomed to death and damnation,
In Satan's power beyond salvation;
Condemned to hell at the Judgment Day,
I lusted now to burn and slay.
But the sigh of the woods, the voice of the stream,
The beauty of morning's wakening gleam,
And the weeping sound of the autumn rain, —
These brought me back to love again.

To the substance and general character of Fröding's poetry we have now devoted as much attention as a limited treatment will permit. Enough quotations have also been inserted to give some idea of the author's variety of form. The translations, whatever their defects, follow the Swedish very closely in rhythm and rhyme-scheme. We should not, however, pass over the stylistic qualities of the original, which can scarcely at best be conveyed through an English version.

In the first place, Fröding's poetic diction is unusually direct. Improving on the model of Snoilsky, he avoids the common Swedish fault of diffuseness. In detail he follows the natural prose order of the words, avoiding the periphrases and inversions which are common to sentimental verse in all languages. This naturalism is not attained by a descent toward the rhythm of free verse, or prose, whichever one wishes to call it. On the contrary, Fröding's metres and verse-schemes are clear-cut, and his lines nearly all end-stopped. His compactness of phrasing is equally remarkable; he keeps the mid-path between bareness and superfluity of detail with unfailing instinct. In a given number of words few poets can say more or can state what they do say more effectively. This quality at least should be to some degree perceptible in translation. As to range and preciseness of expression, it should be mentioned that Fröding's vocabulary is astonishingly large, new words being obtained by literally borrowing from the German and French, by poetical coinages and compounds, and by the free use of dialect in the peasant poems. It has been said, no doubt with some exaggeration, that Strindberg and Fröding have doubled the potential expressiveness of their native tongue.

We come now to the question of imagery, which so many critics regard as the test of poetical greatness. In this phase of his art, we are again impressed by Fröding's naturalism of style. His figures of speech have an undeniably fresh, new-minted gleam. The senses respond to them; seldom, or never, have they the tepid feel of conventionality. Fröding has the instinct for appropriateness: according as the context may demand, his comparisons are simple with the simplicity of an impressionable child or peasant, and daring with the daring of genius. In the former class is the description of *The Wood Sprite:*

> For she was as quick and lithe
> As a snake that squirms on a scythe.

For the higher imaginative type take the following from *Dreams in Hades,* a poem in which vague sensations are connoted with wonderful definiteness:

> The moon shone in, but with so chill a beam
> Methought 'twas like St. Elmo's fire in bloom
> Upon some mast o'er darkened waves below,
> Like phosphor-wood too, or the moss-fed gleam
> Of Will-o'-the-Wisp, or when above a tomb
> On St. John's Eve we see a fitful glow.

Homely, comic, grotesque, fanciful or nobly ideal, the sensuous imagery of Fröding is adequate to its function.

Turning to the more mechanical side of Fröding's style, we find great skill and variety of metrical and stanzaic form. In longer poems, such as *The Ball,* this form may change half a dozen or more times to convey the alternation of the moods. Only once in his better-known poems does Fröding dispense with rhyme and regular metre, oddly enough in the first piece in his collected works, an imitation of *The Song of Songs* transferred to the atmosphere of Vermland. In a large majority of cases, he keeps to a strict pattern, with rhyme throughout; sometimes in an informal poem there will be extra lines, mostly rhymed, thrown in haphazard. The regular patterns are often felicitous, and are generally unprecedented in any literature. English poets may well consider the possibilities which they open.

When we consider the handling of rhythm within the line, we note that Swedish has kept closer to the old accentual system of the primitive Teutonic than have English or

German. With humorous or otherwise informal motives, extra syllables may occur almost anywhere within the line. This is, of course, only another instance of Fröding's instinct for appropriateness, and another means by which he gives the close-to-life impression so often spoken of. Dr. Leach, in his book *Scandinavia of the Scandinavians,* calls Fröding a "marvellous metrician," and he is in truth no less. The difficulties of the translator in trying to reproduce his effects are repaid by the pleasure of studying such a master of technic.

In conclusion, we may be inclined to ask: Where as a whole are we to rank this new poet? To attempt any final decision here would be both presumptuous and inconclusive. We can only answer the question by another: What recent lyric poet is more sincerely powerful, more honestly original; more universal in appeal, more penetrating, more varied in mood and subject; more simple, compact and effective in style; more finished in the mastery of his art? That Fröding deserves a high place in modern literature no one familiar with his poetry can doubt. We might be tempted to go further and claim for our favorite a place among the lyric masters of all time; with Pindar and Catullus, with Walther von der Vogelweide, with Villon, and with Burns. With each of these the Swedish poet has some affinity. But it must be confessed that no one under the domination of Fröding's magic is capable for the moment of passing fairly on the claims of a rival.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

DEATH-DOORS AND ASPHODEL

BY GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER

Some of the oldest palaces of medieval Perugia are to be found in the Via dei Priori, a narrow street that falls in steep descent from the Palazzo Publico, with its projecting spikes in readiness for the heads of the city's enemies, to the Church of Our Lady of Light. It was up through this street that the ten Priors of the city were led with pomp and circumstance to their assembly-place. Clothed in flowing robes and heavy chains of gold, they were escorted by trumpeters with silver trumpets to their accustomed seats of damask in the public square. At the foot of the hill, the street leads out through the fortress wall to the Church of Saint Francis of the Field, where Raniero, the reputed founder of the Order of the Flagellants, was one day joined by bands of angels who scourged themselves before the high altar and thereby gave divine sanction to a new method of salvation. Many other legends hang about this street down which poured, in later times, the blood of the High and Mighty Baglioni. But no tale of pope or saint or warrior is more curious or more significant than one dim and half-lost legend which, lacking the colour and the personal interest of the others, is preserved only in certain lines of stonework in the palaces that face the street. The low doorways of these dwelling houses are made of travertine carved into garlands of fruit and flowers, and close beside them, in the same grey palace walls, may be traced the outlines of other doors, taller and narrower, pointed at the top and unadorned, and filled in now with bricks and mortar. These are the doorways of the dead,—the *porte del Mortuccio,* they were called. Through their narrow openings the bodies of the dead were carried out of the palace, and they were then walled up again or they were closed with heavy doors secured by bars

of iron. According to the legend, the Spirit of Death would enter in again by the same door by which he had passed out. And so, because it was easier to break through the solid masonry of their walls than to re-shape the fabric of their fancy, they opened doorways for the dead and closed them against his next approach.

It is a curious illustration of the spirit of the times, this attempt to shut out death with stone and mortar. Such a legend, preserved in stone or verse, will often reveal more clearly than many histories the vital principle by which the people lived. And especially is this true when it concerns the dead. For the thought of death is the foundation of religion, and nothing is more significant of the quality of a civilization than its attitude toward death.

The legend that is written in the Perugian death-doors is a typical instance, even if an isolated one, of the changes that had come over the world since the days when the ancient poet had said: "To desire impossibilities is the sickness of the soul." It was a truism of the pagan world as we know it that it is folly to struggle against the inevitable, that not even the gods strive with necessity, that death waits for all alike, the mighty and the lowly, the strong and the weak. "From all lands the wind that blows to Hades is the same." Death was the one inexorable god whom no sacrifice could appease, whom no human act could touch. From him there was no deliverance, "neither by wealth nor by war, nor by many-towered walls, nor by dark, sea-beaten ships."

It was in the power of the Greek genius to involve the fact of death in a form of beauty that was at once a veil to hide its ugliness and a light to illuminate its truth. The Greek's fear of death was his unwillingness to lose the light of the sun. He hated the darkness in proportion as he loved the light; and he was intensely conscious of the fact of death as the dark background of the vivid life he loved. To relieve that background, he cast over his thought of death a glimmer of pale blossoms. He peopled the abodes of dream with the souls of the departed; who lived there a dim reflection of the life of earth; and he carpeted the meadows where they walked with asphodel.

As a flower of earth, the asphodel depends for its beauty upon its surroundings. It fades at the mere touch of the commonplace. Growing by a dusty roadside, it is colorless

and coarse. It lacks distinction and has barely the power to arrest the eye. While the broom or the gentian conquers the shower of dust and rises boldly to match the sun or the sky, the asphodel is reduced to nothingness, to a dull and graceless shadow. But rising among the fallen columns of a Greek temple, these clusters of dim blossoms possess a rare and unforgettable beauty. Their tall forms are sculpturesque in their calm dignity. Their ashen petals are tinged with a pale, evanescent pink. Their leaves are the shadow of green. They are the flowers of all flowers that must have grown in the gracious twilight of the gods. "There, in the land of dreams, beyond the gates of the sun, in meadows of asphodel, dwell the phantoms of men outworn." And from there came back to living men "tales of the dead, haunting as music."

The legend of the asphodel-meadows is typical of a people in whose imaginative grasp of truth poetry and religion were united. They did not attempt to deny the existence of evil and misfortune, of disease and death, but they subdued the grim realization of these things to a tender melancholy. The sorrow and the mystery remained, and an infinite pity for one who must descend to fields of asphodel while poppies still danced in the sun and many-colored anemones still waved among the grasses of earthly fields. The words attributed to Leonidas on the eve of Thermopylae, "To-night we shall sup with Pluto," have been quoted as an illustration of the calmness with which the Greeks viewed the approach of death. But much of the sombre tragedy of Greek literature would have been impossible if the poets had maintained in the affairs of ordinary life this Spartan attitude of the battle field. It is rather the warrior spirit of all times, when, in the face of danger, the issue of life or death becomes as a mere turn to the right or to the left. The typical Greek sought to absorb the thought of death in the ardor of life. He did not strive in "sickness of soul" for the impossible. But to the Middle Ages nothing was impossible, and the rich lord of Perugia set himself with frantic haste to the performance of an act which the ancient world had barely conceived as a possible vagary of human effort and then had condemned as the most foolish of follies.

The old distinction between the ancient and medieval worlds—those time-honored backgrounds into which we so conveniently fitted the scenes of either age—disappear from

the field of the modern historian. However much we may have enjoyed the belief that "the bird of the morning sang through antiquity," we are compelled to regard the Greek mind as weighted with a melancholy that was no less real and persistent than its buoyancy of youthful life. However much we reveled, on the other hand, in what the soulful eyes of emaciated saints told us of the great Christian sacrifice, we are constrained to behold a motley crowd, here and there and everywhere in medieval Europe, vigorous, cruel, and merry, having no concern beyond tomorrow's fray or tonight's *affaire d'amour*. In the light of modern criticism, Homer no longer represents the childhood of a race, the beauty of dawn, the nearest possible approach to nature. According to this view, the Iliad and the Odyssey are a medieval product, written down during the highly cultivated period of a culminating civilization. As for those centuries of European history that we have called the Middle Ages, the term has no longer any real significance, since the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* announced that "the Middle Ages are a myth."

And yet after all is said—when Christian philosophy has been traced to Plato, and, in a similar way, when every break or barrier has been removed from the stream of history—there must remain certain broad distinctions between the pagan and medieval worlds at their best—between, let us say, fifth century Athens and the twelfth century of Italy and France. After all conceivable readjustments of our ideas, it will remain true that the spell by which the Middle Ages holds us is the fascination of strange and stupendous inconsistencies, and that the supreme charm of Greece is the charm of harmony and beauty in all phases of life. If one wishes to find successfully applied to life Joubert's famous maxim for art: that it must combine "*L'Illusion*" with "*La Sagesse*": one looks to Greece. If one wishes to see both love and hatred set loose without restraint; if one wishes to see the conceptions and emotions of the mind at once exalted to their highest and debased to their lowest, one looks to medieval Europe.

An age which had produced Saint Francis and Ezzelino da Romano; an age of which the mighty Hildebrand, despising the world and seeking to rule it, was the chief exponent; an age whose teaching was based on that of Gregory the Great, who was possessed to the depths of his being by the

most frantic and barbaric fear; an age which said "the body is naught" and yet devoted the wealth and humanity of two centuries to the recovery of the tomb of Christ from the Infidel; an age of which the primal force was the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, while the dead bones of a martyr became its seat of authority from which was decreed the fate of nations—such an age repels and attracts by its incomprehensible contrasts.

The difference between an age of such inconsistencies and the time of Phidias and Sophocles is apparent in many phases of art and life, but nowhere is it more evident than in their characteristic views of death.

It was the tendency of Greek thought to justify the ways of nature and to concentrate the forces of the mind upon the cultivation of the art of life. Whatever weakened that effort or brought it to an untimely end was lamentable misfortune. The brevity of life, therefore, rather than any thought of death, became to the Greek a motive for action. "If life were eternal," said Sarpedon to Glaucus, "never would I fight here in the foremost ranks. But, since ten thousand fates of death every way beset us, now let us go forward and try it out, whether we shall give glory to others or they to us." To the Greek, not death was bitter, since that was the common fate of all, but to die before the allotted time or before one had received his due of happiness and honor. "Why gatherest thou the unripe grapes of youth?" said one to Hermes. "Pity him who was beautiful and died," said an Athenian epitaph. The Homeric hero going down to death bewailed his fate in that he must lose manhood and youth. He slept the sleep of bronze most piteously because he had lost his hope of joy in his wedded wife. According to Thucydides in the great oration of Pericles, "They may be deemed fortunate who have gained honor and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life." The sombre truth underlying so much of Greek tragedy, that no man is to be counted happy until his death, implied a fear, not that the end would arrive too soon, but that it would delay too long, until the proud nature of man had called down Nemesis upon himself and so destroyed his joy in life.

All this is the very antithesis of the medieval view. It cannot be wholly true, as Machiavelli maintained, that Christianity had made cowards of men. Too many other causes

had been at work in the long centuries of the mingling of Latin civilization with barbaric culture. Moreover it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that the most triumphant note of all religions is the Christian's cry: "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?" How was it possible that, under the domination of a religion with so courageous a watchword, the whole world should be stricken with terror and fall prostrate beneath the burden of an impending fate? Was it that the horrors of Hell had so wrought upon the mind that dread of the Last Judgment had resolved itself into an abject fear of death? Certain it is that from the time of Gregory's profound concern for the damnation of the wicked, and, still more sweeping, of the indifferent or the unconvinced, the preoccupation with the thought of death had grown apace, and every means was seized upon for postponing the day which should open the door, perhaps to everlasting joy, but more probably to everlasting woe. The death doors of Perugia are but one of many mechanical devices by which men sought to ward off the inevitable. "*L'art de chicaner avec Dieu*" was practiced everywhere, not alone by the vulgar crowd, but by the leaders and the teachers. Statecraft was imbued with it. Even chivalric love was not free from it: and the most joyous of lovers were likely to end their days behind the closed doors of some convent wall (the most popular of all contrivances) to escape this haunting fear. The religion of the day had so far fallen from its spiritual ideal of perfect peace that whereas Jerome had said: "In the mind walk abroad in Paradise," Pietro Damiani, following the lead of Gregory the Great, exhorted his hearers to "ponder upon death alone," to "meditate upon the tomb," and to "brood with quaking bowels over the sudden coming of the Day of Judgment."

They who had said "There is no death" stood shuddering before its spectre. Those who believed that, for the righteous, death was the exchange of earthly tribulations for everlasting bliss exalted the dead Christ above the living and adored the Crucifix, counting the sorrows of his life as nothing compared to the suffering of his death. But the Greeks, who offered no crowns of glory after death, looked to the end more calmly and accepted it more easily. Resignation is not primarily a Christian virtue.

When, in the tragedy of Euripides, none but Alcestis

was found who would die that Admetus, the king, might live, it was counted a shame to his aged parents that they refused to surrender their brief remaining space of life in order that he might enjoy the long years that were his due. And when Alcestis of her own will went down to Hades, no horror mingled with adoration was aroused, but only infinite pity that one so young and happy was to exchange the richness of life for the dullness of death.

The Greeks faced death as a fact, dwelt for a moment on the pity of it, and then turned with renewed vigour to the pursuits of life.

So calm was the Greek's temper of mind that he could, without shrinking, admire the beauty of physical death. Herodotus tells the story of the youth Philippus whom the people of Segeste had slain in battle and stripped of his clothing; but because of his great beauty they repented them of their deed, buried him with all ceremony, and honored him as a hero.

In the sixteenth century, when Matarazzo wrote his Chronicles of Perugia, pagan ideas were again returning to earth, for, in the midst of that turbulent tale that so well depicts the fantastic life of the later Middle Ages, we come upon such descriptions as these: "On his Lordship's body fell such a storm of blows that he lay there with his winsome limbs all stretched on the earth. Then at once the soul left that beautiful body and departed." "All wept to see the life fail from those fair limbs and they stood and gazed so earnestly on that comely form that they utterly forgot to fight."

To an age in which truth was to be worshiped "without form or comeliness and fastened to the cross," physical death had quite another meaning. It was not enough that, in their refusal to become dust and ashes, men had reduced the whole world to ashes. To make life in reality "the body of this death" which they had declared it to be, they venerated with a grim and shuddering fascination the dead bones of saints and martyrs. This is the dark side of a variegated world—the black shadow that clung to its brightest visions and most radiant ideals. Everyone knows the story of this strange frenzy—how tamed Saxon kings left off their feats of prowess to make pilgrimages to the graves of saints; how Lombard chieftains thought it worth their while to ransack tombs for fragments of dry bones; how

popes ordered the bodies of anti-popes to be thrown into the Tiber to put an end to their miracles; and how, in outbursts of hatred, bodies were snatched from the tomb and put on trial, condemned for crimes against Holy Church and denied the right of Christian burial.

Everyone knows, too, how devils and demons peopled the air and drowned the voice of God with their noisy clamour. It was often a matter of nice reckoning for the frightened mortal to know which voice it were wise to follow. When Peter the Cruel, on his way to meet Bertrand du Guesclin, lost his way in a marsh, his followers exhorted him: "Sire, be of good courage, for God and his Mother will guide and save you." "*Je ne sais pas, dit il, comment la fortune en va, mais je me tiens à qui a le plus de puissance, soit de diable ou de Dieu.*"

Trembling fear gave way in feverish reaction to the grotesque mirth of the Dance of Death. Albrecht Dürer's Death and the Knight, although typically medieval in design, is much too calm in spirit to belong to this frantic age. It does in fact belong, like Matarazzo's Chronicles, to a later time when the ideals of an age of reason were breathing a different spirit into familiar images and forms of thought. Grim and grotesque materialism continued, however, throughout that great twelfth century, when Italian cities were enjoying their most complete independence, when French Communes were being emancipated, when artisan guilds were at their height, when Chrétien de Troyes was composing his songs of King Arthur and his knights. And all throughout this time monks were ascending the thirteen steps of humility, and the pure prayers of saints were mounting up to heaven. It was the best period of the great cathedrals, where, beneath arches and spires that rise with a mighty sweep of power toward the upper air, sculptured saints and prophets and angels join company with contorted monsters—the divine dream of faith with the grotesque nightmare of a haunting fear.

The wisest souls of all ages have attempted to free the mind from the fear of death. Plato's Socrates, seeking for his companions a charm which should frighten away "that hobgoblin, the fear of death"; Epicurus and Lucretius, formulating a religion of death which should prove that the great curse is in reality the great blessing; and in that later pagan world, when the revolt against death, destined to

become hysterical, was already manifest, Marcus Aurelius, recalling to men's minds the fact that death is natural, like flowers in Spring; and a thousand years later, Saint Francis of Assisi, rising above the conception of his times and saying to corruption, "Thou art my brother," and to the worm, "Thou art my sister"—these are but a few of the masters who have offered to mankind a way of escape, not from the reality of death, but from the degradation of its fear.

In the shifting mirrors of modern life the ideals of all ages are reflected. In every country of the western world, the old religion lasts on with its medieval cosmogony and its relics of the saints. Along the shores of Brittany—and not there alone—the spirits of the dead still walk by night and control by their demands the actions of the living. In the Spanish Escorial, where the ruling monarch descends the marble steps and sees among the tombs of his ancestors the sarcophagus that was prepared for him centuries ago, there is preserved the temper of a people who still make the naked fact of death the chief lesson of life.

But these things are survivals. It has not been the habit of our generation to look toward the approach of death as a warning or a spur to action. We have not been preoccupied with the thought of death or of what may lie beyond. Perhaps even before the Christian hell had lost its terrors the Christian heaven had lost its charm.

In our effort to develop the powers of life for our own and future generations we have approached nearer, through evolutionary and altruistic teaching, to a world-consciousness which makes our own personal end of ever more remote concern. We have striven to enlarge our spirit to include, as far as possible, the life of the universe.

Death is itself the great doorway to all mystery—the two-faced god Janus, looking back to joy or pain and forward to light or darkness. Yet we have sought, in the delights and torments of our busy days, to put the thought of death aside as a hindrance to the demands of life.

There is also an organized research by learned men who venerate unalterable law and yet fix their attention upon the forward look of the two-faced god. They believe that the door is closed not upon inscrutable mystery, but upon a palpable world that may be explored by the mortal mind. To them no sea is so dark that they will not tempt

it with an adventurous sail. It is one of the strange surprises of modern life that just when we had issued from the "fight with death" over which the generation of *In Memoriam* agonized; just as we had turned away from their pre-occupation as from a darkening of vision, and had begun to say to ourselves: "All that we know is this: We are here. Let us make what we can of our world": just then the great enigma became the subject of experimental science.

It is true that no sounds have yet been heard from that region of mystery which can compare in grandeur and majesty with its unbroken silence. Yet, recently, echoes have reached us which have given new meaning and new importance to the great research. Far above the trivial details that can but irritate the skeptical, these echoes of the spirit stir the imagination. Even if they prove nothing—perhaps, indeed, by their very deepening and enlarging of the mystery—they resolve the blackness of death into many hues and qualities of color. They cast over the thought of death a shadow of Beauty, like a "glimmer of pale blossoms."

It is the testimony of the ages that a clear-eyed facing of Death shows him a friend and not a foe. But it is one thing to face him as a scientist, or in the meditative mood of a Maeterlinck, and another to face him in grim reality. What, then, will be the effects of the great upheaval of our times—with its myriad-headed forms of death? If the philosophy of the future is being wrought in the trenches, will the idea in the poems of Corporal Street prevail—that war has stripped Death of his mantle of awe? Will the feeling of a Rupert Brooke be universal?—

> And if these poor limbs die, then safest of all.

Or will the philosophy of the trenches be so modified in millions of desolated homes that the grim monster shall be reinstated and endowed with undreamed-of powers of cruelty? Will he seem no longer an instrument of God, but human-made, and will a fear haunt the fireside that he will still stalk the earth for his prey until he has destroyed the Frankenstein that created him? When the exaltation that sees in this war a divine method of regeneration and the depression that calls it the death-dance of the nations shall both have passed away, will the thought of death be kindly?—

> Though death be poor, he ends a mortal woe.

And will there be any place for the heroic view of Peter Pan that death is the greatest adventure of life?

Certainly there seems to be small chance in the ghastly details of modern warfare for the Greek idea of the beauty of physical death.

When one has climbed the storm-swept mountain above La Cava and stood in the Crypt where all that remains of the First Crusaders is massed in a promiscuous heap of skulls, one realizes as never before the reckless waste of that fierce age, and the great price it paid for its unreasoning devotion. What shall one say among the mountains of corpses that are today piled high to mock earth and heaven? Is one likely to recall the words of Pembroke when he found the dead body of young Arthur rolled at the foot of the castle-wall?—

> O Death, made proud with pure and princely beauty.

Psychologists tell us that the fear of death and the love of life have their origin in the same primitive instinct of self-preservation. But the thread that joins them in one instinct has grown thin. For the keenest lover of life may be dauntless in the face of death, while the weariest prisoner that ever dragged a chain may cringe and tremble in dread of the end. For the courageous spirit, to cling to life is not to fear death. It is to be untamed by any fear and to demand no consolations.

The poet has always made death beautiful. The warlord has always made it hideous. Yet to the young soldier in Paul Bourget's novel death was beautiful as no Greek poet could ever make it, because it was the gift of his life. While, to the wise surgeon gazing calmly at the laws of nature, death was a gnawing fear. Life had become everything to him; as it has been everything to our humanitarian age.

We know how the world was changed by the One Great Sacrifice. What may not result from the multiform sacrifice of the present hour? What reconciliation may we not conceive between the barbaric passion of violent revolt and the calm wisdom of reasonable acceptance in an imaginative grasp of truth?

GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

RICHARD STRAUSS AND HIS "ALPINE" SYMPHONY.—SHAW'S "GETTING MARRIED."—"PIERROT THE PRODIGAL."

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE latest work of the most distinguished living master of music, the *Alpine Symphony* of Richard Strauss, has recently been set before us, for the first time in New York, by that ever-youthful veteran among orchestras, the Philharmonic Society, under the leadership of Mr. Stransky, from whom the eagerly awaited score received an interpretation of singular eloquence. So far as New York is concerned, this lucid and authoritative performance is likely to establish a tradition.

It will doubtless be a temptation to casual commentators upon the *Alpine Symphony* to ascribe its remarkable simplicity and directness of utterance to the presumptive fact that it was composed after the beginning of the War, and so has benefited from that purging and simplifying process which the activity of the belligerents is supposed to be exerting upon the arts. But alas for the tyrannical exactions of fact! Although *Eine Alpensinfonie,* Opus 64, was not completed until February 1915, it was begun as far back as 1911, and so, obviously, derives to a considerable extent from an ante-bellum inspiration. No one but Strauss and his intimates could tell us how much of the music was shaped after August 1, 1914; and so those amiable sentimentalists whose favorite intellectual recreation consists in asserting that the War must inevitably have a "clarifying," or "sobering," or "simplifying" influence upon the alleged turgidity and self-consciousness of the arts, are entitled to get what comfort they can out of their speculations upon this point. Those who are not

impressed by the hypothesis which regards the War as an agent of æsthetic catharsis have at least as much warrant for believing that the *Alpine Symphony* proves nothing whatever concerning the relation between submarines, gas gangrene, 42-centimeter howitzers, and the art of music. The Strauss of *Salome,* of the *Domestic Symphony,* of *Ein Heldenleben,* of *Don Quixote*—works in which elaboration of design, interior complexity, and luxuriance of surface were carried to an unparalleled degree of realization—this traditional Strauss, so long the bogy of academic æstheticians and the sport of journalistic clowns, has now given us a score of almost Schubertian lucidity and directness. The fact is sufficiently interesting, even if it justifies no vague and complacent anthropological moralizing.

It is reasonable to suppose (and the theory is quite innocent of subtlety) that Strauss, deliberately or not, adapted his manner of speech to the subject of his discourse. He has chosen to speak to us in this work of elemental things. He remembered, perhaps, the challenge of Whitman: "Who shall cultivate the mountain peaks . . . and the tumbling gorgeousness of the clouds?" One is indisposed to be Byzantine while dealing articulately with waterfalls and brooks, woods and meadows, glaciers and mountain tops, storms and calms, Alpine panoramas, dawns and sunsets among the heights. To be spontaneous under the creative spell of these things is to speak naturally, if one can, after the manner of the early gods—with largeness of utterance, with lyrical or majestic directness, with eloquent simplicity; and Strauss is nothing if not spontaneous. His flagrancies and his virtues are the issue of a curiously naïve psychology. Whether he is playing his gamin pranks, or is awash in sentimentalism, or is uttering grandiose puerilities, or tracing fiery scrolls upon the heavens with an apocalyptic brush, he is always apparent—a prodigy of infantile perverseness and flaring inspiration: untamed, uncritical, and an authentic Olympian. Withal, he has a certain primitive tact which, though it does not save him from the buffooneries and excrescences which mar the surface of such a work as the *Domestic Symphony,* enables him intuitively to contrive almost always the perfect *milieu* for the special needs of his conceptions. You forgive his cyclopean gaucheries because of that deep and right instinct which has perceived and evoked the one inevitable mood, the exquis-

itely chosen accent, for the conveyance of every subject that has really moved and engrossed him. It is impossible to imagine any other vein for the discourse of *Till Eulenspiegel,* of *Elektra,* of *Don Quixote,* of *Ein Heldenleben,* than the one in which each is distinguishingly couched.

So it is not strange that we find in the *Alpine Symphony* music of a type that consorts ideally with its subject-matter. Strauss has always had a notable command of direct and simple speech. He has Wagner's gift of being at will voluptuous or Doric, luxuriant or austerely plain. The incontinent gorgeousness of the final pages of *Salome* bespeaks him no less typically than the elemental grandeur of the sunrise music in *Zarathustra.* In the *Alpine Symphony* he writes prevailingly in his native vein of simplicity and directness. This score is surprisingly uninvolved. It is almost as easy to read as the score of a Beethoven symphony. After the polyphonic orgies of *Ein Heldenleben* it seems like a reversion to youthful unsophistication. Nothing could be more easily traversed than its thematic material and its unadventurous harmony, which even in chromatic passages harks back to the Wagner-Liszt formulas of a generation ago. The student will be astonished to find that this work contains no hint of the boldly innovating heretic of recent years except in the half-dozen pages that precede the *Gewitter und Sturm* section, where the Straussian specialist will be entertained to come upon the wraiths of certain uncanny dissonances that filled with mysterious horror the decapitation scene in *Salome.*

It is unnecessary to remind the susceptible connoisseur that when Strauss is at his best he can exert his mastery of direct and simple speech in a very wonderful and moving way. Whatever you may regret in him (and his deficiencies and his lapses are so blatant, so glaringly obvious, that it is almost unsportsmanlike to allege them), he is, and always has been, upon familiar terms with the grand style. It is native to him—as native as to Gluck or Handel, Beethoven or Wagner or Brahms: and he works in it again and again, with ease and freedom and overpowering effect. It is because of this that he is of the royal line, despite the frequency with which, in other matters, he antagonizes and offends. We have said of him before that while he is often trivial, platitudinous, pompously sentimental, he is never weak or nerveless. You will never find him " chanting faint

hymns to the cold fruitless moon." His hymns may be banal, but they are never faint; and the moon is not fruitless when he addresses her—she becomes rather that fabulous moon discerned by Pater in William Morris's *King Arthur's Tomb:* "not tender and far-off, but close down—the sorcerer's moon, large and feverish." When, in his vein of excellent simplicity, he is at his height, he can stand proudly, with head erect, beside the major poets of music. He is upon such heights in the scene of Don Quixote's death, in the opening and closing pages of *Ein Heldenleben,* in that stupendous exordium which, in *Zarathustra,* lifts the heart out of the body and stuns the spirit with a sense of completed revelation. These things, and others like them, are sovereign and imperishable: they are among the glories of musical art. They are of the great tradition of eloquence nobly plain: they belong with the first movement of the Choral Symphony, with Brünnhilde's announcement to Siegmund of his approaching death, with the Adagio of Loeffler's *Hora Mystica,* with the horn passage in the introduction to the last movement of Brahms' C minor Symphony, with Schubert's *Der Tod und das Mädchen,* with the finale of MacDowell's *Keltic Sonata:* with all those consummate utterances in which the masters have spoken with lofty and distinguished simplicity.

The subject which Strauss set for himself in the *Alpine Symphony* has provided him with unequaled opportunities for the exhibition of this style of elevated simplicity and directness. It is easy to taunt him with selecting a hopelessly conventional and hackneyed theme for musical interpretation. Mountain scenes and moods have undeniably been "done" to extinction, it would seem, in various arts; and æsthetically, as well as touristically, the Alps, as Mr. Le Gallienne once observed, are "greasy with climbing." But so had the sea been "done" exhaustively before Whitman, in poetry, awoke out of it a new splendor, and before Debussy, in music, caught up its beauty and terror into a new and magical transfigurement. Poets had sung immemorially of evening and of evening stars before Blake; yet never had the west wind slept on the lake nor the dusk been washed with silver in just the way that his eyes beheld. Others have brooded through the centuries upon the weary diuturnity of life, and have cried out their despair; but it needed a contemporary Irishman to say that

> The years like great black oxen tread the world,
> And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
> And I am broken by their passing feet. . . .

And so Richard Strauss, electing to write of dawn and sunrise on the mountains, of Alpine glaciers and brooks and waterfalls, was quite as likely to be incited to fresh musical interpretation as if he had chosen a subject as strange to the concert-room as the Nietzschean speculations which provoked his *Zarathustra.* That the result, as we have it before us in the *Alpine Symphony,* is far from being what it might and should have been, is due not to the nature of the subject, but to a curious factor in the psychology of Strauss himself.

He has never realized that the boundary between a simplicity that is lofty and beyond praise and a simplicity that is trite and worthless can be crossed with appalling swiftness. He has never shown that he is aware of the distinction that Arnold drew between a noble and an ignoble simplicity. He can pass that dead-line as easily as (according to Stevenson's delightful demonstration) Milton might have passed it by turning

> Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts

into

> Mother Athens, eye of Greece.

The genius who could reach sublimity with those titanic opening measures of *Zarathustra* could sit calmly before his manuscript and pen the trivial lament of Chrysothemis, the blatantly vulgar measures of Elektra's dance, and that rapturously paltry love-theme in *Salome* which is merely vulgarized Tchaikovsky. He blares out swelling commonplaces on four trumpets in unison with the same pride and fervor with which he utters a proclamation of epic dignity and power.

In the *Alpine Symphony* he is, prevailingly, at his worst; only occasionally at his best. It is comfortingly true that here, as in his other scores, his best is extremely fine and memorable. The Olympian Strauss speaks out of the magnificent sunset music near the close of the work: in the far-sweeping and rhapsodic song of the violins that soars above the majestic chanting of trombones and trumpets and the sustained sonorities of the organ, there is not only a rendering for the imagination of a transported vision of the

natural world—an unforgettable indication of the dying splendor of evening skies viewed from the heights—but there is music of superb strength and beauty, music that is nobly simple, music in the great style. Here, and elsewhere momentarily, there speaks out of this score the Strauss of unflagging pinions, the mighty Strauss of *Ein Heldenleben, Zarathustra, Don Quixote, Elektra, Don Juan.* But side by side with these few outstanding episodes are passages in which simplicity has become commonplace, plainness has become ignoble; where, instead of the lofty nudity of such classic conceptions as the Hero's theme in *Ein Heldenleben,* we get cheap and shameless salon-music, —like the descending theme that the orchestra thunders forth with its full power to picture the Alpine dawn; or we get the hackneyed formulas of the "Flowery Meadows" section; or the stale and facile platitudes of the finale (in the section entitled *Ausklang*), which are doubly afflicting, since they come immediately after the imperial pages that reflect with so beautiful a dignity that noblest of tonal sunsets.

But it is useless to rail at Strauss. Mark Twain complained that people are always talking about the weather, "yet nothing is ever done." It is so with Strauss. In his case there is nothing that *can* be done. He has all of the arrogance and none of the humility of creative genius; and he is impervious and complacent. It has been remarked that it is a sorrowful destiny to set traps for birds of paradise and catch—well, let us say hens. That has often been the deplorable fortune of Richard Strauss; and the tragedy of the case is, of course, that he does not know they are hens. It is, however, a tragedy whose gloom is lightened by the circumstance that the Straussian skies are seldom empty of birds of paradise, and that many descend unurged, and fly happily and in beauty about this poet's head. It is reported, too, that nightingales have been known to sing in his woods at dusk, and that eagles soar above his mountain-peaks.

It is no fault of the reviewer of plays if he finds that the chief intellectual interest afforded by the theatre in New York, season after season, is to be sought in the production of some piece by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Last season we had Miss Grace George's production of *Major Barbara;* and who that

is not annoyed by the exhibition of cerebral activity in the theatre is likely to forget his pleasure in the various aspects of a Shavian perspective that includes *Captain Brassbound's Conversion, Androcles* and *The Doctor's Dilemma, Pygmalion* and *Fanny's First Play* and *The Philanderer?* And now Mr. William Faversham, abetted by a superlatively competent body of associates gathered at the Booth Theatre, has given us, for the first time in New York, *Getting Married.*

Mr. Shaw confides to his readers, in the preliminary exegetical canter without which a play of his is inconceivable, that in this piece he has abolished the customary division into acts and scenes, and has returned to the antique unities. His adoption in this case of "the Greek form," as he blandly calls it, was not, he says, a deliberate display of technical bravado, "but simply the spontaneous falling of a play of ideas into the form most suited to it, which turned out to be the classic form." He has found in practice, he says, that the Greek form is inevitable "when drama reaches a certain point in poetic and intellectual evolution." *Getting Married,* in several acts and scenes, with the time spread over a long period, would be, he thinks, "impossible." Well, Mr. Faversham, having a realistic conception of the aptitudes of American theatregoers, has nevertheless divided the play into three acts (no doubt after prayerfully consulting the author) and has thus spread it over a fairly long period—the performance on the first night (though the text was cut) lasted almost as long as a Wagner music-drama; yet it was far from being "impossible." Except for some *longueurs* in the second act (and *longueurs* are to be found in most masterpieces, from *Macbeth* to *The Master-Builder*), *Getting Married* is continually and richly rewarding. That it is first-grade Shaw we are not wholly persuaded; but this is all we intend to say on that head. "I suspect," observed George Meredith in one of those glittering vestibules where, like Mr. Shaw, he loves to greet the intending visitor to his edifices—"I suspect that Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man." For "Woman," some of us would substitute "The Theatre"; and in the case of a man who is contributing so wholeheartedly and abundantly to the civilizing of that barbarized institution, it would be darkening counsel to dwell upon the relative inferiority of so gallant an effort as

Getting Married. When you are permitted to watch the progress of a criticism of life so searching, so just, so valiant, so candid, and so eloquent as that which you get from beginning to end of this delicious play, your first duty as a commentator becomes your whole duty—namely, to celebrate and rejoice.

Getting Married is no novelty, save on the New York stage. It has been available between covers for eight years, and its contents are widely known. Here, as always, Shaw is betrayed as a shackled poet, a sternly suppressed but frequently eruptive idealist, a naturally romantic soul under duress. Were it not for his riotous intellectual honesty and his goading instinct for satiric comedy, he might have been as sentimental as Dickens. Certainly he escaped being an unmitigated romantic by the narrowest of margins. You can tell that, for example, by the flashes of shameless eloquence that again and again elude his watchfulness and, setting fire to his discourse, produce such splendid moments as the "Three in One" speech in *John Bull's Other Island,* the dialogue between Barbara and Dolly, and Undershaft's statement of his creed, in *Major Barbara,* and the ecstatic revery of Mrs. George in *Getting Married.* Things such as these fortify one's conviction that Shaw is *au fond* a lyric poet, compromised by a restless intellect, an ungovernable passion for dialectics, and a boundless capacity for moral indignation. All this is evidenced in *Getting Married,* as it is in whatever he writes. So far as his convictions on the immortal problem under discussion are concerned, it is indisputable that they are neither new nor startling. They are merely honest.

"Then," says Leo (who longs for two husbands at once), "it's a mistake to get married?"

"It is, my dear," answers the Bishop; "but it's a much bigger mistake not to get married."

The play is naïvely insolent in its disdain of dramatic tension: it is, for the most part, sheer polemical extravaganza. But there are many mansions in the theatrical heavens; and if, in Mr. Masters' *Spoon River Anthology,* we accept thankfully a poem without poetry, should we deny Mr. Shaw when he offers us dramas without drama? For our part, if the contemporary Anglo-Saxon theatre will yield us brains without drama, we shall relinquish cheerfully, to those who prefer it, drama without brains—

brains plus drama being apparently either a dream of the past or a vision of the future.

That delectable hybrid, the pantomime with music, and its kindred art-form, the dramatic ballet, have put us largely in their debt this season; for they have yielded to the imagination and the senses much of that fine and distinctive pleasure which is not attainable, in kind, through the co-operation of speech and music. We have witnessed again the activities of the Russian Ballet—now, alas, a little *vieux jeu,* and galvanizing its waning attractions by an entertaining though superficial materialization of Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel,* in which that marvelous tone-poem has been sacrificed to make a Russo-American holiday—for there are more things in *Till Eulenspiegel* than are dreamt of by either Nijinsky or Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, despite the charm and wit of their commentary. But chiefly we have been made happy by an artful and poetic revival of a pantomime with music that was familiar to New York theatre-goers of the last generation. This is *L'Enfant Prodigue,* devised by Michel Carré with music by André Wormser, which Mr. Winthrop Ames is now showing, to the persistent delight of us all, at his Little Theatre. It is known there as *Pierrot the Prodigal,* and it is played with a skill and charm which range from the well-intentioned but somewhat limited persuasiveness of Miss Marjorie Patterson as the Prodigal and Miss Margot Kelly as the faithless and mercenary Phrynette, to the exquisite and practised eloquence of M. Paul Clerget as the Father and M. Louis Gouget as the senile and lickerish Baron.

Mr. Ames has done well by the famous concoction of Messrs. Carré and Wormser, as he does well by everything that is so fortunate as to engage his attention as a producer. He has put it on the stage with heedful and affectionate art, with delicate yet daring fancy—a delicacy and daring that are always intentionally poetic even when they do not win the full measure of conviction. It is impossible, for example, not to feel a degree of sympathy for the indisposition confessed by that distinguished psychological chromatographer (or chromatographic psychologist), Christine Ladd Franklin, who has expressed her aversion to certain dissonances produced, in her view, by the conflict between the brick-red hair and the crimson cheeks of the wanton Phry-

nette; between the discreet and too virginal mauve hangings of the lovers' bedroom and the rainbow hues of Phrynette's gown; between the vivid whiteness of the costume of Pierrot and his father, and the sombreness of the mother's dress. However, we are not a psychological chromatographer, nor yet a chromatographic psychologist; and though we perceive these dissonances, we are so bold as to suspect that certain spiritual factors have been overlooked in regretting them. For the salvage of masculine souls, should it not be subtly intimated to the audience that such light-o'-loves as Phrynette are likely to be imperfectly devastating? And may it not have been that deluded and idealizing poet, Pierrot, who selected those embowering and too delicate hangings? As for the sombreness of the mother's dress—well, her heart had been broken once, when Pierrot went off so callously with Phrynette, and by this time it has probably been broken again since Pierrot marched so gaily off to war as the curtain fell. Why, therefore, should she not drape herself in mourning as tragically sombre as her thoughts?

The chief dissatisfaction to which we must own in contemplating this charming exhibition arises from another cause. Our expert in chromatics has observed, in the course of her footnotes to Mr. Ames' production, that, since the "Marseillaise" is played as a sort of gratuitous patriotic addendum to the pantomime, "the musical setting of the piece is now perfect." We wish the annotator had not said that; for it is precisely the musical setting of *L'Enfant Prodigue* which we found disaffecting: it is that which prevents us from rating the work as almost a minor masterpiece. M. André Wormser and his music are the weak links in this particular chain. M. Wormser writes with Gallic deftness and grace, with the requisite delicacy of touch, with humor. But he has also the characteristic deficiencies of the French musical temperament, and of most French music that is below the level of the very best: he is superficial, he is prettily banal, he is devoid of emotional veracity; above all, he lacks the power of eloquent speech. The music of *L'Enfant Prodigue* fluctuates between dainty triteness and a thin and machine-made rhetoric. You weary almost at once of its facile flow, its lightness without distinction, its paucity of ideas. Like most pantomimes

that we have witnessed in this country, it has the character of Mr. Roosevelt's celebrated "weasel words"—that is to say, the quality of the music nullifies the quality of the action, of the pictures, of the poetic mood. If M. Wormser had been a composer with a gift of pointed and communicative utterance, with the ability to surround and penetrate a mood or an action with music that should heighten their effect, there would now be a different tale to tell. We should like to see *L'Enfant Prodigue* with music composed by Maurice Ravel; but if not by Ravel, then by that sensitively imaginative American, Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis. However, there are few who will be disturbed by the musical inadequacy of *Pierrot the Prodigal:* perhaps one in every two hundred and ninety-nine—which is the capacity of the Little Theatre. So Mr. Ames can remain happy—justifiably happy—in his admirable accomplishment of a task that was well worth his while.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MARY HUNTER'S BIBLE[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

When Joseph of Arimathea encountered Jesus on the way to Capernaum he scarcely recognized him, so shocked was he by the ragged shirt and the cloak of camel's or goat's hair that Jesus wore over it, all patched and in tatters, as befitted one who seemed to be a mendicant wonder-worker on his round from village to village. It was the face that halted Joseph as he turned away: a pale, bony, olive face, lit with brilliant eyes. Later, the tones issuing strangely from "his scrannel peacock throat," Jesus talked with him in a tender voice, discoursing of God, "his speech moving on with a gentle motion like that of clouds wreathing and unwreathing, finding new shapes for every period, and always beautiful shapes."

It is a good description of the narrative speech of Mr. George Moore himself, and you wonder with some concern what this new version of the life and sayings of Jesus would be like if it had been told in a different way—with a less delicate and insinuating art, an inferior power of visualization. Again and again in these pages it is a beautiful voice that one listens to, like the voice of Mathias when he lectured—a voice that brings out sentence after sentence "like silk from off a spool,"—even though there are moments when it ceases to be silken and turns into a rough and homely cotton . . . . "for the moment he could not withstand his foreman a moment"; or when it turns into something disturbingly like the prose of the tourist's guide-book: as in a description of the domes and towers of the city of Tiberias at sunset, "bathed in a purple glow."

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[1] *The Brook Kerith*, by George Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

Mr. Moore is often kind in his references to the person of Jesus; there are passages in which you almost suspect him of seeking to paint the Nazarene's portrait after the manner of the familiar and cherished legend: "the fine broad brow curving upward—a noble arch—the eyes distant as stars and the underlying sadness in his voice oftentimes soft and low, but with a cry in it": which makes it clear that Mr. Moore was not present when Mr. Frank Harris took Renan to task for calling Jesus "a handsome Jewish youth—" we do not know, Mr. Harris told Renan, "whether Jesus was handsome or not." But there are times in *The Brook Kerith* when you feel sure that Mr. Moore knew—and also there are many more times when you are troubled by doubts.

Certainly Mr. Moore came to the task he has essayed in this book after an impressively lengthy period of consecration. It appears that he has been familiar with the Bible for at least eighteen years. The year 1898 was in many ways one that extrudes from history. It was in that year that the United States fought the war with Spain; it was in that year that Australia formulated a Constitution; it was in that year that the Irish Local Government Bill was passed; it was in that year that Marconi demonstrated the usefulness of wireless telegraphy; and it was in that year that Mr. Moore discovered the Bible. A lady, uncertain what to give him for Christmas, was struck with the happy inspiration of offering him a Bible; and that Bible, bearing unequivocally upon its flyleaf the date "1898," has been the constant companion and chief literary interest of Mr. Moore (as he tells us in a dedication) ever since. Yet religion has long been one of Mr. Moore's hobbies, and in *Sister Teresa* he played with it very subtly: very exquisitely and simiously, as he plays with all emotional, intellectual, and spiritual realities. Of late years it has, indeed, been one of his three major preoccupations: the two others being, of course, the recording of æsthetic experience, and the charmingly resolute maintenance of his personal legend.

It was almost inevitable that Mr. Moore would some day write a life of Christ. The lady who in 1898 gave him a Bible as a Christmas present (her name, as recorded for immortality by Mr. Moore, shall here be likewise celebrated as Mary Hunter) was only partly to blame: she merely accelerated an arrival of destiny. For anyone who, twenty

years ago, was reading Mr. Moore, must have known that at some time the Pauline Epistles and the gospel as revealed by the Synoptists would call irresistably to him for revision. We now have the record of that revision spread before us in *The Brook Kerith,* wherein the figure of Jesus occupies the major part of 486 pages. He enters it as an Essene from the cenoby on the eastern bank of the Jordan: the shepherd of the brotherhood, waiting in the desert for a sign of his mission. "He'd have us believe that he is the Messiah that the Jews have been expecting for many a year," says Dan, contemptuously, to his son Joseph; "but it was predicted that the Messiah will be born in Bethlehem; and everybody knows that Jesus was born in Nazareth. There's some talk, too, that he comes from the line of David, but everybody knows that Jesus is the son of Joseph the Carpenter. . . . He never could teach him to handle a saw with any skill, for his thoughts were always wandering, and when an Essene came up to Galilee in search of neophytes, Jesus took his fancy and they went away together." When Joseph of Arimathea met him, he was surprised to find that Jesus could not speak Greek, and that his ignorance of the world was surprising . . . "he seemed to believe that all the nations were at war."

You begin to understand soon after this how bravely Mr. Moore is following a wholly personal inspiration, when he describes a meeting between Jesus and Joseph on the plain of Gennesaret. In the eyes of Jesus glowered "a malignant hate": he "seemed to hate all he looked upon." When Joseph explained to him that he had been kept away by his father's illness, his story was swallowed up in a violent interruption, "Jesus telling him that there was no place among his followers for those who could not free themselves from such ghosts as father, mother, and children and wife." Jesus was at this time, we are informed, "a lamb as long as you're agreeing with him, but at a word of contradiction he's all claws and teeth." This irascible and ill-natured being does not long detain Mr. Moore, however: he crucifies him a dozen pages further on; and thereafter, for the subject-matter of the second part of the narrative, you have the story of an apostate and repentant Christ: a Jesus who did not perish on the cross, but was taken by the devoted Joseph of Arimathea from the tomb and slowly restored to health, dwelling subsequently in the monastery

of the Essenes by the Brook Kerith, where he tended his sheep and deplored his former pretensions to Messiahship.

After the death of the faithful Joseph (who had been slain in Jerusalem by order of the priests), there awoke in the heart of Jesus, as he wandered grieving upon the hills, a deeper than mortal grief: "It often seemed to him that his temerity in proclaiming himself the Messiah was punished enough by crucifixion: the taking from him of the one thing that crucifixion had left behind often put the thought into his mind that God held him accursed; and in his despair he lost faith in death, believing he would be held accursed for all eternity." Later—many years later, for he dwelt with his sheep among the hills above a score of years—he attained to a measure of serenity, a man detached alike from regret and hope. He felt that he must never look back, but in moments of great physical fatigue the past returned, and lay before him "like the evening sky in tranquil waters." Even the memory that he once believed himself the Messiah ceased to hurt. He felt that he had been wrong in reproving the keepers of the Temple for having made themselves a God according to their own image: "for what else is our God but an Assyrian king who sits on a throne and metes out punishments and rewards?" But though God does not desire love, "it cannot be that we are wholly divorced from God. It may be that we are united to him by the daily tasks which he has set us to perform."

Then, as Jesus walked through the quiet evening air, watching the shepherds eating their bread and garlic on the hillside, he recalled how he had striven against the memory of his sin; how he had desired only one thing—to acknowledge that sin, and to repent. But now it seemed to him that shame and the desire of repentance had gone from him, and he was conscious of some new thought. He reflected that God and his heaven "are our old enemies in disguise. . . . God is but desire, and whosoever yields himself to desire falls into sin. To be without sin we must be without God." And then Jesus wondered, startled, if any man had dared to ask himself "if God were not indeed the last uncleanliness of the mind."

Afterward, when Paul, fleeing from his enemies, seeks refuge in the cenoby, he listens to a confession recounted by Jesus to the Essenes, and believes him mad; for Jesus explicitly sets forth the story of his delusion: "In

the time I am telling," he says, " I was so exalted by the many miracles which I had performed by the power of God or the power of a demon, I know not which, that I encouraged my disciples to speak of me as the son of David, though I knew myself to be the son of Joseph the carpenter; and when I rode into Jerusalem and the people strewed palms before me and called out, the son of David, and Joseph said to me, let them not call thee the son of David, I answered in my pride, if they did not call it forth the stones themselves would. In the days I am telling, pride lifted me above myself. . . . A day passed in the great exaltation and hope, and one evening I took bread and broke it, saying that I was the bread of life that came down from heaven and that whosoever ate of it had everlasting life given to him. After saying these words a great disquiet fell upon me, and calling my disciples together I asked them to come to the garden of olives with me. And it was while asking God's forgiveness for my blasphemies that the emissaries and agents of the Priests came and took me prisoner."

Nor can Jesus discern his own image in the Jesus preached and described to him by Paul: the Christ, Son of the Living God. " The Jesus that spake to thee out of a cloud," he assures Paul, " never lived in the flesh; he was a Lord Jesus Christ of thy own imagination." He and Paul depart together from the cenoby, Paul to resume his preaching of the Christ repudiated by Jesus, and Jesus bound for Jerusalem to tell the people that he was not raised from the dead by God.

Let us leave him as he reflects (through the meditations of his inspired disciple Mr. Moore) that " the miracle that Paul continued to relate with so much unction seemed so crude "; yet he himself had once believed " that God was pleased to send his only begotten son to redeem the world by his death on a cross. A strange conception truly." Sitting with Paul under a rock by the sea, Jesus declares his creed: " There is but one thing, Paul: to learn to live for ourselves, and to suffer our fellows to do likewise." They separate—Jesus on his way, not to Jerusalem after all, but to join company with some " strangely garbed monks from India," who were telling the people, a shepherd reports, " that they must not believe that they have souls, and that they know that they are saved "; which causes Paul to trace a likeness between the doctrines that Jesus had confided to

him and the shepherds' story of the doctrines that were being preached by the monks from India.

Mr. Moore is at pains to tell us in a preface that it has been his purpose to demolish the "fond and sentimental" Jesus of the Italian renaissance—the Jesus with "a woman's face, a blond beard, long ringlets: a figure without energy, without life, a pale effeminacy that in our time wanders about knocking at cottage doors with a lantern in his hand"; or the even less reputable image that "adorns the prayer books of certain Christian sects: a pale ghost with a Flaming Heart showing in his bosom, a love-lorn shepherd returning with a lamb in his arms." Mr. Moore really seems to believe that this conventionalized Jesus is the authentic Jesus of the modern imagination; and he points with pride, like an old-fashioned political orator, to "the rough shepherd philosopher" whom he depicts on the Judean hills. Mr. Moore is talking brainless nonsense. The flaccid and sentimentalized Christ who he fancies was in need of demolition faded out of the imaginations of all spiritually enlightened men long before Mr. Moore, with Mary Hunter's Bible under his arm, set forth gallantly to destroy him. But even if he had demolished anything more veritable and influential than a man of straw, his substitution would be rejected by everyone who has felt deeply the true quality of the Biblical Jesus. Mr. Moore says that, however much the reader may desire the supernatural Christ, he will be forced to admit that the author of *The Brook Kerith,* improving upon Renan, has "raised Jesus into some sort of manhood, which is at least a great step towards divinity." Mr. Moore is mistaken. The Jesus that he offers us—a malignant, ill-tempered, peevish, vainglorious, self-deluded impostor, glowering in hate, "all claws and teeth" (the words are Mr. Moore's), who later becomes a nerveless and repining sentimentalist: this ignoble caricature bears as much relation to the sublime figure of the Gospels, whether he were man or God, as—to quote Swinburne in a different connection—"a mutilated monkey bears to a well-made man." A Jesus robbed of divinity is not intolerable. A Jesus robbed of nobility is.

The Brook Kerith is in no way surprising. It is a consummate piece of art; and it is also precisely the sort of thing one would have expected to result from Mr. Moore's eighteen years of contact with Mary Hunter's Bible. Some,

observing with pain and outrage the effect of this contact, have so far relinquished their serenity as to charge Mr. Moore with perpetrating "an impudent and detestable profanation." Hearing them scold in this way, one conjectures that they may be thinking chiefly of Mr. Moore's query, put in the mouth of Jesus, as to whether "God were not indeed the last uncleanliness of the mind." If they go on in that vein, they will be saying next that it is not God, but Mr. Moore himself, who embodies "the last uncleanliness of the mind."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

The Leatherwood God. By William Dean Howells. New York: The Century Company, 1916.

Mr. Howells is commonly, and no doubt rightly, regarded as among the most genial of American authors, as well as among the most intellectual. Yet in Mr. Howells's novels there has appeared at times a vein of skepticism that was almost bitter, a quality, no doubt, that the thoughtful writer cannot avoid and should not try to avoid.

The two ultimate literary elements are life and death; literary thought associates itself with one or the other. Now Mr. Howells has made a part of our literary consciousness the sense of our limitations, our bewilderments, our painful dubieties, our secret conviction that after all "we don't know much about it"; our feeling that we are futile except when we are simply kind. All this region of experience, which we are for the most part too romantic to think much about, Mr. Howells has humanized and made into literature of the finest.

Dubiety and the sense of our limitations, however, are in themselves painful; they are of death rather than of life. Mr. Howells's geniality, his "will to live" has always risen above any depressing effect that might result from rather a ruthless anatomizing of life; yet it has sometimes seemed that he left his reader (beneficially, no doubt, but distressingly) weighed down with a sense of being very much too human. One does not feel it a disgrace to be "all too human" in Mr. Howells's sense: on the contrary one feels it to be highly honorable. Yet it has seemed a little unsatisfactory, too.

In *The Leatherwood God,* the "too human" element is more strongly emphasized than in any other one of Mr. Howells's tales, and yet this story is stimulating and not at all depressing. It is as simple and powerful as if Mark Twain had written it, and at the same time it shows a characteristic vein of tenderness which is unlike the tenderness of Mark Twain, and which is, one is tempted to say, a finer product.

The story is a complete episode taken from life. Its general outlines are determined by the facts and its unity is largely the unity of the facts. It is fortunate, perhaps, that Mr. Howells could in this

case permit himself the effective use of a plot. But it is not to the ready-made plot nor to the natural dramatic unity of the theme that the story owes its strength. It is a theme with which it would be easy to fail completely. A religious impostor declares himself to be God and induces a large number of respectable people in the little Ohio community of Leatherwood to worship him. The man himself, though in a measure self-deceived, is by no means insane—he hasn't even the dignity of complete self-delusion. Still less is he of the stuff of which martyrs are made: on the contrary this man who pretended to be God—his real name was Dylks—is a great coward. One would suppose then that the story would simply be a picture of human degradation. But Mr. Howells rises above the absurdities, the vulgarities that are inherent in his theme. The grandiosity that associates itself with the large pretensions of Dylks gives occasion for humor almost Rabelaisian in bigness, though skilfully kept within the bounds of taste. The irony of the story is masterly; it somehow exalts rather than belittles human nature, while it shows how near the heart the greatest folly really lies. One sympathizes with the deluded worshipers and one's feeling is unalloyed with a trace of condescension. These hearty muscular men and hard-working natural-minded women—too healthy to be morbid, too impulsive and at the same time too conscientious to be merely absurd—one is not ashamed to acknowledge as kin.

The Leatherwood God is in its way a triumph. Perhaps Mr. Howells has never written a more vital story.

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

Mr. Wells has written a novel about the war that is infinitely the better as a war book because it begins by being a very personal sort of story and maintains the personal point of view throughout. *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* is a triumph for Mr. Wells's method as a novelist, a vindication of his way of looking at things. When one lays down the book one realizes quite clearly that man is a rather absurd and self-deluded creature; that the mind of the average man is a mass of contradictions; that a gaily domestic and philosophic kind of life does not by any means render one safe from the most fearful shocks; that the things we live by are for the most part not realities at all. The realities themselves we are afraid of, and we do not know how to grasp them. "That which is far off and exceeding deep, who shall find it out?" Yet the book really does give one courage, and it actually makes one glad to be a man and to be alive in the year 1916. Most remarkable of all, the story is amusing, and if it gradually ceases to be merry and becomes intensely grave, one does not feel that the change of mood involves a jarring reversal

of mental gears. Really, the story is as earnest at the beginning as at the end.

A part of the secret of Mr. Wells's method is, no doubt, simply that as a novelist he has little method. His novels are quite frankly disquisitional: the author has an air of not troubling himself to create an illusion, of simply telling what an intelligent listener would naturally want to know. His character-drawing seems to be done in rather an off-hand way; he appears to disregard niggling details that to a realist or to a conscientious romancer might seem important. Perhaps this is just one way of "lying like truth"—a trick of convincing by appearing not to realize the necessity of convincing. But the truth is that Mr. Wells has a much clearer conception of his meaning and far fewer prepossessions as to what the novel, as a form of art, should be, than have most of his fellow novelists.

But Mr. Wells's novels are something more than meaningful in the sense that they are disquisitional. Imaginative literature works, of course, as much through feeling as through thought. The interactions of thought and feeling in the thinking of any human being are not easy to analyze: to be guided by feeling is no doubt a mistake, and yet feeling of some sort seems to lead intelligence and to determine the purposes for which we think. In proportion as feeling becomes impersonal, it becomes exalted and purified, and it then asserts an authority over us. The impersonal note not only inspires; it convinces. But of course our feelings, in the rough, in the crude state, are preponderantly personal: they are alloyed with selfishness and fear; they are encrusted with customary ideas and with habits; they are veined with preferences formed Heaven knows how. What is the rationale of the quite sincere and unselfish passion that may inspire a man ardently to defend, for example, the English pronunciation of Greek?

One cannot begin to be impersonal all at once: one must clarify and refine. Mr. Wells does this. The first part of his story—the part that tells of Mr. Britling's family life, and of the impressions that this life made upon an American visitor—is an amusing and astonishingly complete revelation of personal character. Mr. Britling in the bosom of his family is the highly civilized, highly educated, very likable good fellow, who thinks and writes much about life, and doesn't half know either life or himself. He represents the personal life in its jolliest, most self-confident, and most purblind state.

Mr. Britling, however, like most of us, has his periods of suspecting that all is not well. On one occasion he lies awake in bed and reflects upon his own sins and upon the sins of the world. "The whole mental process had a likeness to some complex piece of orchestral music wherein the organ deplored the melancholy destinies of the race while the piccolo lamented the secret trouble of Mrs.

Harrowdean; the big drum thundered at the Irish politicians, and all the violins bewailed the intellectual laxity of the university system. Meanwhile the trumpets prophesied wars and disasters, the cymbals ever and again inserted a clashing jar about the fatal delay in automobile insurance, while the triangle broke into a plangent solo on the topic of a certain rotten gate-post he always forgot in the daytime, and how in consequence the cows from the glebe farm got into the garden and ate Mrs. Britling's carnations." The whole of Mr. Britling's soliloquy is a wonderful piece of work: there is so much of the bigness and the littleness, the absurdity and the earnestness of humanity in it.

War comes and brings its shocks, and its griefs, and its disillusionments to Mr. Britling and his circle. It seems to wreck everything; it makes intellectual and emotional havoc. Mr. Britling, however, sees it through.

The conclusion of the story affords a kind of companion piece to the soliloquy. This is the letter which Mr. Britling writes to the parents of the funny, lovable German boy who lived as a tutor in Mr. Britling's family, until the war broke out, and then went to the front, to be shot somewhere on the Russian line of battle. In this much re-written letter, impersonal feeling triumphs. Later, Mr. Britling comes to a new knowledge of religion and of God. He is able to conceive of a God who is not responsible for all the ills of humanity, of a God who is close and real. The conclusion may not be wholly sound as philosophy, but as the climax of a sequence of emotions and experiences it is convincing and heartening. It seems to embody the meaning that the war has for the personal life.

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

Mr. Masefield's novel, *Multitude and Solitude,* first printed a good many years ago and now republished, will be read by a great many persons on the strength of the author's subsequently acquired reputation. It deserves to be read, not because it is at all what is ordinarily meant by a "poet's novel," but because it is a remarkably good story. One does not need to be a lover of Masefield's poetry in order to enjoy *Multitude and Solitude:* to enjoy it, one needs only to care for clean construction, clear narrative, and intense style in fiction.

The central figure of the story is a young playwright who, having become dissatisfied with art, and life, and love, finds a new gospel in science and service. With a scientist of his own age, who has recovered from an attack of sleeping-sickness by the use of a new drug, he goes to Africa to combat the deadly disease. The African experience has plenty of strangeness, of a good wholesome imaginative and realistic sort; and the plot takes a clever Jules Verne-ish

turn, when the hero, against all expectation and after apparent failure, discovers an antitoxin for the trypanosome and saves his companion's life. On their return to the coast, the two men learn that their discovery has been anticipated, but they have gained in character enough to repay them for their struggles and sufferings.

The shortcoming of Mr. Masefield's story is not that it tries to be too poetic for a good yarn, but that its thought is a little tentative, a little experimental: one doubts that what it seems ultimately to say is the author's real or final thought. The theory that religion is scientific service seems banal as the conclusion of a story that shows marks of genius in the writing.

Nevertheless the greatest value of the novel lies in its clear, intense expression of the thoughts and feelings connected with really fundamental things—art, love, religion, science, work.

WINDY MCPHERSON'S SON. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: John Lane Company, 1916.

There is such a thing as thinking intensely and penetratingly, though with imperfect insight, about the fundamental things of life; and there is such a thing as merely getting very much excited about them. This latter is the besetting fault of the new romance—the romance that combines the truth and frankness of realism with the restless, questing, romantic spirit.

Sherwood Anderson's story, *Windy McPherson's Son,* is arousing in its ruthlessly clear and crudely colorful picturing of life; it is to be valued for its frankness, its straight, unconventional thinking; it can hardly fail to turn the reader's mind to the reconsideration of important, if sometimes depressing, facts of the inner and of the outer life. And yet the story leaves the impression, not that it is a duty to think straight and to pierce through the veils of convention and prudery, but that life is a heady liquor of which it is wise to drink deeply. That you *may* drink deeply, if only you remain honest with yourself and think things out independently—this is the ethics of the thing, a kind of ethics that appeals powerfully to the young and to the adventurous.

Samuel McPherson, the son of a drunken and boastful old veteran of the Civil War, who lives in a little Iowa village, early begins to hate shams, and resolves to make a success of his life. His mind is prematurely stimulated by the older men with whom he associates and he is led to reflect and to feel strongly about such matters as religion and literature and sex and wealth and character. Eventually, determining to follow his strongest bent, he becomes a money-maker. Sam succeeds; he becomes one of the conspicuous financiers of a period of spectacular financiers. He marries a woman who desires children above all else. The two plan a life which might have saved

Sam from his own devil of money-grubbing; but the longed-for children do not come, and the marriage proves a failure. Disgusted with his life, Sam sets out upon a period of aimless wandering, during which he engages in many quixotic ventures among the humbler sort of people. Not finding "Truth," in this manner, he turns to idleness and dissipation. Finally his strong paternal instinct brings him back to sanity and quietness of soul. He adopts some destitute children and returns to the wife he had deserted. Presumably the two lived happily ever after.

The story leaves one aroused, but unsatisfied. What Sam seeks in his quest is not really truth, but experience and ever more experience. Since marriage to a good woman did not content him, it is difficult to see how his vicarious fatherhood could do so. To labor for the next generation is glorious, but it is hardly satisfying if one can see for one's children no prospect better than the carrying on of the endless life process in which one has been able to discern no meaning.

SUSSEX GORSE. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1916.

Sussex Gorse, by Sheila Kaye-Smith, is a story of the sort that is usually called strong and impressive, and it deserves the somewhat faint praise which these terms in common usage imply. It also no doubt deserves the dispraise which is implied in the equally uncritical terms monotonous and depressing. The story is discerningly realistic; it is big and typical; it persuades and pleases with its genuine flavor of earth, and with its true atmosphere of English peasant life. On the other hand, there is monotony enough in the tale, and there is a lack of sentiment for which a kind of robust earthiness does not perhaps wholly make up. The author has taken no pains to relieve possible tedium. She allows the persons of her story to talk as no doubt they would talk, and to repeat phrases as no doubt they would repeat them in real life. The rural vocabulary in *Sussex Gorse* is not extensive. Things are "hemmed bad," or "tedious little," or "lamentable long" or "justabout good," without much variation throughout the book. As a means of arousing and holding interest the author relies upon the largeness of her theme, and upon the power of an exceptionally clear and vigorous style. But if you like the talk of very honest simple, sometimes muddle-headed folk, and if you have pleasure in frank description, you will be pleased with the details of the story.

The plan of the novel is exceedingly simple. As a boy Reuben Backfield became filled with the ambition to conquer Boarzell Moor: he would buy this waste land and lay it under cultivation. As a man, Reuben fought a long bitter fight with the Moor. In order that

he might have soldiers to help in the battle, he married and begot sons and daughters. His wife died, and he married again. His second wife deserted him. Another woman who understood him, but who would have thwarted his ambition, he resolutely put out of his life. One by one his children, crushed by the tyranny of "the farm," deserted him: one of his sons, after ridiculing his father's political friends in some scurvy verses during a campaign, went to London and became a good-for-nothing. One of his daughters, starved for love, ran away with a drunken sailor, and eventually became a woman of the streets. Reuben was hated, deserted, betrayed, bereaved, and he seems to have felt no emotions save pride and anger. One of his sons became a famous lawyer: Reuben regretted that he had not remained on the farm. Another, well-loved, was killed in the Boer war: a shock, but not a tragedy. Reuben was winning then—winning his long fight with the Moor; and this was the thought that would remain with him though heaven and earth passed away. At sixty this splendid animal was in his prime. At eighty-five, he had conquered, and had not a soul to love him. He died a happy man.

The question as to whether this story is really big and impressive or merely little and depressing must be decided with reference to its meaning. If there is grandeur in the spectacle of a human being so immersed in nature that he moves on his way with the resistless force and with the callousness to suffering of Nature herself, then the story in all its monotony is big—the horizon widens to contain the thought, and the farm-house becomes a castle. But if this be not true, if Reuben must be regarded as merely a poor obsessed creature who has missed the best in life because Nature drugged his higher thought-centers, then the story is not big but sordid—not even tragically sordid, for Reuben died happy.

Nature, not man, is the hero of the story. It is Nature in Reuben that triumphs over Boarzell and over the little short-lived Kingdoms of love and happiness that his children raised.

A breaking down of the distinction between Man and Nature—such seems to be the essential meaning, impressive or not, of this forceful story.

RODMOOR. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. New York: G. Arnold Shaw, 1916.

When Baltazar Stark, in John Cowper Powys' new novel, *Rodmoor,* turned his gaze inward, what he saw was "simply the real truth of life, its frozen purposelessness. Most men visualize existence through a blurring cloud of personal passion, either erotic or imaginative. They suffer, but they suffer from illusion. What separated Baltazar from the majority was his power of seeing things in absolute colorlessness—unconfused by any sort of distorting mirage. Thus

what he saw with his soul was the ghastly loneliness of his soul. He saw this frozen, hollow, empty space, and he saw it as the natural country in which his soul dwelt, its unutterable reality, its appalling truth." Baltazar, you see, is at once the sanest and, from the viewpoint of common sense, the most insane person in the story; and he is the story's real protagonist.

Rodmoor is a story of fatal, too human, passions, of blind soul struggles, set in a little village on the East Anglian Coast. For unity's sake the scene is carefully harmonized with the inner motive of the story. It is worth remarking that the kind of unity that is most highly prized by a certain type of writer is the unity of effect conferred by landscape and environment; and this leads sometimes to a kind of childishness, a kind of old-womanish superstitiousness, a Castle-of-Otranto-like romanticism. Mr. Powys does not altogether escape this tendency. In his story Nature sometimes ceases to be an Arctic void and is suspected, like any old witch, of "exercising a malign influence"; the sea (which is really the chorus in the drama) is accused of hypnotizing otherwise sane persons, with its ceaseless, terrifying voice; at critical junctures fiery clouds point threatening fingers at poor bedeviled mortals. An owl pecks at a dead woman's eyes, merely to remind us that Nature may be as gruesome as a folk story.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that *Rodmoor* is merely a study in the effect of environment upon sensitive spirits. The meaning of the tale goes deeper than any "call of the wild" or than any of those psychological hypotheses that in the hands of certain writers lend themselves so agreeably to dramatic development. It delves down into the irrational, into the sub-human, and it finds awful realities just under the skin of consciousness.

It is perhaps not worth while to summarize the story; for in summary it could appear hardly otherwise than as a rather violently romantic drama of passion, played by oddly chosen characters, and ending rather confusedly in death and in unexplained gloom. The qualities to note are the extraordinary and disturbing reality of the thing; its awful plausibility; its terrible success in rousing sympathy and in quelling it; its insane humor and its humorous insanity. What could be more amusing than Dr. Fingal Raughty's Micawber-like whimsies? What sweeter or more assuring than Mr. Traherne's glorious Platonism? And yet these people make us afraid.

There is, to be sure, a "normal" person in the tale. Nance, the heroine, is an instinctive woman, always true to type. Nance is lovable. . . . Oh, yes; there is a world of common-sense, and satisfying feeling, and "human" joys and sorrows—and ginger shall be hot in the mouth. . . . But is *our* world *the* world, or anything like it?

Genius may work toward the supra-rational or toward the sub-rational. Neither extreme is understood. Perhaps, sometime, the broken arc will be joined, and then we shall see how the unknown above joins the unknown below.

Perhaps this story of Mr. Powys' is just a pathological study; but perhaps it is something more: it possesses at least that thrill of the unknown which is also the thrill of beauty, and this gives it a claim. Pragmatically the world must decide whether negations can have a "human" meaning, whether the irrational can be domesticated in popular literature. Imaginably, we may become positivists, in fiction at least, and shut out the unknown. But probably not. Probably a story that takes us so thrillingly and dizzily over the verge of what we call sanity as does this of Mr. Powys' will always be welcomed.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE. By ELIZABETH CHRISTOPHERS HOBSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916.

The title which Mrs. Hobson gave to the chapters of reminiscence which she wrote at the earnest solicitation of her friends is significant. To live a long life happily is a rare and impressive achievement. It is this fact, as much as the inherent interest of Mrs. Hobson's memoirs, which makes it a thing to be glad of that her recollections, originally printed for a private circle, have been given to the world. The observations of life contained in this book, kindly, cheery, keen and witty, are so pervaded by that assured strength of character which (in contradistinction to a certain uncomfortable perspicacity not uncommon in brilliant writers) makes us sure that life is worth living, that we become ashamed of bewilderment and of pessimism. The personal quality of conversation remains in the unself-conscious narrative, and the clear, fluent, unaffected style takes the reader out of himself.

Elizabeth Christophers Hobson was the daughter of Elijah Huntington and Sarah Wetmore Kimball. Her father's uncle was Samuel Huntington, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and her mother was the direct descendant of Samuel Hinsdale, the first settler of Deerfield, Massachusetts. Her girlhood was surrounded by that sweetly and sanely democratic atmosphere which America is inevitably losing. "In those days," she writes, "dress was simple, but we had all we required, or even wished for. There were never any discussions about money. We never thought of people as rich or poor. The only distinction we knew was between the well-bred and the reverse." Puritanism had its effect upon Mrs. Hobson's growing mind. "My grandfather was an old Puritan. Oh! how long those prayers were, and those sermons he read aloud, rainy Sundays, when we could not go the four miles to church, where, on pleasant days, we stayed to two services and Sunday school, eating

our luncheon, which we had brought in a basket, between services." There were traditions in the family, and there were more highly colored threads of connection with the past—there was, for example the "Kidd Blanket," an altar cloth presented to an ancestress by the notorious pirate. It is hard for an American of the old stock to believe that such influences and memories are not necessary for a complete childhood. Necessary or not, a background is good.

In 1850 Elizabeth Kimball sailed round Cape Horn to San Francisco in the *Virginia,* one of those fine old clipper ships, the passing of which old sailors so justly lament. In California she became engaged to her future husband, Joseph Hobson. Returning home to be married, she crossed Nicaragua. Her wedding trip was across the Isthmus of Panama—the Isthmus before the railway, before de Lesseps made his abortive attempt to dig the canal. From 1860 to 1869, Mrs. Hobson lived with her husband in Peru. Her South American experiences are full of interest. The story of the nun, Doña Ignacia, which forms one considerable section of this record, Marion Crawford made the basis of one of his most successful novels, *Casa Braccio*—it was the only story, said he, that had ever been told him that he could use. Lord Bryce, who read a part of the recollection in manuscript, asked and received permission to incorporate a chapter into his book on South America. After her return to the United States, Mrs. Hobson became deeply interested in and worked effectively for the movement to establish a training school for nurses in connection with Bellevue Hospital: she was one of the first to throw herself whole-heartedly into the campaign to spread the teaching of first aid to the injured. The years following the death of her husband, in 1881, were diversified by foreign travel and by rewarding social experiences. Constantinople, Italy, and Washington add their color to her narrative. A trip through the South in 1895 enlisted Mrs. Hobson's interest and efforts in the cause of education for negroes: her sympathy and the clearness of her unstudied account of conditions as she saw them make the chapter devoted to this subject perhaps the most human, unsentimental, and unbiased bit of writing about our negro problem that has ever been done.

Altogether, this fragmentary story of a happy, quietly eventful, characterful life, is superior to most autobiographies in charm and in essential value.

FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION. By CHARLES A. EASTMAN. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1916.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, as the public has been abundantly informed, is a full-blooded Sioux Indian, and the nephew of Sitting Bull. Of course, the mere fact of race affords no special reason, except to the curious, for reading what Dr. Eastman has written. One hardly expects, and one does not find, even in the author's charm-

ing tales of Indian life and folklore, any literary quality that can be called distinctively racial. Dr. Eastman writes well in just such a style as any other well-educated and well-informed American would naturally adopt. Even the little touches of nature, of first-hand knowledge and experience, in his narratives are not at all exotic and scarcely so brilliant as might be expected. All of which may lead to the somewhat unromantic but on the whole satisfactory conclusion that there are, after all, few essential differences of mind and soul between the Red Man and his white brother. To be concrete, the Indian's enjoyment of his wild life seems to be not unlike the white man's pleasure in a camping trip.

What really gives a special interest to Dr. Eastman's reminiscences is the fact that in less than half a lifetime he has traversed the whole of the long path from savagery to civilization—no small achievement, nor a common one. At the age of fifteen, he was looking forward to going upon the war-path, when his father, who had been converted by Protestant missionaries, told him that he must go to school and be educated like the white man. He now has the full outlook of the college-educated, professionally trained man of today.

Dr. Eastman's narrative is a rather loosely composed biographical sketch, interesting in part for the light it throws upon the treatment of Indians by the United States Government, but far more interesting as the record of one who honestly sought to appropriate the white man's civilization as the highest good. When one reads Dr. Eastman's statement that "the 'Messiah craze' in itself was scarcely a source of danger, and one might almost as well call upon the army to suppress Billy Sunday and his hysterical followers," one's attention is arrested; but one is most of all struck with the criticism of our civilization which is implicit in the whole story. "I am an Indian," writes Dr. Eastman in conclusion; "and while I have learned much from civilization, for which I am grateful, I have never lost my Indian sense of right and justice. I am for development and progress along social and spiritual lines, rather than those of commerce, nationalism, or material efficiency." It is a lesson that we need to learn, and that an Indian may set forth with a good grace, as Dr. Eastman's whole story goes to show.

Society's Misfits. By Madeline Z. Doty. New York: The Century Co., 1916.

The unmistakable trend of evolution in criminology is toward greater humanity in the treatment of criminals and toward a fuller realization of what the word "humanity" means. Unfortunately this tendency appears to have become mixed to some extent with mere sentimentalism—with the notion that all the unfit must survive, whatever the damage to the fit. Many good citizens, therefore,

feel that there is danger that the fundamental conception of the law as the protector of society may be forgotten.

Madeline Doty, the author of *Society's Misfits,* has worked practically and earnestly for prison reform; as a test, she spent a week in prison. The opening chapters of her book leave the reader in no doubt as to the desirability of a change in prison conditions. Would that the evils complained of were at bottom easier to remedy than they really are! In prisons, just as in schools, results depend in no small degree upon the character of the persons immediately in charge of the work. And in prisons, according to Miss Doty's testimony, the brutal and the incompetent have peculiarly their innings. The remedy for the state of affairs said to exist would seem to lie not wholly in better pay or in better laws. A good prison official evidently ought to be devoted to his work and devoted to humanity; but devotion is a force that acts or fails to act in a mysterious way.

Possibly prisons should not attempt to set right all the sins of society toward the criminal. Institutions attempting to ameliorate without having power to alter fundamental conditions frequently find themselves in an unsatisfactory position. Then, too, one may feel, after reading the not completely horrifying revelations contained in the first part of Miss Doty's book, that there is as much danger of destroying the deterrent effect of prisons upon lawbreakers as of subjecting the prisoner to unnecessary suffering.

But in the second part of Miss Doty's volume, the part which deals with the work of reform schools, the author seems to lay her finger upon one of the sources of evil, and if consecration is required for the work that needs to be done, there seems more likelihood that it will be forthcoming than in the case of prisons for grown-up offenders. If conditions in reformatories are anything like as bad as the convicts who have passed through them say that they are, no more important work for the protection of society, or for the salvation of the individual, could be undertaken than the reform of the reformatories themselves. Most readers will find at least cause for thought in this statement from a "well-known gunman": "The worst place in the world for any mother's son is the —— reformatory. I wouldn't wish my worst enemy to undergo what I went through."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A WOUNDED SOLDIER TALKS OF GOD

SIR,—I received today the September number of your REVIEW, and, as every month, I perused it with the utmost pleasure. I was particularly interested by the title of one of the articles, "A Modern Conception of God," but although I read it thrice very attentively, I must confess that had I been a believer I should have much more confused ideas now than before. So that, being a Frenchman, lying in a bed since many months, and being feverish at the very idea of the war in which I have no place, I thought that I could as well chat with you half an hour on that very quiet and soothing subject, God.

I am not very conversant with modern philosophy, so that if I did not understand the above mentioned article, I do not ascribe the fault to the author. But these last years I have been reading regularly half a dozen of American monthlies and weeklies, and of course I have seen in them the subject of God spoken of very often. But I fail to remember when the writer thereof did not take for granted that there was a God, and build upon those premises a lot of consequences, and finally I have been brought to think that in America it was a very wicked and almost forbidden thing to question the very existence of God.

Now for a Frenchman that is a rather amusing idea, because all the thinking people I know of here have questioned that existence (we were such a rotten people, you know) and the majority have arrived at the conclusion that there was no God. Although I have been brought up very religiously, as soon as I was able to think a little by myself all my religious garments fell at once. And I am yet to meet the man who could show me clearly why there should be a God. Has any American an answer for it?

When I put that question to any believer, I almost exclusively get the answer that the Rev. P. S. Moxom seems to give also (creation is the process through which God expresses and fulfils His own being). That is, there is a God because things have been created, and hence there must be a creator. There may be other reasons, but as nobody ever took the pains to give them to me, I'll stop only at that one.

Let us try to see what there is at the bottom of this idea, creation. We know of two infinities, time and space, and in them are contained everything we know—God Himself, if He exists. Then I see only two manners of seeing the universe: In the infinity of time, matter (is that the word for French *matière?*) is infinite and eternal, and transforms itself, following laws of which we know a small number; or, at a certain day, an eternal and immaterial something that we name God created, out of nothing, that matter and set it a whirling.

Is there a third hypothesis? I never heard of it. Then let us look upon those two.

The first is simple and, to my mind, logical. The matter whose substance is to us unknown transforms itself around us, gradually, by processes of which we get sometimes a glimpse. We don't know why it does so, where it goes, if ever it has any end, but we know that all our knowledge, being finite, is not even a drop in the seas of the unknown. We try to learn the most of it and make the best of it—that's all. That is no explanation of our beginning and finalities, but we know that we cannot obtain that explanation.

The second hypothesis is much more complicated. For an infinity of time, an immaterial being has been living. We call him God. We suppose that He has almost all the qualities we share a little part of: science, power, etc. Then suddenly that Being creates the world. Why? I never had any answer for that "why." The most common one, that it was to give a field of experimentation to the human race and observe what would become of it, seems to me a ferocious joke. "A joke," because being God, He knew beforehand everything that would happen, and did not need the experience to prove it; and "ferocious," because that concept of human vanity, that man is the centre and motive of the universe on that pinhead we name earth, would make of Him a conceited coxcomb if things did not every day trample Him pitilessly. But let that "why" be for an instant unanswered. Do you think that this explanation of our origin, God, is better than the other? I see only that we merely change a material unintelligibility, matter, into an immaterial one, God. But that does not explain to my mind that unintelligibility.

Has any American an answer for all those questions? Every time I propounded them I was literally crammed with proofs out of the Bible, or sometimes out of the Koran and the Veddas! Well, I never wanted to know which was the best of Gods; but why *is* there a God? Surely in a Christian land like America, some minds did consider that question and resolve it satisfactorily for themselves. How they did it is what I should like to know.

It must be pretty well understood that any question of morals is to be set apart. I have since a long time observed that theists and atheists do behave very much alike in life, and that it would be very hard to discriminate them by their behavior. They conform, consciously or unconsciously, to the moral rules of the time and country they live in, and for the most part don't bother where those rules come from.

This is a rather long letter, Mr. Editor, but my excuse, as I told you, is that I lie crippled in my bed. I must also beg your very best indulgence for the poor English in which it is written; I should like better to write in French, but our language is not now for that sort of serene philosophy.

M. QUESNEY.

CLINIQUE LA PRIMEVÈRE, LEYSIN, SWITZERLAND.

[We venture to remind our friend of a saying by a great modern philosopher which may help him in his perplexity. It is as follows: "There are in man many regions more fertile and more profound than his reason or his intelligence." —EDITOR.]

WHO STARTED SABBATH OBSERVANCE?

SIR,—Your reviewer of Dr. McConnell's *History of the American Episcopal Church* cites a passage from the book in which the author expresses

the opinion, or rather the conviction, that the proper observance of the Lord's Day is a heritage from the Presbyterians more than from the Puritans. It may be that the scrupulous regard for the Sabbath is to some extent due to Presbyterian influence; but it was certainly not the only agency. P. A. Bruce, in his *Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century,* makes it clear by abundant citations that the people of the Old Dominion were as illiberal, if one chooses to put the case that way, as were those of New England; and they were nearly all Anglicans. Although I have not, at this moment, the work before me, I recall the author's remark that there was the largest possible liberty of action on week-days and the smallest imaginable on Sundays. Drunkenness and profanity attracted very little attention on six days of the week, but if a man had imbibed too freely of an intoxicant or so far forgot himself as to utter an oath on the seventh he was severely punished, if apprehended. A man must take no precautions against the ravages of a storm, if it occurred on Sunday, must not kill a noxious beast even on his own premises, or even be seen with a gun on that day. Whether we call this state of mind bigotry or conscientiousness, Mr. Bruce furnishes abundant data showing that it was by no means a characteristic of the people of New England solely. As I am not a student of Colonial history I do not know to what extent the records here drawn from have been examined before Mr. Bruce set himself to the task. Albeit, what he tells us will go far toward demonstrating that the strict observance of the Sabbath is a British rather than a Presbyterian or Puritan custom. This fact "leaps into the eye" of everybody who spends one Sunday in either England or Scotland at the present day, except in so far as it has been modified by the exigencies of the war. During the present century frequent complaint has been made, not only by church people, but also by liberals, against the increasing disregard for the Sabbath in Great Britain by foreigners and persons of foreign ancestry. There is no reason to believe that the veneration of the British people for the Sabbath is due to a reflex influence of the New country upon the Old as it has perdured in the latter country ever since the time of Cromwell if not longer. Perhaps some day an expert in what the Germans call "Folk-psychology" will tell us why the Protestants and the Roman Catholics in the British Isles differ so widely in this respect from those persons professing the same faith in continental Europe. It may be remarked in this connection that the automobile has made more serious inroads on what many people regard as the proper observance of the Lord's Day than any other agency since colonial times.

CHARLES W. SOPER.

ATHENS, OHIO.

PROHIBITION IN COLORADO

SIR,—As a reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I have been interested in the article on prohibition in Kansas, by Mr. Albert J. Nock, and also the article in the October number on "Prohibition's Legislative Efforts," by L. Ames Brown—but interested in the sense that I feel these articles do injustice to the principles of prohibition, and to the results, where it has been put in practice.

As to the results of practical prohibition, I wish to call attention to the

way it developed locally in this portion of Colorado, before it became a State matter.

In 1869 and the first part of 1870 the Greeley Colony was organized, with Horace Greeley as treasurer, and as a leader in the organization and final location of the colony.

Prohibition was an important principle in its first organization, and was carried to the extent that, after the site for the colony was selected, and each member of the colony given his lot in the town site, which was the social and business center for the development of the colony, there was put in each deed a clause calling for the forfeiture of the title to the lot if liquor were sold on the premises.

The town of Greeley, Colorado, began with the first of the colonists that landed on the town site, some fifty-two miles nort' of Denver, on what was then the Denver Pacific Railroad, May 1, 1870. Greeley now has a population of ten thousand or more, and there has never in all this time been a saloon allowed in the town. Now what I wish to call attention to is the fact that, while in this section Greeley has been the pioneer in the exclusion of saloons, in this part of the State the benefits have been so evident that, within the later years, not only have small towns grown up—as Windsor and Eaton—in which no saloons have been allowed, but others of the larger towns, as Longmont, Loveland, Fort Collins and later Boulder, have cut out the saloons.

These mentioned are the important towns in this section of the State, and this condition developed with no special push of the prohibition propaganda, but evidently from the leading citizens and business interests, who recognized that saloons were a detriment to the true prosperity of the community. And this development has come in the towns of Loveland, Fort Collins, and Boulder in comparatively recent years during the development of the sugar-beet industry. This industry has been the cause of a very large increase of population, many of whom are Germans, and accustomed to beer-drinking. The development of the temperance policy, put in practice here, though brought about first in the line of local option instead of State-wide prohibition, is conclusive evidence, to me, that where prohibition is fairly tested by time, its wisdom and benefits, with wise application, will be proved beyond contradiction.

JOHN E. LAW.

WINDSOR, COLORADO.

"SELF-SACRIFICING GERMANY"

SIR,—Would it not be advisable to cast out the beam in our own eye before we insist on removing the mote from the eye of Germany? It goes without saying that, so long as we are not concerned either with the causes or objects of the European war, only intent on prolonging this money-making massacre, we are guilty of a colossal crime against humanity. Being thus sordidly occupied, we obstreperously threaten Germany whenever she makes a move calculated to interfere with the transit of our munitions to the Allies and to shorten the white man's Armageddon. Aye, we dictate in season and out of season to self-sacrificing Germany, who in the hope to avert it altogether, put off mobilizing her army a little too long. We even reprobate Germany when, having failed to avert it altogether, she

tried to make this dire struggle as swift and bloodless as possible. Would Belgium permit the passage of her troops through her realm—accepting damages for any injury done? Of course not! Belgium being hand in glove with her powerful neighbors preferred to fight to a finish: thus proving to all who are not sordidly blind or have a political axe to grind that she was anything but neutral in spirit.

If one judged America and Europe today by their vituperative spokesmen, their scribes and pharisees, one would be tempted to believe that the pessimistic assertions of Mr. Chamberlain regarding the nineteenth century applied with still greater truth to the opening decades of the twentieth century. This is how the learned author of *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* puts it: "In the nineteenth century we have heard so much fine talk about the freedom of speech, the freedom of science, etc.; in reality, however, we have been worse enslaved than in the eighteenth century; for, in addition to the tyrants who have really never been disarmed, new and worse ones have arisen. The former tyranny could, with all its bitter injustice, strengthen the character; the new, which is a tyranny proceeding from and aiming at money, degrades to the lowest depths of bondage."

MARY IVES TODD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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